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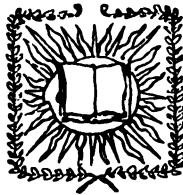
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LORD BYRON

FROM THE MINIATURE GIVEN BY HIM TO LEIGH HUNT
AND NOW OWNED BY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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No. 1

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

INTRODUCTORY: WOMAN AND MARRIAGE
IN ANCIENT ROME

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

"**M**ANY things that among the Greeks are considered improper and unfitting," wrote Cornelius Nepos in the preface to his "Lives," "are permitted by our customs. Is there by chance a Roman who is ashamed to take his wife to a dinner away from home? Does it happen that the mistress of the house in any family does not enter the anterooms frequented by strangers and show herself among them? Not so in Greece: there the woman accepts invitations only among families to which she is related, and she remains withdrawn in that inner part of the house which is called the *gynaeceum*, where only the nearest relatives are admitted."

This passage, one of the most significant in all the little work of Nepos, draws in a few, clear, telling strokes one of the most marked distinctions between the Greco-Asiatic world and the Roman. Among ancient societies, the Roman was probably that in which, at least among the

better classes, woman enjoyed the greatest social liberty and the greatest legal and economic autonomy. There she most nearly approached that condition of moral and civil equality with man which makes her his comrade, and not his slave—that equality in which modern civilization sees one of the supreme ends of moral progress.

The doctrine held by some philosophers and sociologists, that military peoples subordinate woman to a tyrannical régime of domestic servitude, is wholly disproved by the history of Rome. If there was ever a time when the Roman woman lived in a state of perennial tutelage, under the authority of man from birth to death—of the husband, if not of the father, or, if not of father or husband, of the guardian—that time belongs to remote antiquity.

When Rome became the master state of the Mediterranean world, and especially during the last century of the republic, woman, aside from a few slight limitations of form rather than of substance, had

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already acquired legal and economic independence, the condition necessary for social and moral equality. As to marriage, the affianced pair could at that time choose between two different legal family régimes: marriage with *manus*, the older form, in which all the goods of the wife passed to the ownership of the husband, so that she could no longer possess anything in her own name; or marriage without *manus*, in which only the dower became the property of the husband, and the wife remained mistress of all her other belongings and all that she might acquire. Except in some cases, and for special reasons, in all the families of the aristocracy, by common consent, marriages, during the last centuries of the republic, were contracted in the later form; so that at that time married women directly and openly had gained economic independence.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF THE WIFE

DURING the same period, indirectly, and by means of juridical evasions, this independence was also won by unmarried women, who, according to ancient laws, ought to have remained all their lives under a guardian, either selected by the father in his will or appointed by the law in default of such selection. To get around this difficulty, the fertile and subtle imagination of the jurists invented first the *tutor optivus*, permitting the father, instead of naming his daughter's guardian in his will, to leave her free to choose one general guardian or several, according to the business in hand, or even to change that official as many times as she wished.

To give the woman means to change her legitimate guardian at pleasure, if her father had provided none by will, there was invented the *tutor cessicius*, thereby allowing the transmission of a legal guardianship. However, though all restrictions imposed upon the liberty of the unmarried woman by the institution of tutelage disappeared, one limitation continued in force—she could not make a will. Yet even this was provided for, either by fictitious marriage or by the invention of the *tutor fiduciarius*. The woman, without contracting matrimony, gave herself by *coemptio* (purchase) into the *manus* of a person of her trust, on the agreement that the *coemptionator* would free her: he became her guardian in the eyes of the law.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL EQUALITY WITH MAN

THERE was, then, at the close of the republic little disparity in legal condition between the man and the woman. As is natural, to this almost complete legal equality there was united an analogous moral and social equality. The Romans never had the idea that between the *mundus muliebris* (woman's world) and that of men they must raise walls, dig ditches, put up barricades, either material or moral. They never willed, for example, to divide women from men by placing between them the ditch of ignorance. To be sure, the Roman dames of high society were for a long time little instructed, but this was because, moreover, the men distrusted Greek culture. When literature, science, and Hellenic philosophy were admitted into the great Roman families as desired and welcome guests, neither the authority, nor the egoism, nor yet the prejudices of the men, sought to deprive women of the joy, the comfort, the light, that might come to them from these new studies. We know that many ladies in the last two centuries of the republic not only learned to dance and to sing,—common feminine studies, these,—but even learned Greek, loved literature, and dabbled in philosophy, reading its books or meeting with the famous philosophers of the Orient.

Moreover, in the home the woman was mistress, at the side of and on equality with her husband. The passage I have quoted from Nepos proves that she was not segregated, like the Greek woman: she received and enjoyed the friends of her husband, was present with them at festivals and banquets in the houses of families with whom she had friendly relations, although at such banquets she might not, like the man, recline, but must, for the sake of greater modesty, sit at table. In short, she was not, like the Greek woman, shut up at home, a veritable prisoner.

HER FREEDOM

SHE might go out freely; this she did generally in a litter. She was never excluded from theaters, even though the Roman government tried as best it could for a long period to temper in its people the passion for spectacular entertainments. She could frequent public places and have recourse directly to the magistrates. We



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A ROMAN MARRIAGE CUSTOM

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

The picture shows the bride entering her new home in the arms of the bridegroom.



From the statue found at Pompeii. Now in the Museo Nazionale, Naples
EUMACHIA, A PUBLIC PRIESTESS OF ANCIENT ROME

have record of the assembling and of demonstrations made by the richest women of Rome in the Forum and other public places, to obtain laws and other provisions from the magistrates, like that famous demonstration of women that Livy describes as having occurred in the year 195 B.C., to secure the abolition of the Oppian Law against luxury.

What more? We have good reason for holding that already under the republic there existed at Rome a kind of

woman's club, which called itself *conventus matronarum* and gathered together the dames of the great families. Finally, it is certain that many times in critical moments the government turned directly and officially to the great ladies of Rome for help to overcome the dangers that menaced public affairs, by collecting money, or imploring with solemn religious ceremonies the favor of the gods.

One understands then, how at all times there were at Rome women much interested in public affairs. The fortunes of the powerful families, their glory, their dominance, their wealth, depended on the vicissitudes of politics and of war. The heads of these families were all statesmen, diplomats, warriors; the more intelligent and cultivated the wife, and the fonder she was of her husband, the intenser the absorption with which she must have followed the fortunes of politics, domestic and foreign; for with these were bound up many family interests, and often even the life of her husband.

WAS the Roman family, then, the reader will demand at this point, in everything like the family of contemporary civilization? Have we returned upon the long trail to the point reached by our far-away forebears?

THE ROMAN THEORY OF MARRIAGE

No. If there are resemblances between the modern family and the Roman, there are also crucial differences. Although the Roman was disposed to allow woman judicial and economic independence, a refined culture, and that freedom without which it is impossible to enjoy life in dignified and noble fashion, he was never ready to recognize in the way modern civilization does more or less openly, as ultimate end and reason for marriage, either the personal happiness of the contracting parties or their common personal moral develop-

ment in the unifying of their characters and aspirations. The purpose of marriage was, so to speak, exterior to the pair. As untouched by any spark of the metaphysical spirit as he was unyielding—at least in action—to every suggestion of the philosophic; preoccupied only in enlarging and consolidating the state of which he was master, the Roman aristocrat never regarded matrimony and the family, just as he never regarded religion and law, as other than instruments for political domination, as means for increasing and establishing the power of every great family, and by family affiliations to strengthen the association of the aristocracy, already bound together by political interest.

For this reason, although the Roman conceded many privileges and recognized many rights among women, he never went so far as to think that a woman of great family could aspire to the right of choosing her own husband. Custom, indeed, much restricted the young man also, at least in a first marriage. The choice rested with the fathers, who were accustomed to affiance their sons early, indeed, when mere boys. The heads of two friendly families would find themselves daily together in the struggle of the Forum and the Comitia, or in the deliberations of the Senate. Did the idea occur to both that their children, if affianced then, at seven or eight years of age, might cement more closely the union of the two families, then straightway the matter was definitely arranged. The little girl was brought up with the idea that some day, as soon as might be, she should marry that boy, just as for two centuries in the famous houses of Catholic countries many of the daughters were brought up in the expectation that one day they should take the veil.

Every one held this Roman practice as reasonable, useful, equitable; to no one



From the statue found in the theater of Herculaneum
Now in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

THE SISTER OF M. NONIUS BALBUS

did the idea occur that by it violence was done to the most intimate sentiment of liberty and independence that a human being can know. On the contrary, according to the common judgment, the well-governing of the state was being wisely provided for, and these alliances were destroying the seeds of discord that spontaneously germinate in aristocracy and little by little destroy it, like those plants sown by no man's hand, which thrive upon old walls and become their ruin.

This is why one knows of every famous Roman personage how many wives he had and of what family they were. The marriage of a Roman noble was a political act, and noteworthy; because a youth, or even a mature man, connecting himself with certain families, came to assume more or less fully the political responsibilities in which, for one cause or another, they were involved. This was particularly true in the last centuries of the republic,—that is, beginning from the Gracchi,—when for the various reasons which I have set forth in my "Greatness and Decline of Rome," the Roman aristocracy divided into two inimical parties, one of which attempted to rouse against the other the interests, the ambitions, and the cupidity, of the middle and lower classes. The two parties then sought to reinforce themselves by matrimonial alliances, and these followed the ups and downs of the political struggle that covered Rome with blood. Of this fact the story of Julius Cæsar is a most curious proof.

THE MARRIAGES OF JULIUS CÆSAR

THE prime reason for Julius Cæsar's becoming the chief of the popular party is to be found neither in his ambitions nor in his temperament, and even less in his political opinions, but in his relationship to Marius. An aunt of Cæsar had married Caius Marius, the modest bankrupt farmer of revenues, who, having entered politics, had become the first general of his time, had been elected consul six times, and had conquered Jugurtha, the Cimbri, and the Teutons. The self-made man had become famous and rich, and in the face of an aristocracy proud of its ancestors, had tried to ennoble his obscure origin by taking his wife from an ancient and most noble, albeit impoverished and decayed, patrician family.

But when there broke out the revolution in which Marius placed himself at the head of the popular party, and the revolution was overcome by Sulla, the old aristocracy, which had conquered with Sulla, did not forgive the patrician family of the Julii for having connected itself with that bitter foe, who had made so much mischief. Consequently, during the period of the reaction, all its members were looked upon askance, and were sus-

pected and persecuted, among them young Cæsar, who was in no way responsible for the deeds of his uncle, since he was only a lad during the war between Sulla and Marius.

This explains how it was that the first wife of Cæsar, Cossutia, was the daughter of a knight; that is, of a financier and revenue-farmer. For a young man belonging to a family of ancient senatorial nobility, this marriage was little short of a *mésalliance*; but it is easy to understand, if we reflect that, toward 80 B.C., when the aristocratic reaction was in hot activity, it was not easy for a senatorial family to give a daughter to the nephew of Marius.

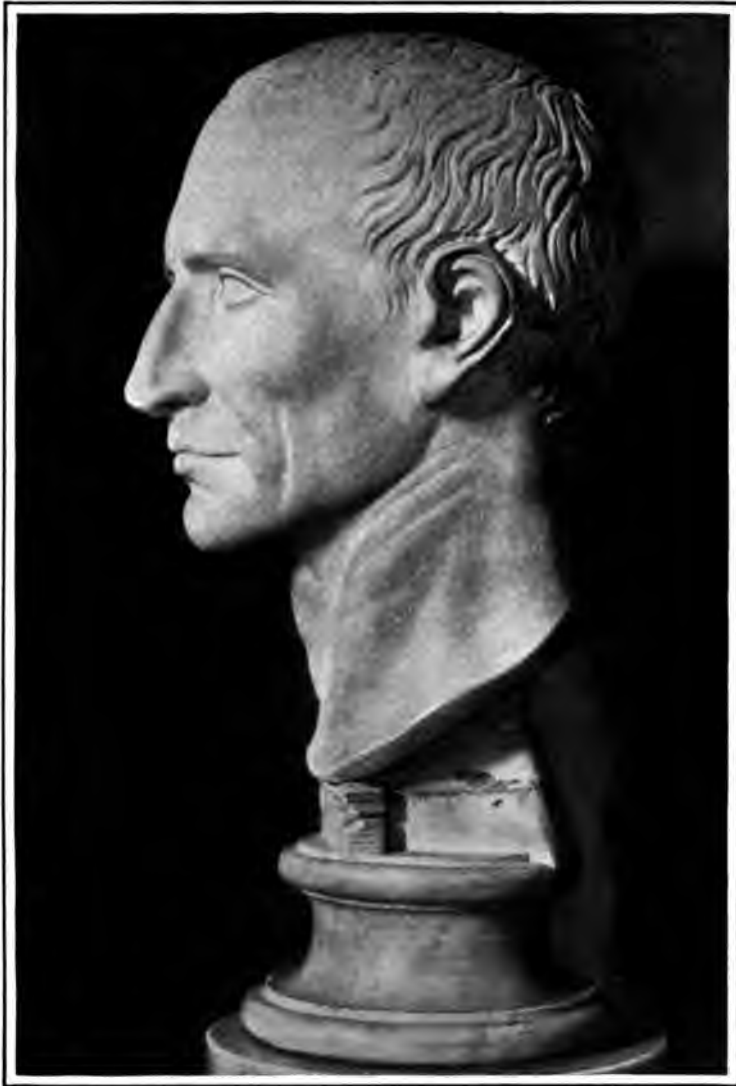
It is known that Cossutia died when still very young, after only a few years of married life, and that Cæsar's second marriage in the year 68 B.C., was quite different from his first, since the second wife, Pompea, belonged to one of the noblest families of the conservative aristocracy—was, in fact, a niece of Sulla. How could the nephew of Marius, who had escaped as by miracle the proscriptions of Sulla, ever have married the latter's niece? Because in the dozen years intervening between 80 and 68, the political situation had gradually grown calmer, and a new air of conciliation had begun to blow through the city, troubled by so much confusion, burying in oblivion the bloodiest records of the civil war, calling into fresh life admiration for Marius, that hero who had conquered the Cimbri and the Teutons. In that moment, to be a nephew of Marius was no longer a crime among any of the great families; for some, on the contrary, it was coming to be the beginning of glory. But that situation was short-lived. After a brief truce, the two parties again took up a bitter war, and for his third wife Cæsar chose Calpurnia, the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, consul in 58, and a most influential senator of the popular party.

THE INFLUENCE OF POLITICS ON MARRIAGE

WHOEVER studies the history of the influential personages of Cæsar's time, will find that their marriages follow the fortunes of the political situation. Where a purely political reason was wanting, there was the economic. A woman could aid

powerfully a political career in two ways: by ably administering the household and by contributing to its expenses her dower or her personal fortune. Although the

son for this lay in the fact that for the aristocratic families, who were in possession of vast lands and many flocks, it was easy to provide themselves from their own



From the marble bust in the British Museum

JULIUS CÆSAR

Romans gave their daughters an education relatively advanced, they never forgot to inculcate in them the idea that it was the duty of a woman, especially if she was nobly born, to know all the arts of good housewifery, and especially, as most important, spinning and weaving. The rea-

son for this lay in the fact that for the aristocratic families, who were in possession of vast lands and many flocks, it was easy to provide themselves from their own estates with the wool necessary to clothe all their household, from masters to the numerous retinue of slaves. If the *materfamilias* knew sufficiently well the arts of spinning and weaving to be able to organize in the home a small "factory" of slaves engaged in such tasks, and knew

how to direct and survey them, to make them work with zeal and without theft, she could provide the clothing for the whole household, thus saving the heavy expense of buying the stuffs from a merchant—notable economy in times when money was scarce and every family tried to make as little use of it as possible. The *materfamilias* held, then, in every home, a prime industrial office, that of clothing the entire household, and in proportion to her usefulness in this office was she able to aid or injure the family.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WIFE'S FORTUNE

MORE important still were the woman's dower and her personal fortune. The Romans not only considered it perfectly honorable, sagacious, and praiseworthy for a member of the political aristocracy to marry a rich woman for her wealth, the better to maintain the luster of his rank, or the more easily to fulfil his particular political and social duties, but they also believed there could be no better luck or greater honor for a rich woman than for this reason to marry a prominent man. They exacted only that she be of respectable habits, and even in this regard it appears that, during certain tumultuous periods, they sometimes shut one eye.

Tradition says, for example, that Sulla, born of a noble family, quite in ruin, owed his money to the bequest of a Greek woman whose wealth had the most impure origin that the possessions of a woman can possibly have. Is this tradition only the invention of the enemies of the terrible dictator? In any event, how people of good standing felt in this matter in normal times is shown by the life of Cicero.

Cicero was born at Arpino, of a knightly family, highly respectable, and well educated, but not rich. That he was able to pursue his brilliant forensic and political career, was chiefly due to his marriage to Terentia, who, although not very rich, had more than he, and by her fortune enabled him to live at Rome. But it is well known that after long living together happily enough, as far as can be judged, Cicero and Terentia, already old, fell into discord and in 46 B.C. ended by being divorced. The reasons for the divorce are not exactly clear, but from Cicero's letters

it appears that financial motives and disputes were not wanting. It seems that during the civil wars Terentia refused to help Cicero with her money to the extent he desired; that is to say, at some tremendous moment of those turbulent years she was unwilling to risk all her patrimony on the uncertain political fortune of her husband.

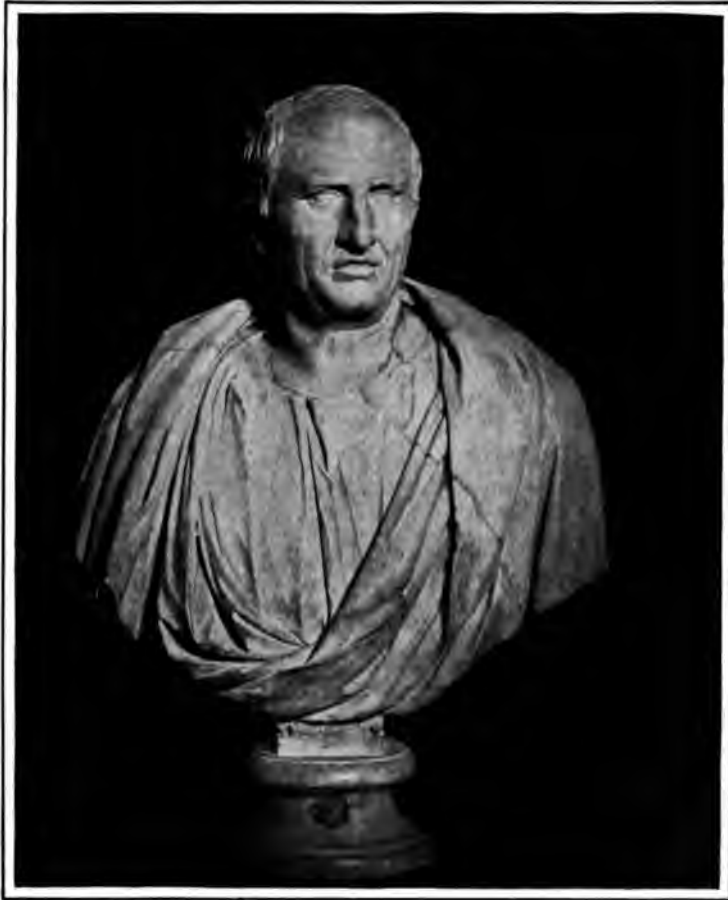
Cicero's divorce, obliging him to return the dower, reduced him to the gravest straits, from which he emerged through another marriage. He was the guardian of an exceedingly rich young woman, named Publilia, and one fine day, at the age of sixty-three, he joined hands with this seventeen-year-old girl, whose possessions were to rehabilitate the great writer.

THIS conception of matrimony and of the family may seem unromantic, prosaic, materialistic; but we must not suppose that because of it the Romans failed to experience the tenderest and sweetest affections of the human heart. The letters of Cicero himself show how tenderly even Romans could love wife and children. Although they distrusted and combatted as dangerous to the prosperity and well-being of the state those dearest and gentlest personal affections that in our times literature, music, religion, philosophy, and custom have educated, encouraged, and exalted, as one of the supreme fountains of civil life, should we therefore reckon them barbarians? We must not forget the great diversity between our times and theirs. The confidence which modern men repose in love as a principle, in its ultimate wisdom, in its beneficial influence on the affairs of the world; in the idea that every man has the right to choose for himself the person of the opposite sex toward whom the liveliest and strongest personal attraction impels him—these are the supreme blossoms of modern individualism, the roots of which have been able to fasten only in the rich soil of modern civilization.

The great ease of living that we now enjoy, the lofty intellectual development of our day, permit us to relax the severe discipline that poorer times and peoples, constrained to lead a harder life, had to impose upon themselves. Although the habit may seem hard and barbarous, certainly almost all the great peoples of the past, and the majority of those contem-

porary who live outside our civilization, have conceived and practised matrimony not as a right of sentiment, but as a duty of reason. To fulfil it, the young have turned to the sagacity of the aged, and these have endeavored to promote the success of marriage not merely to the satis-

an organism far more essential than it is to-day, because it held within itself many functions, educational, industrial, and political, now performed by other institutions. But reason itself is not perfect. Like passion, it has its weakness, and marriage so conceived by Rome produced grave in-



THE SO-CALLED BUST OF CICERO

All but the head is modern. Now in the Museo Capitolino, it was formerly in the Palazzo Barberini.

faction of a single passion, usually as brief as it is ardent, but according to a calculated equilibrium of qualities, tendencies, and material means.

The principles regulating Roman marriage may seem to us at variance with human nature, but they are the principles to which all peoples wishing to trust the establishment of the family not to passion as mobile as the sea, but to reason, have had recourse in times when the family was

conveniences, which one must know in order to understand the story, in many respects tragic, of the women of the Cæsars.

THE EVIL OF EARLY MARRIAGE

THE first difficulty was the early age at which marriages took place among the aristocracy. The boys were almost always married at from eighteen to twenty; the girls, at from thirteen to fifteen. This

disadvantage is to be found in all society in which marriage is arranged by the parents, because it would be next to impossible to induce young people to yield to the will of their elders in an affair in which the passions are readily aroused if they were allowed to reach the age when the passions are strongest and the will has become independent. Hardly out of childhood, the man and the woman are naturally more tractable. On the other hand, it is easy to see how many dangers threatened such youthful marriages in a society where matrimony gave to the woman wide liberty, placing her in contact with other men, opening to her the doors of theaters and public resorts, leading her into the midst of all the temptations and illusions of life.

DIVORCE

THE other serious disadvantage was the facility of divorce. For the very reason that matrimony was for the nobility a political act, the Romans were never willing to allow that it could be indissoluble; indeed, even when the woman was in no sense culpable, they reserved to the man the right of undoing it at any time he wished, solely because that particular marriage did not suit his political interests. And the marriage could be dissolved by the most expeditious means, without formality—by a mere letter! Nor was that enough. Fearing that love might outweigh reason and calculation in the young, the law granted to the father the right to give notice of divorce to the daughter-in-law, instead of leaving it to the son; so that the father was able to make and unmake the marriages of his sons, as he thought useful and fitting, without taking their will into account.

The woman, therefore, although in the home she was of sovereign equality with the man and enjoyed a position full of honor, was, notwithstanding, never sure of the future. Neither the affection of her husband nor the stainlessness of her life could insure that she should close her days in the house whither she had come in her youth as a bride. At any hour the fatalities of politics could, I will not say, drive her forth, but gently invite her exit from the house where her children were born. An ordinary letter was enough to annul a marriage. So it was that, particularly in the age of Cæsar, when politics were

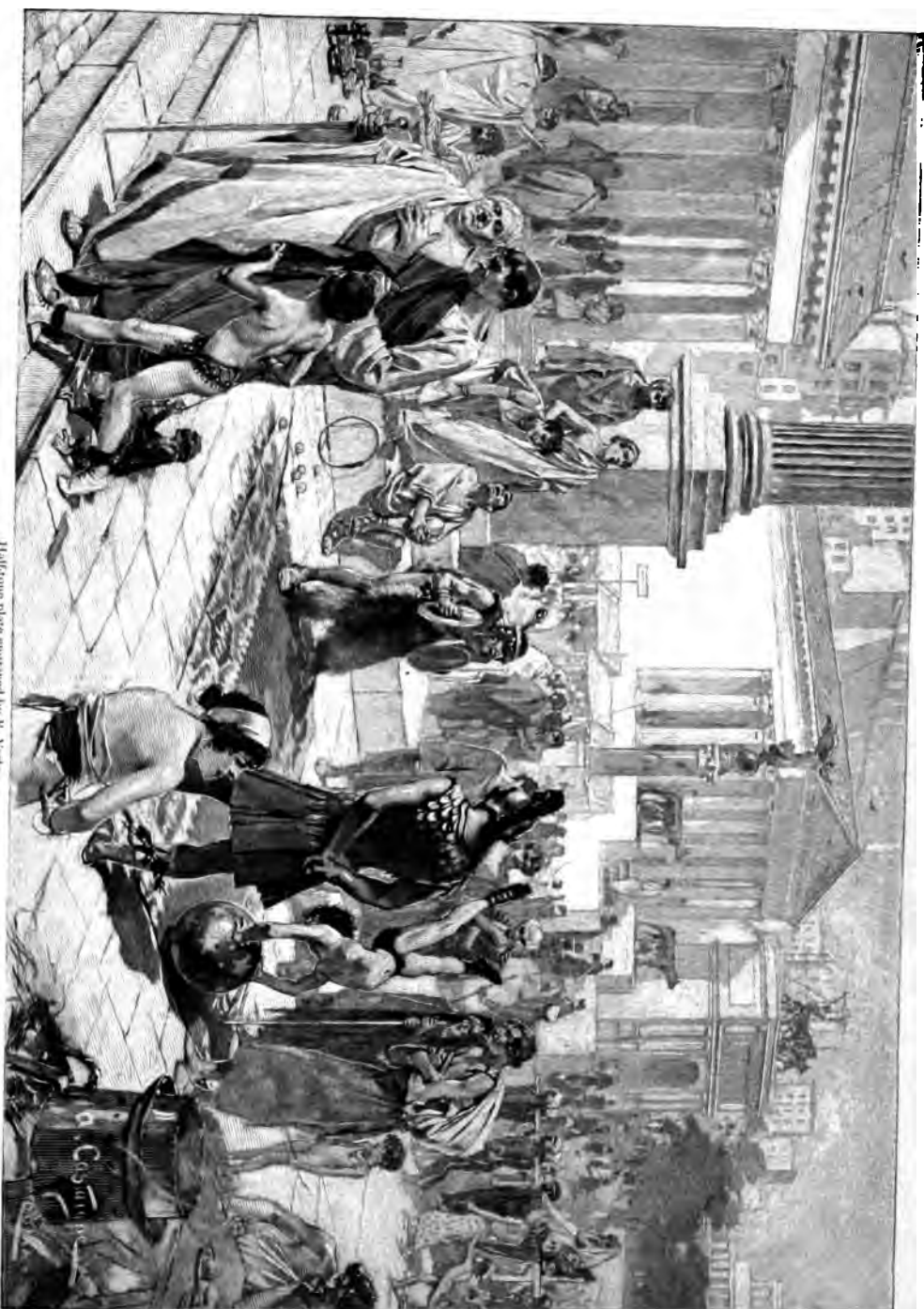
much perturbed and shifting, there were not a few women of the aristocracy who had changed husbands three or four times, and that not for lightness or caprice or inconstancy of tastes, but because their fathers, their brothers, sometimes their sons, had at a certain moment besought or constrained them to contract some particular marriage that should serve their own political ends.

It is easy to comprehend how this precariousness discouraged woman from austere and rigorous virtues, the very foundation of the family; how it was a continuous incitement to frivolity of character, to dissipation, to infidelity. Consequently, the liberty the Romans allowed her must have been much more dangerous than the greater freedom she enjoys to-day, since it lacked its modern checks and balances, such as personal choice in marriage, the relatively mature age at which marriages are nowadays made, the indissolubility of the matrimonial contract, or, rather, the many and diverse restrictions placed upon divorce, by which it is no longer left to the arbitrary will or the mere fancy of the man.

In brief, there was in the constitution of the Roman family a contradiction, which must be well apprehended if one would understand the history of the great ladies of the imperial era. Rome desired woman in marriage to be the pliable instrument of the interests of the family and the state, but did not place her under the despotism of customs, of law, and of the will of man in the way done by all other states that have exacted from her complete self-abnegation. Instead, it accorded to her almost wholly that liberty, granted with little danger by civilizations like ours, in which she may live not only for the family, for the state, for the race, but also for herself. Rome was unwilling to treat her as did the Greek and Asiatic world, but it did not on this account give up requiring of her the same total self-abnegation for the public weal, the utter obliviousness to her own aspirations and passions, in behalf of the race.

PURITANISM AS A SAFEGUARD

THIS contradiction explains to us one of the fundamental phenomena of the history of Rome—the deep, tenacious, age-long puritanism of high Roman society. Puri-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Vandy

THE FORUM UNDER THE CÆSARS
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

tanism was the chief expedient by which Rome attempted to solve the contradiction. That coercion which the Oriental world had tried to exercise upon woman by segregating her, keeping her ignorant, terrorizing her with threats and punishments, Rome sought to secure by training. It inculcated in every way by means of education, religion, and opinion the idea that she should be pious, chaste, faithful, devoted alone to her husband and children; that luxury, prodigality, dissoluteness, were horrible vices, the infamy of which hopelessly degraded all that was best and purest in woman. Puritanism is essentially an intense effort to rouse in the mind the liveliest repulsion for certain vices and pleasures, and a violent dread of them; and Rome made use of it to check and counterbalance the liberty of woman, to impede and render more difficult the abuses of such liberty, particularly prodigality and dissoluteness.

It is therefore easy to understand how this puritanism was a thing serious, weighty, and terrible, in Roman life; and how from it could be born the tragedies we have to recount. It was the chief means of solving one of the gravest problems that has perplexed all civilizations—the problem of woman and her freedom, a problem earnest, difficult, and complex which springs up everywhere out of the unobstructed anarchy and the tremendous material prosperity of the modern world. And the difficulty of the problem consists, above all, in this: that, although it is a hard, cruel, plainly iniquitous thing to deprive a woman of liberty and subject her to a régime of tyranny in order to constrain her to live for the race and not for herself, yet when liberty is granted her to live for herself, to satisfy her personal desires, she abuses that liberty more readily than a man does, and more than a man forgets her duties toward the race.

WOMAN'S ABUSE OF LIBERTY

SHE abuses it more readily for two reasons: because she exercises a greater power over man than he over her; and because, in the wealthier classes, she is freer from the political and economic responsibilities that bind the man. However unbridled the freedom that man enjoys, however vast his egoism, he is always constrained

in a certain measure to check his selfish instincts by the need of conserving, enlarging, and defending against rivals his social, economic, and political situation.

But the woman? If she is freed from family cares, if she is authorized to live for her own gratification and for her beauty; if the opinion that imposes upon her, on pain of infamy, habits pure and honest, weakens; if, instead of infamy, dissoluteness brings her glory, riches, homage, what trammel can still restrain in her the selfish instincts latent in every human being? She runs the mighty danger of changing into an irresponsible being who will be the more admired and courted and possessed of power—at least as long as her beauty lasts—the more she ignores every duty, subordinating all good sense to her own pleasure.

This is the reason why woman, in periods commanded by strong social discipline, is the most beneficent and tenacious among the cohesive forces of a nation; and why, in times when social discipline is relaxed, she is, instead, through ruinous luxury, dissipation, and voluntary sterility, the most terrible force for dissolution.

One of the greatest problems of every epoch and all civilizations is to find a balance between the natural aspiration for freedom that is none other than the need of personal felicity—a need as lively and profound in the heart of woman as of man—and the supreme necessity for a discipline without which the race, the state, and the family run the gravest danger. Yet this problem to-day, in the unmeasured exhilaration with which riches and power intoxicate the European-American civilization, is considered with the superficial frivolity and the voluble dilettantism that despoil or confuse all the great problems of esthetics, philosophy, statesmanship, and morality. We live in the midst of what might be called the Saturnalia of the world's history; and in the midst of the swift and easy labor, the inebriety of our continual festivities, we feel no more the tragic in life. This short history of the women of the Cæsars will set before the eyes of this pleasure-loving contemporary age tragedies among whose ruins our ancestors lived from birth to death, and by which they tempered their minds.

(To be continued)



From a photograph, copyright by Mrs. Charles W. Furse. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DIANA OF THE UPLANDS
FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES W. FURSE
(EXAMPLES OF BRITISH ART)

MRS. HARTWELL'S "PERFECT TREASURE"

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Author of "May Iverson," etc.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hartwell moved into their apartment on Stuyvesant Square, New York, the bloom was still on their honeymoon and the wax finish on their mahogany furniture. They were young, they were in love, and their optimistic outlook on life, the natural outcome of these invaluable blessings, was undimmed by Mrs. Hartwell's ignorance of housekeeping or by Mr. Hartwell's complacent breadth of view as to every practical domestic question. They had theories, though they lacked knowledge; and they talked these over on the evening they arrived in their new home, in the cheery light of the gas-lights that deceptively rubbed cheeks in their apartment's one fireplace.

The packers had promised to begin their work in Mrs. Hartwell's former home at eight in the morning, and complete the unpacking in her new abode by two. They began at three in the afternoon and departed, leaving it incomplete, at ten. The robust laundress engaged to assist Mrs. Hartwell in laying rugs and arranging furniture, "that the apartment might be in perfect order by evening," had not come at all. But these episodes, though annoying, were too novel to be crushing. The Hartwells lightly dismissed them from their minds. Though healthily exhausted by an exceedingly strenuous day, full of unexpected and often disheartening incidents, they were for the first time "at home," and their souls expanded in that genial atmosphere of united possession.

Their living-room was filled with barrels; their Morris chairs were on top of their piano; their rugs were still in unslightly rolls; three of their choicest wedding gifts had been broken; and their best

pair of portières revealed a large hole as a souvenir of one light-hearted son of toil who had thoughtlessly put his foot through it. But what did these things matter? They were together; their new life was beginning. For a time they sat in happy silence, lulled by the strange beauty of this novel reflection. At last Mrs. Hartwell raised her head apologetically from her husband's shoulder and uttered a thought that arose in her.

"There 's one thing that may worry us a little, dearest," she said, "and that 's the servant problem. Every one has warned me of it, and I expect trouble. But I 've made one firm resolution: I 'm *not* going to have it get on your nerves, whatever it does to mine. So I shall never mention the subject to you. Remember, I go on record for that, Joe!"

Young Joseph Hartwell protested warmly against this considerate decision. He was determined to share all his wife's burdens, of whatever nature, just as he expected her to share his. He explained this, and added that there must be perfect confidence— She interrupted him.

"In big things, Josey darling, yes," she said, palpantly. "I 'll tell you all that 's worth while, and I 'll never forgive you if you don't tell me every single thing that happens down-town. But the servant question is different. *That* is the woman's part of a household. Besides, it 's not vital. You would n't expect me to wake you at night to tell you I had been bitten by a mosquito, would you?"

Mr. Hartwell looked so much as if he would, at that period of their common existence, that she hurried on without giving him time to interrupt her.

"That 's what the servant question is,"

she resumed—"merely a succession of mosquito bites—annoying, but harmless. And they must be endured alone."

Her husband, a young man whose natural intelligence was developed by a careful reading of the monthly magazines, grasped this opening and pointed out that malaria, typhoid, and yellow fever had been known to follow in the mosquito's wake, even as nervous exhaustion followed in that of the American servant. His wife remained unimpressed.

"The whole point is this, darling. You must be undisturbed. You will be working all day for our bread," she declared, voice and gaze underscoring the point, "and when you come home exhausted at night, this must be your haven of happiness and rest. I have sworn on Mother's Bible, all by myself, that I will *not* vex your soul with domestic cares the way so many wives do. You must find your home *perfect*; and I'll hold your poor tired head while you tell me all about that horrid Brown and the nasty things he has said to you."

Deeply touched by this thoughtfulness and devotion, young Joseph Hartwell clasped his wife to his breast. "I guess I'll be able to stop growling about Brown," he predicted, "if you won't let off steam on the servant question. But remember, if you ever feel the need of a sympathetic ear, you've got two of them right here."

She pulled them with coquettish ferocity, to show her proprietorship, and the conversation trailed off into lighter things after this sturdy initial pact. The corner-stone of ideal married life had been securely laid.

The next morning Mr. Hartwell drank a cup of some dark and mysterious brew which had looked enough like coffee to make its weird flavor something of a shock, devoured an egg that had boiled dutifully for him since dawn, and rose from the table with a sigh of relief.

"Was the coffee all right, darling?" asked his bride, with a pathetic sense of the possibility that his home coffee had tasted differently. "I was n't quite sure about it, but of course the new maid will know how it's done, exactly."

"It was bully," he assured her, loyally. "I never drank anything like it," he added with perilous veracity. He struggled into

his overcoat as he spoke, and faced her, ready for the ordeal of their first farewell.

"I'm going to the intelligence office to-day," she told him, when the poignant moment was over. "To-night I'll have a nice little maid here, with a blue print dress and a cap on. And to-morrow morning you'll have delicious coffee, and eggs and bacon, and sugar-covered waffles!"

Young Mr. Hartwell carried the memory of these words away with him, and found them returning to his mind as the busy hours flew by. His stomach felt strangely empty. He had disliked to see his wife work that morning, even at the housewifely occupation of preparing his breakfast—and her own, too, he felt obliged to add in justice. He had not married her to make a household drudge of her, he told himself. He would be glad when she had secured a helper who would do all the heavy, uninteresting household tasks, leaving Jessie free to add those delicate feminine touches he vaguely surmised to be in a lady's province. Then, of course, they would both be glad to have some one at hand who could cook, not more lovingly, but less conjecturally.

Moreover, there was something rather alluring to him, just entering on his own domestic domain, in the idea of a neat maid around the place—one who would be trig and quiet and respectful; who would brush his clothes and lay his newspaper beside his breakfast plate, and look after his material comfort in similar small but important ways, with the gentle but masked joy of those who serve.

This day, the first they had spent apart since their marriage, seemed endless to him, though he was very busy. At the stroke of six he raced home to her, with a jocund song of thanksgiving in his heart that she was his to go home to. Also he pictured, like a noiseless, fluttering blue-bird playing about its nest, the tidy little maid. He already felt his coat taken from him by her deferential but eager hands. The place would be in order, too, and not look like a junk-shop. It was "home" to which he was hastening. He ungratefully forgot the years during which his mother and sisters had spent most of their waking hours ministering to his needs. He felt that now life was to offer him something new—something different from anything he had ever known before. He was right.



Drawn by Harry Townsend. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE "PERFECT TREASURE"

As his key entered the lock, his wife, who had evidently awaited the sound, opened the door. She looked pale, tired, and, after the glow of welcome had passed from her face, strangely depressed.

"Don't take off your coat, Josey," she said, gently. "We—we must go out to dinner. Is n't it a shame! I have n't found a maid *yet*. But of course," she added, with desperate cheerfulness, "we'll have one to-morrow."

Over their restaurant dinner she confided to him the events of the day.

"It is n't exactly complaining to you when I have n't even *got* a servant yet, is it?" she asked, wistfully. "Of course when I have one, if I get one, I won't mention her."

Reassured on this point, she entered upon a stirring chronicle of care-filled hours.

"I went to five intelligence offices," she said, "and not one maid would even promise to come. Aunt Addie went with me, and she says they most always do promise, at least; so one has a few moments of cheer and hope. But to-day they would n't even call and chat for a few minutes. They asked such high wages, and they expected so many privileges that I was dazed. But the worst of it was that not one of them was a general houseworker!"

The last words came out in a wail of despair.

Her husband smiled.

"Oh, well, then," he said, airily, "you went to the wrong places, darling. To-morrow you can go where the general houseworkers—er—blossom."

"But they don't," his wife explained, patiently. "They don't blossom anywhere. That's just the point. They don't exist. They're extinct, like the dodo, only they are all don't-don'ts," she added, with a pathetic effort at gaiety. "Nowadays they all specialize! Aunt Addie says that as soon as a general servant learns to offer you things on your left side at the table, she considers herself a trained waitress and wants twenty-five dollars a month. Twenty-five dollars! Why, Josey, I thought we could get one to do everything, except the laundry work, for eighteen!"

Her young husband looked thoughtful, but took refuge in a soothing optimism.

"Never mind," he said, robustly. "Don't you worry, little girl. Of course there

must be general servants, or other folks would n't have 'em. I'll ask the fellows at the office how their wives manage!"

"Joseph Hartwell!"

Joseph Hartwell's spine chilled. He had never before heard that quality in his wife's voice. He did not want to hear it again. But it still lay as a delicate frost over her next words.

"Don't you dare! Do you think I'm going to have them laughing at us, in your office, for asking advice on the servant question within forty-eight hours after we have gone to housekeeping? Now, I *never* shall mention the subject to you again."

Hartwell soothed her with honeyed words.

"We should n't have expected to get the right person the first day," he told her, later. "That would be too much luck. Things don't happen that way, in the every-day world. And you must n't be discouraged if you don't even get her to-morrow. Take plenty of time to it. It won't hurt us to take our meals out for a day or two."

They spent the evening cozily in the warmth of the gas-logs, discussing the servant question. Jessie described the women she had interviewed that day, their types, their aspirations. Joseph recalled anecdotes of servants he had met in his mother's home. In the fullness of their interest in the general subject, they almost forgot its individual poignancy for them. This was revealed to them, however, with relentless force, early the following morning. Mr. Hartwell, cheerily emerging from his plunge, was confronted by the stricken face of his wife. Reading tragedy on it, he stopped short.

"Oh, Josey!" she cried despairingly, "there's nothing for your breakfast! I forgot to get some more eggs, and the baker has n't been told yet to leave rolls. I'll do it to-day. Can you forgive me?"

Mr. Hartwell, sternly subduing the demands of a healthy young stomach, assured her that he could, and added airily that it did n't matter. If she would hurry and dress, they would breakfast at the same hospitable restaurant that had sheltered them the night before. The delay made him late at the office, however, and the knowing grins of his fellow clerks as he entered did not help him to accept with unruffled calm the stern glance Mr.

Brown, the firm's unpopular junior partner, cast first upon his flushed face and then upon the placid disk of the clock.

The chronicle he listened to that night was much the same as the one of the preceding evening. There was no maid, there was no order in his home, but there was an added layer of care on the brow of his wife, and a deeper deposit of dust on their possessions. There were also ampler details of her experience. She was as one who had gone to the edge of the servant question, looked over, and shuddered to dwell on the depths she had seen.

"Well, then, if there are no general houseworkers, why not get a waitress and let her cook, too?" asked Mr. Hartwell, patiently, when he had listened to a recital of a quest which seemed to have combined the respective difficulties that attended those of Don Quixote, Mademoiselle de Maupin, and Diogenes. His wife's eyes held a glint of disapproval, the first that had ever shone there when they were turned on him. She explained in simple words, adapted to the understanding of one of tender years and limited intelligence.

"Waitresses do not cook," she said. "They only stand and let us wait. Cooks do not wait. Why should they, if they can make us hire a waitress to do it? And, oh, Josey,"—her voice broke—"I *am* so tired."

Again he comforted her, and, from the depths of a philosophic conviction that occupation tends to peace of mind, he persuaded her to permit him to make a beginning that evening in the small matter of unpacking and settling. As a result, one barrel was delivered of a mass of china and glass, several pieces of which were broken, two pictures were hung, and one bookcase was set up in shamefaced emptiness, to await filling when their boxes of books were opened. While Mr. Hartwell was regarding, with expanding nostrils and set lips, a finger-nail on which he had unpremeditatedly brought down a hammer a few seconds before, his wife approached him with coos of womanly sympathy.

"But, oh, Josey, how dreadfully dirty you are!" she added. "Why did n't you get into old clothes before you began? That nice gray coat is black with dust. I'm afraid you've ruined it; and—great

heavens! Joseph Hartwell! look at the hole you've torn in the leg of your new trousers!"

Mr. Hartwell looked. A hot desire for rich, easy expression of his feelings boiled in him. He sternly overcame it, but was strangely silent the remainder of the evening. His wife, observing this, attributed it to fatigue. She gave him two eggs the next morning, which obtruded themselves on his consideration during the day as things not entirely past. Also, a cup of coffee whose memory he refused to harbor at all, lest it should seem criticism of Jessie. As he was about to leave the house he addressed her, however, in tones that held a new note of authority.

"I hope you'll get some one to-day, Jessie," he said, "to come in here and take hold of things. Don't be too particular. Get any one you can—good, bad, or indifferent. Then, while she's putting the place into shape, you can take your time to choose a good maid. But make a start now with anything—even if she cannot cook anything but eggs and coffee," he permitted himself to add.

His words were desperate, and so was his expression. When he returned home that night he beheld their result. A grenadier of a woman, with gray hair, a red nose, and sleeves rolled to her shoulders confronted him as he entered his little hall. Close behind her was his wife. She wore a towel on her head, and a huge apron enveloped her. Gloves covered her hands, one of which held a piece of bric-a-brac, while the other flourished a dirty dusting-cloth. She held up for his kiss a begrimed little face.

"Oh, is that you, Josey—so soon?" she inquired, anxiously. "I hoped you would n't get home till I had changed into something clean. But we've done wonders. Look, dearest!"

Dearest looked. They had done wonders. He saw them around him. The orderly, packed-up appearance of the first nights had given place to chaos. They had unpacked barrels and scattered their contents over the floor; had unwrapped packages and left the papers and string where they fell; had uncrated furniture and left the empty crates to add to the indescribable confusion.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Joseph Hartwell, aghast. Then, realizing, from his

wife's warning signals, that he was not living up to his rôle, he pulled himself together.

"By Jove," he said, with a quick recovery, "how did you do it all? You must have worked like Trojans. But—er—would n't it have been simpler to get rid of the boxes and strings and paper—send 'em down-stairs, you know? And to unpack only one barrel at a time, and then put the things away before you unpacked the rest?"

He stopped. His wife was making more signals, and the new servant was beside him, arms akimbo, her face darkened by brooding wrongs.

"So *that's* the kind ye aare!" she demanded, "finding fault the very first thing, is it? Herself warned me ye 'd make a fuss over the mess, but I 'd not believe it." She was unrolling her sleeves now, and she pulled them into place with an angry tug as she ended. "Give me me day's wages," she added, "an' I 'll be goin'. If 't was a general houseworker yez wanted, I c'u'd do the wurruk. But what yez needs is a team av horses, three good carts, six men, a vacyum claner, a cook, a paarlor maid, and a stame-dredge!"

She flounced off to her room after this outburst, and though they tried on her the power of their united eloquence and charm, she departed haughtily, carrying the dingy suitcase that contained her worldly possessions. She left as a souvenir of her sojourn two burned veal cutlets—which the Hartwells devoured in depressed silence, broken finally by the gentleman.

"*Damn* her!" he said, vigorously. "*Damn 'em all!*" Then he bit his lips and flushed. "I beg your pardon, Jessie," he muttered, contritely. But his wife was looking up at him with a face glorified by the light of a great gratitude.

"Thank you, darling," she said, simply. "I 've been wanting to all day, but of course *I* could n't!"

The next three months of the Hartwells' domestic life covered a period they both subsequently declined to discuss. A multitude of servants, old and young, plump and thin, came, lingered a few hours, or at most a few days, and went their way. They were of all nationalities, of all complexions, of all tempers—but two things they had in common: a deep-seated, comprehensive ignorance of their work, coupled

with a grim determination to receive the highest wages ever paid to general houseworkers in the history of feminine labor. One bright Norwegian girl, carefully trained for a week by Mrs. Hartwell in the gentle art of waiting on table, triumphantly informed her mistress at the end of the seventh day that she had secured a good place as "second girl," owing to this same instruction. It was after this episode that Mrs. Hartwell sought her husband with a demand for "new swear words," and, finding that he had used his entire vocabulary and had nothing else to offer, sank into a depression which lasted a fortnight.

At the beginning of the fourth month Hilda came, bringing hope with her. The evening of her arrival she answered in person young Hartwell's imperative ring of the bell, for he had forgotten his latch-key. He had been dreading the new horror before him, so he stared hard as he crossed the threshold. Here at last was the vision of his dream and Jessie's! He pinched himself. Was he dreaming? Or perhaps he had been run over by a cable-car or automobile, and transferred to a world where such visions await those who have borne much here below!

Hilda was blonde, Hilda was young, Hilda was pretty, and Hilda was in blue with a white cap. Even as he took in these glorious, these impossible, details, Hartwell felt deferential hands relieving him of his hat, then of his overcoat. Dazedly he entered his little drawing-room, to be met by another, fairer vision—his young wife, radiant. She was dressed for dinner, and she had a carnation in her hair—a favorite adornment of hers in the past, but one she had abjured as a hollow mockery during these last months.

"How sweet you look!" cried Hartwell. "What does it all mean?" She stopped him, with a quick hand on his lips. Then, drawing him into their small bedroom, she explained in an excited whisper.

"You 'll have to dress for dinner," she said, hurriedly. "You won't mind, will you? *She* expects it!"

She spoke the last words with a furtive glance at the closed door. Hartwell's eyes followed hers, stupidly.

"She—who?" he asked.

"Hilda."

The name came softly, almost like an

invocation. Disregarding his puzzled look, his wife went on.

"When it neared dinner-time, Hilda asked if I needed more than half an hour to dress. She seemed to take it for granted that I *would* dress. So I—I did. And she said dinner would be at seven, of course, because if you did n't get home till half-past six, you would need half an hour to bathe and dress. *Please hurry, Josey.*"

Josey hurried. Several thoughts arose in him, but he kept them to himself. A look at his wife's happy face checked their utterance. When his toilet was completed he followed Jessie into the small drawing-room. It was immaculate. The gas-lights blazed on the hearth, the light of the reading-lamp streamed through a polished chimney, a great easy-chair was drawn up to the fire. Before he could sit down the new maid was at the door.

"Dinner is served," she announced. Long ancestral avenues seemed to diverge from Hilda. She had an "atmosphere" which had to be lived up to.

As in a dream the Hartwells went to the table. The soft light of shaded candles fell on their best dishes, their most exquisite linen. These things had been carefully packed away, but Hilda had found them. Joseph Hartwell drew his wife's chair out for her, an attention he had omitted to pay her for weeks—seated himself in his own, and vainly tried to catch her eye. She was chatting pleasantly, but in formal tones, like a rural social leader at a party. Hartwell grinned at her boyishly, but there was no answering flicker of humor in her cool, responsive smile. She was living up to Hilda.

That night, after dinner, he sought to probe the mystery of Hilda's capture, but Jessie cut him short.

"We've got her!" she said. "Now let's look on these past months as a bad dream, and forget it. Let's forget the horrible habits we've formed lately, too, and be civilized again. I'm going to keep my resolution from this time on—the one, you know, about not bothering you with the servant question. Henceforth I intend to meet the housekeeping difficulties without your help."

It looked, indeed, as if she could, with Hilda's help. Hartwell, sitting at the breakfast-table the next morning, drank

Hilda's delicious coffee, ate Hilda's crisp bacon, enjoyed Hilda's perfect muffins, and felt his heart go out to Hilda in an expansion of domestic content to which he had heretofore been a stranger. He smiled at her gratefully, bid her a cheery good-by when he left, and greeted her as a true and tried friend when he returned at night. His wife, again in full evening dress, greeted him with the old-time joy.

"But you're late, Josey," she said, alertly. "You have only twenty minutes to dress for dinner."

"Then I won't dress," declared Hartwell, lightly. "I'm horribly tired, anyhow, and I've got the beginning of a beastly headache."

His wife's face clouded. For a moment she stood silent, in troubled thought. Then she said, suddenly:

"Please dress, Josey. I'm sorry to insist when you don't feel well, but it's—it's really important."

Hartwell rose without a word, set his lips, went to his room and dressed with a sense of injury which deepened as he struggled with a refractory tie. His evening clothes were laid out for him, so he was back in the drawing-room in a surprisingly short time. His wife rewarded him with a grateful smile.

"I had tea this afternoon," she said. "Hilda brought it in at five, though I was alone, and served it as daintily as if we were having a party. She took our brass bowl to the florist's this morning, and had him fill it with ferns as a centerpiece for the table. She's making a great deal of work for herself, but she seems to like it."

Her husband frowned dubiously.

"I don't mind her making work for herself," he remarked frankly, "but I'm not sure I enjoy having her make work for me. Say, Jessie, have we got to dress for dinner *every* night, whether we feel like it or not? Of course I know we ought to, theoretically; but practically—have we got to?"

Jessie nodded solemnly.

"I think we have," she said. "But I don't mind. I like it. I always have."

"Oh, well, all right." Hartwell was in a better humor now. Dinner was announced that moment. He was in a still more mellow mood when he had eaten it. Hilda *was* a good cook, and how she could

cook so well and yet give them such perfect service in the dining-room he could not understand.

"To-night you go to theater, not?" observed Hilda, affably, as she served the dessert.

Hartwell stared. His wife looked eloquently at him.

"Why, we were rather thinking about it," he said, carelessly. "I guess we will. They say 'Madame Z' is a stirring thing. We might go to that and be harrowed up, if you like, Jessie."

Hilda smiled in sweet approval. After dinner she bustled around eagerly, to get them ready. Her face fell when she saw that Mrs. Hartwell's evening coat did not match her gown, but she wrapped it round her loyally and without comment.

"Now I call taxicab," she said, calmly. And, going to the telephone, she did so without waiting for the protest which was trembling on Joseph's startled lips.

"She seemed mighty glad to get rid of us," he murmured, as they entered the waiting vehicle a few minutes later. He had been irritated by the incident of the wrap. "Do you suppose," he added, ironically, "her young man's coming and she wants the parlor? And say, Jessie, why did she think we wanted a taxi?"

Mrs. Hartwell shook her head.

"I suppose," she said, slowly, "she is accustomed to people who take a taxicab as a woman would take a fresh handkerchief. But I'm sure she is n't expecting company. I don't think Hilda would do anything that is n't right."

They enjoyed the play, and came home after it in a humble cable-car, Hilda's expectant eyes not being on them. They were in good spirits after the drama, sad though it had been, and Hartwell realized, with sudden compunction, that such outings for Jessie were rarer than they should have been so early in their married life. Passing the dining-room when they reached home, he observed that the gas there was burning dimly, and entered to turn it out. A cry of surprise and pleasure burst from him.

"Great Scott, Jessie!" he said. "Come here!"

Jessie rushed. On the table stood a plate of sandwiches, a delicate salad, a bottle of claret, and Mr. Hartwell's sole box of cigars. Like children the two fell

upon the feast, after a gasp of adult appreciation.

"Say, is n't this great, really?" remarked Hartwell, with his mouth full. "She's a 'perfect treasure,' that girl,—the kind we read about."

"Indeed she is," Jessie acquiesced. "But—can we keep her? There's the rub. We'll have to be so careful!"

She looked thoughtful, and a line of anxiety was discernible on her brow. During the day she had gleaned from Hilda the uneventful story of that young person's life. She repeated it later to her husband as he smoked peacefully before the gas-logs.

The next evening at six, young Hartwell staggered into his home under the weight of an unwieldy box.

"Carried it myself," he explained, sheepishly. "It's a present for you, and I wanted to be here when you opened it. Do you realize that it's my first *married* present to you, Jessie? We've been in such a mess that I have n't had time, until now, to even think of the delicate little attentions all authorities agree that a man should pay his wife."

As he spoke Jessie was feverishly unfastening strings and tearing away paper. She gasped when the contents of the box came into view. A handsome evening wrap, selected with surprisingly good taste, lay before her. With a cry of delight she took it out, unfolded it, and put it on at once. It fitted perfectly and was extremely becoming. She hurled it and herself into her husband's waiting arms.

"I got the hint I wanted last night," said Hartwell, after a satisfying pause, "when I found you did n't have one that would go with every gown. Before that I could n't think what to give you. Do you realize that we were married four months ago to-day? This is an occasion worth celebrating."

"Do I remember?" She looked at him reproachfully. "Wait. I'll show you! You'll be more glad that you remembered it. Come here."

"Here" was apparently under the bed, whither she had just dived. She emerged breathless, bearing a carefully wrapped parcel, which she handed him without a word. He opened it eagerly and beheld a black velvet smoking-jacket.

"My anniversary present to you," gur-

gled his wife, happily. "I thought of it last night when you hated so to dress. Evenings when we stay home you can take off your dinner coat and be comfy in this. Hilda won't mind," she added, as she helped him into it.

At the end of their fifth month an awakening came. Young Mrs. Hartwell approached her husband with features puckered with anxiety.

"Josey, darling," she said, "I've just been going over the grocer's and butcher's bills. They're perfectly awful! They're almost twice what they were last month."

Mr. Hartwell nodded solemnly.

"I know," he told her. "I've just been having a session over the bills for gas and taxicabs. The figures are staggering."

He showed them to her. She gasped. Then, with a long sigh, she answered.

"It means Hilda," she said, reluctantly. "We've been living up to her, you see. Have n't you realized that?"

He stared at her with masculine obtuseness. "I know we've had a bully time," he said, "and been mighty comfortable; but I don't see where she comes in."

"Oh, yes, you do, Josey Hartwell!" His wife's tone was triumphant. "You've understood exactly as well as I have. Only you would n't admit it. Have n't I seen you dressing for dinner nights when you'd almost rather die? Did n't you buy silk socks because she wondered why you had none? Did n't you hire taxicabs a dozen times rather than have her think you were stingy? Have n't you taken me to the theater twice a week because *she* expected you to?"

Hartwell writhed. "Well," he conceded, "suppose I did? Have n't you given three dinners this month simply because she wondered why we did n't entertain more?"

His wife's head drooped. "I know," she said. "And I wanted to show her off. And I've squandered our income in laundry bills because she expected me to wear all my best wedding lingerie—and of course she could n't do it up. She had n't time. She was too busy laundering extra table linen, and getting late suppers for us, and planning for our pleasure in various ways, and arranging for our life as she intends us to live it."

"What's the answer, Jessie?" Hartwell added the figures before him and

held up the total for her inspection. "Must we let her go?" he asked, "or can we economize in other ways, and keep her? We can stand the bills, I suppose, but are n't we parting with our liberty, too? She rules us with a rod of iron. She makes us do everything *she* thinks best. Is it worth it?"

His wife hesitated, began to speak, then stopped. A great wave of color rolled over her delicate face.

"Oh, we can't let her go, Josey," she cried. "We can never let her go, *now*. She was talking yesterday about children. She said she would just love to have one in the house. It seemed too good to be true, that she should feel that way. To think she's so interested! It made me *perfectly* happy! She was just dear when I told her. But,"—this point settled, her voice changed as she turned to the smaller issues—"how are we going to manage?"

Her husband's chest swelled. His voice was full of pride as he answered.

"That's all right, darling," he said, as he held her very close, very tenderly. "I got a big increase in salary to-day. I was just bluffing a little over the bills before telling you about it. And Brown, good old Brown, told me he considered me the most valuable man the firm has. He says if I keep up the pace I've struck, I can count on a good rise every year. So you see we're all right. Hilda stays right on. Her principal job hereafter is to take care of you, and make you comfy. We'll get a woman to do the washing and ironing and other heavy work."

Mrs. Hartwell drew a long breath of happiness.

"She'll like that," she said. "And oh, to think she's really *glad*!" Then, "They'll make you a partner yet, darling," she predicted, proudly. "They know they can't get along without you."

Her mind reverted again to the vital problem in their lives.

"Hilda will stay now," she said, confidently. "This—this will hold her."

For a moment they sat in happy silence. The shadow of the angel's wing touched them, but the angel had the bright face of Hilda. Then young Mrs. Hartwell continued aloud her train of thought:

"She can see for herself," she murmured, contentedly, "that we're doing everything we can to please her!"



AN ARTIST'S VIGNETTES OF TANGIER

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

DUKALI burst upon me first above the steamboat-landing after I had passed the custom-house. His cousin, also a guide, had already seized upon me as his prey, and having secured my umbrellas as a mark of attachment, he was ordering various donkey-drivers to handle my luggage.

I looked up and saw the tall, fine figure, crowned with its beautiful head. The features bespoke a high-bred Arab strain, with beautiful, dark eyes that showed the whites like a startled horse, and a trim, black beard that did not conceal the clear-cut mouth.

He came over, and quietly, in a few words, asked if he could assist me to a lodging. My captor rounded upon him like a gutter dog upon a mastiff that dares to dispute a bone.

I said: "I would rather have you, but this man seized me amid that yelling throng on the pier, and I am powerless to resist. To-morrow I shall have you for my guide."

Dukali inclined his head stiffly, while the irate screams of his cousin seemed to fall harmlessly about his dignity.

The services he afterward rendered were delicately done, and the hope of gain was never visible or in any way suggested, even though our meetings were frequent and his assistance was valuable. He shared my taste for coffee in large glasses weakened with warm milk. Seated by a café table on the street, in perfect physical con-

tent we watched for hours the blended life that filled the little market-place.

Attracted by a delicate voice and charming accent, I quickly noted the finely chiseled features of a noble, a private in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. Beside him sat another of his company, with a strangely stern face, who spoke little. But in the hard, set line of his jaw one could see the will that locked forever some unfortunate incident which had made him enlist in the legion. Only one of his fine mettle could accept with resignation a fate so foreign to his birth. The face of the first chasseur showed a peace as of a clear conscience.

Dukali turned sharply as a prisoner in the grasp of armed men was hurried crying and struggling across the market-place and fell upon his knees sobbing piteously before a Moor of venerable appearance who sat against the café wall. A woman, unveiled, threw herself before him, rending her garments, and kissing his feet, and imploring him piteously to be merciful to her only son. The guards expostulated and made charges, the magistrate tried to calm them, and the prisoner denied and wailed for mercy, each in turn. There was doubt, and when the woman lifted her tear-stained face and imploringly held out her arms, the magistrate stirred his coffee and let his spirit soften. So he spoke gently to the man and to the guards, who let him go, and held forth his hand to silence the stream of blessings that the mother poured upon him.

We left the dissolving crowd, and strolled to the Turkish café, a strange place, where women dance. The entrance is a dimly lighted Moorish arch that lends mystery, and leads to a courtyard surrounded by huge pillars that support a gallery, from which men and women looked down. In the shadow behind them were many small doors opening to rooms where people ate and slept, or kept their stores of rugs, draperies, and pottery from Fez, or any of the hundred things that merchants bring to sell. When this house was built,—perhaps for a Moorish gentleman,—the court was open to the sky; but now it is roofed over, and the old court has become the pit of a small theater, with tables set for drinking. On a raised platform sat a row of women with tambourines, and a one-eyed man before a zither, while a man and a boy with violins, held like 'cellos, completed the orchestra. A woman rose, pale and weary of face, and with eyes and hair of a dark luster. A sharp crash on the zither arrested the hum of voices from the groups of Moors at the tables. Then a strange rhythm, an expression of Arab love, broke from the violins, and clanged in the strings of the zither. It was a plaintive note, which began high, and fell in little rippling cascades of sound, only to rise and fall again in the same waves of sound. Then the voices of the women caught the wailing love-note and their tambourines beat the rhythm to which the dancer began to move.

WHEN Fatima and Ayesha first waited upon me, I was disappointed but I reflected that a traveler in any of the Mohammedan countries must be content to see the women of the people. Those from the country are lower than European peasants, the veriest beasts of burden, bent double beneath huge loads of fagots, which they carry miles over hill and valley to vend for a miserable pittance in the market-place. Luckier are those who sell scarlet tomatoes. Some of these have amassed wealth, which is displayed in gold and silver bangles on the wrist and ankle, or hangs suspended from the ear. Some are favored with huge, dark eyes, lined with kohl, that vaguely suggest the charms of regal beauties hidden in the harem. Sometimes a figure, huddled in filmy veils that even conceal the eyes, passes on a richly

saddled mule. Her life is that of all these roses born in a hothouse. A perfect creature of the senses, she will be sold to the best buyer, be he twenty or sixty, while she is less than sixteen.

Every day one may see the public part of the marriage ceremony passing in the street. Down a narrow alley comes the slow beat of drums. The shrill, mellow cry of the Moorish pipes rises in weird, discordant music that always halts for the breath of the player. First appear two men bearing large Moorish lamps upon their heads, within which are several lighted candles. Then come many men walking, and a large mule with flat saddle, upon which the bride sits cross-legged. She is invisible within a box-like canopy of wood, covered with muslin in many thicknesses. Her negro slave woman walks sorrowfully in the procession, for she is going to lose the darling she has dressed and tended for years. The pipes and the drums precede the bride or bring up the rear of the procession. They are going to a saint's tomb, where she will be consecrated, and then carried in the same fashion to the house of her lord and master. To-morrow she will be separated from him for seven days, the time being spent by the bride in seclusion among her women, where the hours are passed in music and story-telling. The bride sits high in a niche, carpets and precious stuffs are spread before her, and thus, a goddess for the time, she has the incense of love burned before her.

A strange adventure may befall the wedding-party. In Moorish law, an uncle of her own blood may claim the bride from all comers. Such a one may stop the procession in the street and carry off the bride, while the intended husband can only execrate the robber impotently when the news is brought to him at home, where he has been ardently awaiting the coming of his bride.

TIMBUCTOO, as we called him, is a Sudanese. When he beams upon you, coins come unresisting from your pockets, and the extra sparkle of joy in his gnarled face is your reward, even if he does not shake your hand and kiss his own daintily where it has touched yours, or murmur "God bless you" in Arabic.

I met him first on the Marshan, a flat plateau about which Europeans, Jews, and

a few rich Moors have built their dwellings, leaving a large, flat, open space between. Here crowds come on days of

dle of a large ring of men were grouped holy flags set upon the ground, and near them were the priests who leaped, some-



From the water-color by Sydney Adamson. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"TIMBUCTOO," A SUDANESE CASTANET PLAYER

feasting, when religious frenzy needs scope for its expression.

Mulai-Abd-el-Hafid had been enthroned, and these children of the sun were giving thanks to Allah. In the mid-

times singly, jumping high in air, time after time, and just touching the ground like a rubber ball that a child is bouncing. The great ring of men, holding hands, jumped in time with the priests. Then

the motion changed to a strange bow made with the whole body, and recovered with a backward jerk of the head and a straightening of the knees. Sometimes the feet were kicked out like the front line of a chorus, but always the ring bowed rhythmically. A dull roar of voices calling upon Allah mingled with the furious rattle of hands upon tom-toms, like a bass note that did not blend with the wild shrieking of the pipes.

Safely from balconies some Frenchmen were watching the wild rites. A few Europeans rode past on horses, but not too closely. Very few whites were on foot in the crowd. I walked close until the

rope bound with many-colored cloths was slung over his shoulder. From it were suspended ornaments of every description—sea-shells mounted on cords of red, keys, the teeth of animals, army buttons, a flat card covered with green and red cloth and surrounded by tinsel, tassels of red and purple, and cords of a deep cadmium yellow. From the other shoulder was slung a party-colored bag of mysteries, which I afterward saw opened. In it were money, food, pipe, and a strange medley of rags. In his hands he carried a pair of enormous castanets, and tucked under his arm was a short stick decked with many-colored rags, a sort of jester's wand.



From the water-color by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE CHESS-PLAYERS

Moors began to scowl and seemed to close in a little to prevent my progress. There was a sense of fanaticism and danger in the air.

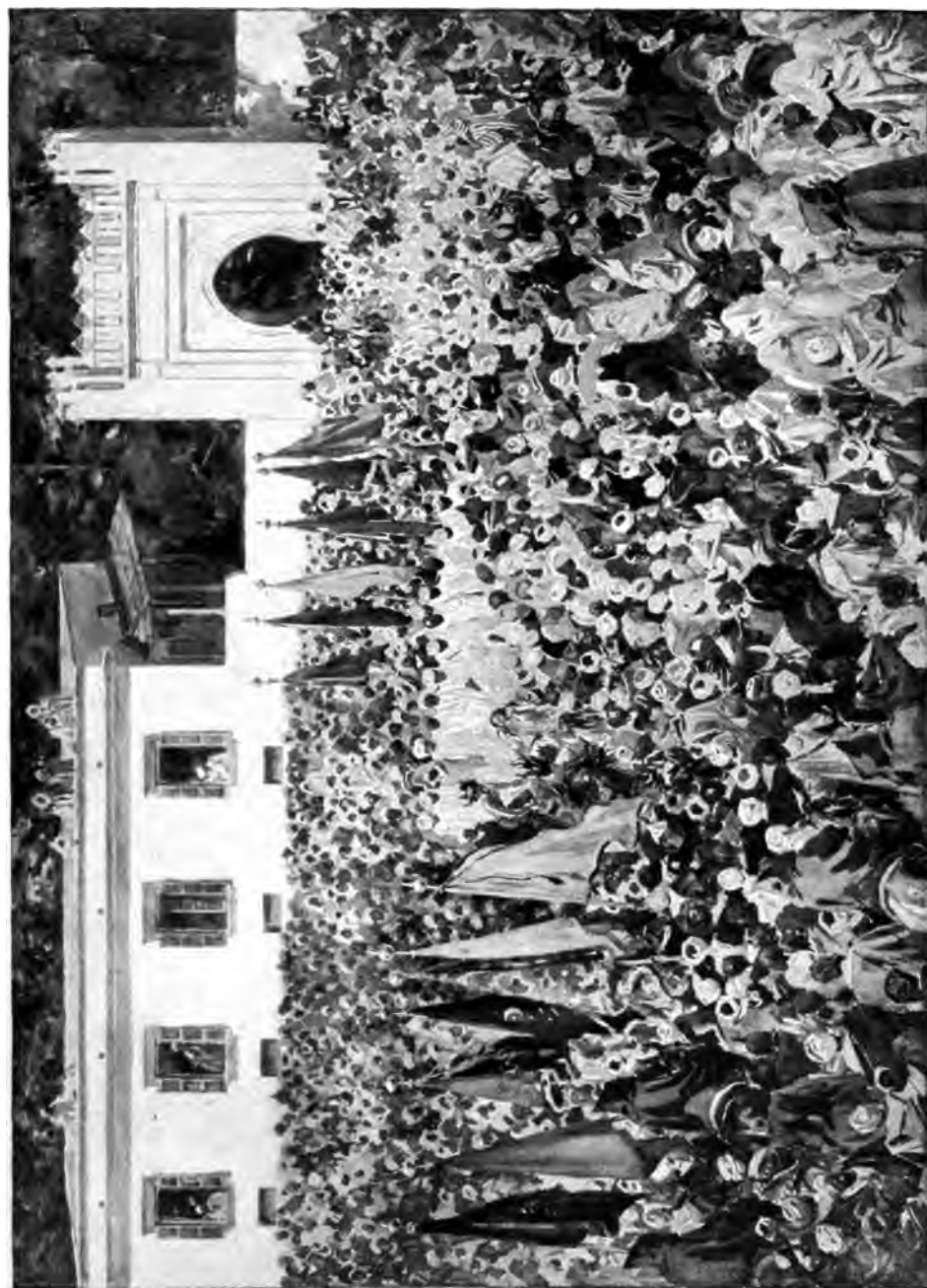
Returning through the crowd to watch the lighter expressions of joy, I met Timbuctoo. He smiled with odd dignity as he passed, all a-glitter with dangling trinkets. His trappings were odd, bizarre, yet exquisite and entirely harmonious. They were as much a part of him as was his grizzled beard. Into his *jelaba* (outside garment), originally the color of undyed wool, patches of mellow and vivid colors had been inserted. On his head he wore a red cap covered with coins and teeth. About it, near the head, was coiled a turban of purplish red, one strand of which was looped loosely beneath his chin. A

In my wanderings about the place I next came upon a group of Moors. The tom-toms were beating joyfully, and the great castanets were clattering merrily. In the perspiring group of dancing mimes Timbuctoo was easily king. As his slender legs, like black bronze, danced in time, he uttered a guttural "Uh-hoo-hoo! uh-hoo-hoo!" then, seized by the spirit of the desert, turned round in a circle, always in four sharp jerks, pausing a perceptible instant at each of the four points of the compass. This he did many times, after which he threw his head back and forward to the beat of the dancing group.

THE Kasbah is the ancient Moorish city, set upon the hill that tumbles down in rocky bluffs to the sea from its high, en-



From the water-color by Sydney Adamson. Halftone plate engraved by R. Varley
STROLLING NEGRO SINGER, A FAVORITE OF THE CAFÉS



From the watercolor by Sydney Adamson

A MOHAMMEDAN FEAST IN TANGIER

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

circling wall. It is a great box of Oriental mystery. All the grim tragedy of medieval life passes within a gunshot of the legations, the outposts of Europe and America. Men die starving and athirst in the prison, never fed by the government, often deserted by their friends. Fever and disease ravage its foul ranks. Overhead, from the high tower of the mosque, a long cry thrills out in the bright moonlight, telling the world that Allah is great.

The Kasbah is never silent. Its sleep is troubled even under the quiet stars. The rattle of police drums and the blare of bugles accompany the changing guard. A party of holy men with a white flag drift slowly down its narrow alleys, with shrill pipes and slow drums asking alms for a saint. Donkeys bray in hysterical chorus and dogs answer one another at intervals. Sometimes there is a lull that allows the night breeze to rustle the palm-tree by the great mosque, that lets the ear drink in the long wash of the surf on the beach far below, and then come the muffled human sounds from the painted houses and the hollow courts within.

In a harem, women are dancing to the maddening rhythm of drums. Close by, a sick man is dying. To-morrow he will be carried shoulder-high on a flat, wooden stretcher, while the beautiful and impressive funeral-chant will swell out alternately in front, then behind, and again in front, as the two groups of mourners relieve each other, till the body is laid a little way down under the earth on the hillside where many graves, like miniature housetops, mark the resting-place of the faithful.

In the blazing light of noon one may enter the Kasbah gates, turn once or twice down the narrow streets, and imagine that five centuries have been lost. The grated windows, the studded doors, the lime-washed walls of white, and ocher, and brilliant blue, the half-open door revealing a court where a gnarled fig-tree is shading a well, and Ayesha with her yellow vest, her pink trousers, and a striped apron cloth tucked between her knees as she pulls up the dripping earthen pitcher, make scenes which form a perfect picture of the past.

Fair women captives from our North-

ern shores have been dragged up these slopes, the prize of pirates. And what they saw then, our eyes see to-day: the cloudless blue, the blaze of sunlight on the tinted walls, the motley throngs of children running in the streets. The housetops are for the women, and one may not without danger look down too often upon his neighbor's roof. In every narrow street, in tiny shops, the articles of life are growing under skilful hands: morocco slippers of leather, yellow, and red, as they are for men or women; shutters and studded doors of wood; trays of beaten brass. The doors of the poor are not guarded like those of the rich, and, standing ajar, will often show a family wash in progress over a sodden floor, a meal in preparation, or a baby in its changing clothes. Suddenly a woman, robed in her great blanket of white, comes into the street. Veiled to the eyes, which are screened by a hand raised beneath her wrap, they peer out curiously. In the white sunlight, she stands before one openly, yet enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

In my dream world of the East, mingled with the faint odor of an old volume of the Arabian Nights, my senses enjoyed only the sweet scent of flowers and the heavy perfumes of the painted ladies. Perhaps in the deeply guarded recesses of the harem there are those who punish their husbands for failing to use rose-water. The clean garments and spotless hands and feet of their lords give color to such stories. But over the real world of the street it is better to draw the veil of a perfumed handkerchief.

THE night had tempted me, and I sat heedless of time on a terrace enraptured by the beauty of the Kasbah in the full moon. The city was alive. Some one played fitfully upon the Moorish pipes. The tinkling of a *gimbri* blended with weird snatches of Arab song, and steadily, *rum-tum-a-um-tum, rum-tum-a-um-tum*, beat the mad cadence of a rhythmic dance. That tom-tom fascinated me, and I arose to trace the sound. Every sense was too delicately awake for hurry. I watched the pattern of tree-shadows on the path, which drops by little flights of steps through the garden. I stopped to drink in the cool air, full of the perfume of a night flower, and



From the water-color by Sydney Adamson

IN A MOORISH CAFÉ

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

listened to the distant beat of the drum through the veil of rustling leaves.

The market-place was empty and white in the moonlight. The sound beat from the right, and so I followed it. At a side street I paused. In the shadow of a low house stood a small crowd of men gazing into a lighted doorway. From within came the mad beat of the drum and the muffled cry of voices. I waited in the moonlight, and watched the eager faces of the men. A few were of the city; others were of the neighboring tribes; and some were bare-legged madmen of the hills, fresh from the fellowship of eagles and vultures.

I vaguely scented danger, but my feet led me to the door, and I looked in. A lantern, hung in the low roof, threw a soft light on two weird figures dressed like the old Moors of Tarik's time, with girdles about their waists, and high turbans, like the Persians. They were performing a holy dance. Men sat close to the walls, squatting on the floor and chanting, while they beat time with their hands, and rocked their bodies to and fro. The dance became a frenzy. The feet flew swiftly, and the tom-toms broke into a double rhythm, as the sounds crossed each other.

While lost in this strange spectacle, something awoke me to the consciousness of a presence regarding me with the sullen eyes of a beast. A tall, lean mountaineer was walking around me slowly in a circle, about five feet from where I stood. Appearing to watch the dance within, I gripped my stick firmly, as I was unarmed. Soon my eyes followed him, and I had to turn my head quickly so that

only an instant he was unseen at my back. A few of the group noticed him. I made a slight movement. He plunged his hand into his bosom, pulled a dagger into view, and loosened it in its sheath. I walked slowly, pretending to be looking back at the light and the dance, out into the deserted market-place. The lean figure followed, and began to move in a large circle round me twenty feet off, gradually closing to eighteen, fifteen, and then to ten feet. I stood in the same spot, silent, but now always facing him, and when I swung my stick at him he would recede a pace or two, and continue to circle, always with eyes intent on me but never meeting my gaze. Two town Moors, passing, stopped. One sat down on an empty box, while the other stood by him, to watch the strange encounter.

Finally the two Moors advanced upon him, shouting, and gesticulating angrily. They caught him by the arms and hustled him off, no doubt telling him that, with war-ships in the bay, and soldiers in the guard-house, Tangier was no place in which to kill Christians.

When I regained the terrace, the whole world was a fairy-land under the spell of that beautiful moon. I watched the tracery of the tree-shadows upon the terrace, and drank in the deep perfume of the night flowers. Through the whispering of the trees came the steady beat of the tom-tom; but it had ceased to call me. It was no longer a mystery. Had one of Fate's little plans miscarried, or had that great dramatic artist merely added a touch of danger to increase the glory and charm of the night?



DESTINY

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

TO-DAY, one fateful moment, Soul
 Made craven compromise with Sense:
 I shudder, journeying toward the goal
 Of Crisis, days or ages hence.



THE HAN-YANG IRON AND STEEL WORKS

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF CHINA

(“THE TRADE OF THE WORLD” PAPERS)

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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THERE are three possibilities known as the “yellow peril.” One is the swamping of the slow-multiplying, high-wage, white societies with the overflow that is bound to come when China has applied Western knowledge to the saving of human life. This is real, and imminent, and nothing but a concerted policy of exclusion can avert it. Another is the over-matching of the white peoples by colossal armies of well-armed and well-drilled yellow men who, under the inspiring lead of some Oriental Bonaparte, will first expel the Powers from eastern Asia, and later overrun Europe.

This forecast is dream-stuff. One who goes up and down among these teeming proletarians realizes that, save among the Mohammedans of the Northwest, the last traces of the military spirit evaporated long ago. The folk appears to possess neither the combative impulses nor the en-

ergy of will of the West Europeans. Chinese lads quarrel in a girlish way with much reviling but little pounding, with random flourishing of fists, but only when there is no danger of their finding the opponent's face. A row among coolies impresses one much more with the objurgatory richness of the language than with the fighting prowess of the race.

Very striking is the contrast with the gamecock Japanese who, fresh from a military feudalism, are still full of pugnacity. At Singapore three thousand Chinese were detained in quarantine with three hundred Japanese. The latter made insolent demands such as that they be served their rice before the Chinese. The Celestials could easily have crushed this handful of brown men, but in the end, rather than have “trouble,” they accepted second table. Not that the Chinese is chicken-hearted. Indeed, there is tiger enough in

him, when aroused; but he simply does not believe in fighting as a way of settling disputes. To him it is uneconomical, hence foolish. In Malaysia it has been observed that, no matter how turbulent a crowd of Chinese may become, if one of their headmen holds up his hand, they quiet down till they have heard what he has to say. Their tumult is calculated and they do not get beside themselves with rage, as will a mob of Japanese or East Indians.

The new army is a vast improvement, but still its fighting spirit may well be doubted. "How do you like the service?" an American asked a couple of reservists. "Very well." "How if a war should break out?" "Oh, our friends will let us know in time so we can run away." Smarting under repeated humiliations, the haughty Manchu princes are forging the new army as an instrument of revenge; but the Chinese people prize it as a buckler only, and do not intend it shall take the offensive. In the officers one misses the martial visage, the firm chin and set jaw that proclaim the overriding will. The wondering look and the unaggressive manner of the private reveal the simple country lad beneath the khaki. The Japanese peasant has the bold air of the soldier; the Chinese soldier has the mild bearing of the peasant. Belief that right makes might, and that all difficulties can be settled by appealing to the *li*, i.e., the Reasonable, so saturates Chinese thought that nothing but a succession of shocks that should move the national character from its foundations will lay them open to the military spirit. Long before they have lost their faith in peace, the Chinese will be too strong to be bullied and too flourishing to seek national prosperity through conquest.

The third "yellow peril" is the possibility of an industrial conquest of the West by the Orient. Contemplating the diligence, sobriety, and cleverness of the Chinese, in connection with their immense numbers and their low standard of comfort, some foresee a manufacturing China, turning out great quantities of iron, steel, implements, ships, machinery, and textiles at an incredibly low cost, and therewith driving our goods out of neutral markets and obliging our working-men, after a long disastrous strife with their employers, to take a Chinese wage or starve. Against

such a calamity the industrial nations will be able to protect themselves neither by immigration barriers, nor by tariff walls.

Assuredly the cheapness of Chinese labor is something to make a factory-owner's mouth water. The women reelers in the silk filatures of Shanghai get from eight to eleven cents for eleven hours of work. But Shanghai is dear, and, besides, everybody there complains that the laborers are knowing and spoiled. In the steel-works at Han-yang common labor gets three dollars a month, just a tenth of what raw Slavs command in the South Chicago steel-works. Skilled mechanics get from eight to twelve dollars. In a coal-mine near I-chang, a thousand miles up the Yangtse, the coolie receives one cent for carrying a 400-pound load of coal on his back down to the river a mile and a half away. He averages ten loads a day, but must rest every other week. The miners get seven cents a day and found, i.e., a cent's worth of rice and meal. They work eleven hours a day up to their knees in water, and all have swollen legs. After a week of it they have to lay off a couple of days. No wonder the cost of this coal (semi-bituminous) at the pit's mouth is only thirty-five cents a ton! At Cheng-tu, servants get a dollar and a half a month and find themselves. Across Sze-chuan, lusty coolies were glad to carry our chairs half a day for four cents each. In Singan-fu the common coolie gets three cents a day and feeds himself, or eighty cents a month. Through Shan-si, roving harvesters were earning from four to twelve cents a day, and farm-hands got five or six dollars a year and their keep. Speaking broadly, in any part of the Empire willing laborers of fair intelligence may be had in any number at from eight to fifteen cents a day.

With an ocean of such labor power to draw on, China would appear to be on the eve of a manufacturing development that will act like a continental upheaval in changing the trade map of the world. The impression is deepened by the tale of industries that have already sprung up. In twenty years the Chinese have established forty-six silk filatures, thirty-eight of them in Shanghai. More than a dozen cotton-spinning-mills are supplying yarn to native hand-looms. Two woolen mills are weaving cloth for soldiers' uniforms. In Shang-

hai there are pure Chinese factories making glass, cigarettes, yellow-bar soap, tooth-brushes, and roller-process flour. The Han-yang Iron and Steel Works, with 5000 men in the plant and 17,000 more mining and transporting its ore and coal, is doubling its capacity, having last spring contracted with an American syndicate to furnish annually for fifteen years from 36,000 to 72,000 tons of pig-iron to a steel plant building at Irondale on Puget Sound.

Those who judge by surfaces anticipate a development swift and dramatic, to our race a catastrophe or a blessing according as one cares for the millions or the millionaires. But, peering beneath the surface, one describes certain factors which forbid us to believe that the industrial blooming of the yellow race is to occur in our time.

Before flooding world markets the yellow-labor mills must supply the wants of the Chinese themselves for manufactured goods; and, even if, man for man, they have not more than an eighth of the buying power of Americans, China still offers a market more than half as large as that of the whole United States. Its estimated annual consumption of cotton goods would carpet a roadway sixty feet wide from here to the moon. Owing to the indefinitely expanding market eastern Asia will afford for the cheap machine-made fabrics, utensils, implements, cutlery, toilet articles, and timepieces to pour forth from the native factories to be established, the evil day is yet distant when the white man's product will be driven from the South American or African fields by the handiwork of the yellow man.

Then, production is not always so cheap as low wages would indicate. For all his native capacity, the coolie will need a long course of schooling, industrial training, and factory atmosphere before he inches up abreast of the German or American working-man. At a railway center in North China is a government establishment that imports bridge materials from Europe, builds up the beams, fits and punches them, and sends them out in knock-down state to the place where the bridge is needed. Yet, with labor five times as cheap, it cannot furnish iron bridges as cheaply as they can be imported from Belgium, which means that at present one Belgium iron-worker is worth five

Chinese. It will take a generation or two for the necessary technical skill to become hereditary among these working people.

Active China, which is about as large as the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, has less than 7000 miles of railway. Owing to the thick population and the intensive agriculture the traffic potency of most parts is so great that, no doubt, ten times the present mileage, if economically constructed and managed, would yield handsome dividends on the investment. Now, at best, it would take China's spare capital for the next thirty years to build the railways the country ought to have. It must be borne in mind, too, that, outside a few treaty ports, the new industries await the initiative of the Chinese. Gone forever are the halcyon days of Li Hung Chang's railway and mining concessions, when a single foreigner could obtain the exclusive right to mine coal and iron over 5400 square miles of the richest mineral-bearing province. The rising nationalism with its cry "China for the Chinese!" has put an end to all that. The government recovered certain of the railway concessions and the people of Shan-si paid the Peking Syndicate two and one quarter millions to relinquish an undeveloped concession. China will, no doubt, block the path of the foreign exploiter as carefully as Japan has, and her mills and mines will be Chinese or nothing.

But the courage of the Chinese capitalist is chilled by the rapacity of officials unchecked by courts or people. One of the directors of the Shanghai-Hang-chau Railway—a purely Chinese line—tells me their chief trouble in building the road was the harassing "inspections" which obliged them to bribe the officials in order to go on with the work. Moreover, Peking forced upon the company a large, unneeded foreign loan, which would have been expended by government men without the stockholders knowing how much stuck to the fingers of the officials. So, instead of using the money for building the road, the company loaned it out in small amounts at a high interest, and will repay it as soon as the terms of the loan permit.

The case of Fu-kien shows how irresponsible government paralyzes the spirit of enterprise. For half a century Fu-kienese have been wandering into the English and Dutch possessions in southeastern

Asia, where not a few of them prosper as merchants, planters, mine operators, contractors, and industrialists. Some of them return with capital, technical knowledge, and experience in managing large undertakings. Yet, aside from a sawmill—the only one I saw in China—I hear of not one modern undertaking in the province. The coal seams lie untouched. The mandarins lay it to the difficulty of getting the coal to tide-water. The Fu-kienese rich from his tin-mining in Perak—there are thirty Chinese millionaires in the Malay States—tells you it is dread of official “squeeze.”

The country back of Swatow is rich in minerals. But what probably would happen to a retired Singapore contractor so rash as to embark on a mining venture there? The tribes of Hakkas in the neighborhood of the ore deposit would demand something for letting him work it unmolested. The local mandarin would have to be squared. The *li kin* officials would sweat him well before letting his imported machinery go up the river. The magistrate of every district his product touched in going down the coast would hold him up. Finally, to cap the climax, at any moment his operations might be halted by an outbreak of superstitious fear lest they were disturbing the earth dragon and spoiling the luck of the community. Small wonder a high imperial official confesses—in confidence—that not one penny of his fortune ever goes into a concern not under foreign protection.

His Excellency Wu Ting Fang is so impressed with the blight of insecurity that he suggests that, instead of clamoring for an early parliament, the people exact of the imperial government a Magna Charta guaranteeing the following rights: no arrest without a proper warrant; public trial within twenty-four hours; no punishment nor fining of the relatives of a convicted person; no confiscation of the property of his partners or business associates.

ALTHOUGH vast in aggregate the agriculture of China is petty agriculture and its industry is petty industry. Its business men are unfamiliar with the management of large-scale enterprises, and have had no experience with the joint-stock company. Highly honorable as mer-

chants and bankers, they have never worked out a code of ethics for the stock company, and in such relations they are the prey of a mutual distrust which is only too well warranted.

The taking of commissions has become so ingrained in the Chinese that it is no longer a moral fact but only an economic fact. Your cook takes his wages as a recompense for his technical services only; for his services as a business man in buying for your household he feels himself entitled to a profit. Bray him in a mortar, but you will not get the notion out of him. This is why as soon as a business capital is anywhere got together it begins mysteriously to melt away. A company formed to build a certain railway maintains an idle office staff of ten, and station-masters have been engaged and put on the payroll, although not a rail has been laid. Much of the pay of these lucky employees goes, no doubt, to those who appointed them. Sleepers were bought in great quantities, and after lying for a year were sold to carpenters. One of the government railways called for tenders for sleepers. A German firm bid lowest and filled the order. Later, when more sleepers were wanted, the purchasing official, instead of calling for new bids, telegraphed to the firm, “Your Japanese competitor has come down to your figure, but you may have the contract for a moderate commission.” The offer was ignored, and the Japanese supplied the sleepers, no doubt after giving a *douceur*.

In a big government works the foreign expert after due tests designated a certain coal as the best in heating capacity. The first lot supplied him by the purchasing agent of the works was all right. The second was poor, although the agent stoutly insisted it was the same coal. He had been given a commission to substitute the inferior fuel. The railway engineer, whether foreigner or Chinese, is continually put out by the arrival from oversea of machinery or materials different in kind or grade from what he had ordered. The cause is not inadvertence. There are thirteen railways now being constructed on the basis of “everything Chinese,” and most of them have one trait in common: *the money goes faster than the construction*. The Amoy-Chang-chau line, the first in Fu-kien, proceeds with disappoint-

ing slowness. Great piles of rails and ties lie deteriorating, waiting for road-bed. The construction of the Canton-Hang-chau line advances at what the stockholders feel to be a snail's pace. The Anhui Railway Company has disbursed five million taels and not a mile of track is completed. The piers for the bridges are ready, the structural iron for them is on the ground, and thirteen miles of grading is completed. But the company's money and credit are gone, the shareholders are disgusted, and work is nearly at a standstill. There is enough of such experiences to make one call China "the land of broken promise." Some of the trouble is due to bad judgment, but too often the management has been pulled out of plumb by the itch for commissions.

IN China there are few duties more sacred than that of helping your kinsman, even at other people's expense. A man regards it as right to provide berths for his relatives and no scruple as to their comparative fitness tweaks his conscience. The manager of a government plant, on looking into a department which was going badly, found that thirty-three out of the fifty-five men in that department were relatives of the foreman. Since two years ago, when the Peking-Han-kau Railway came under Chinese management, the positions along the line have been filled on the basis of sheer favoritism, with the result of loading the pay-roll with incompetents. No wonder the ticket-seller regards the crowd at the ticket window as a nuisance, and lets them fume while he chats with his friends. And you may hear the track manager complain bitterly of having to put in and retain certain relatives of the director who cannot do the work assigned them.

So desperate is the struggle to live and so ingrained is the spirit of nepotism, that whenever capital is laid out by any one else than the owner, employees multiply like locusts. They drop out of the clouds and spring up from the ground. The government offices at Peking are clogged with useless place-holders. You marvel that colleges with twenty-five or thirty teachers maintain ten officers of administration until you realize that half of them are sine-curists. In one plant the foreign expert found thirty-six parasites sucking the water-pipe all day and drawing good pay.

One was purchaser of coal, another purchaser of wood, another custodian of the steam fittings, and so on.

At Lin-cheng a Belgian company came to terms with a Chinese company with a concession by giving them half the stock and agreeing to pay a Chinese director and a Chinese engineer in addition, of course, to the foreign director and the foreign engineer. The theory is that the Belgians and the Chinese are partners in operating the colliery; but the naked fact is that the latter are mere parasites on the enterprise. The Chinese director lives at Tientsin on his \$700 a month, and never goes near the mine. The Chinese engineer with his \$225 a month and a fine house built him near the mine gives no technical services whatever, but goes about suppressing the petty native coal diggings that impair the exclusiveness of the company's concession!

At the present stage the Chinese business man can neither get along with the foreign expert nor without him. Four hundred miles up the West River you see tons of heavy machinery lying on the bank. It was imported for smelting silver ore in the mountains fifteen miles away. The Chinese found themselves unable to set up the smelter, so the machinery rusts while the ore is smelted in England. An engineer will be given lot after lot of bad coal because his manager never thinks of fuel in terms of heating capacity. To him coal is coal, and the cheapest is the best. Shan-si is the Pennsylvania of the Empire, and at great price the provincials regained the right to exploit its mineral wealth themselves. Yet a certificated colliery manager has been four years at Shan-si University as professor of mining, and not once has his professional opinion been sought on a mining question!

The Han-yang Company appreciates the expert and employs twenty-two French and Belgians to supervise the making of steel. But not always are the Chinese so fortunate. In one city an electric light company failed, it is said, for want of sufficient expert assistance. About three years ago the "Protection of Shan-si" Mining Company undertook to develop coal-mining in the province. The first expert they employed was to reconnoiter and report. He spent several months go-

ing about, but as he failed to map his wanderings and finds his reports were worth little. Then a great English expert was engaged, but when, on reaching Tientsin, he learned that he was expected to spend months in the field instead of a few weeks, he took his expenses and went home. When, finally, a twenty-foot vein of coal was attacked, expert after expert quit because he insisted on having things done right, and the company would not follow his advice. It is plain that both the native capitalists and the imported experts have grievances. The situation is unfortunate, and cannot but retard development until China has good engineering and technical schools for training experts of her own.

The inefficiency of the management of Chinese undertakings is heartrending in its waste of sweat-won wealth. The superintendent of construction of a railroad will be a worthy mandarin, without technical knowledge or experience, who has to rely wholly on his subordinates. Or the prominent financier chosen president of the company feels himself quite above the vulgar details of management, and so delegates the task to some one of lesser consequence. This gentleman, too, feels above the work, and passes it down to some one else. So the big men become figureheads and little men run the enterprise. Any government undertaking suffers from the conceit and impracticality of the mandarins. The initial price of the cement from a government plant was fixed at a dollar a barrel more than the cost of good for-

eign cement. The officials thought that the people would beg for "imperial cement" regardless of price.

The fact is the faulty past lies too heavily on the mind and the character of contemporary Chinese. The real strength of the race will not generally declare itself till another generation is on the stage, bred in the new education and enforcing a higher code. Perhaps the moral atmosphere will not clear till there has come a marked let-up in the struggle for existence. At the back of the business man's mind lurks, I fancy, a dim sense of a myriad clutching hands. People do not judge one another very strictly when each acts with the abyss ever before his eyes. The excellent reputation enjoyed by the Chinese business men in Malaysia suggests that only in a land of opportunity does the natural solidity of character of the yellow race show itself.

It is not likely, then, that the march of industrialism in China will be so rapid and triumphant as many have anticipated. Jealousy of the foreigner, dearth of capital, ignorant labor, official "squeeze," graft, nepotism, lack of experts, and inefficient management will long delay the harnessing of the cheap-labor power of China to the machine. Not we, nor our children, but our grandchildren, will need to lie awake nights. It will be along in the latter half of this century that the yellow man's economic competition will begin to mold with giant hands the politics of the planet.



SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

THIRD PAPER: RICHARD THE THIRD

BY WILLIAM WINTER

FOR about four centuries the memory of King Richard the Third has been persistently blackened by the ascription to him of a sinister character, a malignant will, and the ruthless commission of infernal crimes. An occasional word, indeed, has been spoken in his vindication, but historians in general, in their narratives of his life, have followed, as Shakspeare did, in his play on that subject, the authority of the chroniclers Hall and Holinshed, who followed that of Sir Thomas More; and it is incontrovertible that More's account of King Richard the Third was inspired, if not actually in great part written, by Morton, whom King Henry the Seventh, Richard's successor, made Archbishop of Canterbury, and who was one of the most inveterate of Richard's foes. More was a boy five years old when Richard fell, at Bosworth. In youth he became a member of Morton's household at Canterbury, and he was educated virtually under the supervision of that primate. It is possible that Morton may have told him, and that he believed, a story of Richard's career. There is authority for the statement that Morton wrote, in Latin, a narrative of Richard's life, which at his death in 1500 fell into the hands of More. The "Tragical History" which has served to make Richard's name infamous was begun by More in 1513, and he left it unfinished at his death in 1535.

For the actor the text of Shakspeare is the arbitrary guide in undertaking to impersonate *Richard the Third* as drawn in Shakspeare's play, and in Shakspeare's play *Richard* is represented as an incarnation of craft, treachery, cruelty, and heaven-defying wickedness, not, however,

without conscience and some of the usual attributes of humanity. It is desirable, though perhaps it is not essential, that the actor of *Richard* should be acquainted with every fact ascertainable relative to the actual character, aspect, and conduct of the man; for the reason that such comprehension of him might tend to augment weight, authority, and sincerity in an embodiment of even a wrong conception of him. It certainly is essential that every student of Shakspeare's play should bear in mind its gross inconformity to ascertained facts of Richard's life.

Bacon, although he wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, granddaughter of King Henry the Seventh, and wrote like the servile courtier that he was, nevertheless declared of King Richard the Third that he was "jealous of the honor of the English nation, and likewise a good law-maker for the ease and solace of the common people," adding, however, in the mean spirit of political detraction, that Richard's motive was not the purpose of doing justice to his subjects, but of winning popularity. The fact is that Richard relieved the English people of an unjust, extortionate taxation; caused the laws of England to be printed in the English language, and thus made them accessible for the first time; abolished all imports on books; fostered the arts, particularly the arts of printing and of music; and throughout his career strove to advance civilization.

This is not the place for a minute examination of the history of King Richard the Third, but it will not be amiss to say that such an examination educes material facts tending to show that Shakspeare's portrayal of that prince is a fabric of the imagination, reared on a basis of calumny.

Edward, Prince of Wales, was not murdered, but was killed, as other soldiers were killed, in battle, "in the field by Tewkesbury." King Henry the Sixth, who had become half imbecile, died of disease, aggravated by grief, and not by the hand of an assassin. No evidence exists proving that the young princes, Edward and Richard, sons of King Edward the Fourth, were murdered, a reasonable probability being that one of them died, in the Tower, of disease, and that the other was privily sent out of the kingdom, and reappeared later, in the person of Perkin Warbeck. Queen Anne, wife of King Richard the Third, died a natural death, precipitated by acute sorrow for the death of their only child, Edward, and not by poison. The Duke of Clarence was put to death by his fierce and cruel brother, King Edward the Fourth, who distrusted and hated him, as also did Edward's wife, Queen Elizabeth (Woodeville), and her numerous relatives and partizans. Lord Hastings was slain because Richard knew him for a political opponent and suspected him of being privily implicated in a plot to frustrate the Protectorate and assassinate the Protector. Richard dearly loved his mother, "the Rose of Raby," and he was at all times much under her influence; and also he dearly loved his wife Anne Neville, and when he became a widower, he never entertained the purpose, but publicly and officially disavowed it, of wedding his niece Elizabeth, a princess whom subsequently the astute, crafty, cold-blooded King Henry the Seventh took to wife, in order to fortify his usurped title to the English crown. In almost every particular, although he was a stern ruler and a fierce, sanguinary, restless antagonist, and not guiltless of cruel conduct, King Richard the Third was almost literally the reverse of the man whom Shakspeare's tragedy has blazoned as a monster, for the lasting execration of the world.

Richard was not deformed, except that one of his shoulders was a little higher than the other. He was short of stature, slender in figure, and possessed of uncommon strength. His neck was short, and habitually his head was slightly inclined forward. His face was of the aquiline cast, his features were regular, and he had the large nose of the Plantagenet family. His eyes were dark and brilliant. His

complexion was olive, his hair dark brown, and his cheeks were a little hollow. His voice was notable for placidity and sweetness. He was fond of rich apparel and customarily wore magnificent garments. He was nervous and restless, as shown by his habit of sheathing and unsheathing his dagger, and of sliding a ring off and on one of his fingers—the third finger of his left hand. He was an expert, graceful dancer, a proficient horseman, and in battle his expedition, agility, valor, and prowess were extraordinary. As a qualifying fact touching his alleged "deformity," it might be remembered that, according to apparently authentic chronicle, he could, and did, when accoutred in full armor, leap to the back of his horse without touching foot to stirrup.

The text of Shakspeare's play of "King Richard III," as customarily printed and used, is an eclectic one, taken partly from the first Quarto, 1597, and partly from the First Folio, 1623. The text of the Folio exhibits alterations of the original, not, it is supposed, made by the author, but by the actors, either at the preliminary tavern reading of the play, which was of usual occurrence, or in the processes of rehearsal and performance during many years. It has been ascertained and recorded that "there are about one hundred and twenty new lines introduced in the Folio" (Knight), and that "the Quartos contain important passages which are not found in the Folio, while the Folio, on the other hand, supplies passages, no less important, which are wanting in the Quartos" (Dyce). A justifiable inference would seem to be that the world does not, and never can, possess the text of "King Richard III" exactly as Shakspeare wrote it.

Henry Irving caused a book to be printed of Cibber's alteration of Shakspeare's tragedy, in which, by the use of inks of different colors, the lines known or believed to be exactly those of Shakspeare were shown, in contradistinction from the lines selected by Cibber from other plays by Shakspeare, namely, "King Henry IV, Part Two," "King Henry VI, Part Two, and Part Three," "King Richard II," and "King Henry V," and from lines original with Cibber. Among Cibber's verses, the most ambitious is the speech declaring, "Conscience! 't is our coin; we live by

parting with it." The statement put into the mouth of *Richard*, "I've lately had two spiders crawling upon my startled hopes," etc., and the commandment, "Get me a coffin full of holes," etc., are Cibber's, and not likely to be mistaken for Shakspeare's. Three of Cibber's lines, however, are generally supposed to occur in the original: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" "Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!" and "A little flattery sometimes does well." Coarse as it is, Cibber's version of Shakspeare's play was finally approved, for practical use, by both Henry Irving and Edwin Booth, consummate masters of their art, after each of them had made the experiment of producing the original in a condensed form. Neither of them, however, reverted to the use of the Cibber play.

The first attempt to restore Shakspeare's tragedy to the stage, even in a partial form, was made by Macready, at Covent Garden, in 1821, that great actor impersonating *Richard*, with Helen Faucit as *Queen Elizabeth*. It did not succeed; that is, it did not please the public, and it was withdrawn after a few performances had been given.

Old votaries of the theater—such, at least, as have obtained any considerable experience of that institution—are aware of the manner in which within the last fifty years *Richard* has usually been represented. The notion of the conventional tragedian has been that *Richard* is "a part to tear a cat in, to make all split," and accordingly the stage has often been the scene for tiresome display of a scowling, mugging, ranting creature of extravagant deformity, as distinct from Nature as a nightmare is from sense. The number of actors who have assumed the part of *Richard* is prodigious, but the number of actors who have presented him as a possible and interesting human being, and not as a monstrosity, is few.

The first performer of *Richard* was Burbage, but nothing is known of his method of acting him or of the dress that he wore. The anonymous elegy on that actor's death,—a composition consisting of eighty-six lines of heroic verse which, having long existed in manuscript, was first published in 1825,—mentions *Crookback* as one of the characters in which he ex-

celled, and intimates that when he died that character, among others, died with him, a form of demise frequently named in theatrical memoirs.

Authentic record declares that neither Shakspeare's tragedy nor any alteration of it was acted between 1660 and 1710,—a period covering the last fifty years of Thomas Betterton's life. In 1667, however, Betterton acted *Richard*, not in Shakspeare's tragedy, but in a play called "The English Princess, or the Death of Richard the Third," by John Caryl, a person who in later years was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of King James the Second, and who is agreeably remembered as having suggested to Pope the subject of that poet's exquisite work of fancy, "The Rape of the Lock." Pepys saw the first performance of "The English Princess," and in his "Diary" designates it "a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it." Betterton's acting, as *Richard*, seems to have been excellent. Downes, a principal authority as to the Betterton period, commends it by implication, but does not describe it.

Cibber's alteration of Shakspeare's "King Richard III" was first produced in 1700 at Drury Lane, and Cibber himself appeared as *Richard*, giving a performance which was accounted weak and even ridiculous. The merit of Cibber as an actor consisted in his talent for comedy: as a tragedian he appears to have been a conspicuous failure. In his own story of his performance of *Richard* he declares that he acted the part as he supposed that it would have been acted by Samuel Sandford, one of his contemporaries, and he describes Sandford as a man who "had sometimes an uncouth stateliness in his motion, a harsh and sullen pride of speech, a meditating brow, a stern aspect, occasionally changing into an almost ludicrous triumph over all goodness and virtue; and from thence falling into the most assuasive gentleness and soothing candor of a designing heart."

The first unequivocally fine embodiment of *Richard the Third* of which authentic description exists was that presented by David Garrick, at Goodman's Fields Theater, London, October 19, 1741, when he acted that part for the first time. The important later performances of *Richard*, without exception, have been

more or less affected by knowledge of that example. Garrick unquestionably blazed the path for John Philip Kemble, who was twenty-two years old when Garrick retired from the stage, and for George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, William C. Macready, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Forrest, and their successors,—the inspiring, enduring magic of his method being vitality of impersonation combined with brilliancy of executive art.

The achievement of Garrick has so often been noted that even a passing reference to it may seem like "damnable iteration"; yet it cannot here be avoided. That great actor astonished his public by following a course which in our time would not astonish anybody; that is to say, he spoke, as far as effect is concerned, naturally, not rhetorically, and he acted naturally, not artificially. It is not meant that he was a photographer,—no one of his biographers conveys that impression,—but he concealed his

mechanism, he abjured the formal declamation which had been customary, he projected himself into the character, and he caused the effect of nature by a judicious and expert use of art. The stage version of the play that he presented was Cibber's, and in his employment of it he seems to have made almost all the "points" that have been made by his followers. On his first entrance he presented, in face, person, and demeanor, an image of fierce vitality, dangerous force, sardonic humor, beguiling duplicity, and smiling menace. His performance was marked by incessant variety.

His question, "What do they in the North?" was shot forth with frightful celerity and rage. His action and delivery in the tent or dream scene expressed a frenzy of horror, fear, agony, and pathos, interpenetrated with the furious courage of desperation. All accounts concur in designating the impersonation as wonderfully brilliant. Without doubt he set the example; and it was not alone his art

that conquered, but his genius. The spirit that was in the man is indicated by the words that Smollett wrote about him, mentioning "the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and variety of his action, the elegance of his attitudes, and the whole pathos of his expression." Garrick's *Richard*, it should be added, has been characterized as "a vulgar assassin." Hogarth said to him, referring to his widely contrasted impersonations of *Abel Drugger* (in Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist") and *Rich-*

ard the Third. "You are in your element when begrimed with dirt or up to your elbows in blood."

It does not appear that John Philip Kemble interpreted the character with any notable accession of comprehensiveness or power. He played the part at a time (in 1783) when Garrick's performance of it was still remembered, and the impression that he made was comparatively faint. He was consistently princelike in manner, and he seems to have pleased a fastidious taste by his felicitous subtlety of inflection in delivery of the text.



From an engraving by G. Vertue after a painting at Kensington Palace

KING RICHARD III

George Frederick Cooke, far less scholarly and accomplished than Kemble ("Black Jack," as he called him), but far more formidable and self-assertive, completely eclipsed that noble actor, in the character of *Richard*. Cooke unhappily did himself lamentable injustice and irreparable harm by hard drinking; but he was a man of sturdy constitution, great force of character, and of wild, discordant mental brilliancy. According to his journal, he seems to have considered himself to be at times a dweller on the verge of insanity, and probably his view of his condition was correct. He acted many parts. He shone as *Falstaff*, but he records that he never played the part to his own complete satisfaction. He excelled in such parts as *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, and *Richard*. As *Hamlet* he failed, at least of popular approval, and probably because of complete incompatibility with the part. He was a stalwart person, of commanding figure. His nose was large, long, and slightly hooked; his forehead, high and broad; his eyebrows were strongly marked and very flexible. His demeanor was bold, his gesticulation awkward: he made much use of waving arms and of the extended forefinger of his right hand. His vocalism was exceptionally varied. Sometimes his voice was harsh and grating, sometimes dulcet and insinuating, and often his coarse tones suddenly alternated with his smooth ones. He could discharge the barbed arrows of sarcasm with scorching malignity and cruel effect, and he could utter hypocritical kindness with the soft accent of ingratiating sympathy. He lacked refinement alike of mind and manner. He could dissimulate well. A capital portrait of him as *Richard* was for many years one of the adornments of the vestibule of Daly's Theater, New York. That picture exhibits *Richard* at the moment when, in Cibber's version of the tragedy, he hears the bell that sounds the death-knell of the *Princes* in the Tower, and when his visage, naturally, would reveal exultation in his accomplished wickedness, and thus it coincides with authentic testimony as to the actor's appearance. He expressed the joyous malignity of *Richard* with a fidelity that was terrible. The actor's face seems not to have been one well framed to convey a per-

fect impression of plausibility, yet it is difficult to determine, from inspection of the several portraits of him which exist, precisely what his countenance might have revealed. The face of such a man as *Richard* would not, in Nature, be always an index to his evil mind. Cibber's best bit of invention is that which makes *Richard*, on entering the throne-room after the death of *King Edward*, and on observing the grief of the company, apply a handkerchief to his eyes and murmur aside: "With all my heart! I 'll not be out of fashion!" At such a point as that Cooke was an actor certain to excel, and it is probable that he did greatly excel when speaking *Richard's* explicit, comprehensive summary of his own character, in the lines transferred by Cibber from "King Henry VI, Part Three," Act III, Scene 2:

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions."

Cooke, as *Richard*, wore for court dress a doublet fastened by a broad, jeweled belt, a short cloak edged with ermine, trunk-hose, pointed shoes, and a small, close-fitting velvet hat turned up in front and embellished with a tall plume. Around his neck he placed a narrow, pleated, white ruff and a broad ribbon sustaining an Order. At his side was a rapier, depending from a shoulder-belt incrustated with jewels. The face was clean-shaven, except for short, narrow side-whiskers and a small mustache and chin-tuft. The hair was short. In the latter part of the play, armor necessarily was substituted for the court dress.

Edmund Kean, whose personation of *Richard* was accounted wonderful, was acquainted with the Garrick tradition as to the acting of the part, and he had seen Cooke on the provincial stage before either Cooke or himself had appeared in London. In 1787 Cooke acted once in London, for some person's benefit, but he did not formally and successfully appear in that capital till 1800, when he was in his forty-fifth year. Kean was on the scene there as a child and as an obscure youth, but he



From the copperplate engraving by S. W. Reynolds after the painting by N. Dance

DAVID GARRICK AS *RICHARD III*

first appeared there prominently in 1814, when he was twenty-seven. The comedian George Fawcett Rowe (1835-1889), many years ago told me that his father, resident in Exeter, had been acquainted with Kean, and that Kean had said to him, "I have the style of Cooke; but nobody will notice it, because I am so much smaller." The almost fanatical admiration that Kean felt for Cooke is recorded in the memoirs of both of them, and remembrance of it seems to justify credence that to some extent Kean truly was a disciple of that singular genius. In youth every actor has a model.

Cooke died in New York in 1812, and Kean, on the occasion of his first visit to this city, in 1820, caused his remains to be removed from a vault beneath St. Paul's Church and buried in the churchyard, and likewise placed a monument there, which still stands at Cooke's grave. The story that Kean took the forefinger bones of Cooke's right hand, carried them to England, had them wired together and hung upon his parlor wall, and made such an ado about the relic that Mrs. Kean finally became disgusted and threw it away, has long been in circulation and is known to be true. To what extent Kean modeled his performance of *Richard* on that of Cooke it would be impossible to judge. Each of those actors was, obviously, of a turbulent nature, much given to the making of tremendous outbursts of passion, but no two men could be more dissimilar than they were in physical constitution and appearance. Cooke's face could exceptionally well express the evil passions. Kean's features were regular and handsome, and while his face and person comported perfectly, as he guided and used them, with the terrible characters of *Richard the Third* and *Sir Giles Overreach*, they were made to suit equally well with those of the loving *Octavian* and the melancholy, pathetic *Stranger*. Cooke was robust, while Kean was slender, and his height was only five feet, six and three quarter inches.

Kean's portrayal of *Richard* is extolled by the competent authorities of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt to such an extent of enthusiasm that inquiring judgment becomes perplexed in the presence of a multiplicity of adulation. "Just returned from seeing Kean in *Richard*,"—so wrote

Byron to Moore, February 19, 1814,—
"By Jove! he is a soul! Life—Nature—Truth—without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's *Hamlet* is perfect, but *Hamlet* is not Nature. *Richard* is a man, and Kean is *Richard*!" The opinion thus expressed, if viewed as criticism, is worthless, *Hamlet* being quite as much Nature as *Richard* is, and as much a man; but viewed as indicative of the effect produced upon a poet of marvelous genius by an actor of kindred poetic sensibility it is instructive.

Kean's principal dress, as *Richard*, consisted of much the same kind of garments as were worn by Cooke—trunk-hose, doublet, ornamental cloak, and ribbon with an Order on it; but he wore top-boots, his hat was of a toadstool shape, and his wig was made of curly, black hair, somewhat thick. In his right hand he carried, during a part of the play, a military truncheon. The deformity of the figure was indicated by disproportion of the left shoulder. Several changes of costume are required in any performance of *Richard*; the particular specification of all of them, as employed by the chief distinguished actors, would occupy much space. Kean's costume, as noted, is that which he wore after the *Duke of Glo'ster* had become King of England. Kean's "stage business" as *Richard* was extraordinary for diversification and expressive intelligence. His thoughtful, absorbed demeanor when, preliminary to the terrific dream scene, he traced on the ground, with the point of his sword, the plan of battle, the night before the furious encounter on Bosworth Field, is remembered and recorded as having had a wonderfully impressive effect. The personation throughout was animated by a dominant, buoyant, electrical, thrilling spirit. The dying king's frantic thrusts with his naked arm, as though he still held his sword, after he had been struck down, mortally wounded in the combat with *Richmond*, were noted as very terrible, and that business has reappeared in the performances of many later actors.

Macready played *Richard* for the first time in London in 1819, at Covent Garden, appearing in the Cibber version of the tragedy. His success with the public was decisive. (He had played the part five years before at Bath.) Critical opin-



From the copperplate engraving by F. Bartolozzi after the painting by William Hamilton

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS RICHARD III

ion on the subject was various, but in effect it was favorable. The actor's method in the wooing of *Lady Anne* was commended for winning sincerity, the dissimulation, obviously, not having been variegated by any gleams of sarcasm. His feverish, executive promptitude in directing the disposal of the bodies of the murdered princes was essentially tragic. Leigh Hunt specified the exact spirit of the performance, intimating that it was marked by ardent, sanguine *gaiety*. That, in Cibber's arrangement of the play, is a pervasive attribute of the character, for Cibber's *Richard* is not at any moment till the dream scene shown as a man capable of sensibility, and his anguish in that scene is as unwarranted as it is unexpected. When Macready presented "King Richard III," in a partly restored form, March 12, 1821, at Covent Garden, and repeated his performance of *Richard*, he caused a startling effect, in the council scene, by an electrical outburst of fury upon *Hastings*, and he made a brilliant point at the moment when *Richard*, in that scene, bares his withered arm. Kean had done this before him, so that Kean must also have garnished Cibber with a little more of Shakspeare than the laureate had provided. The version of the play then used by Macready was one made by "Mr. Swift of the Crown Jewel Office," and improved by the actor himself; but it did not in fact very widely differ from that of Cibber. The advertisement of it referred to Cibber's alteration as "ingenious." If it really were so there would have been no reason for reverting to the original, which is impracticable, as a whole, chiefly because of its great length.

The renown of the elder Booth as *Richard* was great in his lifetime, and the tradition of his astounding performance of the part still survives. Booth was a quiet, reserved, modest, unpretentious man, whose aspect and customary demeanor in private gave no intimation, however slight, of the tremendous power and fire that were in him. I have never forgotten the thrill of dread that was imparted by his baleful aspect, his incisive, sonorous voice, and his malign aspect, as *Pescara*, in "The Apostate." Persons who acted with him when he played *Richard* have favored me with descriptive recollection of his performance of that part,

and in several instances they have declared that at first sight of him they thought him insignificant, but, on seeing for the first time his impersonation of *Richard*, they were not merely astonished, but completely overwhelmed with amazement, by his revelation of a prodigious force and an impetuous, fiery, terrible passion, of the capability of which nothing in his appearance and deportment had given them the slightest hint. In the opening scenes of the tragedy he was comparatively calm, no doubt intending that the character, under the stress of continually changing circumstances, should evince itself gradually, and preparing the way for an overwhelming effect of contrast when he became completely aroused. In the succeeding passages of storm and fury he was stupendous. That accomplished actor and expert judge of acting John Sleeper Clarke, — who married the tragedian's daughter Asia, — told me that nothing could exceed in the effect of terror Booth's aspect, action, and delivery when he said:

"What do they in the *North*,
When they should serve their sovereign in
the *West*?"

Among the recorded peculiarities of Booth's performance, mention is made of his slow first entrance, long stride, and self-communing delivery of the opening speech, in which his elocution was exceptionally elaborate. His tones were varied to suit each figure of speech. He pronounced the word "ocean" as one of three syllables, and he gave a rising inflection to the phrase "glorious summer," as if to suggest a flood of radiance by means of sound. He maintained a watchful, crafty, specious, beguiling demeanor until the crown had been gained, and then he assumed the imperial manner of royalty. He restored to the text the questions "Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd? Is the *King* dead?" and he delivered them in a rising torrent of mingled scorn and passion, and with intense energy. From the moment of the *King's* outset to meet rebellion till the moment of his death on the field of battle he was like a whirlwind, and he carried all before him.

Edwin Forrest acted *Richard* in a conventional manner. He was burly, loud, and violent, presenting a transparent vil-



From the copperplate engraving by C. Turner after the painting by J. J. Halls

EDMUND KEAN AS *RICHARD III*

lain. He was jocosely exultant and strongly effective in the expression of sardonic irony. His representation of *Richard's* nightmare was correctly and effectively attended with convulsive struggles and with tremendous blows at the air,

McCullough, who greatly liked and admired Forrest, was for some time a member of his theatrical company, and his anecdotes of him were often happily illustrative of the veteran's peculiar character. When McCullough acted *Richard* he



From an old print

EDWIN FORREST AS *RICHARD III*

significant of contention with phantoms of armed enemies. He specially approved of his acting in the scene of *Richard's* wooing of *Lady Anne*, in which he laid great stress upon animal magnetism. In conversation with John McCullough he particularly called the attention of that actor to what he deemed his invincibility in that passage, and McCullough long afterward mentioned the matter to me.

gave a good imitation of Forrest—nothing more.

The principal dress of Forrest as *Richard* comprised a belted doublet; a cloak, with a heavy fringe of ermine; knee-breeches; low-cut velvet shoes; a velvet hat studded with jewels and garnished with long plumes; a thick, black wig from which long curls depended, reaching to the shoulders; a dress sword, and leather

gauntlets. The doublet was open at the bosom, showing a white, ruffled shirt. The Order of the Garter was worn on the left leg. The face was, as usual in that actor's scheme of "make-up," provided with a mustache and a chin-tuft, and it bore no resemblance to any portrait of the actual *Richard*. In the battle-scene he wore spangled armor. One of Forrest's professional satellites, at one time, was an eccentric actor named Andrew Jackson Allen (1776-1853), who owned and used a patent for ornamenting leather with gold and silver, and on the occasion of some little dispute with Forrest he astonished that formidable tragedian by the inquiry: "What in —— would your *Richard* be without my *spangles*?"

The *Richard* of Shakspeare, like the *Iago* of that same marvelous delineator of human nature, knows himself, and for himself he wears no disguise. His mien, when he is communing with other persons, is habitually that of specious duplicity until his ambition is achieved. When alone he does not scruple to avouch himself a villain and to exult in his villainy. That distinction was scrupulously made and shown by Edwin Booth, whose assumption of hypocritical goodness when acting *Richard*, whether in the Cibber version or in the original,—which, suitably cut, he restored in 1877,—was indeed so deftly ingratiating that it might have deceived the most astute observer, and whose contrasted wickedness was so frank, entire, and cheerfully malignant as to be literally diabolical. The soft, sweet, resigned, melancholy tone in which he said to *Catesby*, in the scene with the *Lord Mayor*, "Call him again," made the use of deceit artistically beautiful, and caused in the listener a strange, indescribable, commingling of horror, amusement, and admiration, while the note of audacious blasphemy and sardonic scorn in his ejaculation, "Let not the heavens hear these telltale women rail on the *Lord's anointed*," caused a shudder. I would also here record my testimony that Edwin Booth was the only actor I ever saw who made not only possible, but probable, the wooing and winning of *Lady Anne*; and furthermore, he was, as nearly as I can ascertain from careful study and inquiry, the only actor of *Richard* who accomplished that effect. Compared with him

in that scene, Edwin Forrest became ludicrous. Booth even made the physical deformity of *Richard*—deformity which in his embodiment was slight—only another attribute to interest and attract. In that scene he was an image of incarnate beauty, at once gentle and fiery, passionate and tender, brilliant, melancholy, eager, satirical, frank, loving, and noble. The brilliant, icy contempt and scorn with which he spoke the words: "Was ever woman in this humor wooed? was ever woman in this humor won?" are beyond description. Even to remember that performance, as given when he was in his prime, is to be thrilled and almost frightened; and that performance was all the more admirable because it was entirely a calculated, prepared, controlled work of art. Never have I been more startled in a theater than when, having one evening entered the house after the play had begun, I took a place in the front row and at the extreme verge of the audience, and Booth suddenly perceived me, as *Lady Anne* spoke the words: "Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load." Standing so that one side of his face was not visible to others in the audience, he bestowed upon me a cheerful grimace and wink, and instantly flashed toward the center, exclaiming: "Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down!" He was indeed a marvelous actor: "When comes there such another?"

Henry Irving's embodiment of *Richard*, often and brilliantly exhibited in England,—he produced the tragedy, according to Shakspeare, at the London Lyceum, January 25, 1877,—was never fully shown before an American audience; but on one occasion (November 24, 1883) he acted the part in the opening scene, and afforded a signal evidence of his perfect comprehension of the spirit alike of the character and of the play. The scene displayed a street of old London, with many quaint buildings and the Tower in the background, and was brilliantly illumined, as with the brightest of summer suns. The buildings were gaily decorated. The air was flooded with the melodious clangor of many silver chimes. Upon that brilliant scene, *Glo'ster*, clothed in bright raiment, entered through an archway, and paused and glanced about and listened to the merry bells before he began to speak in

tones of airy mockery the soliloquy prompted by those surroundings:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York."

Barry Sullivan, who seems to have been

meanor and proceedings when *Glo'ster* was in company with other persons that might have imposed upon anybody, and there was a gay, soaring complacency in his demeanor when alone that conveyed a complete impression of incarnate wickedness delighted with itself. He acted in



From the etching by S. A. Schoff

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS *RICHARD III*

considered in London as "an outsider," but who was an actor of exceptional ability, gave a remarkably telling performance of *Richard*—consistent, sustained, uniform, and effective. Genius he did not possess. Knowledge of his art he did possess, in a remarkable degree, and he notably evinced it in his excellent expression of the duplicity of *Richard's* character and conduct. There was an atmosphere of plausibility about his de-

Cibber's version, which he had modified. He was common in fiber, and his delivery was at times spasmodic, but he presented a formidable and distinct image of an ambitious, cruel, evil, crafty, dangerous man, and he lit up the scene with flashes of illuminating energy. Sullivan was the actor whom Edwin Forrest, as an auditor of his *Hamlet*, publicly insulted in a Philadelphia theater, as he had publicly insulted Macready in Edinburgh,

by jeering at some of his "business," and to whom, in retaliation, the naturally and properly offended performer, taking instant advantage of a fortuitous opportunity, applied, by a pointed gesture, the line: "That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts."

Many years ago James Booth Roberts was conspicuous in the part, till he laid it aside to identify himself with that of *Mephistopheles*. Roberts was a man of diminutive figure but dignified bearing, and a scrupulous stickler for correctness and decorum—such a man as mischievous



After the oil sketch by Jervis McEntee. Owned by The Players

EDWIN BOOTH AS *RICHARD III*

Among the many actors who have presented *Richard* on the American stage mention should be made of John Hodgkinson, Lewis Hallam, Charles Kean, Henry James Finn, Sheridan Knowles, Charles H. Eaton, James W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport, William Creswick, G. V. Brooke, Wyzeman Marshall, T. S. Hamblin, Edwin Adams, James E. Murdoch, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Keene, Richard Mansfield, and Robert Mantell.

youths would naturally select as a subject for a practical joke. The great comedian Joseph Jefferson, although in his maturity he strongly condemned the practice of "guying," did not in his youth wholly abstain from that form of frolic. Thus, he told me, when on one occasion he was playing *Catesby* to the *Richard* of Roberts, he rushed upon the battle-scene, vociferating, instead of the correct line, "Behind yonder thicket stands a swiſt

horse," "Behind yonder *swifet* stands a *thick* horse!" "Mr. Roberts," he added, "was much incensed, and he rebuked me, after the play, in strong language. I told him that I was very sorry and had not meant to misread the line; that it had been repeated to me in transposed form, and I had become confused. 'I do not

States. His ideal was that of the "laughing devil," and in the exposition of it he indicated a novel theory. *Richard* is nineteen years old when he kills *King Henry*, in the Tower, and thirty-three years old when he is slain, on Bosworth Field. His *progress* in evil, the actor maintained, should therefore be exhibited, each of his



From a photograph, copyright by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *RICHARD III*

believe you, sir!' rejoined the angry tragedian. 'You are a damned mischievous young man.'"

The most recent artistic triumph gained in representation of *Richard the Third* was that of Richard Mansfield. That remarkable actor made for himself a stage version of Shakspeare's tragedy and produced it in a costly and magnificent setting at the Globe Theater, London, on March 16, 1889, then acting *Richard* for the first time. Later he made his performance known throughout the United

murderous deeds being made to react upon him mentally and physically, and the effect of that reaction being shown in gradual but distinct changes of condition, aspect, expression, and voice. Pursuant to that theory, he made *Richard* youthful and gay at the beginning, and caused him to become grave, stern, massive, ruthless, and terrible, as the time lapsed and the action proceeded, till at the last prematurely old, he was seared, haggard, agonized, desperate, yet undaunted. One of the effective devices of pictorial stage busi-

ness invented and employed by him was the use of a ray of red light which, streaming through the stained glass of a window in the throne-room, when the *King* was sitting alone upon the chair to which he had made his way by murder, fell upon his hand and seemed to bathe it with blood, causing him for a moment to shrink and shudder. The elder Booth and some actors who have followed his example denoted the entrance of the iron of remorse into the soul of *Richard* at the moment of his mother's denunciation of him. Mansfield showed it as early as that scene upon the throne. The most effective business he employed was that of mistaking *Catesby* for yet another apparition, when that officer suddenly enters at the culmination of the dream scene. No one, I think, who ever heard it, will ever forget the shrill, agonized sound of Mansfield's voice when he spoke the words: "Zounds! *who's there!*" Indeed, the whole of his action and delivery in that scene was magnificently expressive of tumultuous anguish, horror, and frenzy, the haunted murderer leaping wildly from his couch, whirling an imaginary sword, and plunging forward as if in battle with frightful forms invulnerable to mortal blows, and stumbling to his knees, uttering in an appalling shriek the words, "Jesu, have mercy!"

The subject of King Richard the Third is one of the most interesting in all the long and various annals of English history, and its presentation in the theater should be encouraged. False as Shakspeare's tragedy is to history, a "consummation devoutly to be wished" is a judicious revision of it and such a restoration of it to our stage as would compel abandonment of the Cibber hash. Great as some of the performances of *Richard* were that were given by the old actors in Cibber's play, it is established by careful examination that the greatness of them was chiefly due to the powerful passages of the original text, selected and preserved by Cibber, in the mosaic which he made

out of Shakspeare's text, the opportunities of acting thus provided, and the actor's capability of improving those opportunities. The resistless charm of the authentic theatrical character of *Richard*, as distinguished from the authentic figure of history, consists in the union of colossal will with instantaneous promptitude of action. He has been conceived and portrayed by the poet as a complete incarnation of that malign force in Nature which never sleeps, never rests, never pauses—the force of evil, provided in the mysterious scheme of things for the production of good. *Richard* affords startling contrasts, either moving furtively or braving all opposition and trampling upon everything. He is the embodied energy of an infernal spirit. Twice only is he checked, and then for only a moment. But, notwithstanding all his wicked power, *Richard* is human, and though he cannot be reached from without he is finally struck from within. The regnancy of his indomitable intellect, which carries him so high, and which should foresee, protect, and lead him to ultimate victory, crumbles in the flame of its own wickedness. Any expert, capable actor would always have an audience as *Richard*. Given an actor who can provide that personality with a fair and winning exterior and can display it by brilliant expression,—an actor who possesses the lithe body, the luminous face, the piercing eyes, the capacious, sonorous voice, the ruling brain, the fire, the terrible tragic power, and the consummate art which sometimes are combined in one man, as they were in Edwin Booth in his prime, and Shakspeare's *Richard the Third* furnishes one of the greatest of all opportunities that even such a marvelously gifted actor can seize—the opportunity to interpret and make actual in the theater a thrilling, terrific conception of intellectual power perverted to the service of evil and at the same time convincingly to demonstrate its utter futility when at last and inevitably it dashes itself against the adamant of Divine Law.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PROFESSOR WILLIAM OSLER, M.D. PAINTED BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

(EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XXI)

HIS MOTHER

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

SOMEWHERE to-night you lie awake,
Bearing your bitterness alone;
I cannot shield; your heart must take
Its turn to bleed and cower and moan.

When straight you pressed to your desire,
And all men spoke your praise, I smiled.
Now, naked, smitten, in the mire,
My arms reach out for you, my child.

Could I but sing you now to sleep,
How strong to-morrow from my breast
To fight and conquer you would leap!
Lord, I keep vigil; send him rest!

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

VI. THE TENDER PASSION

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

THE first boy whose acquaintance Miss Loring made at the Settlement School on Perilous was Philip Sidney Floyd. The day succeeding her arrival at the school she spent in bed, nursing bones and bruises, the usual procedure after the two-days' wagon-trip across the mountains from the railroad, and Philip brought up a pitcher of water to her room. He was a handsome, engaging boy, with beautiful brown eyes. Upon inquiry, she learned that he was twelve and a half, that his paw had got his name out of a book, that his maw had died when he was a baby, and his paw when he was ten, that he had come from over on Wace, but had no home now except the school, where he had lived during the previous term, and had remained to work for "the women" during the summer. His name, his beauty,

his orphaned condition, all appealed, and Miss Loring cultivated his acquaintance during the days that followed. Later, when, at her own earnest request, she went over to live at the small boys' cottage, and became within a week the delighted mother of twelve, she had, and continued to have, the feeling that Philip was the first-born, though in reality Joab, Taulbee, and Absalom were all older than he.

There was a great deal in him to minister to maternal pride. The Floyds were one of the most prominent and intelligent families in the mountains, and Philip did not fail to carry out their traditions, being a natural leader, a principal in fights, a "chooser" in games, a fine scholar, and a prodigious worker. Young as he was, he had helped with the carpenter-work on

the new school-house that summer, and after school began he was actually permitted to make walnut furniture in the shop for the Big House, doing better work than most of the grown-up boys. Absorbed in these important pursuits, it is small wonder that he failed or scorned to cultivate minor virtues, such as cleanliness, courtesy, and the like, and that expectations, based on his name, of finding him a pattern of chivalry soon vanished in the light of common day. "The glass of fashion and the mould of form" he may be said to have been, in a sense, but in an undesirable sense. The revolts headed by him in those first few days against nightgowns, tooth-brushes, and similar innovations, were such as to try Miss Loring's soul. It is small wonder that the younger boys felt warranted in neglecting or omitting disagreeable rites, when at breakfast over at the Big House (fortunately Miss Loring and her boys had a table to themselves) this conversation could take place:

"Philip, have you washed your face?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday morning."

On Thursday night of that first week, when Miss Loring announced to the boys that regular baths must begin at once, and that four of them must make preparations to wash themselves all over immediately after study-hour, a shout of delight went up. "Whoopee! We git to go in the creek! Git to go in Perilous!" Every boy demanded to be one of the lucky four. When she explained that she did not mean for them to go in the creek, but to heat water in the big kettles out in the back yard, carry it to the tubs in the wash-house, and wash themselves thoroughly in there, howls of indignation succeeded. "Dad burn if I 'll do it!" "I 'll go home first!" "I hain't no woman!" "Creeks is for men!" And it was Philip who exclaimed cuttingly, "Nobody but quare women would wash in a house when there 's a creek handy!"

After the discovery was made that the wash-house and a nude condition offered exceptional opportunities for wrestling and fighting undisturbed, objections to indoor bathing were withdrawn. The only trouble was that the bathing itself was apt to be lost sight of; and Miss Loring was compelled to make a rule that after his

bath each boy must present himself in his clean nightgown at the sitting-room door, for inspection as to head and feet, neck and ears. Not that ears were expected to be really clean except once a week,—Sunday mornings,—when Miss Loring went the rounds herself, and made painful explorations into all the crannies.

On these occasions it seemed to her that Philip's ears were always in a worse condition than anybody's; and this, together with his generally soiled and unkempt appearance at all times, continued to be a blow to that pride in the first-born natural to all women. "Philip," she would say, with a groan, "you could be the handsomest boy on this place if you only would."

"Handsome never earnt his salt," he would reply contemptuously. "When a man steps in the door, looks flies up the chimney."

Her efforts to inculcate that courteous behavior which should bear some correspondence to his name also met with discouragement. Going to and from church, and during Sunday afternoon walks, for instance, Miss Loring insisted that her boys should remove their hats whenever they met a woman.

"What for?" demanded Philip.

"To show the respect you feel for all women and girls," she exclaimed.

"But I *don't* feel none," he replied candidly; "I hain't got no use for none of 'em. They never done nothing for me. I 'd rather take off my hat to a cow: I git something back from her." And to entreaties that he should say, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to herself and all other women, because it was more polite, he offered the objection: "Polite 's a lickspittle. I don't aim to be polite; I don't *have* to. I 'm able to git what I want without it."

This last was only too true; he was not only able, but willing, to get what he wanted, by means fair or foul. The creed of the old robber-barons,

That they should take who have the power,

And they should keep who can,

was accepted by all the boys, but more especially and enthusiastically by Philip. He would coolly snatch a corn-dodger from Keats, a drumstick from Jason, a biscuit from Hen, a sweet-potato from Nucky,

whenever his own supply ran out; and at other places his depredations were even worse. But what hurt Miss Loring most of all (for she really had a great tenderness for Philip) was one morning when little Iry Atkins's father had ridden over from Rakeshin and brought Iry a fine, yellow, mellow apple. He had generously offered to share it with Miss Loring, and, on her refusal, he was standing in the sitting-room door, eating it as frugally and lingeringly as possible, when Philip came along, snatched it out of his hand, bit off three fourths of it, and calmly handed back the fragment to "the pure scholar," who, howling dismally, yet had no redress. Miss Loring pounced upon the culprit.

"To think you could be guilty of such base conduct!" she exclaimed indignantly—"robbing a little boy who can't defend himself! And when you have plenty of shop-money laid by to get all the apples you want, and he has n't a cent! I should think you 'd be everlastingly ashamed of yourself!"

"I was behind the door when shame passed by," replied the robber, flippantly.

"You certainly were," agreed Miss Loring, severely; "I would not have believed that a boy named Philip Sidney could possibly do such a deed." Then she told him the story of the great Sir Philip, mortally wounded at Zutphen, fevered and athirst, handing the cup of water to the dying soldier beside him, with the words, "Your need is greater than mine." "And that," she said, "is what your name requires you to live up to—helping and protecting, instead of robbing, those weaker than yourself."

Philip considered a moment. "I 'll bet he never done it," he remarked. "No man 'd be such a fool. I bet it 's just a slander they made up on him."

"I 'll give you ample time to think over that 'slander,'" said Miss Loring; "you shall lose six hours' playtime as punishment."

This took some of the wind out of Philip's sails. The children who lived in the Settlement School were kept very hard at work and study, getting only an hour and a half for play out of the twenty-four. Four days without play was a pretty severe sentence, and should have borne more noticeable fruits than it did.

Early in September, at noon playtime

one day, Philip ran over to the cottage, bringing a large watermelon he had just bought, the first of the season. The other eleven cottage boys followed him like the tail of a kite, their eyes fairly starting out with eagerness. But after laying open its pink juiciness to the gaze of all, on the back steps, he invited only Taulbee Bolling to share it with him. While the two gorged, the others stood sadly around, watching the luscious mouthfuls disappear. Miss Loring came along as the last went down, and as Geordie Yonts was bargaining for the rinds.

"Why did n't you divide with all of them?" she asked when she had called Philip into her room.

"Then there would n't have been a patching for nobody," he replied. "Why, I could have et it every grain myself, easy, and would, if Taulbee had n't 'a' gone pardners with me a-Monday on pawpaws, and last week on gingercakes. None of them others hain't never offered me bite nor sup of nothin'; nor never will, 'cause they hain't got nothin' to give."

"But can't you be generous? Can't you give without hope of getting?"

"Gee! no, by grab! Generous don't put no bread in my belly. I 'm a-goin' to feed the boy that feeds me."

Even with Taulbee, who soon became his special friend and "pardner," give and take was carefully kept count of. One day in late October Miss Loring heard Philip say, as he held out a handful of chestnuts to Taulbee: "Don't take more 'n five. You 're owing me now. You hain't gone treat for allus!" Perfect candor was the sure, if rocky, foundation of their relationship.

Early in December, Philip had his thirteenth birthday, and the housekeeper herself made him the most gorgeous birthday cake any child had had during the term, with thirteen red candles burning on it, and peppermint candy, to match the candles, mashed up all through the icing, which was at least an inch thick. Every woman on the place had a tender spot in her heart for Philip, despite his indifference, and many were the loving wishes made for him as his candles were blown out.

That very night, over at the cottage, Hen came up from the wash-house for inspection after his bath, looking very clean

as to head and feet. As he was passing into the bedroom, however, Miss Loring called him back.

"What is that dark band below your nightgown?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, stooping so that his gown would fall lower. She went over and lifted the hem of his gown to his knees, revealing the fact that the cleanness stopped half-way up, and that above that line his legs were more than dingy.

"Did n't you wash yourself all over?" she inquired.

"Not quite all."

"How much did you wash?"

"Down to my neck and half-way up my shins. That dag-gone ol' gown done shrunk up two or three inches sence the last time."

"But did n't I tell you you must wash yourself all over every single bath?" she inquired.

"That was before cold weather sot in. Philip he said down to your neck and up to your knees was enough in cold weather, and all *he* was aimin' to do; and that 's all any of us boys been a-doing sence November come in."

"You hain't never washed as far up as your knees, son," corrected Keats, from superior heights. "You allus stop where your nightgown comes to. I told you she 'd ketch you if you done that."

Miss Loring summoned all the boys. Yes, it was true; nobody denied it, and Philip was shameless about his part in it. He lost four more days of playtime, while the other boys lost only two, in addition to being compelled, every one of them, to take a complete bath that very night, though it was already past bedtime, with Taulbee appointed monitor to see it well done.

But the most publicly humiliating of Philip's performances came on Christmas eve, when, after children, teachers, and parents from miles around, all dressed in their best and breathless with eagerness, had waited in the school-chapel just as long as human nature could endure, the curtains were at last drawn back, revealing the glorious spruce, with its gleaming lights and glittering fruits, and stacks of presents banked around, and Santa Claus bowing and smiling in front. Who should appear on the rostrum in all the glare of the hundreds of candles, to hand the gifts

to Santa Claus for distribution, but Philip, minus collar, tie, or Sunday suit, with tousled hair and very dirty face, a soiled shirt, and "galluses" fastened by one nail. Miss Loring had a terrible feeling in the pit of her stomach, and could scarcely sit on the organ-stool for mortification.

During the holidays, all the boys except Jason went home or visiting. Although Philip had seventeen own uncles and six own aunts, all most hospitably inclined, he chose to spend most of his time with a boy friend, Dewey Lovel, over near his old home on Wace. Soon after his return to the school, he began to scratch in the most persistent and annoying manner. During study-hour in the evenings, especially, his behavior would be most trying to Miss Loring. After being reprimanded several times one night, he came later into Miss Loring's room, clawing viciously at his ankles. "I 've sure got the eech," he announced. "Gimme something for it."

"Got what?" she asked.

"The eech. I knowed I 'd ketch it when I seed Dewey a-pawin' round so them nights I slep' with him."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "do you mean the itch?"

"No, I mean the eech; the seven-year eech I reckon this here is, by the way it feels."

"I 'm sure I have no idea what to do for such a disease as the itch," she said helplessly.

Philip danced on one foot, clawing his arms now. "Itch! Listen at that now, boys! She calls the eech the itch! Don't know no better! Ha! Ha!"

"What on earth do people do for it?" she asked.

"Some rubs on lard and sulphur, and some axle-grease."

"I 'll ask Miss Shippen for medicine for you to-morrow. Go along now, please; don't stand so near me."

"Get enough for two," was his parting remark; "Taulbee 's commencing to scratch, too."

"Yes, get enough for a dozen," was her sad reflection, only too promptly verified, for within a few days her entire family was in quarantine, scratching and clawing like mad; and the next thing, she herself was experiencing all the agonies. It is King James who says somewhere, "The itch is a disease well worth the having, for

the satisfaction afforded by the scratching," but Miss Loring was forced to dissent from the royal opinion.

The shock she experienced in the matter of the "cech" was no greater of its kind, however, than another she received, two or three weeks later, one Sunday morning, as she made the round of the ears, on finding Philip's thoroughly clean inside and out, behind and before. She was at first stricken dumb. Later she found her tongue sufficiently to ask: "What is the matter? How did this happen?"

"Nothing; I just kep' a-digging," was Philip's careless reply.

That night, however, when Ulysses's slaughter of the suitors had been read for the fifth time by unanimous demand, and the pop-corn was all "capped," and every body was undressing, Hen slid noiselessly into Miss Loring's room, mysteriously shutting the door behind him. Not unused to such interruptions, Miss Loring, half-undressed, dived into the closet, and soon emerged in her wrapper. Hen himself was in trousers and undershirt, with dangling galluses. He planted himself on the hearthstone, back to the fire, holding up first one bare foot and then the other to the blaze, and at last spoke in a confidential tone:

"Philip lied to you this morning when he said there was n't nothing the matter. He knows what made him wash his years, and I know."

"What was it?" inquired Miss Loring, drawing up the rocking-chair.

"He 's a-courting, that 's what 's the matter with him."

"Courting!" exclaimed Miss Loring, in amazement.

"Yes, courting, by grab! You know little Dilsey Warrick, that 'ere little tow-head girl come in after Christmas from over on Powderhorn?"

Yes, Miss Loring remembered Dilsey well, a demure dove of a child, in a black, homespun dress and red yarn stockings, with large, serious, blue-gray eyes, long, fair hair that hung down her back in two plaits, and the face of an austere little saint. She must have been at least three years older than Hen, who was nine and a half, but it pleased him to speak of the sex in diminutives.

"You know I carry water to the Big

House of a morning before breakfast," continued Hen. "Well, Dilsey she sweeps off the front porch over there then. And Philip *he* goes round and mends the fence where the hogs breaks in every night."

"Yes, he is place-carpenter," said Miss Loring.

"Well," proceeded Hen, "that 's the time he does his courting. That 's as good a chanct as he wants, when t' hain't nobody much around but me. But I keep my eye on him, I can tell you. I walk around the corner of the house right easy, on the ground instid of the walk, and come up on 'em unexpected."

"Oh, but you 're certainly mistaken," Miss Loring insisted. "Why, Philip simply hates girls; he has n't the least bit of use for them. I 've often heard him say so."

"Dag gone *me*! he 's got use enough for little Dilsey, by Ned! Gee! I never see the beat! He sot in a-courting her soon as he got out from the cech, and hain't stopped sence. Dad swinge my hide! if that 'ere boy hain't been a-nailing planks on that front fence with lee-tle-bitty four-penny nails, so 's the hogs 'll root 'em off sure every night, and he 'll git to work there agin every morning, and talk to Dilsey. I tell you I been a-keepin' my eye peeled for him ever sence that first day I seed him give Dilsey a' apple at recess. I knowed then something had happened to him."

Miss Loring sat speechless.

"But what made him wash his years," continued Hen, with carefully lowered voice and another glance at the door—"one morning whilst little Dilse was a-sweeping, here come Philip along, a-swinging his hammer, and nail-box. He stepped up on the porch, and put his hand in his pocket and pult out a candy-cane I had seed him a-eating on the night before, and poked it at Dilsey. 'Have some?' he says. 'Eat it all, if you want.' Dilsey she started to take it, and then she looked at it, and then at Philip, and says she 's obleeged, but she don't believe she wants any. Philip he shoved it up ag'in' her face. 'Take it,' he says, 'don't be afeared; I 'd ruther you 'd eat it as anybody.' Dilse she said no thanks, she would n't choose any (dag gone if she hain't the ladyest girl ever I heard talk!). And Philip axed her what 's the reason,

but she just kep' a-sweeping, and would n't open her mouth. Then Philip says by Heck! she 's *got* to, and grabbed her by the shoulder. And Dilse she shuck him off, proudlike, and says, 'Well, if you *bound* to hear it, I don't crave to eat after no boy that don't never wash his years.' Then Philip he was mad sure enough (dad burn if I 'd take any such talk from

stable-lot. Then when his bath-night come, he turnt in and p'intly scrubbed the hide off his years, in and out, and went back to mending the front fence next morning, and him and Dilse made up, and he allus gives her new sticks of candy now. And don't you never let on I told you, less'n you want to see me kilt."

Miss Loring promised. She could



Drawn by M. G. Gunn

"'SHE JUST KEP' A-SWEEPING'"

any woman!) and he says 'I bet they clean as yourn.' And Dilsey she frowned and spoke up solemn, 'I 'd have you know, Mr. Philip Floyd, *my* years gits washed every day I live.' Then she started for the front door. 'Hmp!' Philip hollered after her, 'I 'd hate to be that much trouble to myself!' And then he seed me behind the post and gimme as much candy-cane as I could bite off not to tell nobody what she said to him. And for two days he sulled, and never come anigh her mornings, and mended the fence back in the

scarcely wait for the morrow to come, so eager was she to see more of the little girl who could work such wonders. She made a visit to the loom-house, where Dilsey worked at the weaving in the afternoons. After some conversation with the quaint, dignified little person at the loom, and an earnest scrutiny of her, she decided that the true secret of Dilsey's power was the appeal she made to one's imagination. She had the look of the ideal woman, suggesting many elusive and beautiful things, appealing to that high sense of romance in the

human heart which seldom finds adequate outward realization. There were lesser charms, too. Judging by her perfect gentleness and good breeding, she might have been reared in marble halls instead of in a windowless, two-roomed log-house on the head of Powderhorn. She had distinctly the look of race. This, in connection with the name she bore, set up trains of thought leading back through centuries of English history to the stirring vicissitudes of the great house of Warwick. It was not in the least impossible, for instance (stranger things were found to be true in this mountain country), that even the magnificent earl, the

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings,

might be her ancestor. If so, his enormous pride need suffer no abatement in contemplating this little blossom of his noble tree.

Of course Miss Loring did not "let on" to Philip; but she earnestly felicitated herself, folded her hands and sat back to watch developments. One day when Philip came in clamoring for a needle and thread and a patch for his elbow (formerly he would have died rather than sew on a patch) Miss Loring was not astonished afterward to learn from Hen that he had heard Dilsey tell Philip at recess that she did n't like raggedy boys. Another morning when Philip had burst into Miss Loring's room with the demand, "Gimme a latch-pin!" and after a little pondering she had handed him out a safety-pin, with which he proceeded to join together his sundered galluses and trousers, Hen, who was making Miss Loring's bed, contributed: "She tolt him this morning she never had no respects for folks that went about with their clothes a-dropping off of 'em." The next Sunday, when Philip had amazed everybody by his perfect table-manners, and by taking off his hat to every woman he met during the afternoon walk, Hen accounted for it as follows: "'Lije Munn rid along the road on his paw's nag yestiddy whilst Philip and Dilsey was a-talking, and tuck off his hat to Dilse, and she says: 'There goes a nice boy. He's so mannerly, and parts his hair so good. I like manners.'" Nor was Miss Loring disappointed after this in her expectation that Philip's hair would receive more than the two licks, one to right, one to left,

which had been the utmost formerly bestowed.

Miss Loring was not prepared, however, for his request, early in March, to be transferred to the wash-job. If there was anything on the place he had often expressed utter contempt for, it was the duties of the unfortunate wash-boy, who must rise before day on Saturdays to fill up the big kettles in the yard, build fires under them, and then for nine long hours thereafter toil wearily, carrying water, chopping wood, and otherwise "slaving," as Philip expressed it, for the wash-girls, till, by the time playtime came, he was generally too tired to play; not to mention that every day during the week he must keep up fires in the ironing-stove, in the wash-house, and, deepest indignity of all, even take a hand at the ironing. No job was so consistently avoided by all the boys, while the carpenter- and shop-work, which Philip did exclusively, was considered the most desirable and aristocratic on the place. However, Miss Loring gladly gave Philip the wash-job; and on the Saturday morning afterward the explanation appeared when Dilsey tripped over with the other nine wash-girls, having been shifted from the weaving to the washing department.

After this, Philip basked in the light of Dilsey's presence several hours a day, and, inspired by it, did tremendous deeds with his ax on the woodpile, or cheerfully hung out clothes, or ran nimbly down and up the rocky sides of the well when the chain broke and the bucket fell in, as it was fond of doing, or gave hazardous performances on a horizontal limb of the peach-tree. The taunts and teasings of the girls and boys were powerless to dampen his ardor. Their "Howdy, Mr. Warrick," "Good evening, Mrs. Floyd," were indeed music in his ears. He carried on his siege with characteristic frankness and vigor, leaving nothing undone to win the citadel of Dilsey's difficult and exacting affections, and enduring as best he might the painful moments caused by her too-great particularity in trifles.

One Saturday toward supper-time, after the arduous labors of the day, and two or three hours of play, Philip was sitting on the back cottage steps eating a huge chunk of "sugar-tree sugar" he had bought down in the village. The other boys, who had

been engaged in "marvles," gathered about him like flies when they saw him draw forth the great, sticky lump, though with but faint hope in their eyes. Sure enough, he made no motion to break it up or pass it around. Taulbee, with whom he usually shared, was at home for the week-end; so Philip sat and licked and crunched in solitary state. At this juncture, four of the wash-girls, including Dilsey, suddenly appeared round the corner of the cottage on some unexpected errand. Dilsey stopped still, and took in the situation. Then walking calmly on, she remarked casually to the peach-tree, "I 'd sooner die as to marry a greedy man."

Flushed and angry, Philip sprang to his feet. "You need n't talk, missy; I give you more 'n I kep'—more 'n you could eat."

"Yes, and I give very near all of mine to the girls. But you hain't never give them 'ere boys nary grain of yourn, that I can see."

"'Cause I hain't had time yet. I was just a-fixing to break it up with this here hatchet and give 'em some."

"Well, I would, if I was you," murmured Dilsey, with decision.

As Philip smashed away angrily with the hatchet, Miss Loring wondered at the vast power in women's hands, and wished that there were more Dilseys with the courage to use it.

On Easter Sunday, Philip was a living monument to the transforming effects of love. Very clean, very much combed and brushed and collared and tied, with a large handkerchief, soaked in Miss Loring's cologne, held prominently in one hand, and an expression on his face as decorous and pious as any Geordie Yonts had ever achieved, he sat in church the very picture of elegance. The real direction of his thoughts was indicated by an occasional ardent glance across the aisle where Dilsey, fairer, more saintlike than ever, in her new white dress and hat, kept serious eyes on the preacher, but could not altogether control the delicate flushing of her cheek as she felt Philip's gaze and reflected what she had made of him.

That afternoon, however, came the grand climax. After the dish-washing (at which the boys assisted on Sundays), all the cottage boys and the ten wash-girls came quietly over to the cottage back yard,

and seated themselves on steps and walk. As Hen ran through the cottage to join the others, Miss Loring called him to her door.

"What 's going on?" she asked.

"Philip he 's aiming to give a treat, and done axed all us boys and wash-girls to it," he replied in a breathless, astonished voice, hurrying on. A little later, Miss Loring stepped to the open window and looked out upon the scene. Philip, as suave, knightly, and beautiful as his famous namesake could ever have been in the days when he sighed for Stella, and all other women for him, was ceremoniously passing around a huge poke of crackers, and one almost as large of brown-sugar (sugar-and-crackers being the greatest luxury known to mountain children), saying, with graceful flourishes of his hands, and most insistent politeness: "Eat all you can, now, everybody! I got more still when you git through this. There, Jason, wait till the girls all gets helped. Ladies first, son; ain't you got no manners? Take some, Nancy; eat a plenty now, Narcissa; don't hold back, Angeline; here 's a good lump, Dilsey. Now, come along, boys. Iry, Hen, Jason, you little fellows, pitch in and git all you want. The big boys waits till after you; I don't aim to see none of you run over. Don't be afear'd; take all you need. Now, Nucky, Hose, Keats, Geordie—everybody, dive in! Just eat all you can hold, and fill up your b-stummicks! I love to see folks eat and enjoy theirselves. No, thank you, I don't want none myself; 'd ruther see the rest eat. I spent thirty cents on them crackers, and thirty-five on that 'ere sugar. Dag gone! I reckon a man t' works hard for his money 's got a right to spend it to suit him! Some folks hain't fitten to live; wants to eat up all they git theirselves; hain't got even the feelings of a hog: but I like to pass around mine, I do. It makes me happy. What 's the use of living if you can't make other folks see a good time? Gee-oh! I aim to make a big lot of money this summer, so 's I can give a treat onct a month, come next year; and I want every man-jack of you, and ladies too, to come every time. Dad burn ole Heck! generous never ruini nobody!"

And Miss Loring, almost unable to believe her eyes and ears, murmured amazedly to herself, "And they say the day of miracles is past!"



THE FAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY SUSAN WATKINS
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE PLIGHT OF THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY THE REV. A. A. MACKENZIE

THAT the country minister and his church have had a hard time of it for many years has not been concealed from the most careless observer. The man who has gained first-hand knowledge by an investigation of the actual conditions is aware of the hopeless outlook in many quarters. One who has condescended to let us into the secret of the "making of the country minister" assures us that he who is to deliver the country church and the country minister out of all their troubles will be the country minister himself. But this is not the country minister who *is*, but the country minister who *shall* be. He is going to "lead the farmers into the new rural civilization." He will "energize their homes." He will be "a prophet of the Lord in the pulpit; out of it he will be a theological professor, a lecturer on sociology, a political reformer." Such creatures as grafters had better keep out of close range, for he will "detect political trickery a mile away." Lovers of short sermons may well take alarm, for his church will be open "not for a mere miserable four hours per week," but will make its call for convocations during every active hour that the people are awake. And this is no idle threat, for we are told that he must lecture "on every phase of country life, on travel, history, biography, science, village improvement, sanitation, public health, public education, granges, etc." We are solemnly warned that "out-door playgrounds, waterside parks, and libraries are to be a part of his dreams." What he will not do is the problem. There was no need of reminding us that a minister "just out of the seminary is no minister at all," for it may safely be said that no seminary could "make" a minister, according to the words of this prophecy.

On the question of remuneration to such an extraordinary being, the prophet is wisely silent; for it would be a hard matter to forecast what salary ought to be given to one who would have to be Colonel Roosevelt, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Mayor of Milwaukee, Professor Briggs, and General Booth of the Salvation Army, "all rolled into one."

This will never do. The new minister who will make good is going to adapt himself to the new conditions and difficulties of the rural parishes, as his successful predecessor did to his environment, but he will not win his way by pretended skill or thaumaturgy. He will be an all-round man, of course, living in the present, with an open heart and an open mind; intelligent, patient, hopeful, self-sacrificing. He will not have all the learning of the Egyptians, although he will prove himself a true leader to his flock. He will take advantage of such courses as are given in the agricultural colleges for the rural clergy, although he may not feel himself able to give instruction in practical farming any more than the town minister displays skill in running banks or making shoes. "It is not the business of the church to do everything," an intelligent artisan said the other day, in answer to a question regarding the minister's mission of service to the working-man. If the minister is to vindicate his *raison d'être*, he will not be a fussy meddler with what his parishioners are doing and know how to do much better than he possibly can.

Every year it is becoming increasingly difficult to induce young men of even ordinary ability to study for the ministry, and it would be vain to expect those who have gained first rank at the universities to look forward to a country pastorate with any

degree of complacency. It is true that the "Students Volunteer Movement" has given honor-men of Oxford and Cambridge to the work of evangelizing India and China; but to compare the country minister's lot with that of his brother in the foreign field, is to lay bare a state of affairs that is almost tragic. That he contrives to provide for his family and himself on his pittance of a salary, displays him in the character of a master of finance. An unmarried country minister has to get on with \$200 a year; one with a wife and three or four children, may get \$400 or \$500, and if by reason of the financial strength of his church he gets \$600, still is his life one of labor and sorrow. He cannot afford to give his wife a holiday; he cannot take one himself. He cannot afford to educate his children; he cannot lay up money for an emergency. The Michigan papers have lately reported the case of a country minister who had to beg for money to bury his boy.

Take the following record of work which was kept up for three years by a minister in a western State, and consider the "hire" given to the laborer. On Sunday morning he drove sixteen miles and preached at eleven o'clock; early in the afternoon he drove back ten miles and preached at two o'clock; he then drove seven miles and preached at seven o'clock; after which he had to drive six miles to get home. He visited his widely scattered field most assiduously, and did not give up until health had begun to give way. His salary was \$600. Out of this he had to pay \$7 a month for house-rent, and buy a buggy, sleigh, robes, and harness. What remained for living expenses and for clothing his wife, four children, and himself could not have been more than \$380 as an average salary for the three years. To buy books was out of the question.

Consider some of the things that cause the country church to dwindle and die. The families are often miles apart, and, as a consequence, it is difficult to maintain congregational unity and warmth. The minister is frequently a raw youth trying his 'prentice-hand at sermon-making; or, more unhappily, one who has made a failure of a town pastorate. The rivalry between the different sects makes the congregations thin and the salaries small. The frequent changes in the pastorate have a

demoralizing effect on all concerned. The farmers are sometimes close-fisted. Last year one who has property worth, at the lowest figure, \$7000, gave \$5 to his minister, who preached a sermon every Sunday in a church a short distance from his door, and who, moreover, had to drive six miles to deliver the sermon, barely making sufficient to pay for horse-hire. Progressive farmers are generally more interested in grangers' and gleaners' meetings than they are in preaching, and soon get tired of paying money to a man in whose work they took only a mild interest from the start. The minister soon has to take to the road, and the country church has another dreary vacancy, and a year or two in which to die. Church buildings go to decay, the love of many waxes cold, and the traveler through the rural district is forced to ask how it is all to end.

The suggestions which follow are offered as a contribution toward a solution of the problem. As regards the scornful turning away from the churches, which, it is claimed, is becoming almost universal among enlightened people, it is surely nothing but a passing mood of the public mind. It cannot be that the permanent attitude of humanity toward Christianity will be one of contemptuous indifference. It is the duty of the church, however, as it never was before, to present its message in such terms as will appeal to what is highest and best in man.

1. The country minister should have a house and a fixed salary of not less than \$1000 a year.

2. Our rich men, instead of giving the whole of their surplus wealth for the endowment of universities and the establishing of libraries, all of which go to cities and towns, should divert a portion of it to the endowment of the country churches of their own denominations. James Baird, the Scottish mine-owner, gave half a million pounds sterling to endow the smaller parishes of the Church of Scotland, and, largely as a result of this munificence, almost every Scottish village or country district, no matter how weak financially, has well-established religious services. American millionaires may well come to the rescue of the American country church, for if Christianity shall cease to be a power in the lives of our farmers, there is a serious outlook for the nation. Were a church

that pays \$500 a year to be endowed so that another \$500 would be available, a capable pastor could be secured—one who could afford to stay.

3. Should our rich men fail to do so great a work, let every denomination raise a sustentation fund for its country churches, such as was raised by Dr. Chalmers when the Free Church of Scotland left the Established Church.

The objection to the last two suggestions is that where there are two or three rival churches in a small community, it would be a waste of money to provide an endowment for them all, or to support them all from sustentation funds.

4. The different boards in charge of the country churches should come together and make a combined effort to put an end to the divisions which are the prime cause of the miserable condition of so many of the country communities.

5. The country churches should be managed by a central board representative of the various denominations. The filling of vacancies should not be left to local officials. The "voluntary principle," dear to so many in other lands, has proved a failure so far as our rural work is concerned. A pastor should be *sent* to the country church for a certain number of years, as is done by the Roman Catholics and Methodists, who have no vacant churches in the country.

It would be impossible, of course, to get all the country churches to unite; but there are some, such as the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist, that might well make up their differences at once. If a Baptist preacher differs from a Methodist, what makes him differ? In nine cases out of ten it is not the peculiarities of his creed, but his own—his mental habits, his reading, his general make-up. Wherever there is diversity of gifts there is diversity of teaching; but such diversity is no excuse for *division*. The waste of money to keep up rival churches, to collect which such pitiful efforts have to be made; the miserable poverty of many ministers and their frequent bickerings, all of which are perplexing to the man of the world—these things are the crying wrong and disgrace of home mission work. Were our country schools managed in this fatuous way, the young people would not only be illiterate, but would be on the high road

to barbarism. We are holding tenaciously to the things of which we ought to be ashamed, while our adherents and even our members look on in dismay. At the present hour, in a single county of a northern State, one denomination has seventeen churches and only two settled pastors. Another has eleven pastorless churches out of the twenty it has in three counties. In a little village there are two churches within a few yards of each other, neither of which has services; both are hastening to decay, for they stand for division and not for Christianity.

Such a state of things as the following ought not to continue. There is a church at a point which I shall call A; three miles away there is another at B; three miles from B, and about five miles and a half from A, there is a church at C, and nine miles from A and six from C there is a church at D. The same creed and catechism are taught in the four. Two churches centrally situated and one minister would give a sermon every Sunday and pastoral supervision to every one connected with them all. Now the churches at B, C, and D have had long pastorless periods. But that is not the whole tale. Within a few miles are a number of other churches in which a slightly divergent creed is taught; and as a matter of fact, the young people of all the denominations, without any regard to the magnified difference of creed, attend the nearest church; that is, whenever there is a pastor to preach in it.

Is there any wonder that our converts in China and Japan have given us fair warning that they will not perpetuate our divisions among themselves? They have already learned that it is next to madness to face their problems with a divided front. Every country church that has earned a reputation for chronic uselessness should be closed. In every country community one church should be kept open, and only one. Any form of Christianity, any church, is better than none. The larger union will come later. Would it not be a glorious consummation if that feeling after unity, which is stirring, almost throbbing, in the hearts of Christians the world over, should first realize its end and fruition not among the Japanese or Chinese, but in the farming communities of our own beloved land?



THE VAUNT OF MAN

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I


WHEN I shall make my vaunt before the Lord,
I shall not name my thrift of knowledge won:
The wingèd urns unearthed in Babylon,
The Greek palimpsest wondrously restored,
Nor what of rock or plant in field and fiord
I brought from where the Scandian rivers run,
Nor my Uranian lore of moon and sun,
Nor deep-sea soundings with the lead and cord.

But I shall boast my cunning in Romance:
How, Heart-of-Woman, along a trail in Ind
I met thee footsore on thine ancient quest,
And knew thy need with manhood's swiftest glance—
Thy solemn grief so long unmedicined,
The wound thy hand was hiding in thy breast.

II

Nor when I speak my boast before the King,
Shall I proclaim my deeds of song and sight,
My rainbow visions conjured out of night,
My island cities, with ships of hope a-wing
Out in the oceans of imagining,
Nor forest hymns upon my mountain height,
Nor the loud pæans to the morning light
In rolling meters of my sea singing.

But I shall boast how once, O Child of Earth,
Whilst thou wert weeping in the desert South,
I, passing that way with flowers and wine and bread,
Restored for immortality the mirth
Of those blue eyes, and kissed thee on the mouth,
With sudden hands of joy upon thy head.



R. WEIR, CALIFORNIA

III

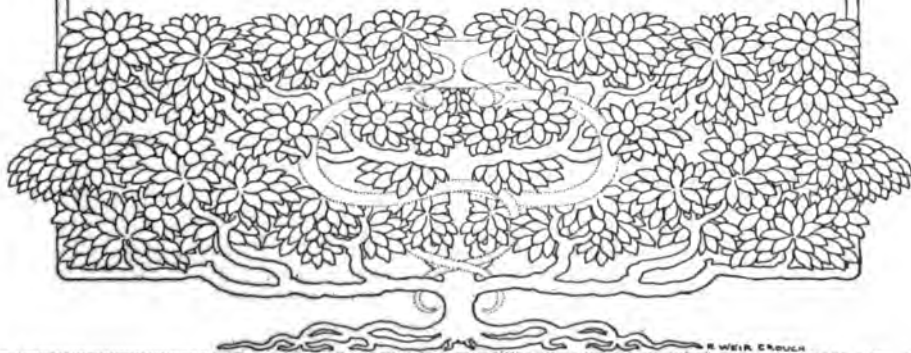
Oh, when I make my plea before our God,
I shall not boast my sufferance and pain,
The whirlwind snows that blinded on the plain,
The smoke I breathed, the lava-fields I trod,
With head unhooded and burning feet unshod,
Nor fettered hours in Houses of Disdain,
With anarch Ignorance and Custom vain,
Nor strength achieved by bowing to the rod.

But I shall boast, O Bride forever bright,
Forever young (with blossoms from the glade,
The hill, the lake I crown thee mistress of),
Delight, delight, and evermore delight,
The hearth I kindled and the boat I made,
And quiet years as minister of love.

IV

So when I make my boast before the throne,
I shall not mention what was mine of praise,—
The silver cup for swiftness in the race,
Nor bossèd medals stamped with name my own
For Turk or Tartar in palestra thrown,
Nor bells that pealed my battles in old days,
Graved scrolls with civic seals, nor public bays
For the deep thoughts I carved in bronze and stone.

But I shall name, O lyric Life, thy name;
Show the proud tokens, the ring, the odorous hair,
Love's fiery print upon my lips and eyes;
And strip my bosom as 't were a thing of fame,
And say, "This glorious Lady slumbered there,
And made these arms her earthly paradise."





THE HARPER IN THE WOOD

A LEGEND OF WALES

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Mr. Opp," etc.

UP in the Welsh Mountains, hid away in a deep ravine of the Lledr Valley is the far-famed Fairy Glen. Here the turbulent river Conway comes plunging over resisting boulders and mossy stones to meet its brother river the Llugwy in the valley below. Each season hundreds of tourists leave the highway to toil up the wood-path for a glimpse of the seething waters, the verdant forest, and the wildly picturesque Glen.

About half-way up the steep ascent the traveler was wont to hear, above the dashing of falling waters, and the wind in the tree-tops, the deep vibrant notes of a harp. Out of the wood it came, out of the dim, cool bowers that held their virgin solitude. At first it seemed so much a part of the voices of wind and water that one could scarcely be sure it was a human instrument; but gradually out of the harmony came a faint melody, the plaintive notes of an old Welsh folk-song, sum and substance of the soil that gave it birth.

Presently the strains grew more insistent, and the traveler came upon a little vine-clad shelter, like a sentinel's box, standing beside the pathway. Sitting before it, his head thrown back, and a pair of luminous gray eyes confidently yet

strangely lifted to the light, a young Welsh lad played upon his harp, his lean, sensitive face responsive to every note, as his slender fingers unhesitatingly sought the desired strings.

Attached to the shelter was a small box with the printed inscription, "Blind from Childhood," and into this the chance passer-by, pausing involuntarily, dropped his penny, and then passed on.

To the thoughtful it was evident that the green bower in the hillside, saturated as it was with the sounds of falling waters, of bird songs, and the wistful strains of the harp, had acquired an atmosphere of peace and depth, such as comes where a lonely soul has lived and loved and suffered.

When old Ivor Kyffin, the shepherd, was himself gathered into the fold, the little blind son, left alone in the rude stone cabin on the mountain, had been gladly adopted by the kindly village folk. The ardent love and veneration of the Welsh for poetry made them eagerly welcome the little lad from the hills, who held within his frail body the priceless gift of song. They ministered to his simple needs and vied with each other in kindnesses, and in return Evan poured out his gift for them

freely. In their times of sorrow, and times of glee at the Eisteddfods¹ and funerals it was his voice and harp that strove earnestly to reflect the mood and express the emotions of the simple village folk.

But as he grew to manhood the desire for independence woke within him, and he chafed at his inability to do his man's share in the work of the world. It was then that old Hugh Owen, the carpenter, built him the shelter in the wood, and found the means for him to earn his daily bread.

For five long summers he sat playing by the roadside, aware of the passing feet but taking little heed of them, glad sometimes of a child's laugh, or a word of passing cheer, but for the most part completely absorbed in a world of his own.

He was a poet, and the song rose in him as the sap rises in the young tree in the spring. Without color, or form, or visible motion the earth was still beautiful to him. He smiled out into the darkness, and sang as the birds sing for very joy of living.

As he sat there, day after day, in the sunshine and the rain, with the music in his soul, something of the sweetness of the still wood, and the mystery of the sunlight became inwoven in his very being. It was as if Nature played upon him, as he played upon his harp, tuning the subtle strings of his sensitive soul, making him responsive to her moods and the moods of her children.

Without teachers, without guidance, he sought and found the highest life can give, in the silence of the wood, in the depths of his own soul, and in the gentle humanity that lies in the hearts of men.

Yet a very human craving at last took possession of him, a longing that would not be stilled.

As he sat one day in the warm luxury of the noonday sun, his hands dropped listlessly, and he sighed. Again and again he had told himself that he must not dream of love, that he must only sing of it, and know it through the joys of others, but he had not counted on the possibility of a rebellious heart.

Voices from the path below made him quickly raise his head. The sound of

laughter and lively chatter told him that a band of village boys and girls were on their way to a merrymaking over beyond the Pont-y-Bryn.

In an instant he was all eagerness to go, as alert as a young hound who sees his master start for the hunt. He rose to put his harp under the shelter, but paused: the way was long and rough, and the sudden fear of being a burden held him back.

"Give us a reel, Evan, lad!" called one of the boys as the noisy crowd trooped up the hillside.

"We 'll dance here on the turf, and lighten our feet for the rest of the journey."

Evan once more drew forth his harp, and struck up a lively air. As he played he could hear the shuffling of feet on the grass, and the merry exclamations of the dancers. His own foot tapped the time, and his body swayed, but he was not thinking of the dance. He was listening, as only the blind can listen, for the sound of one voice in the crowd, the voice of Gladdwyd Owen.

Evan knew that where the jest was merriest and the laughter the gayest, there was Gladdwyd. He knew that her hand had been the first one claimed for the dance, and that every boy in the village sought her smile. He knew that for him she was as some nymph in the wood of whom he dreamed, some beautiful intangible, elusive presence, that tormented and enchanted him. He knew above all that he was but Evan Kyffin the blind harper in the wood, and yet he dreamed.

A flower was brushed across his cheek, as some one dropped breathlessly on the bench beside him.

"There 's hot I am!" exclaimed Gladdwyd's voice, "I 'll dance no more. Let me play, Evan!"

With mischievous fingers she swept the strings, and as she leaned past him, he could feel her soft hair brush his face.

"I wish thou wert going, Evan," she said impulsively as the dancing came to a sudden end. "There 's not one of us but would guide thee, right willingly."

He smiled straight before him but shook his head.

"I 'll keep to my harp, Gladdwyd. But

¹ *Eisteddfod* (literally "a sitting of learned men") is the annual musical and literary festival, which is a survival of the early triennial assemblies of the Welsh bards.

it will make the day less long to know thou wilt miss me."

"But thou 'lt wait for us, then, until we come back in the evening time?"

Still Evan smiled. "I 'll wait for *thee*, Gladdwyd," he said.

When they were gone the wood seemed very still. He had held his breath to catch every word of the revelers until they were lost in the distance. Now he rose and paced up and down the path, and the youth in him cried out in protest against his blindness. He longed to run and leap and be free, free to see the world he lived in, free to live and love like other men.

But even as these thoughts tormented him, he lifted his head to breathe more fully the warm, scented air laden with the garnered treasure of wild flowers and meadow grass, and to catch the elusive note of a distant unknown bird.

He dropped beside his harp and eagerly sought to capture the strain. It was one of his joys to think that he was giving expression to the dumb things that could not speak for themselves, that his harp spoke the meaning of the wind, the inarticulate song of the little nameless weeds and grasses that strove vainly to lift their tiny voices. So ardently did he crave the power of sight, that his heart leaped forth in instant sympathy to anything, animate or inanimate, that could not hear, and sing, and see.

What would the vision be, he wondered, could a flash of sight be given him? It was twenty years since he had seen the sun, and though memory treasured each shape and color that was left by the obliterating years, yet he longed passionately for one moment of reassurance.

As one lies in the darkness at night and dreams of the coming light, so Evan sat in the darkness and dreamed of the light that was gone.

Again and again the sound of passing feet and the dropping of a penny in the box told of the presence of a stranger, but Evan played on, unaware of the world and of the flight of time. He was lifting up his heart to God, as a child brings its gift without explanation or apology, and lays it in the lap of one it loves.

After a time he opened his small lunch basket, and ate his barley bread and cheese. A thrush fluttered to his knee, then hopped to the tips of his fingers, daintily picking

the crumbs from the palm of his hand. He felt the sensitive quiver of the tiny body, and knew that the wings were poised for flight. It would go, as all else went, on, on, out into the great, free world, leaving him there alone.

All afternoon he played patiently on. The passing of the minutes and the passing of the hours were one to him, except where Gladdwyd was concerned.

He waited for her now, playing softly, lest he should fail to catch the first sound of her voice. But no shouts and noisy chatter came to tell him of the return of the merrymakers.

The twilight twitter of the sleepy birds as they settled down for the night, and the stirring of the leaves by the cool, evening breezes, might have warned Evan that the day was done. But Gladdwyd had bidden him wait and the hope of going down into the village, even that bit of a way, with the glad, noisy crowd, and of walking beside Gladdwyd, with her hand perhaps in his, made him straighten his tired shoulders, and flex his cramped fingers, and play patiently on. Hour after hour he waited, while the evening dropped into night and darkness stole over the world as it had long ago stolen over his sight. The dew fell upon the faces of the upturned flowers, and a single star shone out from the branches of a sentinel spruce, but Evan could not hear the falling of the dew nor the dawning of the star, and it was still day to him until he should hear Gladdwyd's voice coming down the mountain side.

Wearier and wearier grew the waiting, and at last his fingers faltered on the strings, and he sat with his head drooped against his harp, and his sightless eyes turned patiently toward the hillside.

Suddenly a faint cry made him turn his head to listen. It was a cry he had often heard when a child, tending the sheep with his father on the moors of Galt-y-Foel, the cry of a young lamb in distress.

Placing his harp in the shelter and seizing his stick, he started valiantly up the hill. The path going down to the village he knew, as the chipmunk knows his, though it be covered with the leaves of many autumns: he knew where the boughs bent over the pathway, how the rocks jutted out at the turn of the hill, and when one must put a hand against the

cliff and walk close to the granite wall. But up above there, toward Fous Nod-dum, where the footsteps were always going, lay a strange, unknown world, and he must feel each step of the way and be guided by the cries of the lamb.

That the little creature had strayed and was hurt was evident to him, and the cries, coming apparently from the same spot, made it probable that it was caught in the rocks and unable to free itself.

At the top of the hill the path turns sharply to the right and descends abruptly, by stepping-stones, around huge boulders and twisted tree trunks to the chasm below.

Evan called out to see if, by chance, there was any one in the ravine, but no answer came. He paused irresolute. It was a steep climb for one who could see, and for one who was blind it was fraught with peril.

The bleating of the lamb came to him above the roar of the waters, and the big heart of him and the strong hands of him went out instinctively to succor the helpless.

Dropping to his knees, he began laboriously crawling down from step to step, cautiously feeling each foot of the way, and pausing again and again to get his direction from the cries below. The brambles scratched his face, and the sharp pebbles cut his hands. Once the ground crumbled beneath his foot, loosening a boulder which went plunging from ledge to ledge until it splashed in the water below.

As the cries sounded nearer, the stepping-stones ceased, and the path growing wider, became less easy to define. It no longer descended but seemed to run along the edge of the stream, and Evan felt the stones wet beneath his hands.

Pausing uncertainly, he was aware of something struggling near-by.

Not daring to leave the path without a guide, he felt along the bank until his hand touched a mass of trailing ivy. Tying several branches together he fashioned a rope, which, secured to the bank at one end, and held by him at the other, served as a guiding line with which he fearlessly waded out into the shallow stream.

A few steps brought him to the object of his search. The lamb had evidently strayed into the Glen from the peat bog

above and, following the course of the stream, had been caught in the rocks.

"What a *baich* of fear thou art!" said Evan as he knelt to release the captive, and tenderly felt over its body to make sure there were no broken bones. "'T was a narrow escape," he added, "Didst think, indeed, thy hour was come?"

For answer the lamb shivered against his warm, dry coat and buried its head beneath his arm.

The retracing of his steps to the path was simple enough, but the ascent with his burden was not so easy. Twice on the way his sense of direction forsook him, and it was some moments before he could make sure of his way.

When nearly to the top the lamb struggled in his arms, and Evan stopped.

"Thou too!" he said, loosening his hold, and smiling wistfully, "thou wouldst go on thy way, like all the rest, and leave me!"

The lamb leaped from his arms, and as Evan put forth a hand to steady himself by the wall, the earth seemed suddenly to crumble beneath his feet, and with a crash he plunged face downward over the edge of the rocky path to the narrow ledge below.

For seconds it may have been, or hours, he lay here before anxious voices, calling through the dusk of the wood, broke the silence.

"Evan!" they called; "Evan!" and one among them more appealing than the rest, and coming nearer, "Evan, lad!"

He stirred, half conscious, and opened his eyes. It was the voice he had waited for these weary hours, but he could not remember whose it was.

Anxious and fearful it came again, on the path directly above him. But the numbness closed upon him, before he could answer.

"Evan!" it pleaded, and this time it seemed to arouse his stupefied senses.

Summoning all his strength he sent it into the one cry: "Gladdwyd!"

In a moment she had scrambled down the rocks and was on her knees beside him.

"Evan, lad! Evan! What has happened to thee? What art thou doing lying here in the dark?"

"Is it dark?" he asked faintly, smiling up into the night, and quieting her trembling hand in his as he had often

soothed a frightened bird. "Where are we, lass?"

"On the Glen path, where thou must have fallen. But thou art hurt; I must call the others!"

His fingers tightened about her hand. "I—I waited for thee, Gladdwyd."

"Yes, lad, but we came down the Capel way. All the while I cooked the porridge for supper I watched for thy passing, and when thou didst not come, I could not rest. 'N'wncwl John and Father are searching the woods for thee now."

"And thou camest to seek me?" asked Evan tenderly. "Thou carest enough—enough for that?"

With a half-sob she laid her hand upon his arm. "Come, Evan, I will help thee; try to rise."

But he groaned with pain as she attempted to lift him.

"No! No!" he cried in anguish, "I cannot move, something crushes me here," and he lay his hand on his chest.

Gladdwyd started up in terror. "I will

go for Father," she cried, "his light is flashing now through the trees."

But Evan turned his face to her beseechingly:

"Wait with me, here," he pleaded. "It 's not for long."

Tenderly she lifted his head to her lap and sat waiting fearfully until the moving lights should come near enough for her father to hear her call.

Presently Evan stirred and moaned, then suddenly a flash of joyous wonder overspread his face.

"It 's beautiful, it is!" he murmured breathlessly, "all beautiful now. Life—and—love—and death."

THE years have passed, but the weather-beaten little shelter, with its pathetic inscription yet legible above the penny-box, may still be seen on the path that leads to Fous Noddum. But it is only a place for the birds and squirrels now, and no vibrant harp notes mingle with the music of the Glen.



HIGHLAND JOY

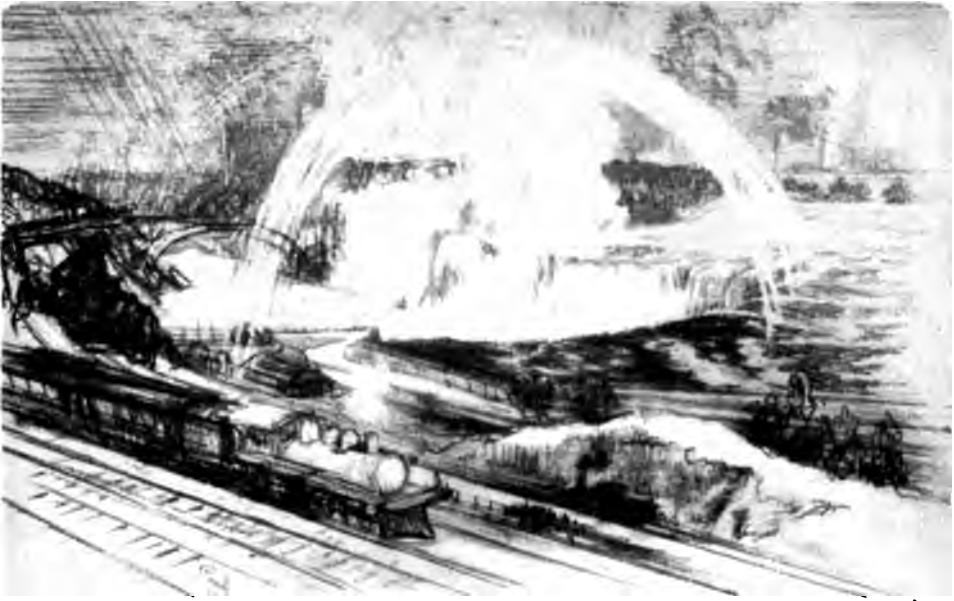
(WALES)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

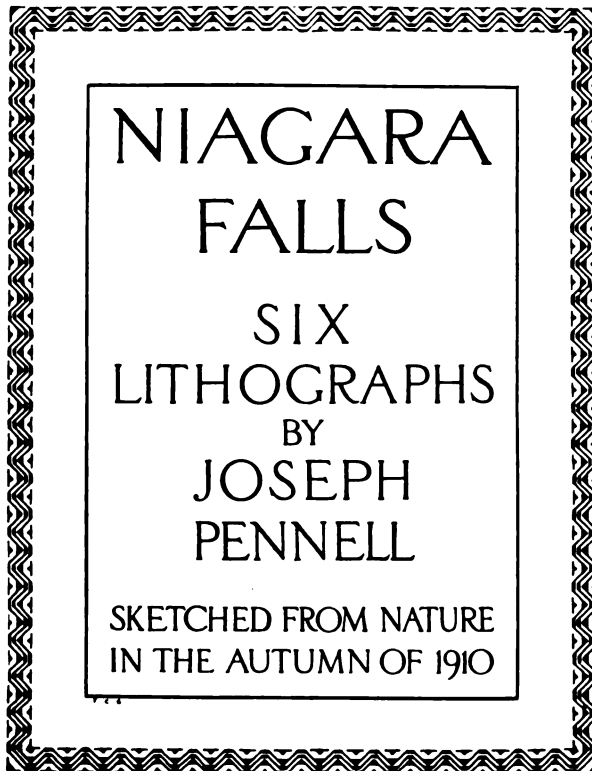
THE bluebells ring in the bracken,
The heather bells on the hill;
The gorse is yellow,
The sunlight mellow
With music of wind and rill.

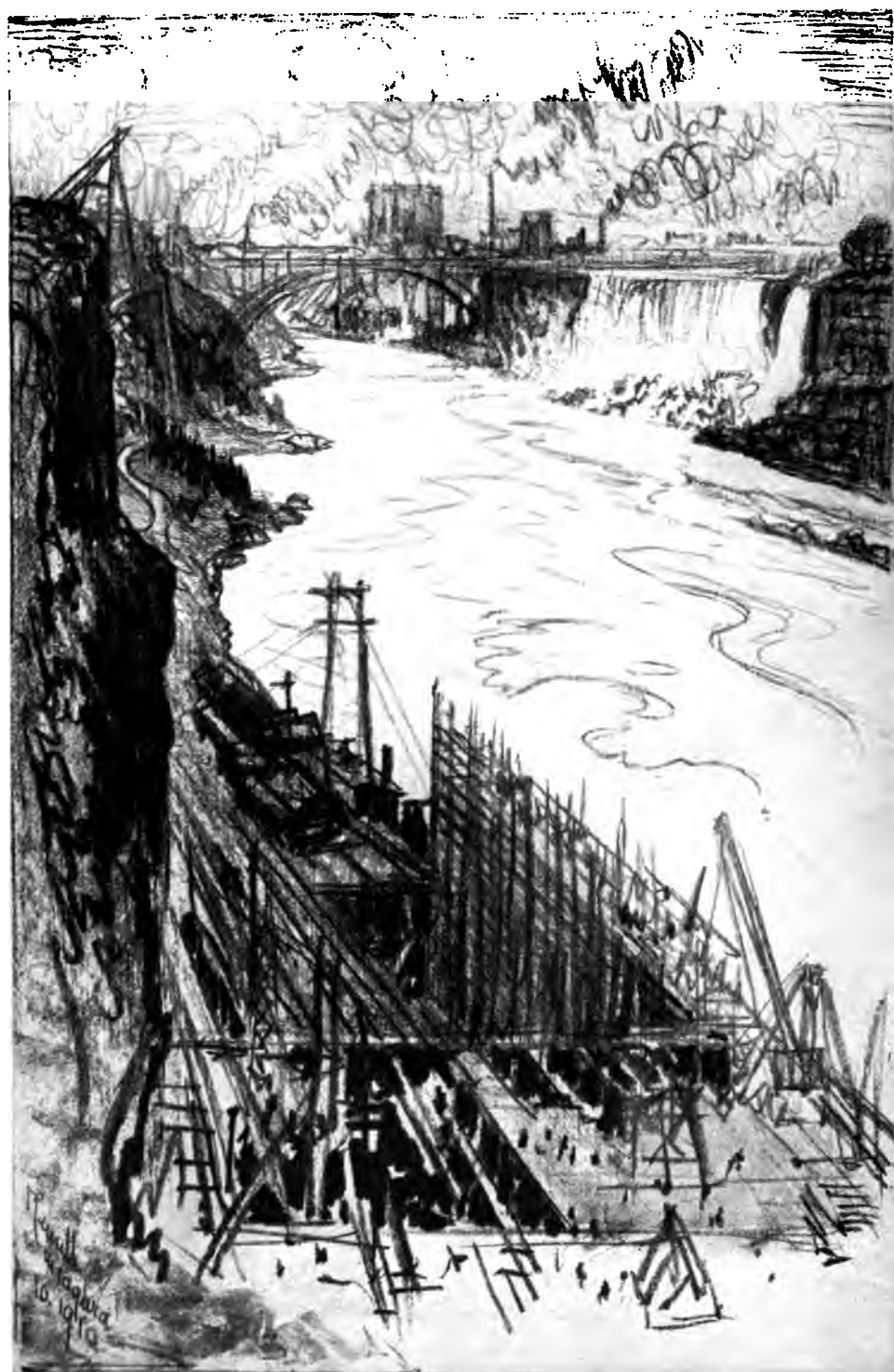
Afar the mountains are rising,
High Snowdon and all his knights,
For some fair tourney
With clouds that journey
Up from the sea's blue bights.

O winds, O waters, O mountains,
O earth with your singing sod,
I 'm glad of the weather
That brings together
My heart and the heart of God!



VIEW FROM THE RAILWAY STATION, OVERLOOKING THE FALLS ON THE CANADIAN SIDE

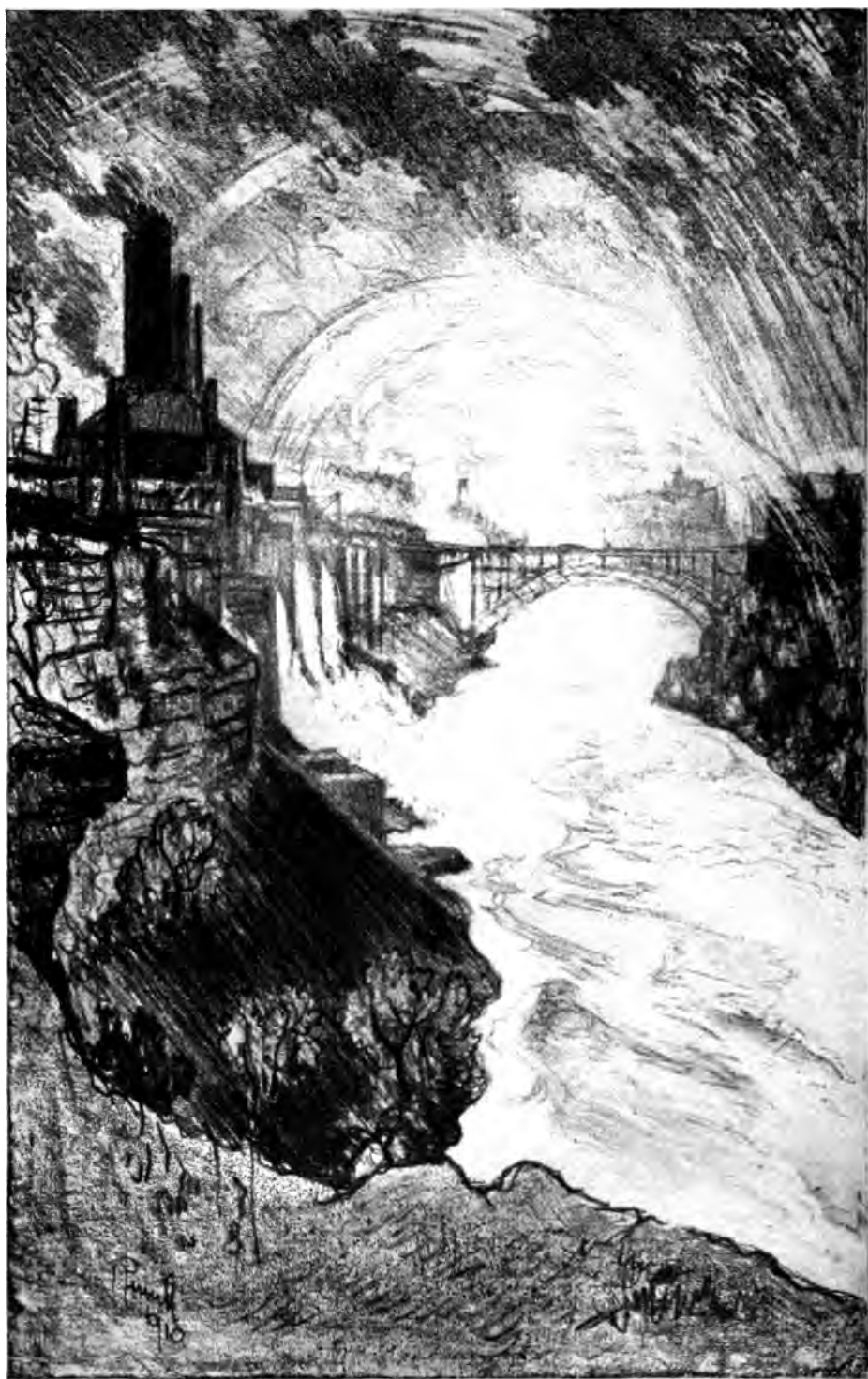




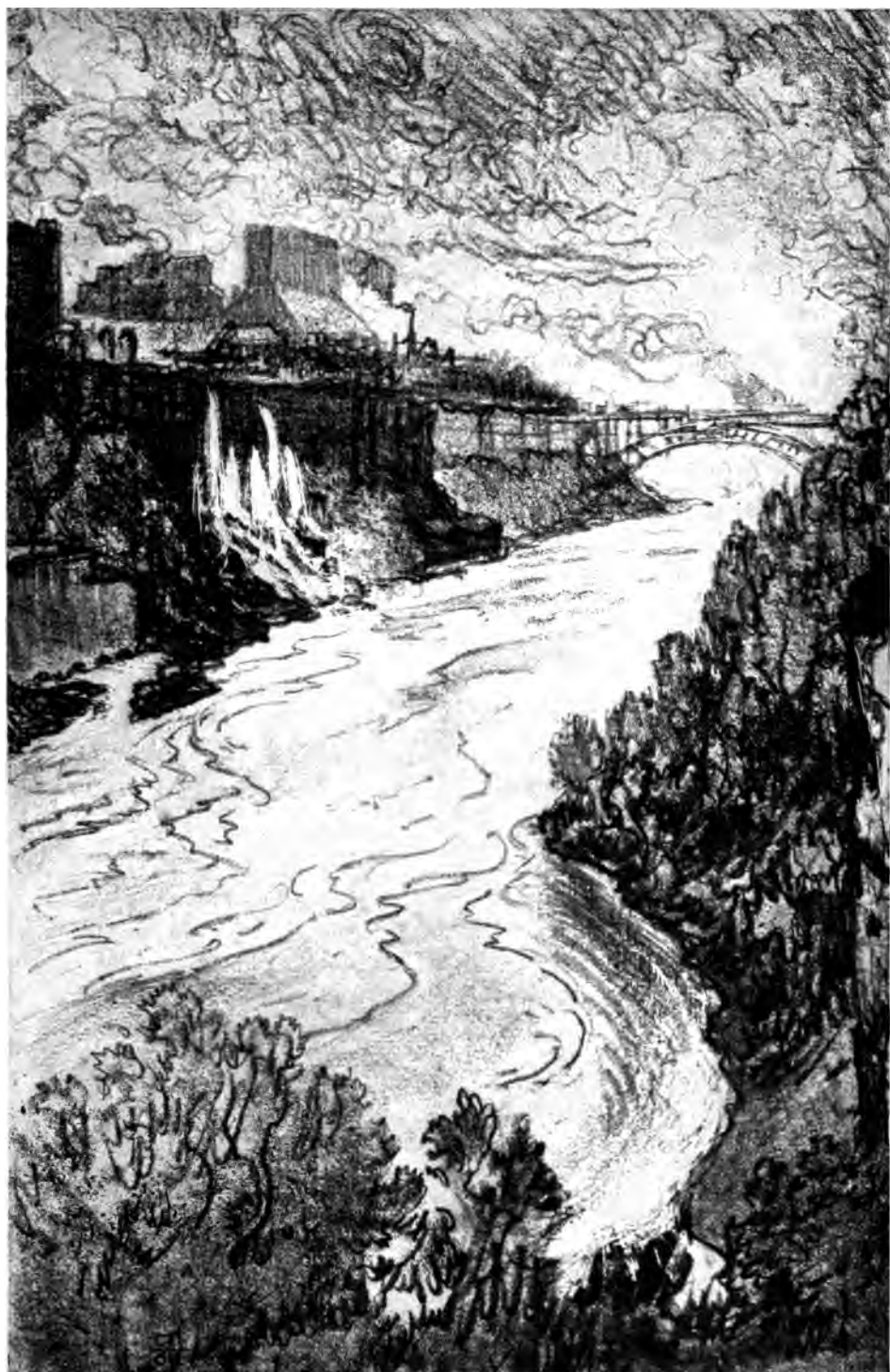
BUILDING THE POWER-HOUSE ON THE CANADIAN SIDE—THE AMERICAN FALLS, BELOW



RAINBOWS OVER THE CANADIAN FALLS, AS SEEN FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE



THE RAPIDS BELOW THE UPPER STEEL ARCH BRIDGE -THE AMERICAN
POWER-HOUSE ON THE LEFT



THE RAPIDS BELOW THE UPPER STEEL ARCH BRIDGE, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE



THE UPPER STEEL ARCH BRIDGE FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE, LOOKING DOWN STREAM

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

SIXTH PAPER: THE WIDENING OF THE BREACH

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

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THE summer of 1519 witnessed two events each in its way of cardinal importance for the career of Luther and the progress of the Reformation—the election of an emperor of Germany and the Leipsic disputation.

The Emperor Maximilian had died unexpectedly on the twelfth of January. The two most prominent candidates for the imperial throne were his grandson Charles, King of Spain and the Netherlands, and King Francis I of France. Maximilian had already been laying the wires for Charles's election, but the pope favored the candidacy of Francis. The election lay in the hands of three ecclesiastical and four secular princes, the archbishops of Treves, Mayence, and Cologne, the electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, the Count Palatinate, and the King of Bohemia. Large sums of money were spent by the candidates and their supporters in forwarding their interests, and Frederick the Wise was apparently the only one of the seven who was above accepting bribes. It looked for a time as if the prize would go to the highest bidder, but as the possibility of Francis's election became imminent, national feeling asserted itself, and demanded an emperor of German blood. Pressure proved too strong to be resisted, and when the supporters of Francis found it impossible to secure his election, they compromised on Frederick the Wise, easily the most influential and respected of German princes. Feeling his resources unequal to the task, Frederick declined the proffered crown and threw the weight of his influence upon the side of Charles, who was elected on the twenty-eighth of June.

Not for centuries had such power been lodged in the hands of a single man. Inheriting the crown of Spain and the Netherlands and large possessions in Italy from his Spanish mother, his Hapsburg father brought him Austria and Burgundy, and now the empire of Germany was added. Great things were expected of him by his new subjects, particularly by the members of the young German party. Their watchword was "Germany for the Germans," and they hoped for the creation of a strong and united nation, sufficient unto itself and independent of all foreign control. In Germany, as in many other parts of Europe, the new spirit of nationalism was running high, and everywhere it gave rise to a growing impatience with the papacy, for the latter's cosmopolitanism seemed to many the greatest obstacle to national development. The pope's support of the candidature of Francis only made matters worse and increased the hostility to his interference in German affairs.

The election of Charles was hailed with enthusiasm, and hope everywhere ran high. But those who expected much were doomed to disappointment. Instead of putting himself at the head of the national movement and devoting his energies to the building up of a strong and independent empire, he treated Germany only as an appendage of Spain, where alone his heart lay. Though German blood flowed in his veins, he was by temperament and training far more Spanish than German. He had little understanding of his Teutonic subjects, or sympathy with them, and to their new hopes and aspirations he was altogether blind. Germany was

hardly more than a pawn in his political game, and when he needed the support of the papacy, he was quite willing to use his power to suppress heresy and schism in the empire, as he was equally ready to

countrymen's enthusiasm for the young ruler was reflected in his writings. Over and over again not only then, but years afterward, he spoke in terms of warm admiration of the emperor, and it was



From a carbon print by Braun & Co. of the painting by Clouet in the Louvre
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FRANCIS I OF FRANCE, DEFEATED CANDIDATE FOR THE IMPERIAL
THRONE OF GERMANY

permit both to flourish when he wished to bring the pope to terms. The Lutheran movement thus proved frequently of no little advantage to him, but of real sympathy with it he never showed a trace, and his general policy was hostile to it.

At the time of Charles's election, Luther shared the common mood, and his

long before he could bring himself to believe that he would disappoint the nation's hopes.

In the meantime, while the intrigues preceding the election were distracting the attention of the princes of Germany, Luther was preparing himself all unconsciously to fill the place of national leader

declined by Charles. As yet his work was almost exclusively religious and theological, and its wider implications were nowhere understood, but as the event proved the structure ultimately reared was the more permanent because of the solidity and depth of the foundations he was laying. His break with the papacy, a necessary step in his progress toward national leadership, was becoming more and more imminent during the early months of 1519, and was greatly hastened by the second of the two notable events of that year, the Leipsic disputation.

The ablest Catholic theologian of the day in Germany was Dr. John Eck of the University of Ingolstadt. Some three years younger than Luther, he took his master's degree at the University of Tübingen at the early age of fourteen, while Luther was still only an undergraduate. Interested in mathematics, geography, physics, philosophy, and law, as well as theology, he was a man of uncommon learning and extraordinary attainments in many fields. For a time he was generally reckoned a member of the growing humanistic party, and was on terms of intimacy with many of its leaders. Luther spoke of him with marked respect in some of his earlier letters, and frequently sent him greetings through common friends. But the appearance of the ninety-five theses led to a permanent break and the alinement of Eck upon the side of reaction. He criticized them severely in a paper intended for private circulation called "Obelisks." Outraged that a man he supposed his friend should attack him without giving him any warning, Luther replied with considerable asperity in a similar paper entitled "Asterisks." Thenceforth, although the forms of friendship were observed for a while, there was growing enmity between the two men.

In May, 1518, Luther's friend Carlstadt, who had some time before committed himself publicly and enthusiastically to the Augustinian theology of his younger colleague, assailed Eck in an extended series of theses, and the controversy, thus opened, was carried on vigorously for months. The Wittenberg faculty finally invited Eck, an experienced, one might almost say a professional, disputant, to meet Carlstadt in public debate, and after pro-

tracted negotiations Leipsic was agreed upon as the scene of the disputation.

In the winter Eck published the theses he purposed to defend, and sent a copy of them to Luther. Instead of dealing with the matters in dispute between himself and Carlstadt, they had to do wholly with Luther's teachings, showing it was he whom Eck wished to meet. Indeed, in the letter accompanying the theses he said:

As Carlstadt is your champion, but you are the principal, who have disseminated throughout Germany dogmas which seem to my small and feeble judgment false and erroneous, it is fitting that you also should come and either defend your own positions or disprove mine. You see from the inclosed document that the propositions have been aimed not so much at Carlstadt as at your teachings.

Luther felt much aggrieved at this new and public attack, made as it was under cover of the approaching debate with Carlstadt and despite renewed protestations of friendship. In deference to Miltitz, he had maintained strict silence, and had even allowed a recent pamphlet of Prierias to pass unnoticed; but Eck's assault was too serious to be ignored. He was the first German theologian of any importance to come out in open opposition, and Luther felt that his own honor and the honor of the university required him to meet his antagonist in debate. Considering himself absolved from his promise of silence by what had happened, he decided to join Carlstadt in the approaching disputation, leaving to his colleague the defense of the Augustinian theology, and devoting himself to the points specifically impugned in Eck's theses.

He found considerable difficulty in getting Duke George's permission to take part. It seemed almost an affront to the papal see to allow him to appear in Leipsic and defend propositions that he had already been called upon to recant. But he was very eager, and wrote a number of urgent letters to the duke. Finally Carlstadt was authorized to bring with him such friends as he pleased, and under cover of this indirect permission, Luther appeared and bore his share in the debate.

Like Tetzels and Prierias, Eck was a believer in papal absolutism and infalli-

bility, and he took occasion in his final thesis to declare the pope successor of Peter and universal vicar of Christ, thus challenging Luther to debate the question of his supremacy. Luther saw clearly enough that the matter was of fundamental importance and its discussion sooner or later inevitable. He therefore spent the months preceding the debate in the most diligent study of the whole topic. As he gathered his material, he became convinced that the papal claims had no warrant in Christian history. He discovered the untrustworthiness of many of the documents appealed to in their support, and was led to the conclusion that the whole structure was based on fraud and was of comparatively recent growth. The conclusion, as a matter of fact, was quite unwarranted. Papal supremacy was much older than he thought, and was due in no small part to natural causes. But his opinion was not surprising in the circumstances, and was shared by many others. As a consequence, his bitterness steadily increased, and it became more and more difficult for him to distinguish between the current theory and the papal institution itself. Writing to his friend Lang on the third of February, he said:

Our Eck is waging new wars against me, and it will come to pass that I shall do with Christ's aid what I have long had in mind; namely, attack sometime the Roman scarecrows in a serious book. For hitherto I have only sported and played with the Roman affair, although they complain loudly as if it were real earnest.

And before the end of the same month he wrote to Christopher Scheurl:

Our Eck, after beautifully hiding his madness against me until now, has finally let it be seen. Behold what kind of a man he is! But God is in the midst of the gods, and knows what he purposes to bring out of this tragedy. Neither Eck nor I can serve our own ends in this affair. The counsel of God, so I believe, will be accomplished. I have often said that hitherto I have been playing; now at length serious things against the Roman pontiff and Roman arrogance are under way.

A few days later he declared in a letter to Spalatin:

I am studying the papal decretals in preparation for my disputation, and, between us, I am ignorant whether the pope is anti-christ himself or his apostle, so miserably is Christ—that is, the truth—corrupted and crucified by him in his decretals.

Already in December, in writing to his friend Link about the meeting with Cajetan at Augsburg, he had said:

I send you my account of the Augsburg interview, couched in sharper terms than the legate wished; but my pen is already pregnant with much greater matters. I do not know where my ideas come from. The affair, in my judgment, is not yet begun, much less is it nearing its end, as the Romans hope. I will send you my trifles, that you may see whether I rightly divine that the antichrist, of whom Paul speaks, reigns in the Roman curia. I think I am able to show that he is worse to-day than the Turk.

The idea was not a novel one. In the Middle Ages the word antichrist was frequently used by disputants as a term of opprobrium for political or ecclesiastical opponents of whatever sort, and long before Luther's time it had been repeatedly applied to the pope by those who saw in the political power and worldly interests of the papacy the profanation of a holy office and the betrayal of Christ. It was this that led Luther to the same condemnatory judgment. Not the personal character of the popes, but the secularization of the papacy chiefly aroused his resentment. As he discovered how consciously and deliberately and often by what devious means its political power had been attained, his anger waxed hot within him. In another letter to Spalatin, written about the same time, he says:

Many things I suppress and hold back for the sake of the prince and our university. If I were elsewhere, I should vomit them out against Rome, or rather Babylon, the devastator of Bible and church. The truth about the Bible and the church, my Spalatin, cannot be discussed without offending this beast. Therefore do not hope that I shall be quiet and undisturbed unless you wish me to give up theology altogether. Let our friends think me mad. This affair will not have an end, if it be of God, until all my friends desert me, as his disciples and ac-

quaintances deserted Christ, and truth be left alone, which will save itself by its own power and not by mine nor thine nor any man's. This hour I have expected from the beginning. If I perish, the world will lose nothing. The Wittenbergers, by the grace of God, have already progressed so far that they do not need me at all. What will you? I, worthless man that I am, fear I may not be counted worthy to suffer and die for such a cause. That felicity belongs to better men, not to so vile a sinner.

He evidently realized the seriousness of the outlook. It was generally believed that insubordination to the pope could have only one result, the condemnation and death of the rebel. He was hastening on, it must seem, to certain destruction. His friends were in terror, and urged him to be careful. Carlstadt, radical and impetuous as he was, tried to hold him back. He was ready and eager to defend the Augustinian theology, but was not prepared to attack the pope, and Luther's course sorely alarmed him.

But Luther was not to be dissuaded. Expediency meant little to him, his own reputation and safety still less. When once convinced that a certain evil needed mending, no other consideration, however important, could long hold him back. He would often restrain himself for the sake of others when he would not for his own, but the restraint could be only temporary, and the deed had at length to be done, whatever it cost either them or him.

The great debate began on the twenty-seventh of June in the hall of the Pleissenburg, Duke George's palace, in the presence of the duke himself and many other

distinguished personages. A number of professors and two hundred students from Wittenberg were in attendance, and the latter kept the town well stirred up with their noisy and not always orderly demonstrations in support of the Wittenberg champions.

Peter Mosellan, a Leipsic professor of humanistic sympathies, gives us a vivid description of the participants in the debate. The following pen-picture of Luther, then thirty-five years old, is worth quoting:



From a copperplate engraving by Lucas Cranach

MARTIN LUTHER IN 1520: HIS EARLIEST KNOWN LIKENESS

Martin is of medium height and slender form, with a body so wasted both with cares and study that you can almost count all his bones. He is just in the prime of life, with a clear and penetrating voice. His learning and his knowledge of Scripture are admirable, and he has almost everything at command. He knows enough Greek and Hebrew to decide between different interpretations. Nor is he wanting in matter, for he has a great forest both of ideas and words. Judgment, perhaps, and discretion you

might miss in him. In his life and manners he is polite and affable, not in the least stoical or supercilious, and he is able to adapt himself to all occasions. In company he is a gay and merry jester, alert and good-humored, everywhere and always with a bright and cheerful face, however terribly his enemies threaten him, so that you find it difficult to believe the man could undertake so arduous a task without divine aid. But there is one thing nearly all count a vice in him: he is a little more imprudent and biting in reproof than is either safe in one who goes new ways in theology or decorous in a theologian, a fault which I am not sure

does not attach to all that have learned late.

During the first week the debate was between Eck and Carlstadt, and Luther entered the fray only on the fourth of July. It was for this both Eck and the spectators had been eagerly waiting, and the disputation now assumed for the first time the aspect of a real and serious struggle. The disputants began at once with the fundamental question of the nature of papal authority. Luther was very careful and moderate in his utterances. He did not deny the supremacy of the pope. He claimed only that he ruled by human, not divine, right, and a Christian might therefore be saved even if he refused to submit to his authority. This, Eck at once declared, sounded very like the opinion of John Hus, who had been condemned by the Council of Constance and burned at the stake a hundred years before. The spread of Hus's views in Bohemia, his native land, had led to civil war and cost Germany much blood and treasure. The Bohemian heresy had become the synonym of riot and revolution, and to accuse Luther of sympathy with it was to hold him up to general execration. He felt the gravity of the accusation, and at first repelled it angrily. "Never," he retorted, "have I taken pleasure in any schism whatsoever, nor will I to the end of time. The Bohemians have done wrong in voluntarily separating from our communion, even if they have divine right on their side; for the highest divine right is love and unity of the Spirit."

But after thinking the matter over, he declared, "It is certain that among the articles of John Hus and the Bohemians are many most Christian and evangelical, and those the universal church cannot condemn."

This was the climax of the debate. Luther's words were heard with horror by his enemies and with consternation by his friends. From the duke they elicited an angry oath audible to the whole assembly. Seeing the effect produced, Luther tried to qualify his statement and make it less offensive; but he had expressed his real opinion, as everybody saw, and explanation did not help the matter. A couple of days later, in response to Eck's continued appeal to the authority of the

Council of Constance, he declared: "I shall not be moved until the most excellent doctor proves that a council is unable to err, has not erred, and does not err. For a council cannot make divine right of what is not by its nature such, nor can it make that heresy which is not against divine right."

To which Eck replied: "The Reverend Father begs me to prove that a council cannot err. I am ignorant what he means by this unless he wishes to throw suspicion on the praiseworthy Council of Constance. This I say to you, Reverend Father, if you believe that a council lawfully assembled errs and has erred, you are to me as a heathen and a publican."

Eck was fully justified in taking this position, for to deny or doubt the infallibility of a general council was to reject the one ultimate authority depended upon for centuries by Catholic Christians. That Luther took his stand upon the Bible did not help the matter. It was Catholic belief that the church alone could properly interpret the Bible, and to set the teaching of the one in opposition to the other was nothing less than heresy.

The remainder of the debate, dealing with purgatory, indulgences, penance, and related matters, was of little importance, and the interest of the spectators flagged. It is significant of the change wrought in a year and a half that the discussion of indulgences aroused very little interest. Eck was quite ready to admit the justice of many of his opponent's strictures upon the practice, and Luther declared there never would have been any trouble if the ecclesiastical authorities had taken this attitude in the beginning. The conflict had been carried so much further, and had come to involve so much graver things, that agreement or disagreement about the matter originally in dispute counted for little. Luther had been driven by his opponents, and led by his own study and reflection, to positions so radical as to make his earlier criticism of abuses seem of small importance. He might be orthodox in every other respect, and accept without question all the doctrines and practices of the church, but to deny its infallible authority was to put himself outside the Catholic pale. Unless he repented and recanted, his excommunication was a foregone conclusion.

The debate from Luther's point of view was not a success. He had hoped much from it, and returned home greatly disappointed. Despite his own and his supporters' claims, the victory was really Eck's, not his, and it was fairly won. No other outcome was possible, and the result might have been foreseen. Luther made a much better showing against the powerful and resourceful debater than Carlstadt, but even his skill was unequal to the task of defending an essentially indefensible position. He committed the mistake of supposing that the radical views reached under the influence of his own religious experience were in harmony with the faith of the church. It is a common mistake. Some men, when they find themselves out of sympathy with the prevailing beliefs of the institution wherein they have been born and bred, at once turn their backs upon it. Others of a more sanguine temperament, or with more of the reformer's instinct, read its faith in the light of their own opinions, and endeavor to call their fellows back to what they believe its real platform. When, as is very apt to happen, a conflict comes and they try to defend as orthodox what they were originally led to accept as true, they only invite defeat. Luther maintained at Leipsic not merely that his interpretation of the papacy was correct, but that it was orthodox, and in this, as Eck showed, he was wrong. There remained only the alternative of abandoning his interpretation and accepting the traditional view or of foregoing the claim of orthodoxy. Consciously and deliberately he chose the latter course, and in doing so broke decisively with all his past. Eck repeatedly protested that he held all his opinions subject to correction by the ecclesiastical authorities, but Luther avowed submission to no one. Only to the clear teaching of the divine word would he bow, and he would read it with his own and not with other men's eyes. In his attack on indulgences he had appealed from the indulgence-venders to the pope; at Augsburg, from the pope ill informed to the pope to be better informed; and soon afterward from the pope to a council. Now, when the decision of a council was cited against him, he declined to be bound by it, and took his stand upon the sole authority of the Scriptures. But even this was not final. The Bible

itself, he maintained, has to be used with discrimination, for parts of it do not teach Christian truth. He really substituted for all external authorities the enlightened conscience of the individual Christian. The Bible he read for himself and admitted the claim of no council or body of men to read it for him. This, in principle, though he never fully realized it, and seldom acted upon it, meant the right of private judgment in religious things, and in it lay the promise of a new age.

It was not skepticism or indifference to religion that enabled Luther thus to stand upon his own feet. Rather it was the vividness of his religious experience, making him sure of acceptance with God. Because of this he found it possible to dispense with the traditional authorities. Had he not come into conflict with the rulers of the church, he might have lived to the end of his days quite unaware of any difference between himself and his fellow-Christians. Many another had had his experience and had lived and died content in the communion of the Catholic Church. There was nothing in his faith to cause a break. But when it became impossible to speak his mind about abuses and remain within the Roman fellowship, he discovered his faith was such that he could get along outside. He justified his attitude not by declaring the church unnecessary,—even when most radical he was still conservative,—but by interpreting it as the community of Christian believers wherever found and however governed. Greeks, Bohemians, and others condemned by Rome he now regarded as members of the universal church, and in their communion he felt it possible to enjoy all the blessings of Christianity. He did not for a moment imagine that the Roman Church was not a true church, but he came to feel that it was not the only one, and if forced without its pale, he would still be a member of the Christian family.

The significance of the Leipsic debate for Luther's own development it is impossible to exaggerate. It meant the final parting of the ways. It showed him clearly where he stood and emancipated him once and for all from the delusion that he was in harmony with the Roman Church and could remain permanently within it. His condemnation he saw must



After a drawing made by Braun and Hogenberg, dated 1572

LEIPSIK, AS IT APPEARED FIFTY-THREE YEARS AFTER THE DISPUTATION BETWEEN LUTHER AND ECK

The debate occurred in the Pleissenburg, Duke George's palace, which is shown at the extreme left. The site is now occupied by the new Rathhaus (city hall). Carlstadt, Luther, and the large party of Wittenberg supporters entered the city by the Grimma'sche Thor (gate), toward the right of the picture. The wall and moat are now replaced by a boulevard park, with many public buildings.

follow in due time, and while Miltitz was still hopeful, and was industriously laying plans for compromise and conciliation, Luther himself was preparing for the break he knew could not long be delayed.

It shows the distance traveled and the lessons learned from the experiences of the last two years that he was neither crushed nor apparently greatly distressed by the outlook. His development had been gradual, and he was fully prepared to take the final step when confronted by it. He had not foreseen the outcome, and, as he often said, would never have dared to begin had he known whither he was going; but he was driven against his will from point to point, and could not turn back without denying his faith. History presents no more striking example of the iron logic of events.

Though startled when he first discovered his agreement with Hus, he soon recovered his equanimity, and was heartened rather than dismayed. During the summer he received letters from prominent Bohemians expressing their joy in him and his work and likening his place in Saxony to that of Hus in Bohemia. Instead of denying all sympathy with the condemned heretic, as he would have done sometime before, he acknowledged the letters with thanks, and after reading for the first time some of Hus's writings, declared, with his usual impulsiveness and frank generosity: "Hitherto I have unconsciously held and taught all the doctrines of John Hus. John Staupitz has also taught them in like ignorance. Briefly we are all Hussites without knowing it."

Evidently he had come to look upon the Bohemians as allies, and felt confirmed in his own position rather than frightened from it because it was shared by them.

The same sympathy with outsiders appeared in the debate itself, when he referred to the Eastern Church in support of his contention that submission to the pope was not necessary to salvation. Most of the Greek fathers either knew nothing of papal supremacy or consciously rejected it. In them he found kindred spirits, and thenceforth was always fond of appealing to them. His attitude was not a sign, as is often said, of his native breadth of view,—liberality was not one of his virtues,—but of the instinctive feeling of comradeship with others like himself in opposition. He began to feel that he was not merely a single individual engaged in a petty contest of his own, but one of a long line of fighters against ecclesiastical tyranny and corruption. His consciousness expanded, and his work came to seem of national and even world-wide meaning.

He always had an uncommonly vivid sense of fulfilling the divine will in everything he undertook. Now the conviction dominated him more completely than ever. Henceforth he believed himself one of God's chosen instruments, called to carry on the labors of the great leaders who had fought and fallen in earlier days. Martyrdom he was in constant expectation of, looking forward to the fate that had overtaken so many. But he was inspired rather than oppressed by the thought, and rejoiced in the opportunity to suffer as they had suffered. He also saw more clearly than before the difficulties of the task

he was engaged in. Others had tried to do what he was now attempting, and had failed. Even this did not dishearten him. He believed the times were fast growing ripe, and was sure that either he or some one else for whom he was preparing the way—his colleague Melancthon, for instance—would yet accomplish the hitherto impossible. Fantastic notions that the end of the world was at hand, notions very common in that day, began to find lodgment in his mind, and were never afterward altogether abandoned. It was a time of feverish excitement for him, not altogether conducive to calm and deliberate work.

The months succeeding the Leipsic disputation were very busy ones for Luther. He was more active with his pen than ever, continually sending pamphlets to the press and occasionally books of considerable size. In one of his letters he complained of his inability to publish as rapidly as he wished because of the limitations of the printing-office, and a little later informed a friend that he kept three presses going all the time. It was his habit to send copy to the printer day by day, and he was nearly always reading the proof of the earlier pages of a book while writing the later. Often the preface was in type before the work itself was even begun. It is surprising not that much of his published work bears the marks of haste, but that so many of his writings still richly repay reading after the lapse of four centuries. He had, as he once remarked, a quick hand and a ready memory, and all he wrote flowed from his pen without effort. His speed was the despair of friends and foes alike. It is amusing to see how often, when requested by Spalatin or the elector or some other anxious sympathizer to refrain from a publication likely to make trouble, he replied that their protests were too late, for the deed was already done. The physical and mental vitality of the man was one of the most amazing things about him and one of the secrets of his tremendous power.

He was indefatigable in controversy, determined to let no attack go unanswered, and the attacks during these months were many and severe. He welcomed them as invitations to let his views be known, and many a reply was rather a statement of his own doctrines than an answer to his

antagonists. For the latter, he often contented himself with personal abuse instead of reasoned argument. His treatment of opponents has always been a ground of offense to his enemies and of confusion to his friends. After the not uncommon fashion of the day, error in opinion was taken as a sign of moral obliquity, and the inexhaustible stores of his rich and racy vocabulary were freely drawn upon to portray the character of those venturing to oppose him. His violence has been excused by appealing to the prevailing tone of contemporary polemics, but the appeal is futile. Though his form of expression might have been different in another century, the man he was would have been violent and vituperative in any. Often he went beyond all reason and broke the canons of good taste recognized even in that free-spoken age; but he was not engaged in a parlor exhibition, and he would have cared as little for our criticisms of his style of fighting as he did for the criticisms of his contemporaries. Had he been other than he was, he might have been better liked by many a delicate soul, but he could not have wielded the influence he did. His fiercest onslaughts carried terror and joy to the ends of Christendom, and by them no less than by his inimitable appeals to the finer sentiments he swayed and dominated the masses. He needs no apologies from us. As well apologize for the fury of the wind as for the vehemence of Martin Luther.

When Spalatin found fault with the strong language of his reply to the Bishop of Meissen, he wrote:

Greeting. Good God! how excited you are, my Spalatin! You seem even more stirred up than I and the others. Do you not see that my patience in not replying to Emser's and Eck's five or six wagon-loads of curses is the sole reason why the framers of this document have dared to attack me with such silly and ridiculous nonsense? For you know how little I cared that my sermon at Leipsic was condemned and suppressed by a public edict; how I despised suspicion, infamy, injury, hatred. Must these audacious persons even be permitted to add to these follies scandalous pamphlets crammed full of falsehoods and blasphemies against gospel truth? Do you forbid even to bark at these wolves? The Lord is my

witness how I restrained myself lest I should not treat with reverence this accursed and most impotent document issued in the bishop's name. Otherwise I should have said things those heads ought to hear, and I will yet, when they acknowledge their authorship by beginning to defend themselves. I beg, if you think rightly of the gospel, do not imagine that its cause can be accomplished without tumult, scandal, and sedition. Out of the sword you cannot make a feather, nor out of war, peace. The word of God is a sword, war, ruin, destruction, poison, and, as Amos says, it meets the children of Ephraim like a bear in the way and a lioness in the woods.

I cannot deny that I have been more vehement than is seemly. But since they knew this, they ought not to have stirred up the dog. How difficult it is to temper one's passions and one's pen you can judge even from your own case. This is the reason I have always disliked to engage in public controversy; but the more I dislike it, the more I am involved against my will, and that only by the most atrocious slanders brought against me and the word of God. If I were not carried away thereby either in temper or pen, even a heart of stone would be moved by the indignity of the thing to take up arms; and how much more I, who am both passionate and possessed of a pen not altogether blunt! By these monstrosities I am driven beyond modesty and decorum. At the same time I wonder where this new religion came from, that whatever you say against an adversary is regarded as slander. What do you think of Christ? Was he a slanderer when he called the Jews an adulterous and perverse generation, the offspring of vipers, hypocrites, sons of the devil? And what about Paul when he uses the words dogs, vain babblers, seducers, ignorant, and, in Acts xiii so inveighs against a false prophet that he seems almost insane: "Oh, thou full of all deceit and of all craft, thou son of the devil, enemy of truth"? Why did he not gently flatter him, that he might convert him, rather than thunder in such a way? It is not possible, if aware of the truth, to be patient with inflexible and ungovernable enemies of the truth. But enough of this nonsense. I see that everybody wishes I were gentle, especially my enemies, who shew themselves least so of all. If I am too little gentle, I am at least simple and open, and therein, as I believe,

surpass them, for they dispute only in a deceitful fashion. Farewell, and be not afraid.

Twenty years and more later, referring to one of his bitterest and most scathing invectives, he remarked: "I have read my book over again, and wonder how it happened that I was so moderate. I ascribe it to the state of my head, which was such that my mind was prevented from working more freely and actively."

But if we would do justice to this extraordinary man, it must be remembered that the conflict he was engaged in did not keep him from performing his ordinary duties with his accustomed vigor and effectiveness. He did more than a man's full work quite apart from his controversy, though the latter, it would seem, was alone enough to absorb all his attention and tax all his powers. He preached regularly in the city church and the convent, lectured as usual in the university, and gave a surprising amount of attention to administrative matters, concerning himself even with the pettiest details of faculty business. He also worked steadily upon the interpretation of the Bible, issuing in the autumn his famous commentary on Galatians and continuing the publication of his careful and laborious exposition of the Psalms, printed many moral and religious pamphlets, and wrote beautiful letters and tracts for the solace and inspiration of the sick and suffering.

A couple of brief passages may be quoted from his "Tesseredecas," written at this time for the comfort of the Elector Frederick, who was lying grievously ill:

When you regard as sacred relics, and love, kiss, and embrace the coat, the vessels, the water-jars, and all the things Christ touched and used, why do you not much more love, embrace, and kiss pains, worldly evils, ignominy, and death? For these he not only made sacred, but bathed and blessed them with his blood, enduring them with willing heart and deepest devotion.

When Jacob heard that his son Joseph was a ruler in Egypt, like one awaking out of deep sleep he believed it not until the wagons sent by Joseph proved the truth of all his sons told him. Thus it would be indeed difficult to believe so great blessings are given us unworthy creatures in Christ,



From the painting by K. F. Leasing

if he had not revealed himself to his disciples in manifold ways, and taught us also to believe by use and experience as if we saw the very wagons. A wagon bringing rich comfort it is that Christ has been made to us by God righteousness, sanctification,

character when he soon afterward asked the manuscript of this tract back from Spalatin, hoping to derive from its perusal consolation in his own troubles.

His fame meanwhile was rapidly growing and his friends and supporters were



MEMORIAL TABLET TO JOHANN MAYR VON ECK IN
INGOLSTADT, WHERE HE DIED IN 1543

redemption, and wisdom. For I am a sinner, but I am borne in his righteousness given to me; I am impure, but his holiness is my sanctification wherein I sweetly ride; I am foolish, but his wisdom carries me; worthy of damnation I am, but his liberty is my redemption, a wagon most secure.

Luther showed the simplicity of his

multiplying. Particularly important was the recognition received from leading humanists both at home and abroad. In the autumn of 1518, speaking of Albrecht Dürer, Lazarus Spengler, and other celebrated lights of Nuremberg, Christopher Scheurl remarked: "Nearly all the conversation at table concerns a certain Martin. Him they celebrate, adore, and cham-

pion. For him they are prepared to endure everything." A few months later he wrote Eck, expostulating with him for his attack on Luther:

You are bringing upon yourself, unless I am mistaken, the strong disfavor and hatred of most followers of Erasmus and Reuchlin, nearly all friends of learning, and even modern theologians. I have recently traveled through a number of important dioceses and everywhere found a great many adherents of Martin. The clergy's love for the man is astonishing. They are flying to him in flocks, like jackdaws and starlings. They subscribe to his opinions, they applaud him, they bless him.

About the same time Luther received letters from John Froben, the publisher of Basel, and from Wolfgang Capito, a well-known humanist, informing him that he had many warm and influential friends in Switzerland and along the Rhine, and that his books were widely read not only there, but also in Italy, France, Spain, and England.

Even the great Erasmus spoke of him in a friendly way, and guarded as his utterances were, for he early realized the difference between Luther's spirit and his own, his attitude was generally interpreted as sympathetic, and greatly enhanced Luther's credit with men of modern tendencies.

The Leipzig debate still further increased his reputation. The humanist Mossellan had expected to hear only old and threadbare themes discussed in traditional scholastic fashion, and was surprised and delighted at Luther's attitude, as he was careful to inform his correspondents. Hu-

manists everywhere now began to realize that Luther's enemies were theirs and his struggle a renewal of the Reuchlin conflict between the representatives of the old and the new learning. In such a battle it could not be doubtful where their sympathies would lie.

In October he received a couple of notable letters from an acquaintance of his Erfurt student days, the humanist Crotus Rubeanus, principal author of the famous "Letters of Obscure Men." Crotus was in Italy at the time, and gave Luther first-hand information of the efforts there on foot to crush him. He also hailed him in enthusiastic terms as a father of the fatherland, "worthy of a golden statue and an annual feast."

This recognition of the national importance of Luther's work, taken with the unconcealed contempt for the Roman curia which breathes in the letters of Crotus, was full of significance. It foreshadowed an alliance between Luther and another group of Germans



From an old print

LUTHER'S SUPPORTER,
ULRICH VON HUTTEN

who were chiefly interested in economic and political reform. The leading spokesman of the group was Ulrich von Hutten, one of the most interesting and picturesque figures of the age. Son of a poor knight, and, on account of his delicate physique, destined for the priesthood, he early ran away and spent the remainder of his brief life in wandering from place to place, at times in abject poverty, and again enjoying the favor and protection of the great. He was a poet of no mean gifts and an enthusiastic humanist. While in Italy, in 1517, he ran across Lorenzo Valla's work on the donation of Constantine and was led to believe there was no basis for the old papal claim

of political sovereignty over the Western world. He republished the work with a fiery preface of his own, and from that time on was one of the bitterest opponents of the Roman see. He became convinced that Germany's subjection to it was the principal cause of all the ills of his native land, and exchanged the career of a mere litterateur for that of a political agitator. Before long he was widely recognized as the most influential member of the young German party and the chief leader in the movement for throwing off the Roman yoke. At Augsburg, in 1518, he did much to arouse the enmity of the members of the diet to the holy see. He had no interest as yet in Luther or his cause. He looked with contempt upon the whole thing as a mere monk's quarrel. But after the Leipsic debate, perhaps under the influence of his old friend Crotus, he saw that the Wittenberg professor was the most formidable opponent the papacy had yet encountered and thought of him as a possible ally. At the time he was in the service of Archbishop Albert of Mayence and there were difficulties in the way of forming an acquaintance with Luther; but he sent him greetings, and in the spring of 1520, through the intervention of common friends, the two men got into communication with each other, and though only temporary, their friendship, while it lasted, was of great importance for them both. It opened Hutten's eyes to the religious issues involved in the national movement, and Luther's to the importance of that movement for his own cause. Hitherto, while not blind to the economic and social evils of the day, as many passages in his

earlier writings show, Luther's thought was largely occupied with educational and religious questions. Now he began to concern himself with other matters altogether, and to dream of a reformation which should affect every phase of national life.

Hutten's friendship for Luther also brought the reformer the support of many other German noblemen, and gave him a feeling of personal security and independence quite unknown before. In his letters of 1520 he referred frequently

and with great satisfaction to his new allies. Writing to Spalatin in July he said:

I enclose a letter from the Franconian knight, Sylvester Schaumberg, and should be glad, if it is not too much trouble, to have the prince mention it in his communication to the Cardinal of St. George, that they may know, even if they drive me out of Wittenberg, with their detestable attacks, they will accomplish nothing, but will only make their case worse. For now not merely in Bohemia, but in the



From the painting by Lucas Cranach

DUKE GEORGE OF SAXONY

heart of Germany itself, there are those able and willing to protect the exile in spite of them and all their thunders. There is danger that, once under their protection, I shall be much more severe in attacking the Romanists than if I remain under the dominion of the prince, engaged in the work of teaching. This without doubt will occur unless God prevents. I shall not then be obliged to consider the prince, whom I have hitherto respected on many occasions, even when provoked. Let them know that I frequently refrain from attacking them not because of my own modesty or their tyranny or merit, but because of the name and authority of the prince, as well as the

heart of Germany itself, there are those able and willing to protect the exile in spite of them and all their thunders. There is danger that, once under their protection, I shall be much more severe in attacking the Romanists than if I remain under the dominion of the prince, engaged in the work of teaching. This without doubt will occur unless God prevents. I shall not then be obliged to consider the prince, whom I have hitherto respected on many occasions, even when provoked. Let them know that I frequently refrain from attacking them not because of my own modesty or their tyranny or merit, but because of the name and authority of the prince, as well as the

Phil. Melancthon.



From a crayon print by Broom & Co.

PHILIPP MELANCTHON FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY HANS HOLBEIN

common good of the Wittenberg students. As for me, the die is cast. Rome's fury and favor are alike despised. Never will I be reconciled, or commune with her.

Not simply Schaumberg, but also no less a person than Franz von Sickingen, friend and protector of Hutten, and the most powerful and widely feared knight of Germany, offered the reformer an asylum and assured him of his warm interest. Sickingen and Schaumberg, Luther wrote to Spalatin, had freed him altogether from the fear of men.

Under the influence of his newly formed connection with such warriors as these, Luther even went so far as to give expression to sentiments of a decidedly violent sort. In June, referring to a new attack by Prierias, he wrote:

It seems to me, if the fury of the Romanists goes on in this fashion, no remedy is left except for emperor, kings, and princes to arm themselves and attack these pests of the whole world, and settle the affair no longer with words, but with the sword. For what do these lost men, deprived even of

common sense, say? Exactly what was predicted of antichrist, as if we were more irrational than blockheads. If we punish thieves with the halter, brigands with the sword, heretics with fire, why do we not still more attack with every sort of weapon these masters of perdition, these cardinals, these popes, and all this crowd of Roman Sodom, who corrupt the church of God unceasingly? Why do we not bathe our hands in their blood that we may rescue ourselves and our children from this general and most dangerous conflagration?

To be sure, too much should not be made of such utterances. They are exceptional in Luther's writings. As a rule, he earnestly deprecated physical violence and armed revolution. The following winter he declared himself entirely out of sympathy with Hutten's warlike plans, writing to Spalatin:

You see what Hutten desires. I do not wish to battle for the gospel with violence

and murder, and I have written the man to that effect. By the word the world has been conquered and the church preserved, and by the word it will be repaired. Antichrist also, as he began without violence, will without violence be overthrown by the word.

And a little later:

I am without blame, for I have striven to bring it about that the German nobility should check the Romanists, as they are well able to do, with resolutions and edicts, not with the sword. For to attack the unarmed masses of the clergy would be like making war upon women and children.

But in the spring and summer of 1520 he was evidently feeling the influence of his new friends and entering rather recklessly into their warlike ideas. Gradually he steadied himself again and realized that the cause he was interested in would only be hindered by violence and war. Thenceforth he was unalterably opposed to both.

(To be continued)

THE WOOD-DOVE'S NOTE

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

MEADOWS with yellow cowslips all aglow,
 Glory of sunshine on the uplands bare,
 And faint and far, with sweet, elusive flow,
 The wood-dove's plaintive call,
"Oh, where! where! where!"

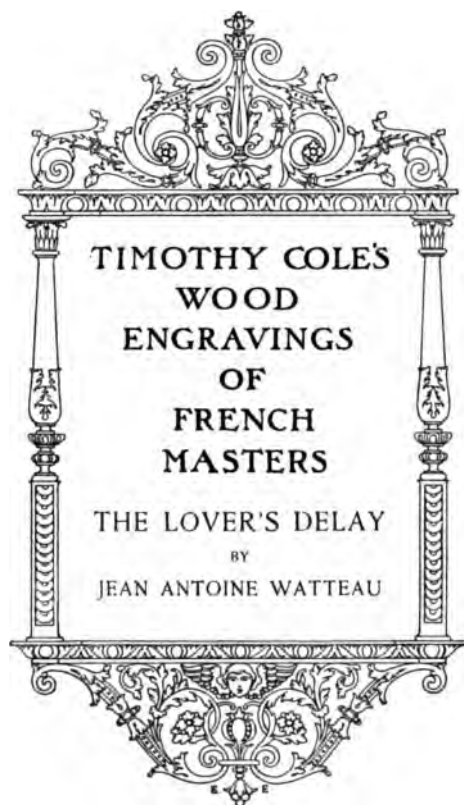
Straight with old Omar in the almond grove,
 From whitening boughs I breathe the odors rare,
 And hear the princess grieving for her love
 With sad, unwearyed plaint,
"Oh, where! where! where!"

New madrigals in each soft, pulsing throat,
 New life upleaping to the brooding air—
 Still the heart answers to that questing note,
*"Soul of the vanished years,
 Oh, where! where! where!"*



From the painting in the Museum of Clantilly

THE LOVER'S DELAY. BY JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU
(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XXII.)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF
FRENCH
MASTERS

THE LOVER'S DELAY
BY
JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU



Author of "Pam," "Our Lady of the Beeches," etc.

THAT birds always sit facing the wind may be due to a dislike they have of ruffled plumage.

Wilmot Herraday was in this respect very much like a bird. To her—she was of Irish ancestry, hence her odd name—anything was better than that the smooth feathers of her mind should be disturbed. Hence her mental attitude which had always, in its apparent inconsistency to her personality, piqued my interest.

In a very beautiful woman, who, I knew, had throughout her girlhood been very much spoiled, her instant confronting of any difficult issue seemed somehow out of drawing. To me, as an ancient student of womankind, it was a source of never-failing surprise, and I had many opportunities of observing the phenomenon; for Herraday's affairs, apparently brilliant when he married, began to go wrong shortly afterward, and their fourth wedding anniversary was spent by him in the Bankruptcy Court. Long before this, of course, their horses had undergone the equine eclipse known as "putting down," the comfortable old house in Manchester Square left for a much smaller one near Buckingham Gate, and later Mrs. Herraday's beauty for some time illumined nothing more imposing than a flat off Victoria Street.

And in all these vicissitudes, I had seen that the bravery of which her friends made so much was not bravery at all, but a mental facing the wind. The poverty was bad enough to make her curl closely within her wings (to carry out the simile), but what would have been, to her, a real ruffling of her plumage was the pity and indignation of her friends, and this pity she had with much skill avoided by smiling into the very teeth of the gale. She it was who put down the carriage, who dismissed, in spirited and rapid succession, the butler, her own maid, and Herraday's valet.

She it was who, one rainy October day, inspected the little house near Buckingham Gate, and then, going on a 'bus to Waterloo Place, told the agents to prepare the lease. And once settled in her new sphere, she it was whose unspoken, but none the less spirited, declaration that the house suited her in some ways even better than the other, actually convinced many people that her come-down in life was to her more or less of a lark. When her baby died, people shook their humane heads. Evidently her loss was not an irreparable one; poor Herraday took it much more hardly than she.

Probably, of all those that knew her (and she would hardly, in these early

days, have called me a friend), I was the only one to guess that all she had of tenderness and softness she had given to the poor little girl who was so soon taken from her. She would not, I guessed, be pitied; far preferable to her was the stigma of heartlessness.

Blows of different kinds rained down on her henceforth in quick succession, and they were all faced in her own way. I, looking on, and gradually coming into the little place in her life that neither she nor I had made the slightest effort to create, as gradually learned to understand the peculiar quality of her courage. We never mentioned it, she and I, until the episode of the Clandon letters, which happened many years later, and which I have set out to relate.

But before this episode occurred many other things, none of them perhaps worthy of individual notice, yet each helping to construct the circumstances in which it, the episode, found us all. To name these small happenings, her beauty, even in her poverty, had proved too potent to allow her living in obscurity, and after a brief period of quiet, she again began going into the world, wearing, she told me, absurdly old frocks, and looking in them, I told her, absurdly lovely. She was never vain, and I really believe cared as little for her social furore as any woman could possibly have done. Her ambition lay in quite another direction.

Herraday was fairly well born, but not at all what he called a "swell." His use of the word, in a serious way, as if it were a degree of rank, explains him well enough. He was in the city, something connected with foreign commerce, but more or less a banking affair, and he knew many men of his own standing, as well, of course, as many slightly above his own position.

When Englishmen are forced to cease knowing those slightly above their own position, society in these isles will have ceased to be.

But as it happened, one of his sisters had married a baronet of great wealth and ancient name, and through these Powyses, Mrs. Herraday was known and admired by many people. During the middle period of her social brilliance (of which Herraday was rather pleasingly proud) I saw little of them. But the period was a short

one, lasting only about two years. During that time they went for a week-end to the castle or hall of one of the most youthful dukes, and Herraday never forgot having his shooting-boots filled with turtle-soup by his host and others of the aristocracy. She was less impressed.

The brilliant period came to an untimely end through the suicide of Mrs. Herraday's only brother, and then it was my turn.

Herraday's affairs at the time seemed rather better, and in the summer we all went over to a small place on the French coast and swam and loafed together very comfortably, while I continued my studies of Mrs. Herraday's character.

It was while we were thus holidaying that I received my promotion to the use of her pretty Christian name.

"I can't very well call you Bill," she said, when in return I offered her the use of my unromantic baptismal gift, "but I will call you March, as Jim does."

My name is Marchington, so March is in my case a kind of nickname.

When the small house had in its turn to be given up, it was to me she turned to advise about the necessary flat, and it was I who with her explored what seemed miles of these home-substitutes, and finally found one that comparatively pleased her.

Poor Herraday was now too depressed to do more than put the reins entirely in her hands and allow her to drive whither-soe'er she would. The flat was horrible, of course, but it had a roof, and that, she said, laughing, was something. Herraday after a bit began to pick up again, but he would not make even a pretense of being glad to see people, and that being the case, it follows, of course, that people soon began to forget him.

It was a year, too, of several new beauties, so that after a few efforts on the part of her friends Wilmot was allowed to sink quietly into that limbo whither the unsuccessful inevitably drift. The Powyses were the first to accept her wish for neglect.

And still she turned her face to the wind.

I went to Australia the following winter, and one thing out there leading to another, I stayed on and on, drifting to India, and thence to Japan, and finally

reached London after more than two years' absence.

It was in November, and the first thing I did after a bath and a meal, was to telephone Wilmot Herraday to ask if I might come to see her.

An hour later I stood in her drawing-room,—now a very spacious and delightful one, in Queen Anne's Gate.

I had, of course, kept in touch with her during my absence, and I knew the main facts bearing on her life. She herself had written to me, over a year before, of Herraday's final smash and defalcation. The papers were more explicit, of course, and I had been very indignant at the misery into which his cowardice had plunged his brave wife. But I had not dared epistolarily, as I now did not verbally, to commiserate with her.

While I was in India, I had heard indirectly of his death, and my relief at his having been removed by an accident attributable apparently only to the hand of God, had been very decidedly mixed with satisfaction, as to his definite departure from a world where he had been such a failure.

Now, as Wilmot and I shook hands, I said simply, "I am so sorry for it all," and she answered with a little sigh of relief, "I know you are. Now—let me tell you about—*this*," waving her hand at her new splendors.

It was years before we mentioned Jim Herraday again, beyond an occasional reference, in relation to something long past, to poor old Jim.

I had no wish to ruffle her plumage.

But she was, I found, more talkative than of old, and gave me many details as to the death of an almost unknown uncle of Jim's who, a short time before, had left his very comforting fortune to her, "because she had been brave." There was a little place in Berkshire, I learned, as well as this house, and there was, besides, over two thousand a year, so that in a small way she was rich.

It was delightful hearing, and I was expressing my joy when the servant-maid ushered in, in a way that showed me that the visitor was not a rare one, "Mr. Clandon, Madame."

I had never seen him before, and I never saw him again, but I naturally remember him very well indeed. It was

just two years before his death, so he was fifty-two. Every one knows his face, if only from his pictures, but to me, the little bronze bust by Aileen Duncan is far more like him than any of his famous portraits.

I studied his thin face carefully during the short half-hour I sat in reverential silence, watching him drink his tea—he took it, gourmets to the contrary, in despite, with both sugar and milk. He refused the cream I offered him, and then addressed his only remark to me.

"Nothing could improve Mrs. Herraday's tea," he said, with the little smile that revealed his lower teeth.

He and Wilmot were, I saw, on intimate terms, so I shortly took my leave. As I left the room I distinctly heard him say:

"Well, I have the new chapters for you—"

I went off, in my surprise, without my umbrella, and had to come back for it, as rain had set in.

Wilmot Herraday as Godfrey Clandon's Egeria! The idea was almost too much for my mental digestion. It was too amazing. Much as I liked her, much as I had always enjoyed her mind, it seemed to me almost ridiculous. I had long known her ambition, "to know worth-while people," but it had been ambition like that of a boy at the Zoo to know the lion behind the bars. Strong and high had been the bars, hitherto between even the smaller kings of the desert and Jim Herraday's wife—and yet, behold, here was the greatest roarer of them all, eating tea-cake from her hand! It was amazing.

I went to my club and going into the library got down several of his novels and looked into them. I suppose that no one now since his death, disputes his claim (made for, not by him—for the man never made any claim whatsoever) to being the greatest English novelist of his century. I had, of course, read all the books, and as I dipped into their pages that rainy evening in November, some of the phrases brought back to me with a poignancy that was nearly painful, the delight I had felt years ago when just making their acquaintance.

"Beverley" is perhaps still my favorite because of the exquisite loveliness of its

heroine, Grace Powell, but there is in "The Valletorts" a splendor of style which, never degenerating into the ornate, has a peculiar charm for me, and then—"Paola,"—dear, naughty, sorry Paola, with her gray parrot and her twinkling brown feet!

And the man who wrote these things, the man who had been any time the last fifteen years England's greatest literary glory, had brought his new chapters to be read by—Wilmot Herraday!

"Hello, Marchington, what are you doing? Trying to read six—seven—books at once?"

I looked up. It was Kearney Blake, the stained-glass man.

"I have just met Clandon," I answered, amused by a little feeling of vanity that sprang up in my heart as I spoke, "so I was looking into his books again."

"Wonderful chap, Clandon. Let me see, what was it I heard about him the other day? Oh, yes, going to marry somebody—who was it now? Oh, yes, I know, poor old Jim Herraday's widow."

He bustled out and I remained for some time nearly as still as if some one had had me skilfully stuffed for an ornament to the library. Clandon going to marry Wilmot Herraday!

No, I could not believe it.

I believed it so little that the very next day I asked her. To my surprise she did not answer at once but remained, after a little start, gazing at her folded hands.

At last she said, softly, "No, March, old friend,—I am not going to marry Mr. Clandon."

She spoke in the gentlest way, yet I could not, somehow, say any more. Little by little, however, as time went on, I learned more about her friendship with the great man. She was naturally proud of it, and I liked her way of expressing her pride. She had met him at a tea or something at the Grafton Gallery, and then, a few days later, fate had thrown them together as they both came out of the Queen's Hall after an afternoon concert of some kind. It was pouring, a devastating rain that had emptied the streets of cabs so that the two were obliged to wait in the doorway for nearly ten minutes.

"Then only *one* came, so he drove me home—and that's the beginning."

"But—did he take a great fancy to you, or was it—your literary tastes that drew you together?" I asked, not without secret malice.

She gazed at me, innocent of understanding. "I am not literary at all, March,—as you ought to know. But I had read his books, and—"

"Told him which was your favorite, and why?"

At this she glanced suspiciously at me. "You are being nasty," she said, serenely. "No, I had no such—cheek. I—will tell you the truth," she added, simply; "he just seemed to like me, and, of course, I did my very best to please him. He is very fond of sweet things with his tea, and there is a French shop near Soho Square where one gets the *loveliest* puffy cakes filled with a kind of custard flavored with lemon. He eats any amount of them."

It was guile, but too instinctive to be disapproved; as well disapprove of the color of her hair.

"Then little by little," she went on, "he began talking of his work. He is not married, you know,—he lives in rooms in St. James's Place,—and he likes to talk. I think, as he does so his own characters become more clear to him. And I—I never interrupt."

I went away flattering myself that I held the key to the enigma. She gave him the lemon cakes he loved and she let him talk shop, and—best of all, she never interrupted. I made up my mind to see something of him, if I could. I, too, could listen and refrain from interruption. But it was only a month or so after this that he caught his now historic chill at Windsor, and, as every one knows, he was, after his subsequent illness, never again quite well.

"He comes every week, every Thursday to dinner, and stays till half-past eleven," Mrs. Herraday informed me; "but only on one condition: that no one else shall be let in."

So I was done for.

Only once, and that once a year later, on his return from Majorca, where he vainly believed himself to have recaptured his lost health, did he consent to meet some of her friends at dinner. I was asked, and I believe her pleasure in my pleasure to have been keen, but the very

morning of the great event I slipped over a dust-pan on my landing and broke a small bone in my instep, a mishap that laid me up for weeks.

Mrs. Herraday came to see me, bringing a pot of hyacinths (a flower I detest), and told me about the dinner. Apparently it had been an occasion of great brilliancy.

"He talked—oh, March, he talked all the time," she declared, a spot of red in either cheek, "and every one listened as if he had been—well, I don't know what!"

"How does he look?"

"Oh, well, very delicate. And I fear he's not so well as he had hoped, for he has written to say he can't come to-night—it's Thursday, you know. I am so sorry you were n't there."

"What did you wear?" I queried, trying not to smell the hyacinths, which really produce a queer little pain in my nose.

She laughed, raising her beautifully clear black eyebrows. "How funny! Well, I wore white. A new frock, very smart, and—violets that Mr. Clandon sent me."

"Instead of my roses," I said, exaggerating the slight peevishness I really felt.

"Ah, well—but, March, he was there and you were n't! Besides," she added, truthfully, "I was so proud of the violets."

As the spring—the second after my return home—went the way of all lovely things, Clandon's condition gave more and more cause for alarm. He took a house on the Norfolk coast and did not come to town till the following October.

Wilmot wrote me three times from Hereford Head, where she was apparently installed indefinitely, and her letters were very sad, though very important.

It appeared that a sister of Clandon's was there, and a couple of hospital nurses.

"I am not allowed to be very useful," she said, "but he likes me to be there, and I read to him and sometimes sing. He is very weak."

Another time she told me, "He has let me see many of his unpublished manuscripts. Some of them are very wonderful, and should certainly be published."

This amused me. That she should be the judge as to which of Godfrey Clandon's works deserved publication caused

me a mirth that I fear was not altogether kindly.

I saw her a few days after their return, and I at once became aware that she had now identified herself with the moribund lion to a quite remarkable degree.

"We have come to see Sir Wilfred Pye"; "We are staying only a few days"; "We have to see Clinton and Protheroe." These were some of her phrases—Clinton and Protheroe being, of course, Clandon's publishers. But before they could get away to the south of France, death came, as all the world knows, very quietly, and the partnership, so incomprehensible to me, was dissolved.

I was in Paris at the time, and drew my information about the funeral, from the press.

The fuss about whether or no he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, where, to my mind, such distinguished ashes certainly should have been placed was, of course, cut short by the declaration of Miss Clandon, his only surviving relative, that by his own wish he was to be buried at Breezing-under-Hill in Essex, where he was born.

So to Breezing-under-Hill he was carried and laid to rest. I am told, that on the strength of this fact, three new inns have been built, and have prospered in that remote village.

I know that Mrs. Herraday went to the funeral with Miss Clandon, and that His Majesty's representative was Sir Claude Witherspoon; that the Prime Minister went in person; that wreaths were sent from several hundred distinguished people, including a very fine one from the French Academy.

I also read Swinburne's splendid swinging ode and Kipling's rough, spirited, neat verses that appeared in the "Times," and thrilled to the marrow (in the way that is a secret of Kipling's) every one who read them.

The nation really mourned her great man and her mourning was, whether it is so as a rule, or not, dignified and timely.

But to me, Wilmot Herraday was naturally of the greatest interest, and I was, on my return to town, extremely disappointed to find that she had left England for an extended stay in Sicily with Miss Clandon.

"Mrs. James Herraday," one of the

weekly papers informed me, "for many years a close friend of the late Godfrey Clandon, and whose health has been somewhat injured by her close attendance on him during his fatal illness, has gone to Sicily with Miss Clandon, the great novelist's sister, for a long stay. It is the wish of her many friends," etc.

Now, the episode to which I have alluded, and which I have called, "The Episode of the Clandon Letters," did not come to pass until seven years after Clandon's death. During those seven years, I saw, for several reasons, rather less of Mrs. Herraday than heretofore.

For one thing, I had in the interim married, and my wife and she had taken to each other one of those inexplicable dislikes any attempt to uproot which can cause only disaster to him who makes it.

My wife, who is shrewd, at once declared that Mrs. Herraday was a humbug, and this naturally I resented. It was not the right word.

"She knows nothing about books," Maud declared, firmly; "and you know it, Bill Marchington."

This much I was willing to admit.

"And yet—to hear her go on about 'The Valletorts' the other night—one would have thought she 'd written the book herself."

This, alas, I could not deny. My friend's pretensions to literary knowledge, through the friendship with Clandon, had not escaped me.

"She has so often discussed his books with him," I said, feebly.

"Fiddlesticks! She thought Gambetta had been a friend of Cavour's and worn a red shirt! He never told her that!"

This lamentable mixing up of two eminent men, I had not observed, but Maud is truthful, even when angry.

"And the way she went on about his unpublished poetry—why it was perfectly ridiculous! I call her pretentious and false—battening on a dead man's reputation."

"Battening," as a word, has always impressed me, just as "deleterious" does,—and some others. I said no more, and we did not invite Mrs. Herraday to meet Sir William Kershaw, the new president of the R.A., Maud's uncle. There was never an open quarrel, it must be understood. I still went occasionally to the

charming house in Queen Anne's Gate, and more seldom Mrs. Herraday partook of one of our grandest dinners, or we, in exchange, of one of hers.

But the old intimacy was painlessly dying when the episode to which I have so often alluded, and to which I have, I fear, been so needlessly slow in approaching, at length occurred.

It was in May, and rumors had for some time been rife that a *Life of Godfrey Clandon* was about to be published. I knew that Vincent Cave was writing it, but my knowledge went no further. Cave was, of course, the man to whom the work should have been intrusted, and besides his skill in biography, he was further equipped by what appeared to be a fairly comprehensive personal acquaintance with Clandon.

They had been at Cambridge together, and on the occasion of the Spanish visit (so valuable as the origin of "Paola"), Cave had been with the novelist.

The book was reported to be nearly finished, then to be in the publishers' hands, then came a crushing report that Cave was at a standstill, owing to a sudden hiatus in his material.

I was very busy at the time, but I heard the rumors, and wondered. Then one day I met Cave in a motor bus, and asked him about his work.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I am at a standstill. I have come across a mystery."

"Dear me! But how excellent! What could be better? I should have said, from the little I knew of Clandon, that exactly the lack of mystery would prove to be your stumbling-block."

"H'm. Well, so did I. I mean to say, that's what I used to think. But we are wrong. Have you ever heard that he had a love-story, Marchington?"

I had not, and said so.

Cave stared ahead of him, his eyes vague, in the peculiar way of eyes that see more than other people's.

"Exactly. And yet—he had. I have found a bundle of letters—his own letters—written to some woman—that are about the finest things I have ever read."

"But what, then," I cried, "what could be better? You will publish them, of course. Any woman would be proud—that is to say, of course, unless—"

Cave laughed. "Oh, no, it seems to have been all right in that way. A most respectable, legitimate love, one would say. They must have been engaged at the time—there's no date— But the deuce is, we can't find out to whom they were written!"

"Paper old?" I asked. "Ink faded?"

"No. It's thick, rough paper, quite unyellowed, and the ink is not faded at all. The letters contain no reference to current events, or even to his work. That makes me think that he must have been very deeply in love."

It looked so to me, and I went my way when we parted, nearly as interested as Cave.

Suddenly—it was in the Strand, I remember—I thought of Wilmot Herraday. She might know. It was highly probable that Clandon had confided in her. She was just the type of woman in whom men do confide.

I wrote a note to Vincent Cave that evening and told him of my great idea. He sent me a line of thanks—type-written—and I thought no more of the matter for several days.

Then I had another letter from him—written, this one, by his own nervous hand. "The most wonderful thing has happened! I was on the point of going to see Mrs. Herraday when I found two notes from her, sent to him some time ago. They were on indifferent subjects, but in one she said, 'But I fear I am not at all like the lovely princess Fleur Blanche!' Marchington! Fleur Blanche is the only name he ever used in the mad, delightful, wonderful love-letters! So it is quite established that the letters were written to her."

This was news indeed. So after all, Clandon had loved her. And, after all, why not? She was even now beautiful, and nine years before, her beauty had been marvelous. I wondered why she had not married him. However, it was no business of mine.

A few days later, I called and found her alone. She was now about forty, and there were streaks of white in her glossy dark hair and certain lines on her face, but her beauty had not faded; it had, as great beauty has the immeasurable advantage of doing, only changed a little in character.

She was dressed in deep purple, a color

that in its sober splendor became her well, and it was pleasant to see that she made no effort to combat the coming of middle-age. A beautiful dignified woman, full of a certain restful charm.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, taking my hand kindly in hers. "It has been long—"

I sat down and in the pleasant flower-scented dusk, we began to talk.

"Mr. Cave has written me that you had advised him to come to me," she said, after a while.

"Yes. You—did not mind?"

"No. He is coming to-morrow. So you know what he wants, March?"

"Yes."

"It—is about some letters. They are," she added, "very beautiful. He calls them the letters of Fleur Blanche."

"I know. It is a beautiful name."

"I remember," she said, "when he wrote the first one. I was at Margate, with Flossie's poor little girl, you remember. And I read it on the sands. That sounds very crowded, but it was n't, for it was in February, and besides, every one but me was at dinner. I can remember—" she hesitated for a minute and then went on, one would have said almost reverently—"just how the sky looked and the sea. It was the most wonderful letter I had ever read. I think I once mentioned them to you, did n't I, March?"

"Them?"

"The Fleur Blanche letters. Oh, no, it was Edmond Greer I read one to—"

I stared. It sounded very cold-blooded. "But why show it to Edmond Greer?"

"Because he was so interested in—well, there's no harm in my telling you now, poor fellow, that he wanted to marry me, and I could n't convince him that I did n't wish to. He nearly drove me mad, until I told him about Mr. Clandon—of course, no one in my position could think of marrying poor Edmond—"

"Quite so," I agreed promptly. "Well, may I, as an old friend, ask, are you going to do as Cave wishes?"

She smiled. "But I don't yet know what he does wish!"

So far as I can remember I am transcribing our conversation word for word. The reader is begged to note this.

"You must be able to make a pretty good guess."

"You mean he wants to publish the letters? And—tell the whole story? Well—why not? I am extremely proud of it."

"Then why," I asked, "did you not do it?"

She rose, and stood looking down at me, a little line between her eyebrows.

"I—I tried, but—I simply was n't up to it. Oh, how I tried!"

I always try to admire humility, and I always fail. "Bosh!" I said, rudely, when I was quite clear that in this instance I had failed as usual.

"No, it was n't bosh, March. When he first proposed it, I thought I could. Naturally I was hugely flattered—and then, as time went on, I found I simply could n't. Oh, believe me, even he came to see that my efforts were—grotesque."

I began to make some reply when we were interrupted by another caller, and chances were such that I did not see her again for months.

But Vincent Cave I saw the following week, and he gave me a very circumstantial account of their interview.

"I began in the middle," he said; "it's the only way. 'Mrs. Herraday,' I said, 'I have found a bundle of letters written by Clandon to some lady. They are magnificent letters, and they were sent to you.'"

"'How do you know that?' she asked me.

"'Internal evidence. Now I wish my biography of Clandon to be the finest I have ever done. And I want you to help me. Will you?'"

"'Yes. I will do anything I can,' she answered.

"Then I went on without making any more bones about it, 'May I publish these letters?'"

"She stood looking at me for a moment, and at last said, slowly, 'Yes, I don't see why they should n't be published.'"

"Then you embraced her, knocked over the piano as you passed, and ran bare-headed back to South Kensington to your study," I interjected.

"No, I did n't. I simply struck while the iron was hot. I said, 'I am very glad that you are capable of realizing the importance of the letters—that such things belong to the world, not only to one woman.' She did say that they belonged to her, but that was, of course, natural.

Then I went on: 'And, of course, I may publish your name, too?'"

He broke off speaking, adding, after a minute, "She has the most beautiful nuque I ever saw."

"Oh, bother her nuque! What did she say?"

"I won't bother her nuque! She was looking down so I saw it well. Luckily she wore no collar. Oh, say? She said yes, that I might publish her name too. Quite simply, like that. A wonderful woman. No wonder Clandon loved her. I'd love her myself if I was n't so infernally busy."

I was surprised by his news. I had expected something different; I hardly knew what.

It was all very well to allow the letters to be published, although if she had been my sister, I should have felt her consent to imply a certain regrettable lack of delicacy; but that any woman could let her name come out in connection with such letters, shocked me very much.

Poor Clandon, how he would have hated it, I thought, when Cave had left me alone in my library. And then, rather sadly, for I had thought better things of her, I came to the conclusion that it was her old weakness for knowing worth-while people that was at the bottom of it all.

She would, of course, by her consent to having her name published, achieve a certain distinction as the woman Clandon loved. The book was certain to create an immense excitement in the literary world, and she, even while disapproved of by people of taste, would yet become an object of great curiosity.

"Through this poor great man's weakness for her," I thought, "she will become, in a way, famous. She will meet more 'worth-while people,' Heaven save the mark!"

And I thought unkind things of her.

If she had not been ill that summer I might probably, for the sake of the old days, have attempted to make her see things in their true light, but some one told me shortly after my talk with Cave that she had typhoid fever and was in a nursing home. Where this nursing home was, I could not find out, although, I am glad to say, I conscientiously tried.

Her house was closed, my letters remained unanswered, and by a curious fa-

tality, her old doctor had died a month before, so that I did not know whither to turn for news.

When at last I saw in "The Onlooker" that Mrs. James Herraday, whom, rumor had it, Godfrey Clandon had wished to marry, was now at Bognor recovering from the effects of her recent severe illness, it was mid-August.

I went down one Sunday morning and found her comfortably installed at the Norfolk, and apparently in possession of a perfectly candid conscience.

She looked so delicate, so diaphanous after her long seclusion, that my heart smote me.

How could I scold her? If she did not see the strange indelicacy of what she was doing, could I make her? She was glad to see me, and told me about her illness with the pride of the recently-snatched-from-death.

I explained why I had made no sign; she forgave me, and then she said, suddenly: "I am so interested in the book! I am to see the galley proofs to-morrow. They came last week. Is n't it kind of Mr. Cave?"

I grunted something in return.

"I think," she went on, sniffing luxuriously at the flowers I had brought her, "that the day that book is published will be the proudest of my life."

I went to the window. The fact that her beautiful hair had been cropped close and was now coming in nearly quite white seemed to make my intended task more nearly impossible than ever.

"So you are proud of it," I said, clearing my throat.

She laughed. "I am. Is it very silly? Oh, March, remember how I always wanted to know worth—"

I interrupted her. "Oh, yes, I remember!"

"Well, and then when it came, think what it meant when I knew the best worth-while of all—and not only knew him but was—well, his best friend for his last four years! It is enough to make me proud."

I had simply no heart to scold her. After all, she had never been clever, or possessed of great understanding, and yet I had been very fond of her. I would still be fond of her, and as she was, not as I would wish to have her.

Her nurse's manner confirmed me in the wisdom of my resolve. The nurse gave her a glass of tonic wine and then felt her pulse, her serious eyes fixed on her watch. I could see that the woman was still taking care of my friend; that she still needed care.

So I said no more, and we parted very cordially.

The book was announced for November 1, and Clinton and Protheroe were advertising it very skilfully, whetting the appetite of the public with a clever, occasional paragraph hinting that the volume contained hitherto unpublished facts about Clandon that would prove very interesting. People were really looking forward to the book, and Cave was in high feather.

Then one day in September, I met Mrs. Herraday in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. She looked desperately ill, and seemed in a great hurry. She was, she told me, on her way to Clinton and Protheroe's.

"I—it's about the book," she said, "I—I was n't able to read the proofs after all, until last week. And—I have come up to town on purpose to see the publishers."

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"No—yes—that is, I don't quite like the way some of it is done. One or two changes—"

A mood of pitilessness came over me. "My dear Wilmot," I said, walking on beside her; "it's too late to back out now. It would cost a fortune to change the book. It's set up by this time. You should have reflected before, whether you wished poor Clandon's secret to be published—"

She turned and looked at me. "Oh, that's what you think!" she said, coldly. "I wonder you did n't tell me before!"

"My dear friend, you were ill—"

"My dear Mr. Marchington, if you understood, I cannot think you have been a friend to me," she said, flushing. "I will go on alone, please."

I had no alternative but to turn down the street, to the corner of which we had come. She was behaving like an idiot, of course, but, after all, had I behaved quite like a friend?

It was Cave who, meeting Mrs. Herraday by chance at the very door of Clin-

ton and Protheroe's, brought her, as he said, to reason.

"I began at once—in the middle," he told me, "did n't let her talk at all. Told her that the book was in the press at that very moment and could be changed only at huge expense; reminded her how interested every one would be to know that it was she whom Clandon had loved; how many people she would meet when she was the celebrity she deserved to be; how beautifully clear the letters made the exact nature of his friendship—that she had, in short, rejected the greatest novelist of his century—in short *toute la lyre!*"

"You played on her feelings abominably," I grumbled. "I am ashamed of myself for not having made her see long ago how it was going to look."

"Rot!" Cave stood still for a moment in the failing sunshine as I hailed a cab, the practical modern look fading, as the sun faded from his face, leaving in its place its old expression of dreamy-far-seeingness. "You may say what you like, Marchington," he murmured, "it is a thing for any woman to be proud of—to have been loved—and like that—by Godfrey Clandon."

I next met her at a big dinner at the Willy Protheroes—a dinner given, I gathered, in honor of the publication of the book. Cave was there; and Raynham with his wife; and Archer, R.A.; a very important Shaksperian actor; a duke and duchess, and several minor folk, all joined, or assumed to be joined, together by the bond of their admiration for Clandon. I had glanced through the book that day, and I must say I greatly admired Cave's work. Greater delicacy could hardly have been found than that with which he approached the subject of the great man's love. What he said hardly filled a page—he allowed the letters to tell their own story—but what he *did* say was more than clever, it was beautiful.

He had moreover indicated Mrs. Herraday by her initials only, referring to her as a lady esteemed as much for her mental and moral qualities as for her great beauty, and mentioning the drawing-room in her house in Queen Anne's Gate where Clandon had passed so many of the happiest hours of his lonely life.

Of course every one knew who she was, and her pictures, Cave told me, had with

difficulty been kept out of the illustrated papers; but, at the same time, I was obliged to admit that her publicity was of a delicate and rather beautiful kind.

She looked very well that evening. She wore black velvet, and her silvery hair, now clustering in close, soft curls all over her head, lent her a quaint look of travesty. Several people, my wife told me, thought it was powdered.

She treated me very coldly at first, hardly looking at me during dinner, but I watched her closely, and was forced to admit that she carried off the strange situation very gracefully. She reminded me, in fact, of a rare flower of some sort, to see which all these people had come. They talked and politely discussed her, but her serenity was undisturbed.

Some one toward the end of dinner made a rambling, not very tactful, speech, in which he referred to her, praising what he was pleased to call her public-spiritedness. When he had sat down, Willy Protheroe said to her: "That does n't seem to me to be the word, Mrs. Herraday."

She smiled at him. "No. 'Pride' would be better. I am very proud indeed, Mr. Protheroe."

And after all, in spite of my forebodings, no one seemed to take great exception to what she had done.

Her way of doing it, added to Cave's inexplicable gracefulness of style, may have been enough to disarm the criticism of most people, but whatever it was she was to my amazement freely forgiven even by those who had at first resented her act.

She was very beautiful, remember, and very simple. She had no irritating airs to set the women against her, and she was silent enough on most occasions to allow them the comfort of calling her dull.

However all these things may be, it is a fact that after the publication of the book her popularity was increased a hundredfold, and the "worth-while" of all London welcomed her to their houses.

I made my peace with her after a time by writing and saying just that I was sorry. She was glad, for she is fond of her old friends, and never even asked me what I was sorry for, but invited us to dine to meet a very particularly fine assortment of "worth-whiles" of all kinds.

Throughout the winter she was very

gay, in the way she loved, and such is the force of habit, two more novelists and a minor poet fell in love with her without making the vestige of an attempt to conceal it!

But Maud and I, not being great or beloved of the great, saw little of her. We heard from time to time that she was entertaining such and such a great man at dinner, or had dined at such and such a house. She was, we knew, painted by a very celebrated Academician, and was to be hung on the line at Burlington House, but we saw her very seldom.

When the time came, I went to see the picture.

It represented her, dressed in black velvet and ermine—when I had known her well, she had no ermine—coming down a marble staircase that could have found room in no house in London that I ever saw. But then there are London houses that I have not seen.

She looked six feet tall in the portrait, whereas she was about five feet seven. But that does n't matter, perhaps, when the painting is as fine as no one can deny this to be.

It would, of course, be preposterous to pretend that Lady Grizel Hay presented her at Court because Godfrey Clandon had wanted to marry her, but the one fact certainly had some bearing on the other. She was presented at the second Court that spring, and shortly afterward bought her motor.

It was a small one and painted a very demure dark green, but these modest facts did not appreciably modify the ire raised in some quarters by her purchase. Even nice women may be cats at times.

Where she went in the summer I do not know, but in October, when it all happened, she was back in Queen Anne's Gate. I was, I am, fond of Wilmot Herraday, as I trust I have already proved. But I cannot find it in my heart to regret that I was present at the great scene with Mrs. Pegram.

WE were sitting in her library that afternoon and she had just shown me some books she had picked up in Paris. That she should be picking up books at all was very amusing, but her choice was to me quite delightfully absurd. I was examining them with great gravity when the

maid came to tell her that a person wished to see, nay, insisted on seeing her.

"A person, Plover?"

"Yes, Madame," Plover was quite sure that the person *was* a person.

"Then tell him I am engaged."

"It 's a—woman, Madame, and she says she must see you. It 's something lit'ry, Madame, I think."

Mrs. Herraday at once became subtly, wordlessly, a patron of letters. "Ah, then perhaps—you don't mind, March?"

Anticipating more delight and really enjoying my friend's enjoyment of her own situation, I assured her that I minded nothing short of being sent tea-less away, and Plover retired.

The person proved, a minute later, to be a shabby, tired-looking woman of fifty or thereabouts, with hollow, tear-worn eyes, and the remains of a certain kind of good looks.

She reminded me, in a way I cannot quite define, of the ruin of a once beautiful building,—and, also, vaguely, I wished that ivy of some kind had draped the ugliness of her decay.

She wore decent enough black garments; indeed she bore no striking marks of poverty; but there was misery of some kind written all over her.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Wilmot Herraday in her gentle voice. But the woman remained standing, her hands, encased in new black thread gloves, folded on her stomach, which was high.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Madam," she said decently. "I have thought a lot about it—"

"You are not disturbing me if I can be of any use to you," returned Wilmot. "Please sit down, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Pegram. It was my name when —when we first met," answered the other, still with her air of decency; "and I never changed it."

"When you met whom?" asked Wilmot, pleasantly, but glancing at me as if she expected to be amused.

"Him," Mrs. Pegram said, pressing her hands to her lips for a second, as if to steady them, "Clandon."

If she had said Julius Cæsar we could not, for the moment, have thought her more mad.

"Clandon!" I ejaculated, coming a little nearer to Wilmot.

The woman noticed my movement and smiled, a strange, weary, patient little smile.

"You need n't be afraid, sir," she said. "I am not going to do any one any harm. I don't want anything, either. That is to say, I don't want money."

"But what do you want? And what do you mean by talking about Mr. Clandon?" Mrs. Herraday walked, as she spoke, away from me, and toward the strange woman by the door. "I am not afraid,—only I don't understand."

"That," Mrs. Pegram replied, immovably, "is only to be expected."

Wilmot told me later that her first idea had been that Mrs. Pegram must have at some time served Clandon in some menial capacity. Such a thought did not occur to me. I don't think I definitely thought anything, but I most certainly knew that something amazing was about to happen.

"Sit down, Wilmot," I said, and she obeyed me. "Mrs. Herraday has just recovered from a serious illness," I said, "and is not yet very strong. Now,—what is it?"

"It 's this, then, sir. It 's the book. Miss Clandon herself sent it to me. She was always very kind to me—kinder than could have been expected. She 'ad the publisher send it, and then (when she had read it, I suppose) wrote and told me not to read it, that there was a mistake of some kind. Of course," she added in the same voice, "I read it. It 's a lovely book and all perfectly true except the one thing."

I saw that Wilmot had changed color, and sat huddled queerly in her chair.

"Well, go on," I said, sharply, "and try to be clear."

"I am very clear, sir. Why, I 'm that clear—" she broke off, as if in admiration of her own unqualified clarity, but hurried on as I was about to speak again.

"The Fleur Blanche letters, it is," she said. "The gentleman says they were written to 'er,—to Mrs. Herraday. And that is why I 've come. You see, sir, it is n't fair to the children."

"To whom? To what children?"

"To his, sir. Clandon's—and mine. Godfrey is twenty now and Grace Powell is eighteen. Little Geraldine is—"

I rose and went close to her. "All this is no business of ours, Mrs. Pegram," I

said, "and you are only distressing Mrs. Herraday. What is it you have come for? Please tell me in as few words as possible."

"Yes, sir," she answered, submissively. "I am sorry to 'ave upset Mrs. Herraday. I know it 's all a mistake. But for the children's sake—"

"Yes," I urged her, glancing at Wilmot, who now sat bolt upright in her chair, and was listening eagerly, "you see Mrs. Herraday has no possible interest in the children—"

"Oh, but I have, March," she called out in a queer little high voice, "if I can help them. Can I help them, Mrs. Pegram?"

Mrs. Pegram shook her head with a certain dignity. "No, Madam, thank you. We have plenty of money. It 's—it 's the other thing, you see. Clandon was always very good to us, and that fond of the children. Miss Clandon can tell you—but that must n't be taken from us. Oh, ma'am," she hurried on, clasping her hands in their large wrinkled gloves in a very piteous way I shall never forget, "not that!"

"Mrs. Herraday will take nothing from them," I said, gently, "only you must explain. We do not quite understand. What do you fear may be taken from your children?"

The poor creature looked fearfully at me for a minute and then burst out in full spate. "That, sir,—that though 'e never married me, I was a respectable woman, and that he loved me. It 's in his letters—in dozens; I 've got them all, every line 'e ever wrote me. That it was me he loved. And he did, sir, he did; though it 's hard to believe now; he did, indeed!"

Somehow, as she spoke, it seemed suddenly, to me, not so hard to believe. The bones of her face were well placed, her eyes, even now, large and of a lustrous brown. So he had loved her!

"And when Godfrey read that in the book, he—he said things to me, sir. 'E hurt me. They had always believed it before—but that made it seem—oh, I can't explain it, sir; but it was awful!"

"I think I see," I said, slowly, "but the letters were to Mrs. Herraday, you know."

Mrs. Pegram glanced hurriedly at Wilmot, and then turned once more to me.

"No, sir, not the Fleur Blanche letters; he wrote them five-and-twenty years ago, —to me."

It should have been utterly ridiculous, but for some reason it was n't. For my part, I never doubted the absolute truth of everything she said.

"To you?"

"Yes, sir. You may laugh if you like, but it 's true. We were going to be married, you see, and then 'e lost his money—that 's in the book all right, and I 'ad n't a penny. It was while 'e was at Cambridge, that was. It was his guardian's fault. So he 'ad to leave, and go to work, and my father died and I had to work. I came up to London, sir, and was in a shop in Notting 'Ill. Nobody would buy his things at first, and at last he got ill. He was all alone in the world, sir," she pleaded, "of course, I went to nurse 'im—"

"Of course you did," I assented, heartily, "and of course, when he was better, you stayed."

"Yes, sir," she assented, her sunken eyes full of gratitude. "And then quite suddenly, 'Hesleydale' made a big hit, and—it was all changed. His cousins turned up that lived in Eaton Place, and he met people and they all spoiled 'im—not that 'e ever was spoiled," she added, loyally. I liked Mrs. Pegram.

"Then 'e wrote 'The Valletorts' and—well, of course 'e could n't marry me then. I understood, quite. Godfrey was born a little while afterward,—he was very pleased. Oh, he loved me," she added, proudly.

"He should have married you," declared Mrs. Herraday, suddenly, coming to where I stood and passing her hand through my arm.

The other woman looked at her quietly. "Perhaps, Madam," she said, always in her deferential way, "you don't quite understand."

"Never mind that," I interrupted. "Go on with your story, Mrs. Pegram; we are very much interested."

"Yes, sir. Well,—I was pretty then—I brought you my picture to show you,"—fumbling under her cloak, she produced a faded morocco case, which she handed to me. She had, indeed, been pretty, poor soul, and better than pretty. I could see her in her youth, the brave sharer of Clan-

don's poverty, the heroic retiree from his glories.

"Surely he wished to marry you?" I asked, romantically.

"Yes, sir. After Godfrey came he did his best. But—I thought it best for him to remain free. And it was best. I should n't have been a fit wife for him. But," she added, proudly, "he never loved anybody else. And that 's why I came. The Fleur Blanche letters, my letters, you see—I don't hardly think they ought to be in the book at all, do you, sir? But if they 'ave to be, I think it ought to say they were to—just an unknown lady."

The great dignity with which she said this seemed such a rebuke to Mrs. Herraday, that I turned to her half in defense. To my surprise she said, quietly:

"Mrs. Pegram, I quite agree with you. It has all been a mistake, and it shall be corrected. Will you excuse me now? I am extremely tired." As she spoke her weight on my arm suddenly increased, and I caught her, seeing that she had nearly fainted.

We helped her to the sofa, and Mrs. Pegram supported her in her arms, while I rushed to the dining-room for brandy.

When she was better, Mrs. Pegram took her leave.

"Will you just glance at these, sir?" she said, handing me a packet of letters. "Just to prove that I have spoken the truth,—for the children's sake. I would n't 'ave any one else see them, but you must know—"

"What are they?" I asked, giving them back to her. "We do not need to read them to know that you have told us the truth."

She pulled one of the letters from its yellowed envelop and handed it to me. I glanced at it, and recognized one of those which, published in the chapter called "The Fleur Blanche Letters," had created so much admiring talk.

"I see," I said.

"Yes, sir. No one but me and Godfrey 'as ever seen them, and no one ever shall. It 's only for their sakes, sir, that I came at all—"

"We quite understand, Mrs. Pegram,—poor Mrs. Pegram," said Wilmot.

"Good Mrs. Pegram," I added, holding out my hand.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Thank you, sir," she said.

I noticed that from the first she had liked me more than she had liked Mrs. Herraday.

"Then I may tell Godfrey?"

"I will write to you, Mrs. Pegram, if you will leave your address," answered Wilmot, "and explain to you that I will have the—the blunder corrected. And I will myself see Mr. Cave—the author of the book—about that chapter. Will you trust me?"

"Oh, yes, Madam. And—I thank you."

She gave me her address, said good-by to us, and then, at the door, turned back.

"And would you mind saying in the letter that he did n't ask you to marry him? I know 'e did n't, because he promised me 'e never would ask any one but—just for Godfrey, if you would n't mind—"

And then Wilmot Herraday did that thing for which I shall always love her.

She went to the other woman, took her hand, looked her straight in her poor sunken eyes, and said: "Mrs. Pegram, I will write that in the letter—for Godfrey—but I want to tell you now, on my word of honor as a lady, that Godfrey Clandon not only never asked me to marry him, but never had for me the very slightest feeling beyond that of friendship. It has all been a mistake, and I can't explain any more, but that is the truth. Also—he told me about you, and that he had loved only you all his life. So—there you are!"

Mrs. Pegram went her way with large tears rolling down her cheeks, and Wilmot shut the door.

"Well," she said, "and what do you think of me now?"

Then she told me the whole story.

It was quite true that Clandon had neither loved her nor asked her to marry him. He had told her that he had in all his life loved but once, and that once beneath him. "I think," she added, "that he was sorry he could not love again. Mentally, he was romantic, of course, but his—well, his power of loving seemed to have been exhausted by the one affair of his youth."

I nodded. "And you he liked simply as a friend."

"Yes, March. Anything else never occurred to either of us. Do you remember

you once suggested to me that I might be going to marry him? Well,—the idea flattered me. I liked to have you think it possible, but it was n't true, as I told you."

I nodded again. I remembered her denial, but also remembered her hesitancy.

"And you were not in love with him, either?" I ventured, in the great closeness of the moment.

"No, never. He was too—too great for me to think of except with—with reverence."

"Even when he devoured lemon-cakes?"

"Yes, even then."

The sonnet referred to in the letters she had treasured among her papers and she showed it to me.

"He sent it to me, saying I was a little like the princess the sonnet was to. He had written the sonnet years before, when he was at Cambridge."

"To Mrs. Pegram!"

"No. To no one. Then, I suppose, when he fell in love with—with Mrs. Pegram, he gave the name to her. It is all quite clear."

But to me it was n't, and I set to work to elicit from her, by means of a series of pointed questions the plain facts of the case. They were these:

He, always the kindest of men, and fond of her in his way, had to her great delight, proposed to her that they should write a little book together. It was to be in the form, considered by him as the simplest for a tyro, of letters. She was then at Margate. His letters she had believed to be original, composed specially for their book, but were, it now appeared, copies of copies his thrifty literary spirit had caused him to keep, of real love letters sent in his youth to Mrs. Pegram. By this time it was all clear to me, as well as to her.

"But your letters to him?" I asked.

"Ah, that is where I failed! Can't you remember, March, the day before Mr. Cave first called on me, your asking me about the letters? I distinctly recall saying to you, 'I was a grotesque failure!' Well, that's what I meant."

"I see. And I, silly ass, thought you meant—yes, I remember your words and also your saying you 'simply could n't do it'—I thought you meant you could not, well,—live up to him!"

She nodded thoughtfully. We both understood now; how we had talked at cross

purposes; how strange she had thought my manner; how curiously, unexpectedly indelicate her standpoint had seemed to me.

And with Cave, for all his eagerness, things had been much the same. He had feared to rouse in her the sense of delicacy that would have been so inimical to his purpose. They, too, had discussed two distinct subjects, believing them to be one, and he had gone away, delighted by her permission, as he believed, to publish Godfrey Clandon's love story, leaving her wondering if her vanity had led her too far in persuading her to allow to be made public the fact that the great man had considered her worthy of literary collaboration with him.

Then, when finally her nurse had allowed her to read the proofs, and she learned the real facts, and had gone to Bedford Street to see and to tell the truth and have the fatal chapter changed, Cave had met her at the door of the publishing house and persuaded her, she hardly knew how, to do nothing.

"'It was too late,' he said, and I was too ill to argue much and besides—Oh, March, he seemed to think it so wonderful a thing that those letters should have been written to me! Remember, too, I believed that they had in a sense been written to me! I was very wicked, and very foolish, I know, but—"

For a long time we deliberated. The position, the sternest cavalier will admit, was a difficult one. If we made Cave rewrite that chapter and say that the letters were not written to Mrs. Herraday, she could never again show her face. And yet—poor Mrs. Pegram, and Godfrey, whom I vaguely felt to be a tyrannical son to his mother!

Before I left Queen Anne's Gate I was forced to assure Mrs. Herraday, who was now exhausted, that I would find some way out of the difficulty. I hope she slept well. I did not.

All the next day I cudged my brains for a solution, and found none. I needed help if ever a man did, and yet, to whom could I apply?

I was standing by my study window looking out at the little back yard into which a chill rain was pelting malignantly when the answer to my question flashed into my mind. To Mrs. Pegram, of course! She, of the whole lot of them, was

the only one who had throughout behaved quite perfectly. It was, therefore, to her I must go in the hope of being helped.

I took a taxi and made my way to Barnes. I was by this time in a state of mental pulp, and more than willing to hand over my burden to another. Mrs. Pegram, I decided, should do it all. I should be a passive instrument in her hands. Finding the house—The Laburnums, was its name—without any difficulty, I made my way up the sloppy gravel path and rang.

The house was a fairly large one and possessed the luxury of a big bow-window, in which grew several arum lilies. A be-capped maid opened the door and I was shown, in quite the politest way, into the drawing-room. It was really rather a charming room in that it was well-lighted and obviously the gathering place of a pleasant family. There was a drawing-board at one window, surrounded by brushes and paint-boxes and all the paraphernalia of that innocent sport, water-color sketching. There was an upright piano with "Mélisande" open on it, and there were, on the large table, many yards of some thin white material, and a half-finished "body" of the same.

On the walls were pictures, evidently, I thought, chosen by Clandon with a view to educating the eyes of his children, and one or two handsome and costly pieces of furniture and ornaments again testified to some higher taste than that of Mrs. Pegram. I was deep in speculation concerning the children of this strange couple, when the door opened and a tall youth in a flowing brown silk tie came in, and stood looking pugnaciously at me.

"My mother will be down in a minute, or rather in," he said. "She is in the kitchen now, cooking."

"Is she, indeed?"

"Yes. We are not grand people," he went on. He hated me, I could see, and he wished to forestall any patronage I might extend to him by a rudeness that he believed would lower my pretensions.

I said nothing, and after a minute, he went on: "Well, have you brought a letter from Mrs. Herraday?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In my pocket. Where it will stay until I can give it to Mrs. Pegram, whom I suppose to be your unfortunate mother."

"Unfortunate? Why unfortunate? If you mean because my father did n't—"

"Don't be a goose," I said, severely, for after all he was only twenty and I over fifty. "I mean to say, that I consider Mrs. Pegram to be deserving of pity in that she is the mother of a rude and bad-mannered youth like you. If my son behaved as you have done to me, a perfect stranger, during the last five minutes, I'd—"

"Well," he asked, sulkily, "what would you do to him?"

"Spank him," I returned, firmly, inwardly chuckling, for my son happened to be at that period just four years old. To my relief, young Pegram burst out laughing. He was not a bad-looking boy, but I could see that things had embittered him, and I did not altogether wonder.

"Look here," I said, seriously, "your mother is one of the nicest women it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Your father, of course, is one of England's glories. I do hope you are not going to belie them."

Then, for an inspiration had come at last, I hurried on, "I have come to ask a great favor of you—not of your mother, mind you, but of you. And you are, I am sure, man of the world enough to understand me."

Then I told him the absolute truth about Mrs. Herraday, painting her with the utmost sincerity but appealing for her, victim of her own foolishness, to Godfrey Pegram, in whose veins ran such fine blood.

"It hurts no one, that chapter," I said, "but you. If he had wished to—to acknowledge you as his illegitimate son—and mind you, it's your mother's fault that he did not marry her years ago—he would have done so. Another sting. You know how curious people are. If it comes out that those letters were written to some unknown woman, some busybody will make it his or her business to find out who the unknown woman is, and will find out, too. Then your mother will be tormented to death by reporters and photographers, his name will be bandied about as having ill-treated the woman he loved and—"

To my relief, for I felt that I had done well and feared spoiling my plea if forced by his silence to go on, he interrupted me.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I must think."

I could see the thoughts working be-

hind his smooth young brow. He was not a genius like his father, nor a fine brave creature like his mother, but there was good stuff in him.

Presently he said, slowly, "I see what you mean. You want the chapter to remain untouched?"

"Yes. It seems to me to be best for everybody that it should."

"But he did love Mother. And she—"

"I know, my dear Godfrey," I interrupted, paternally, "I know. And I must tell you that Mrs. Pegram seems to me to be worthy of the love of even a finer man than Clandon."

"And—he loved us—us children, I mean. He came here every week of his life, if not oftener. And—I am quite old enough to remember his manner to my mother. I know! Besides, only a little while before he died, he sent for me. I was the last person he ever sent for, besides Mother! And he told me then—that—that she was the only woman he had ever cared for." He broke off, choking a little. "Then when that book came out, and I saw that every one credited Mrs. Herraday with what had been my mother's—I—I—"

"Very naturally you doubted whether your father had told you the truth. Well, your mother will have told you what Mrs. Herraday told her,—on her word of honor."

"Yes, I know."

"Then, don't you see, that your knowing the truth, and your mother and your sisters knowing, makes it all right? And remember another thing: Mr. Cave does n't say in so many words that your father wished to marry Mrs. Herraday. It is only inferred."

"It's the same thing," he answered, reasonably, and before I had to reply to this remark, Mrs. Pegram came in.

She looked in her plain black house-gown, her still glossy dark hair carefully arranged, younger and less piteous than she had done in Queen Anne's Gate. Evidently she had derived comfort from Wilmot's declaration about Clandon. And on this occasion she possessed, moreover, the dignity of a woman under her own roof.

We shook hands and then, producing Mrs. Herraday's letter, I watched her while she read it.

In silence she handed it to her son, and while he read it, we exchanged a glance.

"It seems true," the young man said, not over-graciously, after a pause.

"Of course, it's true, Godfrey," she answered. "I told you what the lady told me. And besides, you had no right to doubt—'im."

To do the boy justice he did not wince at her lapsed 'h,' though his own h's were irreproachable.

"Mr.—, this gentleman," he said, slowly, "wants us to let the chapter stay as it is."

"Oh?" she asked, turning to me.

And then I said to him, as the door again opened and an extremely pretty girl came in, "Will you tell your mother what I have asked you to do—and what you have decided? Meantime," to the girl, "I am sure you are Miss Grace Powell?"

She was, and said so very charmingly, and taking me to the window, shyly, in answer to my request, allowed me to look at her sketch.

It was curious to be talking to Godfrey Clandon's daughter, whom her mother had called after my favorite among all his heroines.

I mentioned the book to her, and she spoke quite simply of her father and of her pride in him. "It's eight years," she said, "since he died, and Mother is beginning to cheer up a little. He used to come every Sunday, so Sunday is our worst day, but—I hope she will soon get used to it."

"A terrible loss," I assented, gravely.

"You've not seen Geraldine?" Grace Powell asked me.

"No."

"She is so like him! Mother, is n't Geraldine exactly like Father? Oh, she's crying—" the young girl went swiftly to her mother and put both arms round

her. Godfrey's right hand lay on her shoulder.

"Don't, Mother, dear," he was saying, "I'll do whatever you think he'd have liked, of course."

I looked out of the window and counted two cabs and a taxi pass before I looked round.

Then Godfrey approached me. "We have talked it over, sir," he said, simply, "and Mother thinks he would n't 'like it' if we—if we caused the lady who was his friend any annoyance. So—the chapter may stay as it is."

I thanked him and then turned to Mrs. Pegram, whose face was still wet.

"I thank you very much," I said; "and I am sure you are right. For though Clandon did not love Mrs. Herraday, he certainly liked her very much, and in his illness she did her best to be of use to him—"

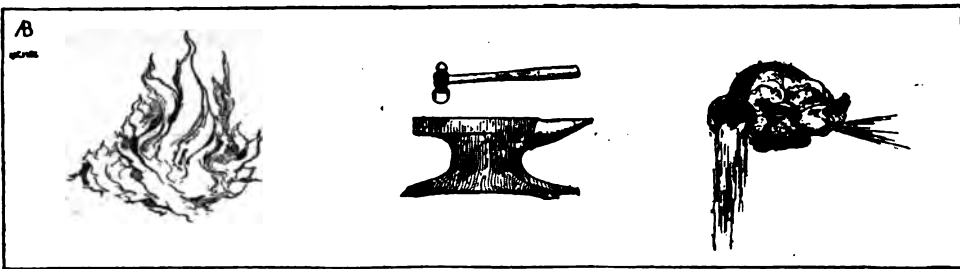
"I know. Miss Clandon told me—only I don't like the letters—I don't like people to think they were sent to her."

"But they were n't, Mother, dear," I heard Grace Powell whisper, "and as long as we know, what does it matter?"

This was the comfort I left with them.

Wilmot Herraday's relief was, of course, great, and I was as naturally relieved for her. But my real sympathies were, and have remained, I confess, at The Laburnums. I have never been back there, nor seen any one of the Pegrams since. I dare say they do not even know my name, for I had no card, and the maid is pretty sure to have muddled it, and yet I always feel that they are there—round the corner, so to speak. They have remained in my mind with remarkable distinctness, Mrs. Pegram, and Godfrey, and Grace Powell,—even the Geraldine, "so like him," whom I never saw!





THE AWAKENING OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

THIRD PAPER: INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY

BY WILL IRWIN

AS the apostles of scientific management have shown us we Americans have wasted foolishly in the individual processes of our industry. In the whole body of our industry we have often wasted, not only foolishly, but cruelly, and nowhere more cruelly than in the matter of provision for the wreckage of industry, the killed and wounded in our industrial warfare. Nearly every year, perils inevitable to an age of industry kill their thousands, and maim their tens of thousands. The railroads alone return an unusual list of killed and wounded employees which would match well with real warfare. We have recognized dimly that either society or the industry in question owes to this wreckage some form of support for crippled, impotent years, or for a new generation of unprotected survivors. But we are struggling along on a system of compensation for industrial accidents which is a relic of the old hand-labor days, and which has worked out into a tangle of law, highly expensive, incredibly complicated, and decidedly unjust. All the so-called progressive nations entered the era of specialized labor and machine production with legal principles similar to ours; all but the United States have either amended them or changed them utterly to fit the necessities of the new age.

Ten years ago, the demand for a basic change in the spirit of our law of accident compensation proceeded solely from the

more enlightened labor leaders and "charity workers." The business community, if it noticed the problem at all, was dead-set in opposition. Five years ago, a few business men awoke to the fact that a scientific system of working-men's compensation must come in this country, as it has come in Germany, England, and France. Now, employers as well as employees are working to hasten the new era; a stable and just form of industrial indemnity is coming with a rush. Three great corporations—the United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Company, and the Cheney Silk Mills—have instituted voluntary systems of working-men's compensation. Oregon, Montana, and New York, with the co-operation of the more enlightened among their employers, have passed more or less complete laws embodying the principles which Germany and England have incorporated into their codes. Nine other states have statutes on the new plan before their legislatures. At least twenty more are studying the matter through commissions or committees. The National Association of Manufacturers, the implacable enemy of Union labor, has passed resolutions indorsing in a general way the principle which Union labor was first to advocate. And at present the only active opponents of a modern employer's liability law are a few old-time manufacturers, who can see nothing but next year's dollar, and the

more fanatical or unscrupulous labor leaders, who wish to retain the old code of laws with all protection for the employer removed. On this wing of the firing-line, the battle between the capitalist and the laborer has narrowed down to a contest over the terms of the agreement.

What is the basis, and what are the terms, of the present law of employer's liability which afflicts American industry so grievously? This we must understand before we can understand the new plan and the new era in the relations between the toiler and the employer. Expressed in terms of a layman, our laws, based on the English Common Law, generally declare that the victim of an injury may receive compensation through the courts from any person whose carelessness or criminal intent has caused his injury. The employer and the employee stand on equal footing before this law; in the sight of the State they are separate individuals. Another act of common law declares that the principal is responsible for the act of his agent. A railroad switchman, for example, is an agent of the railroad company. So far, if any one, either passenger or brakeman, is killed or injured by the negligence of a switchman, the company should be liable.

This basic law recognizes, however, the principle of "contributory negligence." The fact that the victim, by carelessness, by the lack of proper precaution, contributed to his own injury, may be used to deny him damages or to mitigate them. This is the first instrument employed by lawyers to pervert law to injustice; it is still the stock defense of corporation claim departments against personal injury suits. In itself, however, it is just.

In the dawn of specialized industry, a Lord Chief Justice of England laid down a principle in the law of personal damage suits which may be called definitely an injustice. Known as the "fellow-servant act," it became part of the English law at the very time when industry was becoming specialized. The employer remained responsible for the act of the agent, except in cases where the agent was a fellow-servant of the injured person. That is: if an employer of a gang of shovelers left a manhole open, and one of his laborers fell through it to his injury, the laborer could recover damages. But if another laborer

in the same employ left the manhole open, the injured man had no action in law—for the offender and the victim were fellow-servants. If an outsider fell into that manhole, however, he could recover damages no matter who left it open; for in that case the offender was an agent of the employer, not a fellow-servant. That decision, so carelessly conceived that Lord Abinger called the butcher and the baker fellow-servants with the butler and the cook, came over into American law. At one time or another the fellow-servant principle prevailed in all our states. To this day, it remains in most of them.

Our State Supreme Courts have differed widely in their definition of this doctrine. In one state, a flagman is a fellow-servant with an engineer. In another, he is a part of the management. In the first case, an engineer injured because the flagman is "asleep at the switch," cannot recover, though his passenger can; in the other, his suit against the company is as good as the passenger's.

There is little doubt that Lord Chief Justice Abinger had domestic service mainly in mind when he laid down his celebrated principle; and applied to domestic or simple agricultural service, there is justice in it. Where the processes are few and simple, where every man knows his fellow-servants, their faults and peculiarities, the workman may be expected to look out for himself. And, indeed, in that period industry had not gone very far beyond hand labor. But the era of specialized labor, of extreme complex machinery, was arriving even then. Industrial society became highly interdependent. The safety of John Dvorak, miner, lay in the hands of a dozen men whom he did not know, as, for example, the engineer who hoisted and lowered his cage. Men had to accept employments which placed them at the mercy of fellow-servants in the next township or county. The electrical worker could not know for himself whether the engineer in the plant away up in the mountains was likely to get drunk and send a fatal current down a wire supposed to be dead. The engineer of a through New York Central train could not know, upon leaving Chicago, that a fellow engineer at Syracuse had sat up two nights with a sick wife and was in no condition to read the signals. The growth of modern in-

dustry made this law an injustice almost before it was firmly set in the statute books.

This same complexity of modern industry wrought another law, originally fairly just, into still another injustice. I refer to "assumption of risk." By this basic principle an employee cannot be held liable for injury received from a danger with which he is perfectly well acquainted. He has the immemorial right to "quit." That principle worked well under hand labor and individual industry. For instance Farmer Jones keeps a dangerous bull in his pasture. John Smith, farm hand, knows that the bull is dangerous. If he is ordered to enter the pasture, he can refuse; if necessary, he can give up his job; if he takes the chances, he does it at his own fair risk. But industry grew into warfare, returning its inevitable list of killed and wounded every year. In many common trades, it became necessary to assume risks that lay in the nature of the calling, and he who was always watching for his safety was an impossible workman. "Railroading" is perhaps our one greatest specialized industry; and a cautious railroad man is a contradiction in terms. The prevailing type of city building is erected on a steel framework; and the "bridgemen" who do this work must take all the chances of a soldier. That is in the nature of the craft; a coward cannot become a bridge-man. The grim giants of steel which are the tools of our little bodies in this age, present so many complex possibilities of going wrong that no workman may foresee their dangers.

Behold the law, as we carried it over into an age for which it was never conceived. Behold now what a mess we made of its application:

The injured workman had only one recourse beyond the possible charity of his employer—the courts. Obviously, since generally the employer was rich and the employee poor, the former had all the advantage in "good legal talent." The attorneys of the company, the claims department of the corporation, took advantage of this complex, ill-conceived tangle of laws to throw every obstacle in the way of even the most just claims. On the principle that the poor are woe-fully given to the purchase of shoddy goods, the working-man—in spite of legal

aid societies formed for his benefit—characteristically ran to "shyster" lawyers, who often invented for their clients cases having no basis either in truth or in justice. If the employer, with his claims department, had nearly all the resources and the talent, the employee, with his shyster, had at least one strong hold—the sympathy of juries. "I'll get it before the jury," said the shyster in beginning a case. "Very well, I'll appeal," responded the claims agent. So the suits, gathering expense as they went, dragged over two, four, even five or six years, while a crippled laborer waited unproductive. And when a case was so clear and obvious that quibbles and appeals could not beat it, when the verdict of the jury was finally nailed down hard and fast, then appeared another injustice, this time against the employer. Juries, when they could register their opinions, had a way of giving ridiculously large verdicts. Awards of ten or fifteen thousand dollars for the disabled limb of a two-dollar-a-day laborer have not been uncommon.

Then appeared the indemnity insurance companies, taking the matter further away from a simple relation between employer and employee. These companies were machines. It became their business to pay the indemnity claims of the insured, and to keep these claims down by every fair method known to law. It was part of their policy to discourage the habit of bringing suits for industrial accidents, to make the way to verdicts seem as rough as possible. And they destroyed all feeling of personal responsibility between the employer and employee. "I'm sorry you got hurt, Jim," said the superintendent. "You're a good fellow and a good workman. I can't do anything for you, though. We're insured, and we have to agree not to give any special compensation. You'll have to sue; and I hope you'll get something." How this part of the system operated a modern instance will show. A pressman, a good workman, much liked and trusted by the management, went back to his shop on his Saturday half-holiday to repair a troublesome bit of his press. Part of the machine fell on him and killed him. It was rather a dangerous operation to perform alone; he must have known the risk he took. Contributory negligence and assumption of risk prob-

ably entered into the case. The management wanted to do something for his destitute wife and family. They were warned by the insurance company against giving a dollar, lest it have an effect upon the pending suit. This system became a veritable damper on human sympathy, certain and pitiless.

We are "talking business," however; let us forget sympathy. The point here is the wastefulness of the system. The money paid by employers for industrial accidents dribbled away all along the line before a modicum of it reached the injured working-man. When it did arrive, the beneficiary paid a greater or smaller part of the proceeds for his own legal expenses. Then, too, it was as uncertain as a lottery, three men justly entitled to compensation receiving nothing; while another drew a capital prize.

The record in New York state, where the Employers' Liability Commission has made a pretty thorough investigation, is significant. In three years ten insurance companies, authorized to write employer's liability insurance, received premiums of \$23,523,585. They expended in actual payment to employees \$8,559,795. In other words, the employees—and their lawyers—received only 36.34 per cent. of the sum of the premiums. Deducting the probable amount of the fees and costs paid by the employees, the percentage falls as low as twenty-eight or thirty.

Insurance is, of course, the most "economical" way for the employer to meet the problem under present conditions; and when we take into calculation the firms not insured, the figures are a little less startling. But in 1907 327 employers in New York State, operating under all kinds of plans, paid approximately for industrial compensation \$192,000; of which injured employees or their families received only \$80,000. Probably the proportion is generally lower in the South and Middle West.

Nor from the general view of society is this the whole waste. We have to reckon in the energies of our somewhat expensive courts—and in this year of grace 1911, such cases will occupy one fifth of the time of the New York courts. We have to reckon in the orphan children thrown prematurely into industry, with their uneducated minds and stunted bodies, a drag

on the production of the next generation. We have to reckon in the cost of friction between employer and employee. And still I am ignoring the unnecessary suffering of it all.

However, as I said in beginning, the new idea has arrived; and only the old fogies of the corporations and the labor unions are opposing industrial indemnity, except in its small details. Whether a just and general system of automatic compensation for all injuries would cost the employer more or less than the present system is a disputed point. There are figures to prove the case both ways; it is something which we shall never know until we have tried it. Several employers who have adopted a voluntary system based on the European plan, stated to the National Civic Federation that they pay no more, by and large, than they did when they left the matter to law. Others, on figures alone, disagree; they declare that an automatic system of employer's liability, based on the German plan, would so increase "overhead charges" that the payment would have to be taken from the public in higher prices.

That, however, is just what the methodical and close-living Germans, with their talent for social machinery, have long ago admitted—that compensation for the killed and injured should be a tax on the industry itself, collected with as little expense and friction as possible. By this principle they have turned back to production the parasites on industrial indemnity; and they have preserved to the body commercial of this and the next generation tens of thousands of units lost under our system—or lack of system. They regard it from the standpoint of the State, realizing, as we must realize, now that we have broken nearly all our virgin soil, that competition between nations is becoming keener and closer, and that the state which would win must subordinate certain private interests to the interests of the whole body commercial.

The German system, however, is at present an impossible model for Americans. We have not, possibly we never shall have, their minute registration of births, deaths, residences, and removals; and their bureaucratic government renders many things possible to them which would be impossible to us. The question

before legislatures and civic bodies is how best to adapt their plan to our less settled conditions. Employers' liability in Germany is so intertwined and interwoven with sick benefits and old-age pensions that one finds it difficult to isolate it for a simple statement. Enough to say that every employer and every employee must insure against accident in a state-conducted insurance company, the employers carrying more of the burden than the employees; and that the victim of an industrial accident, whether it result in temporary disability, permanent disability, or death, receives compensation on a fixed scale, immediately and automatically. The payments are considered a tax on the industry. The cost of administration is not more than five per cent. of the whole sum; and from that cost Germany pays for the supervision of safety appliances.

For industrial indemnity and industrial safety go hand in hand; and when employers are required to pay for every accident in their shops, no matter by whom caused, they will see, as a matter of self-

protection, that the safety devices for which reformers have striven so long and usually so vainly, are placed and kept on their machines. In the past twenty years the raised "set screw" has caused hundreds of deaths and tens of thousands of accidents. "Set screws" can be set flush and thereby made harmless at a cost of thirty-five cents a piece; yet labor unions, charity organizations, and employers' associations have fought them in vain. With the accidents certainly and irrevocably charged against the industry, the raised set screw and all other unnecessarily dangerous devices would disappear. In the perilous trades, like railroading and steel construction, the employers, for their own interests, would curb the reckless trade customs of their young employees. So we should gain in lives, and lose in miseries, as Germany and England and France and Austria have done. Meantime we are the only civilized people in the world who continue to administer this important department of industry on the rules of the old hand-labor days.



"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

THE NEGRO BOY AT THE PETERSBURG EMBRASURE

BY E. K. PARKER

Late United States Volunteers

THE bravest deed that ever came to my notice occurred during the Civil War, and was performed by my servant, a colored lad of fifteen, named Henry Cornelius. The time was the last of July, 1864, and the place was in the Union trenches before Petersburg, Virginia. At that time our lines in front of the point where Fort Rice was afterward built were within 300 yards of the enemy's main line. Later it was rumored that the enemy was tunneling our front, and our main line was thrown back about 100 yards and

strengthened by the completion of Fort Rice and Fort Sedgwick. I was then lieutenant in command of Battery E, First Regiment, Rhode Island Light Artillery, commonly known as Randolph's Battery. Like all the other officers, I had a servant, — a fine-looking negro, five and a half feet high, weighing 140 pounds, black, and with fine, regular features. He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, where he had been a house servant. After the city was taken by the Union forces, he learned to read, write, and do some ciphering.

The lad proved to be intelligent, honest, and truthful. His special duty was to wait upon the officers' table. He was very patriotic, and at his own request was allowed to learn the drill of the cannoneer, as we were short of men. I had confidence in his honesty. I had a small grip in which I placed money, a few valuable papers, photographs, and at times my watch, and I instructed him, in case of an attack in force by the enemy, to take my grip and carry it as quickly as possible to City Point, and to retain it until we should meet again.

The lad had been in my service six or seven weeks and had proved himself very capable. He was popular in the battery, and afforded us all much pleasure by song-and-dance performances, in which he was expert.

One morning soon after roll-call the orderly sergeant appeared at headquarters and informed me that a member of the battery, whom I shall call Hughes, had made complaint to him that my servant had stolen a five-dollar bill out of his knapsack, which was lying in his tent. He said that the preceding day, in the forenoon, while both Hughes and the comrade who tented with him were out of camp on fatigue duty, the lad entered the quarters, remained only a minute, and departed; that he was seen to do this by two members of the battery who were near by; and no one else had been seen to enter. I directed the sergeant to send for the men, to investigate the case thoroughly, and to report to me. I also instructed him not to question Cornelius or to inform him of the accusation.

The substance of the report was that he was of the opinion that Cornelius had taken the money. He said that the two witnesses had been close to Hughes's quarters all the time that he and his comrade were absent, and they were sure no one else had entered.

It was now near the dinner-hour, and Henry was busy as usual setting the table. Throughout the meal I kept my eye on him to see if I could detect anything that indicated guilt. But he was just as usual, prompt, respectful, and attentive.

After dinner was over and my officers had gone to their quarters, I sent for Henry. He came in, saluted, and re-

mained at attention, awaiting my pleasure very respectfully. I said abruptly, "Henry, hand me Hughes's money."

This was evidently a great surprise to him. He looked up in an inquiring manner, as though he did not comprehend, and answered: "I cannot, sir. I have not got it."

"Private Hughes charges you with taking his five-dollar bill out of his knapsack yesterday forenoon while he was out on fatigue duty."

Henry replied, "I did not, sir."

"Were you not in Hughes's quarters about ten o'clock yesterday morning?"

"I was, sir; but I did not steal that money. I am not a thief. I went into the quarters to borrow a book from Mr. Hughes. I thought that he was lying in his bunk. I went to see; and when I saw that he was not there, I went away. Mr. A. and Mr. B. saw me go in and come out."

When it fully dawned upon him that he had been charged with stealing this money, he was greatly overcome. I told him to go to the servants' quarters and remain there until called for. As he went out, big tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Notwithstanding the strength of the evidence against him, I had so much confidence in the boy that I believed him innocent. To determine this question, I hit upon the following plan, which I proceeded at once to put in execution.

I at once sent for the orderly sergeant and ordered him to arrest Henry and take him to the guard-house, and then to procure a lariat and handcuffs and take him to the embrasure where our first piece stood, and handcuff him, and then tell him that the orders were that he should be tied, handcuffed, to the gun, that the gun was to be run forward well into the embrasure, and that he should remain there for thirty minutes. I instructed him to tell Henry what the orders were, but when he had got everything ready to move the piece forward, not to do it, but to report to me. At this particular embrasure it was usually certain death to stand exposed for even three minutes.

The sergeant reported that he had taken the lad and was about to put the handcuffs on him, when Henry said with great earnestness: "If the lieutenant wants

me to be shot, you need not bind my hands or my feet. I am not afraid to be shot. I will stand in front of that gun. I will be shot in the face, I will not be shot in the back. I am no thief. I will die as a brave soldier dies, just as you would, Sergeant." He then started for the deadly embrasure, and before he could be caught back by the guard a ball from one of the enemy's sharpshooters had gone through his cap, slightly wounding his scalp. When the sergeant came back to report, Henry stood the calmest of all the brave men there, quite unterrified.

After the sergeant made his report, I said, "Sergeant, what is your opinion of his guilt?"

He replied, "Sir, that nigger is no more guilty than I am."

I saw that the sergeant's eyes looked watery, and I said, "Very well, Sergeant, take him back to the guard-house, and in five minutes send him under guard to report to me."

When Henry came in, he appeared deeply affected; but I knew that this condition arose not from conscious guilt, but from wounded pride. I said to him, "Henry, you are not a thief, you are not guilty of taking Hughes's money; but, certain as I am that you are innocent, still, it will not be best for you to stay in Battery E. Therefore you will be discharged from arrest. Get your kit ready as soon as you can and come to me for a pass."

He went out, and the orderly notified the guard to discharge him from arrest.

I at once wrote his pass, and gave him all the money I had.

The boy had not been gone more than twenty minutes before Hughes hurriedly appeared at my quarters. He hastily saluted and cried out that he was "so sorry" he had accused Henry of stealing; and unable properly to restrain himself in the presence of his commanding officer he continued: "I found my money in the folds of my rubber blanket. Two days ago I overhauled my knapsack, and placed the bill in the blanket, and forgot to put it back in the knapsack."

I immediately sent an orderly to ride on the main road to City Point to overtake Cornelius and explain, and bring him back, which he did. Soon Henry reported to me, and I sent him to his quarters and the incident was closed.

Henry was now more popular than ever. He filled his position in the battery until June 14, 1865, when it was mustered out at Providence, Rhode Island. I kept him in my service for a year, during which period he divided his time between work and school. He proved to be an excellent student. The second year he went into a cotton-mill in the Pawtuxet valley, where he proved to be an apt workman. He was saving his wages to enable him to visit his mother in Norfolk; but two weeks before his intended departure, he was attacked by a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and in a short time he was dead. With many tears we tenderly buried the brave boy in the valley of the winding Pawtuxet.

YOUTH

BY THERESA HELBURN

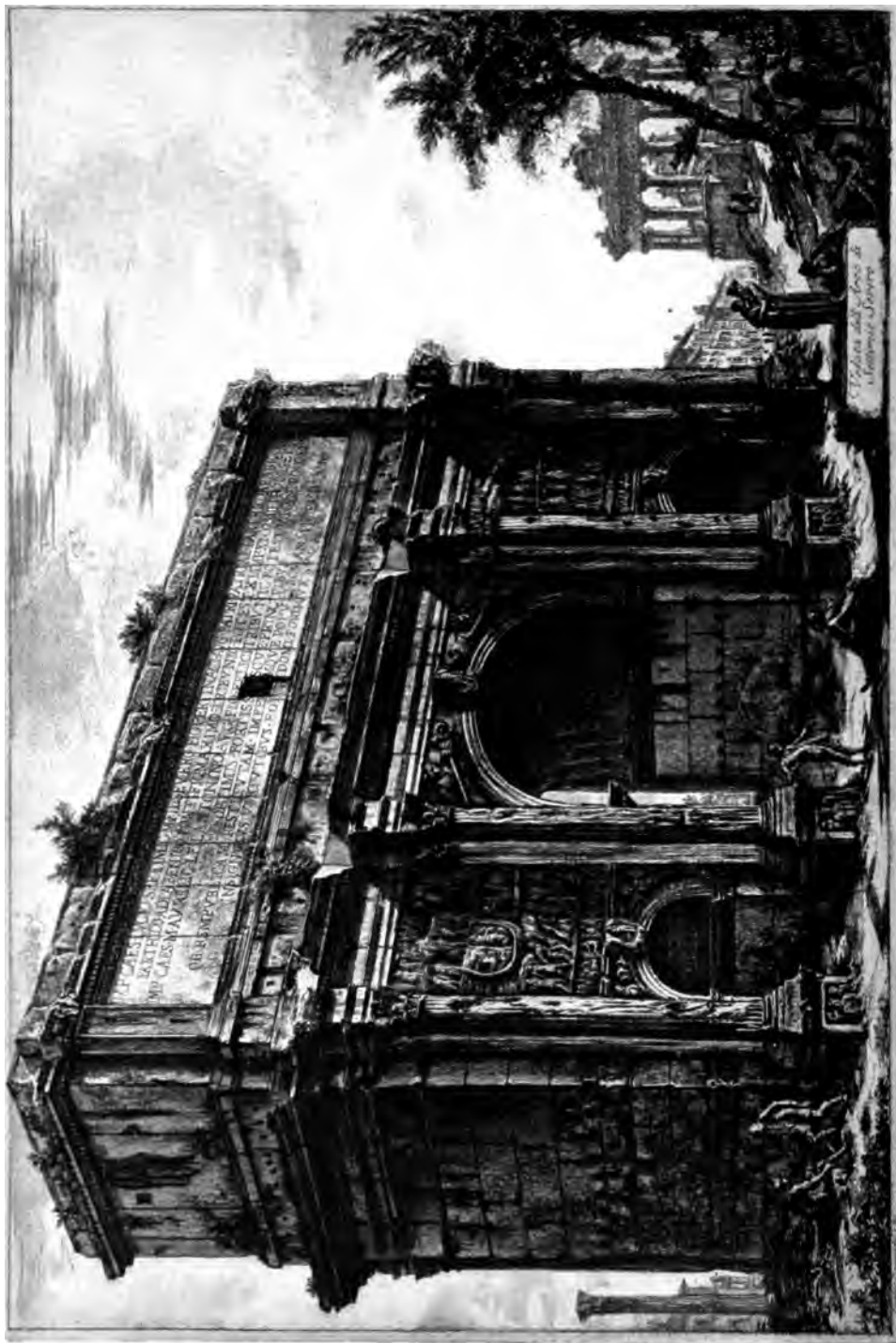
YOU hear Youth laughing down green, budding aisles,
You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The care-free, sweet defiance of her smiles,
For you are old.

But I can see her eyes gray with alarm,
Misty with longings that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm,
For I am young.



Drawn by Beatrice Stevens

"IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"



From the copperplate engraving by Pignesi

THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, IN THE FORUM, ROME

Halt-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PIRANESI, ETCHER AND ARCHITECT

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL

WITH PICTURES FROM ORIGINAL COPPERPLATE ENGRAVINGS BY PIRANESI,
LENT BY THE WRITER

I CANNOT better begin this article on Piranesi than by citing a remark which was made to me about him by Alphonse Legros, the French artist who for more than twenty years was professor of art, under the Slade endowment, at University College, London. We all know that these dignified professors sometimes "say more than their prayers," but when Professor Legros uttered a pronouncement on some artist it was sure to be something worth remembering. Legros is a remarkable man, and although he has never been able to speak English, he has had more and better influence on British art than any other man of his generation except, perhaps, Whistler. What Legros said of Piranesi's etchings was this: "If only these etchings were as small in size as the etchings of Rembrandt, they would now be selling for prices about as high."

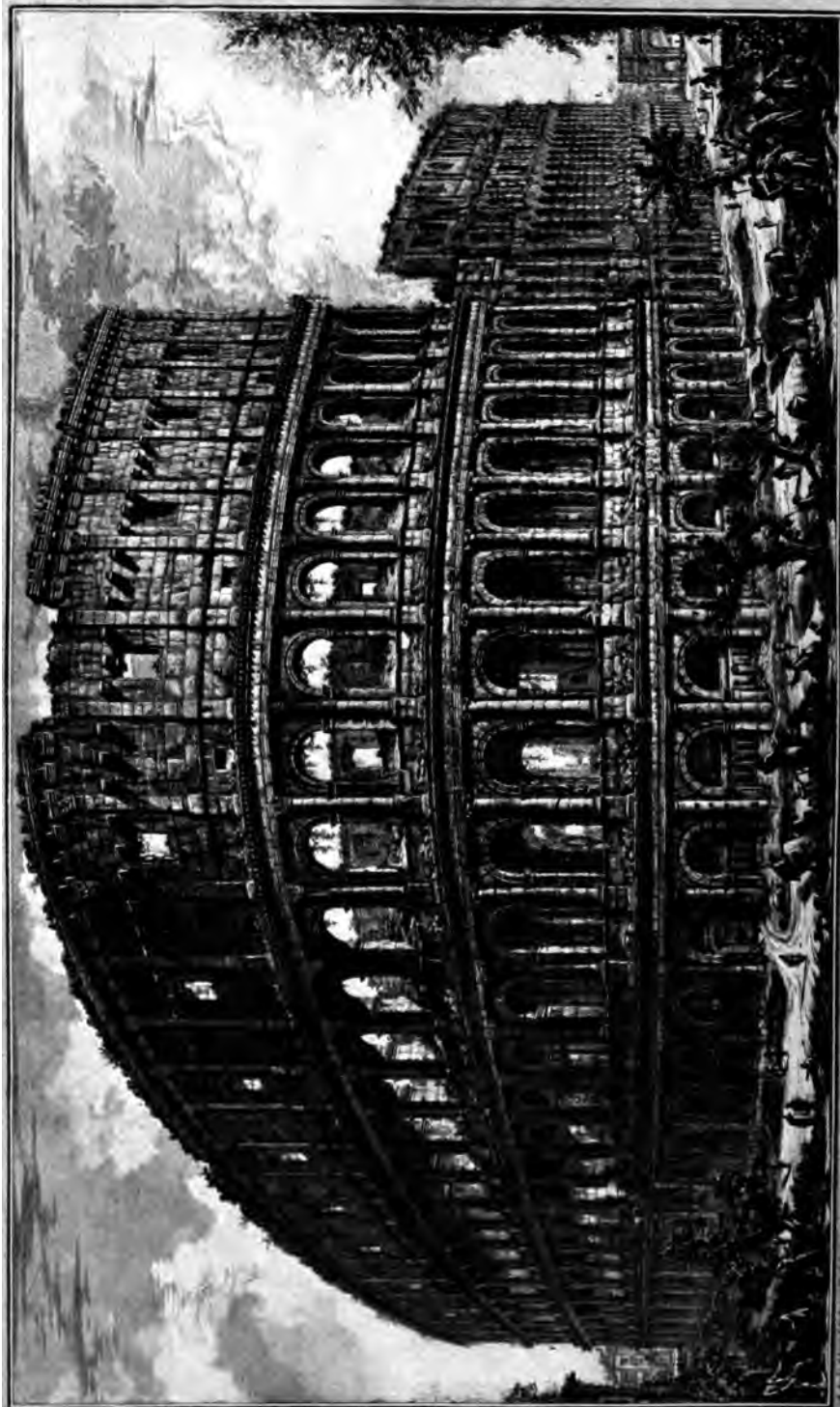
Legros was right; your thorough-paced collector abhors a big print. Some of Rembrandt's most famous etchings measure no more than about five by eight inches, while an average Piranesi measures, without the margins, about twenty-six by eighteen inches. The collector hoards his precious little prints in his portfolios; but for framing as decorations for the walls of a home, such an authority as Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer declares that she knows no pictures in black-and-white which are so effective as Piranesi's.

Within recent years fine original impressions of certain etchings by Rembrandt have sold at public auction for prices which would have astounded the old Dutch master, who died in the year 1669. His "Christ Healing the Sick"

has brought \$12,300; his portrait of Jan Six, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, \$14,200; the very diminutive "Landscape with a Tower," \$9,400; and the portrait of the goldsmith Lutma, \$4,600. In comparison, the present values of Piranesi's prints seem trifling, although, it is true, these prices have increased more than twenty-fold within the last twenty years.

As in the case of every other master in art, Piranesi's style and method were absolute innovations: nothing that resembles them had ever been thought of or attempted before he originated them. But, on the other hand, he had a host of imitators, although none of these had the least claim to rank as his rival. The best among them were his own son Francesco, who was born at Rome in 1756, and Luigi Rossini, who was born in 1790. Rossini made the preposterous mistake of etching the same buildings which Piranesi had already done in a manner immeasurably superior. Of this wide difference between an original man and his imitator, Dr. Samuel Johnson once made a very pungent remark. Some one had been saying of a contemporary that his poems resembled those of John Dryden, and were quite as good. To this Dr. Johnson retorted, "Sir, your friend may make Dryden's report, but he does not carry his bullet."

Giovanni Battista (or Giambattista) Piranesi was the son of a stone-mason. He was born in Venice in 1720, and died at Rome in 1778. Before leaving Venice, he studied drawing and architecture, and to the end of his life he signed some of his finest plates "Piranesi, architect." He also did some important work in architec-



The Colosseum, or Amphitheatre, is situated in the city of Rome, and is the largest and most magnificent of the ancient Roman buildings. It was built by the Emperor Vespasian, and dedicated to the memory of his father, the Emperor Titus. The structure is elliptical, and is composed of three tiers of arches, and a fourth tier of smaller arches. The interior is divided into three sections, and is capable of containing a large number of spectators. The Colosseum is now a ruin, and is used as a place of refuge for the poor.

View of the Colosseum, from the Piazza del Campidoglio.
 Engraved by G. M. Lewis.

From the copperplate engraving by P. P.

THE COLOSSEUM

Halfstone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis



From the copperplate engraving by P. Ancesi

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PAESTUM

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis



From the copperplate engraving by Piranesi. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

SCENE IN A ROMAN PRISON—ONE OF PIRANESI'S SERIES OF IMAGINARY PRISONS

ture, but his best claim to renown is founded on his etchings of the magnificent ruins of ancient Rome.

His artistic production was enormous, probably unprecedented. There exist from his hand more than two thousand large, carefully executed plates. Many of these, however, cannot be called available pictures, being no more than archæological studies of detached details.

Piranesi's industry and facility were wonderful. He never boggled over the "first state" or the "second state" of his plate, and in my long researches in his work I have never seen more than one slight sketch drawn by him of a subject which he afterward etched, and I have never seen a single trial proof of an unfinished plate. These elaborate etchings, the product of his brain and hand, seem to have sprung into existence full grown and fully armed.

His method of corroding, or "biting," his etched plates was unknown to others in his day. Other etchers plunged their plates into diluted aqua fortis, so that the acid would corrode the lines which had been drawn on the copper plate by the artist. So able a technician as Mr. Joseph Pennell declares, however, that Piranesi never achieved his rich black tones by that method, but with a stout feather must have painted his etched picture on the copper plate with the acid, thus achieving his wonderful gradations of tone.

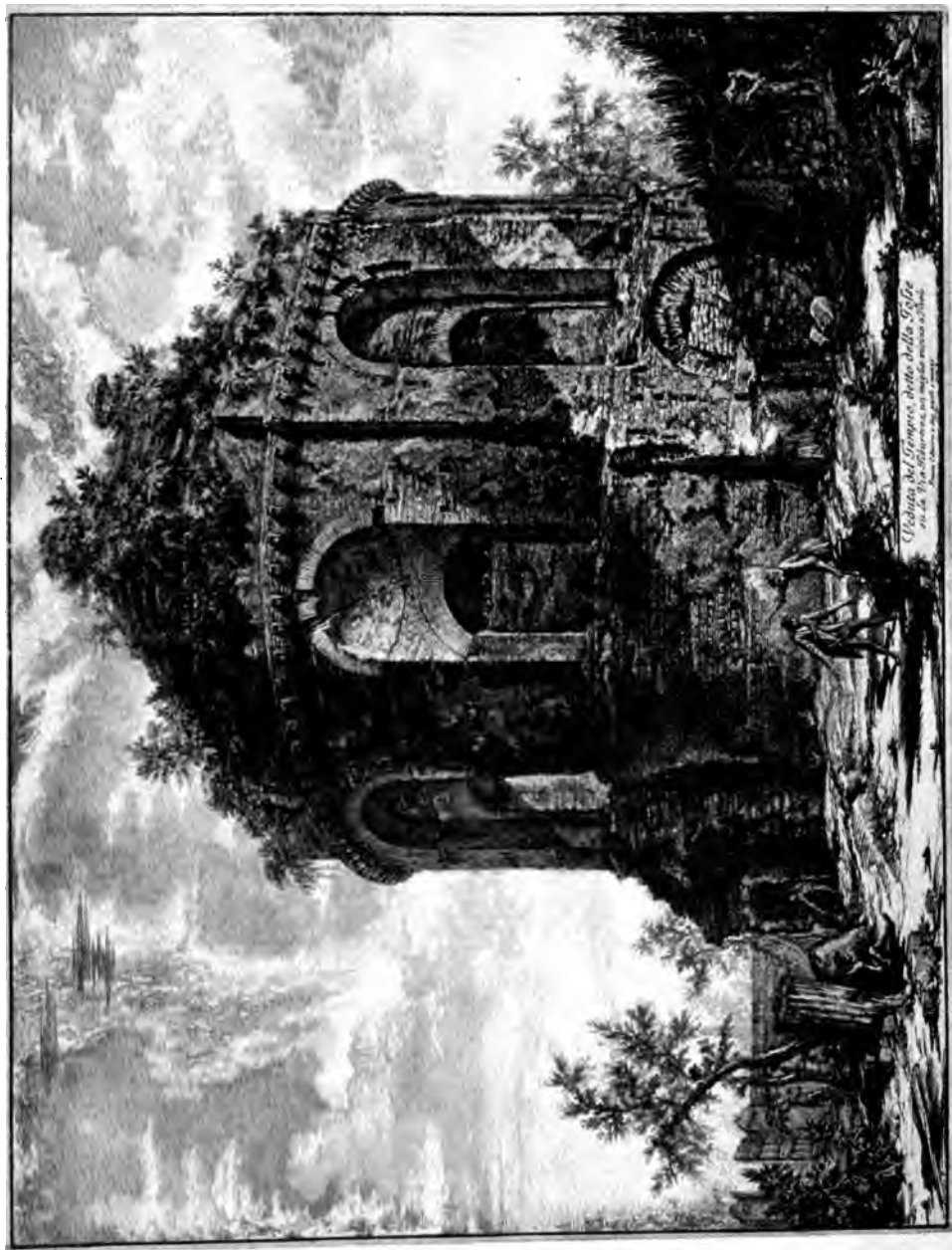
Piranesi was endowed, or cursed, with what Thackeray calls "a fine, furious temper." Like his great predecessors, Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini, he quarreled with the pope.

However, he neglected one precaution which should be taken by every etcher who values his own reputation: he never destroyed any of his plates when they began to deteriorate through the wear and tear of the printing-press. The sad result is that prints from the worn-out and "doctored" plates can still be bought in Rome at the price of one dollar each; but so deplorable is their condition from over-use and abuse, that these prints are not really worth the dollar which is asked for them. Fine, unworn impressions of the works of the old engravers are essential to any collector who wishes examples of what the engraver had intended his proofs to be. This requirement, however, is much less impor-

tant to-day, since an American named Perkins invented a process whereby an etched or engraved copper plate could have a very thin coating of steel superadded to it by a chemical process. This steel facing yields very many more fine proofs than the bare copper could have yielded, and when the facing is at last worn out, all that remains of it can be removed by another chemical operation, and another thin coating of steel applied to the copper. So perfect is the working of the process in preserving unworn an etched copper plate, that I have in my possession the ninety thousandth proof of a plate, and it is a good one. It was given to me by the etcher Henri Guérard of Paris, and it represents the portrait of the prolific author who wrote the daily "penny dreadful" for the "Petit Journal," a paper which claims to have much the largest circulation in the world. This portrait was used by the publishers as a premium to new subscribers.

Four centuries ago, in the time of Albrecht Dürer, the original engraver cut into the copper plate the lines which made his picture by means of an implement called a burin, or graver. Every line had to be cut separately, and famous line-engravings exist which exacted from the engraver from six to nine years of close work on a single plate. Yet such long and hard labor was necessary at that epoch, because line-engraving was then the only method of reproducing in black-and-white the essential design of some great picture painted in colors. The great English mezzotint engraver Samuel Cousins used to call this tedious work "solitary confinement with hard labor." The invention of the etching process is ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, who was born in the year 1471, and who was himself perhaps the supreme line-engraver. In the etching process there is no cutting of the lines into the copper plate line by line. The etcher covers his plate with a coating of varnish which is impervious to acid; he then draws the lines and dots of his composition into the prepared plate, each line cuts through the coating, or "ground," laying the copper bare. He then applies diluted aqua fortis to his plate, and this mordant acid corrodes, or "bites," the lines thus laid bare, while the coating protects all the rest.

After this first biting, if the plate were



From the copperplate engraving by Piranesi

Half-tone plate engraved by K. Varley

THE TEMPLE DELLA TOSSE NEAR TIVOLI

Temple of Vesta, Tivoli, Italy
The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli, Italy
The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli, Italy

printed from, every line would then be of equal strength; but by a refinement of the etching process a "stopping-out" varnish is used. At this stage the artist makes use of this varnish, closing all the more distant lines of the composition so that in the second biting the acid has no effect on the lines so stopped-out, while it goes on making deeper corrosion into the other lines that are unprotected by the varnish. Successive stoppings-out and bitings yield at last just the effect which the artist desires, and all this operation is still far more expeditious than the tedious method of the line-engraver.

What is called a "steel engraving" is nearly always an engraving on copper, which is a much easier metal for the artist to work on. Indeed, the only genuine steel engravings I know of are the bank-notes issued by the Treasury at Washington.

In one respect etching is the most purely intellectual of all art processes. The painter, the sculptor, the illustrator, and the architect can see the effect which they are producing as they proceed with their work; but the etcher cannot see his future picture except in his "mind's eye." His method might be compared to that of the marksman who should point his rifle over his shoulder and fire it off backward; or like the feat of Blind Tom, the negro pianist, who in other respects was an idiot, but who could turn his back to the piano and play difficult compositions finely, his left hand playing the treble notes and his right hand the bass.

With regard to the magnificent ruins of ancient Rome, it may be mentioned that one precaution which their builders took to make them almost immortal was the cause of their disintegration and destruction. In building a temple, the builders used to strap each great stone to its fellow by means of a thick band of copper, but in later ages the ignorant inhabitants found it profitable to tear down these precious buildings so as to possess themselves of these bands.

Another and more inexcusable cause of the destruction of these precious monuments of antiquity was the using of them for quarries to supply stone for new buildings.

One of the buildings constructed of this pillaged material is the great Barberini

Palace. Of it an English writer has said that what the Goth and Vandal barbarians had spared, the Barberini destroyed. Even the magnificent Colosseum was used as a quarry, so that little is now left of it except part of the outer shell.

When we remember that most of the buildings etched by Piranesi were erected about two thousand years ago, this ignorant destruction of them is a source of keen regret. Indeed, the only great Roman building of that epoch which is still in use as a building, and not conserved as a melancholy ruin, is the Pantheon.

Among the writers who have celebrated the prints of Piranesi, two may be cited. In the early Victorian era Thomas De Quincey, in his famous book, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," says:

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's *Antiquities of Rome*, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams* (*Le Carceri*), and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever: Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) representing vast Gothic halls: on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, etc., etc., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams

were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits,
whereunto

The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.

De Quincey does not mention the name of the "great modern poet" who wrote this fine piece of blank verse, but it is to be found in Wordsworth's "Excursion."

Besides the ruins in Rome and in the Roman suburb of Tivoli, some of Piranesi's finest plates are the etchings of the great temples at Pæstum, which was originally a Greek colony, and came under Roman domination. These temples, built about 600 years before the Christian era, are in the stern and noble Doric style, which antedated both the Ionic and the Corinthian orders of architecture. Although the temple of Neptune has taken on a rich yellow color, Piranesi, while otherwise giving a faithful presentation of the great building, for pictorial purposes has imparted to it a rich blackness in the shaded parts which the building does not possess.

The eminent architect and critic, the late Russell Sturgis of New York, in writing of Piranesi's etchings of the Pæstum temples, says: "The truth is that time has little to do with the destruction of a solid building. It is not time, but the wilful injury done by man, superadded, in some cases, by shock of earthquake, which has ruined the great buildings of the past."

If what is known as the Grand Style was exemplified by Michelangelo in sculpture and painting, by John Milton in poetry, and by Handel in music, it was surely possessed in etching by Piranesi.



A POINT IN MARINE LAW

BY J. W. MULLER

Author of "Dead Man's Bar," "The Man Who Saw It," etc.

WHEN the *Trinculo*, of the Meierdick and Knudsen Line, got ready to sail out of New York for Rum Cay, Fortune Island, Caicos, Inagua, Gonaives, Caimanéra, and some score of other places that are not world-ports, there were four of us aboard, and three knew one another.

There was Bob McAllister, a red-haired exotic from the Orkneys, transplanted while still a tender seedling; Dick Sutton, primevally a Boston person, and myself. Between us we knew a man who was known to the fourth man. The fourth man was Lindon Spencer, better known as "Toledo" Spencer, because he had been born there. He had a patriotic habit of asking strangers about Toledo, and he used to say that really he must take a look at it some day.

Sitting on deck between a boiler painted good as new for a man down Bahama-way and a crated lion, cast-iron, for a Haitian plaza, we found out what we had been doing since the last time.

Bob had sold a Solomon Island copper concession in Wall Street, and after the purchasers got through buying it from him he had just money enough left to pay his passage to the Caribbees, where he hoped to get the taste of New York out of his mouth.

Dick had played with a ranch and he was traveling on a few dozen assorted cows that had remained over after his creditors had interested themselves in his affairs.

Toledo Spencer had run up from his coffeeless coffee-plantation in Honduras to get a good dinner in town. It cost him \$850, odd; and he was using the remaining loose change to take another look at South America.

I was going because I had enough money

to keep me going for six months, providing I went where I could n't get back to New York while the money lasted.

We were on the *Trinculo* because her owners were philanthropists. The *Trinculo* had no passenger-carrying license. She was a tin can ornamented with a funnel to make her look like a ship. Meierdick and Knudsen permitted wanderers to ship on their vessels as assistant pursers or second assistant cat-o'-nine-tails for a total salary of one (1) dollar, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, in return for which they accepted unregistered passage-money at the rate of two dollars a day.

They did not know that they were benefactors. They thought they were making money out of it, because in exchange for the two dollars they provided cabins that would be despised for pantry purposes even in those tight-fitting sarcophagi called city apartments, and because the food was low caste, prepared in an impressionistic way by a cook who had long ceased to regard his profession as anything except a necessary evil. What they did not take into account was that for the two dollars they sold blue ocean and flying-fish and islands that are cheap at any price, even the price of eating the food.

The *Trinculo* was a good ship. She needed merely to be humored. Whenever her bow pointed steadily for more than an hour toward her destination, we went to the bridge and fined the captain a drink. He was not a humorist, but he said that we should never become toppers under that arrangement.

The Bahama man lost his boiler. The crew unloaded it in the Gulf Stream just in time. But we delivered the lion safe and sound at Gonaives after each of us had given him a kick. He was one of those

nice, fat-faced lions from Allegheny, Pennsylvania, painted a lifelike green, and no doubt by this time he is enthroned in a plaza somewhere and tourists from the States are driven at high rates to see him.

In place of the lion we took on another passenger, and we fell on him with tears. He was the Honorable Percy Algernon Sydney Blake Carothers, better known along the latitudes as "Goldilocks," owing to his hair being as English as the rest of him. He was that queer though plentiful English animal, a younger son, whose eldest brother was born with all the family silver spoons in his mouth, while Percy was born to premeditated poverty.

Besides entirely hopeless prospects, Percy had inherited the caste system. He would not have believed it; but there are too many generations of caste behind a Hindu or an Englishman to be wiped out lightly. It was this that made the Honorable Percy willing to work as field-hand, lead a forlorn hope, or drive mules—anything rather than keep shop. Percy thought that it was due to an inability for doing office work intelligently. But it was caste, inherited from ancestors who may have robbed shops but never kept them.

So, when the Honorable Percy Algernon, etc., Carothers came aboard the *Trinculo* and said: "I've got to jolly well settle accounts with some chaps in New York, you know," we knew at once that it was caste that made him thus explode with the fury of vengeance.

We knew, too, that it must be something unusual to induce Goldilocks to rise to a point of order regarding vengeance. As the descendant of a race accustomed to extensive family bereavements in the decapitation way every time England got a new king or queen, he took things mostly as they came and did not lay up for himself on this earth treasures of revenge, any more than he did treasures of money.

While the *Trinculo* was rolling out into the Windward Passage again, he went into details so far as it was humanly possible for him. Up Vancouver-way once I met an Englishman of Percy's kind that had been frozen in a whole winter in the Arctic Circle all alone. He used to think that he was telling a shamelessly elaborated tale when he said in moments of great verbosity: "Long winter I put

in at Point Barrow once. Ice and snow and all that sort of thing, you know."

The honorable descendant, it appeared, had been induced to go down to the Blancomar as assistant superintendent. The Blancomar is a place that many have seen from a distance, and some few know. The few who know it would gladly go to some trouble to blast it from the face of the sea.

Blancomar sticks up, a dazzling white pillar a hundred feet high, out of the turquoise Caribbean. Its top is about three miles square. The Sun of Cancer blazes on it till it frizzles, and a pretty little settlement of corrugated iron sheds stores the day's heat for the night. The sheds are the only vegetation on Blancomar.

The appealing quality of this sea-beauty is that it is almost pure phosphate. All that is necessary is to hack the top with picks, and dump the rock down a chute into a ship below. All around the rock the sea is deep. The sides of Blancomar pitch like walls straight into submarine hell. In calm weather a ship can lie close to. The captain needs merely to be clever about springs to his cables, and stay awake night and day, and keep his eye on the rock and on the wicked sea until he has his cargo and can sheer away, thanking God for another escape.

The gentlemen who own the rock have a neat little gold-mine, with only one drawback: no man who ever has been on Blancomar and escaped alive, will ever go back to it. West Indies men, who know all about it—they have seen specters in their ports—would as soon tie a rock to their feet and plunge into the Sigsbee Deep.

The family arrangement on Blancomar is to give each man a hole to peck at with his pick, mention his daily stint of barrows of phosphate rock, and make him stay in that hole till he has done his solemn duty. The sun stays with him. From dawn to dusk it still looks into each blazing hole. The only ship that touches at the rock is the company's vessel, which arrives half a dozen times a year to get phosphate and deliver supplies and live men enough to feed the death-rate.

On the steep southwest face of Blancomar a little trail, just wide enough for one man at a time, zigzags downward to a tiny strip of beach where by skilful handling a ship's boat can be landed. The ap-

proach to this trail on top of the rock is guarded day and night by a man with a repeating rifle.

This little precaution is taken because contract laborers from the States generally become actively homesick about thirty seconds after they are landed from the company's ship. Every new batch of laborers is so sure to contract this ailment, that when the superintendent and his assistants receive them, the reception committee has its revolver holsters open and the revolvers loose in them. Revolvers are not worn merely at receptions, however, on Blancomar. The officials there might forget to put on their trousers some morning, but never their revolvers. They have such an affection for weapons that they sleep with them close by; and one interested in really good, well-kept guns would admire the arsenal of rifles under lock in the superintendent's house.

All these matters the Honorable Percy discovered very soon. A fortnight's duty showed him more.

"Look here, old chaps," said he, when he had gotten thus far in his artless story; "I'm no little Christian Helper, eh? But this game was too much for my tummy."

He went into his cabin and returned with a handful of photographic prints. "Took 'em on the sly, whenever I got a chance," he explained. They were not art, those pictures; but they told Percy's story ever so much better than he was telling it. Goldilocks was no Christian Helper and we were n't either; but after looking at about a dozen, Bob said that it made him sick. It is n't nice to see men dying in holes like Norway rats.

Percy kept one photograph till the last. He held his hand over it for a time and then showed it, suddenly. The face of a dead man stared at us. Between the eyes was a little, round, black hole.

"Superintendent's own hand-work," said Goldilocks, becoming almost voluminous. "Man refused work. Said he was sick. Showed fight. Delirious, I think, myself. They nearly caught me making that picture."

Before that killing, Percy went on, he had been "jawing a bit of straight" to the superintendent pretty regularly; but after the killing, he refused absolutely to have anything more to do with the Blancomar Phosphate Works Company. "Told

them," said he, "that I was n't in the business of killing men for a ton of smelly rock—or standing by and seeing it done, either. I ordered 'em to set signal for the first ship that came by to take me off, don't you know. The superintendent jawed back something, do you see, about ordering me to duty; and, of course, I did n't bother to notice. Then he called to some chap to be witness, and ordered me again. He did the silly rot three times, and I turned to walk off. But he shouted, and his men closed around me, and there were too jolly many of 'em to fight, so I stood still. He made a long jaw. I'll cut out the rubbishy part, old chaps.

"In the old days, it seems, the laborers used to strike, and they'd sit still and eat the company's grub, and when the ship arrived they would swarm into her instead of phosphate, and when they got back to the States, d' you see, they'd bring suits for damages, false pretenses, and all that sort of rot. So at last the company got a good lawyer—good, you know, in the legal sense. I say! That's not half bad, eh, what? I'll skip the legal twaddle, though. Remember the voodoo thing, Bob, that we saw back of Jeremie one night? Well, the lawyer did something like that before one of your big courts, and he got a decision about three leagues long. The superintendent read it to me. They had a great pile of 'em, printed, in the office and used to hand a copy out to each workman. I'd received one, you know, but I never thought to read it, mixed-up English and all that sort of thing. But I read it then. It showed me how I'd been had by the phosphate crowd, and how all the poor swine of navvies had been had, don't you know. D' you want to read it?"

There was about a league of what passes for human language in law-courts, to recount the undoubted fact that Blancomar was an island, under private ownership of American citizens, in the open sea, beyond the jurisdiction of any State. Another league without a gleam of punctuation or intelligence went into the question of marine jurisdiction beginning with Noah. In the third league the learned court at last felt itself headed in the direction of the stables and began to trot. And in the last ten lines it stated, quite intelligibly, that therefore and whereas, and because of all

the other therefores and whereases, the island Blancomar was adjudged to be legally a ship under the American flag.

"See the point?" asked the Honorable Goldilocks when we reached the end, worn, but alive. "I did n't—at first. I refused duty and got a lovely stinger on the head that laid me out neat. I woke up in my bunk, and thinking it over, I saw it. If the Blancomar was a ship, why, a man that refused duty was a mutineer. Jolly, was n't it? Eh, what?" The noble descendant checked himself with, "I say, chaps, but I'm talking!"

It required dainty handling to get Goldilocks under way again, and at best after his horrible discovery that he had indulged in sustained speech, his gait was jerky. He relapsed into the British fashion of disconnected words. By careful attention it was possible to understand that the Honorable Carothers had thought over the situation for some painful hours. Then he lounged over to the superintendent's office to announce tamely that he had seen a great light and would obey orders.

They were glad. There were more than two hundred laborers, and only seven officials, counting Percy, to guard them. They forgave him and he went to work. He worked so hard that on the third night after that, he stood over the superintendent's bed with a revolver and induced him to part with the key to the arsenal, which was emptied promptly by laborers picked by Percy.

"They were a dirty lot to mess with," said Percy, "those poor devils, but I had the luck to hit it right with those I picked out for arming. They obeyed orders; and the whole show came off as smooth as Boxing Day Pantomime in old Drury Lane. We got the rest of his gang after we had the superintendent—Weeks, his name was, and he looked weak that night. Not half bad that, what?"

Goldilocks looked so pathetically pleased that Dick Sutton assured him on his sacred honor that it was the best ever, and he proceeded, quite encouraged. "There was n't a thing of what you could call scandal, except for one chap, the foreman or something like that. He ran and locked himself in the house where they kept the distillation plant, and commenced to shoot like a silly Guy Fawkes, you know. The men had to break in to make peace. They

got a little excited over it and jolly well broke up the distilling apparatus, and messed up my plans a bit, doing it.

"You see," continued Carothers, "I'd intended to signal the first ship and get it to take off myself and the laborers, and leave Weeks and his ugly family to stay on the rock till the phosphate ship came down. They had plenty of grub, of course. But we could n't leave them to die from thirst, and the only way to get water on Blancomar is to distill it from sea-water. So we had to take 'em along. That's what a fellow gets for messing, don't you know.

"We hoisted the American flag—nice thing to float over the Blancomar, eh?—upside down and waited. Of course the first ship to answer might have been bound straight for the States, and then we'd have been in a hole of sorts. But I did n't care much. I was too jolly well annoyed. Luckily a Danish tramp came along, bound Haiti-way. We told 'em the straight truth, that our water-supply was bally well wound up, and they took us off. Weeks and his gang kept still. I'd told them that if they talked rubbish, we'd leave 'em on the rock and they would most likely dry up into little leather corpses before another ship hove in sight. Weeks paid the passage for all hands, too, out of the company funds, after a little talk with me. I thought he should. Not more than right, eh, what? I did n't care whether Weeks kept his mouth shut after we landed in Haiti or not. But he did. They don't like the Blancomar Phosphate Works Company in Gonaives, where we went ashore, and he kept quiet."

The Honorable made signals of distress. "Give him air!" yelled Toledo Spencer, fanning him with his hat. "Goldilocks," said Bob, "remember your ancestors at Runnymede or anywhere else and go through with it. Your story is n't half so bad as it sounds."

"Don't rot me, you fellows," said Goldilocks, appealingly. "It's sickening to gas so much, and I have n't heard a word yet about what you chaps have been doing, don't you know. Where did you go, Dick, after we got out of Johannesburg?"

We brought the Honorable Goldilocks firmly back to his story and ordered him to finish it.

"Why, 't is finished!" said he. "The

attered, and shipped wherever they

Quite a few vessels in Gonaives week. Weeks stayed, he and his family. He did a lot of cabling a morning he met me on the wharf and that the president of the company was coming down himself and then gave me laid by the heels for piracy and tiny. So I knocked him down and board, and here I am, you chaps. "Any Scotch aboard?" And the able Percy Algernon Sydney Blake was relapsed into his majestic native

At night the *Trinculo* flopped her way out of the Windward very owing to what her engineer called intricacies of iron fragments. After breakfast-time next morning the white pillar of Blancomar came some miles away.

The first mate, standing near us, looked at his glass and uttered a word that I like "Well!" He complemented "The rock 's flying distress signal and started for the bridge. Gold stretched out his leg to stop him. "On!" said he. "There 's nobody rock. They were all taken off a go. Water-supply went bad—and things."

"Why, cried the mate in a fine Byrnest, did the many adjectived and ly blanked and otherwise unprintable, old women, fertilizer grub-and-crabs, and explicitly qualified leave their colors flying union Tell him that! Nobody told him and he continued to converse heat with the universe at large till Blan dropped into the sea astern.

Was a silly ass trick, right enough!" Percy, when the mariner at last exhausted the subject and wandered away, was derelict, eh, what? Regular on the high seas!"

McAllister erected himself on his legs and gave an intimation that he was about to make speech. Then he lay down again lazily and asked: "Will this packet make Caimanera, suppose?"

But Spencer thought that, if the likes of string that the engineer had wound his engines did not unravel, would be in that me-tro-po-lis of palm and alligators before dark.

"Very well," said Bob. "Then you fellows shut up for a while. I want to remember where I mislaid my brain the last time I used it. I need it to think something with."

"What a hopeful beggar you are, Bob!" said Dick.

Bob looked at Dick with the serene glance of a man too lazy to be open to insult, and stretched himself out with his hat over his face.

About an hour afterward, just when we were having an interesting row about whether or not the Cuban Majah snake is really as good eating as Dick said, Bob interrupted with a triviality about how much money the crowd had. After unanimously amending the resolution to read "how little," we fell to counting, the subject being one that had not occupied anybody's reasoning powers before. The pot amounted to a little over \$1100, American.

"That 'll do," said Bob. "I 'll be treasurer." And he took it. Then he retired under his hat again, and our utmost violence failed to get any human emotion out of him. He only said that he was considering how to manage something.

Bob was a great manager for everybody except himself, and always ready to use his talents for the public good. It was a harmless weakness and it saved more sensible persons much trouble. So we left him alone after making him promise not to strain his mind, and watched the tumbled rocky mountains of Cuba change from blue to red as the *Trinculo* bobbed toward them. She pointed her stubby nose straight at the wild wall as if she meant to butt out her cast-iron brains under the cliff where the dancing surf swung white veils.

Suddenly two mountains swung apart and the *Trinculo* slipped into a harbor like an inland sea. It was the harbor of Guantanamo, and before us lay the great naval station of the United States of America—a bird-house of a signal-station, half a dozen board huts, half a dozen corrugated iron ones, two red water tanks on stilts, something that looked like a poor-house, and a wharf.

But in the foreground there was a big thing sitting on the water, shapeless, lead-color, ominously ugly, with leaning towers of funnels and long, sleek guns. "Battle-ship!" said Dick, studying it with the

glass. "Hey! here 's luck! that 's the *Oklahoma!*"

That was luck! They loved Dick and me on the *Oklahoma*, from the captain down to the mascot pig. They loved us because once they had come on us in a no-man's-land where Dick and I had tried pearl-fishery with immaterial results. The grub had given out, and the cold beer was nearly gone. They saved us, and gave us of their best, and took us away from there; and, naturally, they looked on us as benefactors.

"What!" said Bob. "Do you fellows know the *Oklahoma* crowd? And do they know you?" he added, with such an expression that I had to explain to him, while I pushed his nose down to the ship's rail, that sarcasm was n't his strong point.

Then, because he seemed to be anxious about it, we gave him satisfactory assurances that the *Oklahoma's* mess knew only good about us.

"Very well," said Bob. "That helps immensely. I will now disclose. At least," said he, taking a second thought, "I will disclose to all except Goldilocks. Goldilocks, you are a bloody mutineer and pirate, unfit for the society of honest men. Noble son of a thousand earls, oblige me by vanishing out of the picture right here. You go on with the *Trinculo* to-morrow to Santiago and lay up in that nice little sky-blue Casa Venus till you hear from me, which won't be long. I 'll give you back enough of your money to keep you in the idleness to which you are accustomed. It is n't that I don't trust you, genuine descendant of real, genuine ancestors, but because I want to be able to swear, if I must, that you had nothing to do with what is going to happen. I hope your benighted British peerage of a mind will see my American point."

"Stop rotting," said Goldilocks. "I don't mind going to Santiago. I 'll go there right enough to oblige you, and I 'll wait there till you write to me to pull you out of the mess that no doubt you 're going into."

"Faithful heart of oak!" said Bob. "Now when we get to Caimanera, I 'll hustle ashore to look up a man that I know. He helped me run arms once, before the Spanish-American sweepstakes. If he 's alive yet, and if he 's there yet, he 'll be able to produce a schooner that I want.

Here! Listen, and I 'll disclose, as I said before. Go away, Goldilocks."

Goldilocks yawned and went. Bob disclosed. "And now, you see," he concluded, "since you fellows know the *Oklahoma*, there 's a shore end to this as well as the schooner end. The schooner end requires brains. That 's why Me and Dick and Spencer will attend to it. The shore end requires only cheek. It 's as if made to order for you, Wesley," he said to me, without a blush.

The *Trinculo* waddled on, through the harbor that expanded and narrowed and expanded again, big enough for a dozen fleets, till she poked into the swampy Caimanera River. Before she was fast to the pier that was the only visible sign of human affairs, Bob was sprinting up the steaming, reed-lined trail to the palm-hut village. We stayed stretched out on deck with something cool to drink and said what a good manager he was, Goldilocks dissenting. He handed in a minority report, saying that Bob was not a manager but a lunatic.

Bob managed so well, however, that by dark his Cuban friend and brother, the Señor José Ortega, was alongside with his good schooner *La Pez*, a sweet craft so wide that she was almost circular and built of timbers that would have been more appropriate as pier-spiles.

"Now remember, Wesley," said Bob before he and Dick and Spencer climbed into her; "you 're to visit the *Oklahoma* to-morrow with your face nicely washed and say 'how d' ye do' prettily. Then, sooner or later, you will deftly turn the tide of your sparkling conversation to the subject of phosphate. At the psychological moment, you will flash the photographs taken by the haughty and insolent Englishman with the canary-colored hair. You will be considerate enough, of course, not to vex your friends' minds with any reference to the recent trouble on the rock. You will also suffer from a total loss of memory about such persons as Me, Dick, and Spencer. We are as we were not. Your mission begins and ends, especially ends, with establishing a proper mental condition aboard the United States battleship *Oklahoma* regarding the phosphate business. See?"

And the schooner *La Pez* slatted away toward the Caribbean.

A POINT IN MARINE LAW

The Honorable Percy's pictures really made a big hit next day. I was almost sorry that he could n't be there to see. They passed from hand to hand, even to the captain, who pretended to look at them carelessly. Later the executive officer asked me privately: "How did you get hold of them? Can't you get at some of those poor devils on the rock and help 'em lay a complaint before a Federal Court?" To which I replied that the *Blancomar* was a ship according to legal fiction, and that the *Oklahoma* would better seize the rock and tow it in as a prize. "Hanged if I would n't like to," said the executive. From this I judged that perhaps I had not made the *Oklahoma's* mess love the *Blancomar* Phosphate Works Company.

Next evening *La Pez* slam-banged in from sea, and Señor Ortega, a gentle creature with a piratical cut and an amiable soul, brought me a letter. Over the top of the sheet was printed the heading in ink:

International Salvage Company

It was dated: "On board the American ship *Blancomar*, abandoned in mid-sea and seized for salvage by Robert McAllister, Richard Sutton, and Lindon Spencer, representing the I. S. Co."

"We've landed all right, I mean boarded her," wrote Bob. "Have hoisted stars and stripes right side up again on her main truck, and at the fore the house-flag of the International Salvage Company, being a white table-cloth with a device in black (out of Dick's coat lining) showing the ace of clubs. Very fetching. You are hereby officially empowered as the shore representative, power of attorney, prime minister, and anything else that's legal of the I. S. Co., to ship yourself on schooner *La Pez* to Gonaives and serve notice on Brother Weeks. Hope he'll be angry enough to give you an excuse to treat him like an egg—beat him up. Get busy. Be as painful as possible and then sit tight."

Mr. Weeks at Gonaives carried on extravagantly. He did not really get into a condition of mind wherein he could understand business till I offered him a little of Bob's prescription. Then he saw a great light, or even more; and when we got through he went sputtering to the telegraph bureau and sent a ruinously long

cable message to his company in York.

Four days afterward Señor Or sailed into Gonaives again with a ship almost as wide as his schooner, and brought another letter from Bob.

"It worked! It worked!" he wrote. "The company telegraphed to Washington for a war-ship, and Washington cabled to Guantanamo, and this mornin' our dear friend *Oklahoma* arrived in front of the rock, full of smoke and trouble. They sent a boat ashore, and the officers stopped for a while on the trail up the cliff to engage in literary recreation. We had a sign there saying: 'These Phosphate and Mayhem Works Closed Till Further Notice. Admission by Ticket Only. Beware of the Dog.' I went aboard the ship and showed the captain the printed copies of the decision that the company so thoughtfully provided us with. Told him we had a perfect right to hold a rock for salvage as long as the courts called it a ship. He sat thinking for one hundred years. My watch said fifteen minutes, but it was a hundred years, just the same, because I could never have pictured so many different kinds of jails to myself in less than that space of time. At last he opened his marine mouth and instead of saying jail, it said that he was n't inclined to take hasty action in such a fine question of marine law. The *Blancomar*, he thought, was likely to stay put until the company could settle it in court. Then he steamed away, and it seemed to me as if the whole *Oklahoma* was grinning, even the guns. That dear captain-man's cable to the paternal government will be all right. Now you play trumps! Show Weeks the photographs you hold, and tell him he can pay us a reasonable sum for salvage or go to court and there tell the sad story of his company's phosphatic life. I think he'll scald the cables when he sees those pictures. So be good, and, remember! no reasonable offer refused! We don't want to take root here. Continued association with phosphate will undermine even the loftiest principles."

There was a P.S. saying: "For goodness' sake send some mineral water over by the schooner. And some brevas, black and extra strong. Also a pair of scissors. I'm going to cut Dick's hair."

More than a year afterward, Bob -

I were at Hampton Roads when a battleship named *Oklahoma* came in. A native of the ward-room country came ashore on business, sighted us in the offing, and took us aboard as lawful prizes. The ward-room country flew friendly signals, and we knew that there was no feud between them and us. However, there was no mention made of a derelict named the *Blancomar*. Before we left, the captain took us aside and said: "Never fail to make yourselves at home aboard the *Oklahoma* while I 've got her. I like you. But, take my word for it, some day a toy government below the tropic will stand you two gay philosophers against a wall and—"

However, that was only his little joke. He knew that Bob and I never mix in politics or meddle with legal things, except in this case where we simply applied marine law practically and followed the rulings of an American court like good citizens.

Oh, the salvage? The company paid

\$25,000 in genuine money, and the International Salvage Company retired in good order. That made a little over \$6000 for Bob, Dick, Lindon, and me. The Honorable Goldilocks declined to share. "I don't call that settling my accounts with the company, old chaps," said he. "Thanks awfully, just the same."

He borrowed a few hundred and left us, and we did n't see him again for quite a while. But about two months after he borrowed the money, he sent it back from New York; and about the same time Bob saw an item in a stray New York paper that told how an unknown ruffian, evidently of great strength and ferocity, had mauled the president of the well-known Blancomar Phosphate Works Company and nearly cut him in two with a rawhide, after which he made his escape and remained escaped.

Somehow, Bob and I suspected that maybe the unknown ruffian was the Honorable Percy Algernon Sydney Blake Carothers.



REVEILLE

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH get you up and turn your back
On drowsy folk who miss the dawn!
The last stars stagger in their track,
The gray-eyed day calls out. You faun,
Wood-soul, sea-soul, wide wanderer,
Awake! The shutters still are drawn,
But we like mist abroad will stir
And taste the still, salt air of dawn.

With cockle-shell of pilgrimage,
To shrines of sun and sky and sea,
With pack and stick and scrip, assuage
The wander-thirst that such as we
Do suffer. O wide wanderer,
The moor road and the cliff road calls—
The roaring reaches where the blur
Of strong, bright surf forever falls!

And we will be as gipsy-folk,
Or sailors of uncharted sea:
The fog, the wind, horizon-smoke,
A moor, a house, a glamour
Of cloud and sun, be these our friends.
And be the faces that we meet
All glad of us, to make amends
For city days less rich in sweet.

Oh get you up and turn your back
Upon the gray-haired drowsy town!
The twisted moor roads hold your track,
Sweet-fern and berry, hot and brown,
And silken sea of reeds swept through
With molten, rippling green and gray,
And lonely meadow-lands that knew
Old footprints long since blown away.

The last stars stagger and fall back,
The dripping sails in harbor gleam;
Oh, get you up, tie on your pack,
And we will seek—will seek—a dream?



THE A B C OF THE TARIFF QUESTION

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE Tariff will not down: on the contrary, it is to-day the foremost domestic question and promises to remain so through the next presidential campaign.

No issue arouses so much discussion with so little practical result, and yet it is a perfectly simple subject, with nothing obscure about it; the wayfaring man, the humblest toiler, can readily understand it and form a correct judgment. Let us try to give the A B C of it.

First: There are two kinds of tariff: one for Revenue, one for Protection. In neither of these should food or the necessities of life be taxed, because these are consumed by rich and poor alike and Adam Smith's doctrine should never be lost sight of,—“Taxes should be paid by people in proportion to their ability to pay.” The toiling masses, the people, have not the ability to pay which rich people have; therefore, the necessities of life should always be free of taxation. This is fundamental, whether the tariff be for revenue or protection.

Let us first consider the tariff for Revenue. The Government must have revenue, and because tariff duties can easily be collected upon articles of luxury imported, it is wise, very wise, to avail ourselves of this source of revenue, because the few rich who have the ability to pay should be made to pay heavily upon luxuries, which the masses do not consume. Luxuries are superfluities, not necessities, and mostly articles for foolish fashion or

unwholesome appetites, both demoralizing to their victims. Our Government obtains the enormous sum of, say, two hundred millions of dollars revenue annually upon these superfluities,—foreign silks, satins and linens, fashionable attire, jewelry, foreign wines, cigars, etc. The lives of the rich would be improved, and more truly refined, were these abandoned, for they are either vulgar or unsalutary. Therefore, the tax upon luxuries should always be that rate of duty which is found to yield the greatest revenue and it should be remembered that it is because these luxuries are costly that they are fashionable; hence the tax can be raised from time to time until a higher civilization is reached, when men will neither smoke nor drink and women discover that they are most refined when simply dressed, not when they resemble Indian squaws laden and bedecked with vulgar ornament. Meanwhile it is to be regretted there is no need for reducing duties at present upon deleterious and fashionable luxuries. As the demand is not lessening we can keep the taxes high.

On the other hand, duties should not be levied upon art treasures imported, because these tend to gravitate to public galleries and thus become the priceless possessions of the people. Although held for a time by their owners, a generation comes when an owner bereft of family, perhaps, or for other reasons, bequeaths them to the city. They are not “consumed” as luxuries are. So much for the revenue tariff.

Now for that of Protection. Here the subject is also simple, though not so entirely one-sided. We must begin with new nations, and here we find that there is no exception. All aim at producing certain articles at home, and Protection seems to be a law of their being. Our own country, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, have protection and already even the South African republic announces its intention to "protect" certain industries. It is a natural national development and cannot be crushed. Adam Smith approved the navigation laws because these encouraged the growth of trained seamen required for the British navy, which were then essential—for the country's safety—but in one paragraph Mill may be accepted as having settled that question in our day. Many years ago the writer attended an interesting dinner in Birmingham, at which John Bright was present. He asked if I would give our friends the explanation which men of knowledge really had to offer for protection. I illustrated it by saying I had just visited an old English fort where I found a well many hundred feet deep which centuries ago a wise commander had sunk because he wished a sure supply of that indispensable article within the walls. A beautiful stream ran down the valley from which an ample supply could easily have been obtained, and then I quoted the paragraph from Mill to the effect that though it was always wise to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, yet we did not know which country would prove the cheapest producer until its resources were tested. Mr. Bright promptly responded, "Mill has done more mischief by that one paragraph than all the good his other writings will ever do." Laughter ensued and the subject was dropped.

Let me illustrate protection, from my own experience. Our country made no steel until Mr. Park of Pittsburg imported some hundreds of English steel workers from Sheffield. As a boy I saw them shooting quail and rabbits around Pittsburg. They even imported their dogs with them. Mr. Pitcairn followed, importing a full staff of window-glass workers from Belgium, at wages three times the Belgian rates. When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Gilead A. Smith was promptly sent to Britain to buy up steel

plates for the Pennsylvania Railroad, Baldwin Locomotive Works, etc. In those days we made no steel plates nor steel rails in our country, but were dependent upon Europe. Finally, it was seen that we must have a supply of that indispensable article, steel, within our own lines. Several attempts had been made to introduce the Bessemer steel process, at Troy, New York, on Lake Michigan, and at other points, but the result was failure. Most, indeed I may say all, of the pioneers failed or became embarrassed. The Joliet Steel Co., Illinois, The Freedom Iron Co. of Pennsylvania, The Cambria Iron Co., had all to be reorganized. Even the Pennsylvania Steel Co. was only saved from ruin by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. advancing six hundred thousand dollars, equal to-day to several millions. After the Civil War Congress sent for the manufacturers and explained that it was ready to "protect" steel, and thirty per cent. duty was imposed. Steel rails, all imported, then cost \$90 per ton. The duty was \$28. To-day the price is \$28 per ton home production, and the duty \$4. No foreign supply is needed.

The writer has been before several congressional committees upon the tariff question, but never to ask an increase, always stating that reductions in duty could be made. Testifying before the present tariff was passed, I stated that the steel duty could now be abolished, which gave many people the impression that I had changed my views because I was no longer an interested party. On the contrary, I may cite a letter that appeared in the "New York Times" of December 28, 1908, from Charles Stewart Smith, ex-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, saying that he heard me "tell President McKinley during his first term that steel no longer needed protection." The infant industry has grown to be a giant. Protection has done its work. Thus, steel vindicates the policy of protection and the rule for new countries is—encourage new industries when there is a prospect of finally getting thereby in due time a surer supply cheaper at home than the foreigner can give. If after proper patient testing it is clear that our domestic supply of any article cannot be obtained except at a higher price than the foreign, which has always to pay transportation to our shores,

then we should not pursue the experiment, unless the article is essential for our defense.

We are now experimenting with our beet sugar supply. The Secretary of Agriculture, probably the ablest who has ever filled that position, thinks he can develop a home supply cheaply. Let us hope so, but should he be disappointed, then it becomes a question for consideration whether the protective duty should be maintained.

To-day no new "infant industries" are applying for protection. The country, and the protected manufactures generally, have attained to manhood, but there has been perfected in almost every industry, including railways, a system of combination which maintains standard prices, even when combination has not taken legal form,—understandings exist both national and international which practically produce the desired result and the consumer has to pay unfair prices. This development necessitates government regulation; hence we have the Court of Commerce charged with the duty of supervising prices and protecting the consumer from extortion. There will ensue a few years of irregular results, but steadily the court will approach and finally reach solid ground and become to industry what the Supreme Court is to law. Eventually we shall agree upon what a fair profit is upon capital and ability in each branch of production; also what is and what is not standard management, and how accounts are to be kept and what percentages if any are to be allowed for depreciation. It will be found that few, if any plants, fail to become more perfect than at first and appreciation, instead of depreciation, results. The annual repairs should embrace the adoption of new improvements charged properly to maintenance as part of running expenses, and the plants thus kept up to date.

It should be remembered that even without tariff the home producer has natural protection, which government cannot touch. For the foreign producer there is the cost of transport, generally from an inland location to the sea, then the sea freight and then again land transport to the consumer,—heavy items,—and in addition, there comes the serious disadvantage of time consumed before the order can reach the foreign producer, and the article ordered can reach the purchaser in return,

—a disadvantage from which only articles kept in stock here are exempt. There is also the danger of mistakes in the manufacture—wrong sections, patterns misplaced, etc., etc.,—which can be more promptly remedied by the home producer. Equally, or even more important, is the preference which the home producer has as a rule over the distant and unknown foreigner. Men naturally wish to favor with their orders neighbors who may have orders to give in turn, and, finally, there is an office force to be maintained by the foreigner or a commission to be paid sale agents. Truly, the foreign invader has a sea of troubles to encounter, amounting in the aggregate to a pretty fair measure of protection, even when the government admits foreign products duty free.

It has been held that the protective duty upon manufactures should equal "the difference between cost of labor at home and abroad, and a fair profit to the manufacturer." To both native and foreign manufacturer a fair profit is as clearly an element of "cost" as labor or material. There would be no production anywhere unless there were a fair profit. Abolish that and production ceases. The difference in the cost of labor is only one element in considering what rate of duty, if any, is required, for, as we have seen, the foreign manufacturer has many elements of cost and other disadvantages in reaching our domestic consumer, from which the home manufacturer is free. All of these points the Court of Commerce will have to consider when fixing the fair rate of a protective duty in addition, which at this late day it will not often be found necessary to make excessive.

There yet remains another and higher point of view. World conditions seriously affect the doctrine of protection. Steam has shrunk the world into a neighborhood. As no man lives by himself alone, so no country does. They exchange products to such an extent that last year international trade amounted to \$37,000,000,000, the highest upon record. No nation can produce everything required. Our own country has to obtain its chief supply of manganese, essential for making steel, from foreign lands, our home supply being trifling. It exported to other lands last year to the value of \$1,910,000,000, and bought from them to the value of \$1,645,000,000.

A nation resolved to consume only its own products would resemble a man who tried to raise himself by tugging at his own suspenders. This beneficent exchange of commodities is followed by hosts of visitors to and from every nation, and the French proverb is soon seen to be true: viz., that "we only hate those we do not know." Thus, the peoples of the world tend more and more through commerce to be drawn into the bonds of brotherhood.

In conclusion, here is the sound doctrine: (A) No duties upon the necessities of life; (B) Heavy duties upon all luxu-

ries; (C) Temporary protection for new industries when it is probable that we may be able finally to obtain a home supply as cheap or cheaper than from abroad, and in extreme cases even if we have to pay more for a home supply of articles essential for national safety until the killing of men by men in war has gone the way of private war (duelling) and the selling of men by men (slavery) throughout the wide boundaries of the English-speaking race.

Such is the A B C of the Tariff Question.



LAWLESSNESS AND THE PRESS

MANY have been the mornings in recent months when the pages of even conservative newspapers have looked more like catalogues of crime, than like "journals of civilization." And almost any morning has been rich enough in the harvest of human depravity to enable the sensational newspapers (as one may readily judge from the flamboyant pictures and head-lines to be seen in any street-car) to rivet the attention of millions of readers, by scandal and crime, to pages thoughtfully interspersed with announcements of reduced bargains.

And what a medley of frivolity and barbarity these ingenious editors are able to concoct, from day to day! No end of material is ready to their hands; no class of citizens or section of the country but furnishes its quota of incident. Ordinary blackguardism by plain ruffians receives an ordinary dressing, but unusual instances—unusual because of the supposed refinement of the actors, and not for scarcity—are set forth with unusual piquancy and detail. A riot at a great university, in which intellectual youth pits itself with jocund motive against public order and a brutal police, is set forth in a way to invite emulation by the rivals of Cornell; and when the young gentlemen of an Ohio college break into the young ladies' dor-

mitory, and with pajamas drawn over their clothes, execute a carnival dance in the halls, the treatment accorded the event is in harmony with its importance to a newspaper that has to be sold to be appreciated.

Stodgy crimes like the ordinary killings and poisonings, "black-hand" stealings and explosions, strike outrages, public defalcations, and plain burglaries, are set forth with an exhaustiveness alike stimulating to those inclined to follow criminal example, and terrifying to those fearful of becoming future victims. It is plain that the average sensational editor handles a topic of that sort with a determination to surpass his rival's "duty to publicity," by making the most of its possibilities as salable news. No matter if premature publication will baffle so-called "justice"; the public shall know all of the hideous reality, and more than all of the imaginary direfulness, even if civilization must thereby perish lingeringly on the altar of journalistic commerce.

But it is the social fault or excess of certain persons, prominent, or both rich and prominent, that commands the sensational editor's heartiest efforts. Here is material that is susceptible of the greatest variety of treatment, day after day, with the surest commercial profit. The more trifling the matter, the greater the opportunity for getting in the deadly work of

rumor and innuendo. And even if a wriggling victim should succeed in establishing mistaken identity, two good "stories"—one to launch the imposture, and another to sink it entertainingly,—would still be to the credit of journalistic enterprise.

In our Democratic America a title of nobility, real or assumed, spurs the sensational editor into an excess of activity to do his duty to the true nobility of the world,—those who work for a living, and who demand, for a cent, real and imaginary knowledge of all the extravagances and frailties of the aristocracy of birth and wealth.

Divorces, either projected, or in process of being sought by western residence, or merely suspended or resumed, if discovered or suspected at the inception, are susceptible of conversion into columns of "news" as good as gold to a newspaper's till. In addition, the new combinations of the legally untied afford an imperative basis for revivals of the old, appetizing details.

The field of social torture for the amusement of readers who have a cent to spend, would appear to be as expansive as human nature; but the sensational editor never quite shows his full ability to satisfy the public craving for human outrage unless misfortune, mischance, or caprice plunges a well-to-do and sensitive family into the deepest sorrow. Then the inventions of penny-dreadfuls, the mendacity of keyhole spies, and the cruelties of the middle ages pale before the exploits of those who preach (for personal profit) that "a free press is the palladium of our liberties." Such an incident furnished New York, and indeed the whole country, with the highest example of this sort of "devotion to the public interest," and was made to last through the busiest and most crowded winter known to the scandal industry.

At intervals some foreign gentleman, fortunate in all the circumstances of life except a prominence that attracts the interviewer, arrives on these shores and runs the gantlet of inquisition and ridicule from the Atlantic to the Pacific, either with good-natured surprise, or dumb indignation; and after getting acquainted with the institution that is called "the enterprising American press," he asks, with a smile compounded of stupefaction and amazement: "But, why?"

For twenty years a committee of women of the "Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends" has been accumulating answers to that very pertinent question. Like Quaker gentlewomen they have gone about their mission with courtesy and patience. When they have seen in a publication news-articles, pictures, or advertisements which any sane person of average judgment would concede to be encouragement to vice, or stimulus to crime, they have made a personal appeal to the editor or owner, asking "Why?"; and also asking: Why not exclude such stuff in the interest of women and children,—if not for the love of home and country? Their last report expresses satisfaction with the results of their many years of effort, for they have not always been rebuffed, and they are possessed, by the power of God's love, with a hope that some time in America all the representatives of the press will regard a sense of public decency of as much importance as intellectual reputation, or newspaper profits.

In a gentle spirit, these Quaker missionaries to our intellectual heathen record that the excuse commonly offered with a rebuff, is the stereotyped phrase: "We give the public what it demands."

So, also, does the professional gambler respond to a public demand; likewise the purveyors of social vice; the distributor of indecent pictures, the peddlers of debasing drugs and other corrupting merchandise. None of them would be in business except for a public demand, and all of them would do more business if the laws allowed them a free hand in stimulating the demand. It is only those who do business under the banner of "a free press" who may pollute the stream of public demand as much as they please, and do so without even the pretense of serving any useful purpose except their own sordid profit. Even some of the best and most valiant newspapers appear to look with distrust on any suggestion to curb by law this unbridled license, lest their own freedom of judgment should be menaced.

All of the press is in principle opposed to the encouragement of physical lawlessness, which, in great variety, abounds at the present time; not a few are doing important service in educating public opinion against the lawless type of labor agitator; most of the press strives continually and

with great ability for the higher interests of the nation; but a minor part of the press which, *mirabile dictu*, circulates more widely than all the rest of the press put together, is so engrossed with the duty of supplying advertisers with "the largest circulation," that as a regular line of business it seeks, consciously, and with almost insane activity, to outrage private right and shock public decency,—lest overstimulated and jaded readers should find in a rival sheet a mess of social slime and human misery more to their vitiated taste.

Therein lies the answer to the "why" of this journalistic degradation: the pretended "public demand" is a response to a fabricated supply—and the sole motive for the infamy is the profit of a business meaner than stealing and more degrading than the social evil.

And, after all, the worst feature of the activities of the sensational press is its cultivation of lawless thinking, which is the mother of all lawlessness. Does any sort of citizen capable of a single independent thought imagine that wide-spread daily exploitation of Evil does not result in the extension of the curse that is craved?

The question "why?" is an old one, and our legislators, profusely assisted by the press, always answer it in the same way: "A free press is the palladium of our liberties."

As this page is being arranged for the press the New York "Sun" has an editorial entitled "A Mystery of the 'Wave of Crime.'" With no attempt to convey the excellent argument, we submit a few pertinent extracts:

What starts the "wave of crime"? Does the public first become hysterical and affect certain newspapers, or do the newspapers themselves supply the initial impulse? . . . That an unusual nervous condition has somehow been produced in a part of the population is not to be questioned. . . . He is an incompetent city editor who cannot supply in any large community a "carnival of crime" on six hours' notice and set on edge the apprehensions and fears of a number of persons sufficient to justify his course. . . . But the introduction of the present "wave of crime" is in a manner mysterious. Why should it make its appearance at a moment when there is an ample quantity of

legitimate news to fill all the columns of the newspapers?

It is significant, as applying to our own argument, that newspapers are not in accord as to what constitutes "legitimate news"; also that the entire sensational press, especially in its Sunday supplements, makes a special feature of crime rehashes, and crime inventions, with startling pictures of "hold-ups," and burglaries, in which revolvers are always flourished. This "wave of crime" has been rising for many years, in fact since the advent of certain enterprising spirits in journalism; but the "mystery" of its progress resides in the silence of serious newspapers, and the amazing indifference of teachers, preachers, legislators, and the thinking public.

THE KING JAMES BIBLE

APROPOS OF THE TERCENTENARY

THE English Bible is so deeply embedded in the thought, speech, and character of the English-speaking peoples that it has a place in literature and an authority greater than that of any other book. The fact that it is a translation is remembered by scholars and students; but in the hands of nine generations it has been an original work. This means that the translation has the vital energy of style, the moving power, the convincing phrasing of original literature of the very highest rank. It is not too much to say that in the translation from the Hebrew and Greek into English, the Bible has gained in vitality and penetrating power. It is this almost unparalleled freshness of spirit and speech that has made the English Bible the text-book of a race of world-wide relations and influence. Its content of religious truth and its form of speech are so vitally unified that each contributes to the other and reinforces its effect. It is, therefore, not only a great work of literature but a historical document of greater importance in the national life of the English-speaking peoples than *Magna Charta*.

The sources of the English Bible go back to Cædmon and Bede; and half a dozen men of genius contributed to the richness of phrase, the noble cadence, the lofty rhythm of a translation which grew out of a remark made by King James to a

conference of English churchmen in 1604; it was not until three years later that the scholars selected for the undertaking went seriously to work on their great task. They were men of wide divergences of opinion, but they were large-minded in their attitude toward their work, and they combined sound scholarship with deep literary feeling. The moment was fortunate; for the splendid eloquence of the great translations of the sixteenth century, which were in their way as noble works of literature as the plays and poems of Shakspeare's contemporaries, without parting with its strength and richness had made vast gains in simplicity and clearness. The language had not yet become literary, "fetlocked by dictionary and grammar mongers"; it was in its most vital stage of growth; to quote Lowell, "every hidden root of thought, every subtlest fiber of feeling, was mated by new shoots and leafage of expression, fed from those unseen sources in the common earth of human nature."

The translation, finished in 1611, became at once a text-book of national life. Earlier and incomplete English versions of the Bible had been read by crowds of people in English churches and homes, but the translation of 1611 became, as Green has said, "the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it from the instant of its appearance the standard of our language."

Its influence is evident in nearly all the greater English writers and in the American writers as well; for it was the most precious possession brought to the New World by the English settlers who laid the foundations of the American commonwealth. Under its influence Bunyan's work became "a well of English undefiled"; almost three centuries later Ruskin recorded at length his great indebtedness to the English Bible; while in a country which was just beginning to hear English spoken by insignificant groups of people when that Bible was given to the world, Lincoln gave the spirit of the New Testament the simple and solemn majesty of expression of the Old Testament. As the sun rose over the field of Dunbar Cromwell cried: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered"; in his second Inaugural Address Lincoln said: "Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the

wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of this great text-book of English faith, speech, and morals is being commemorated in many impressive ways wherever the language is spoken; the greatest recognition of its incalculable service to civilization would be a fresher and wider study of its majestic and liberating ideas, its noble and inspiring English.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON

FEW if any of the great men of history have so soon after death taken their rightful place in the estimate of the world as Abraham Lincoln, and this fact is all the more remarkable when among the participants in this acclaim have been representative men of the South who during four years had held him up to personal execration. The verdict of greatness was speedily confirmed by the entire world, and now, half a century after his first inauguration, there is no sign of diminution or detracting of his fame. His official biography has been nobly written by his private secretaries, and the public never tires of what is printed of him in the memoirs and reminiscences of his contemporaries, knowing that, as Tennyson said of Wellington,

Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

There remains to give adequate expression to the world's regard in outward and visible forms. In sculpture this has been done by Saint-Gaudens in his standing and seated statues in Chicago (the latter, unhappily, not yet in position), and now by French in his figure for Lincoln's namesake, the capital of Nebraska, and by others. Painting has yet done little more than hold the features of the Emancipator in their actuality: the ideal note of great graphic art has not yet touched his memory.

The time has now come to decide what form is to be given to the national memorial in Washington, and, particularly, whether it is to be so placed as to contribute in the highest degree to the permanent honor of Lincoln and to the credit of the American people. The commission to whom the determination of these important details has been intrusted is composed of men devoted to the memory of Lincoln and sure to approach their duties with the highest motives, and criticism of them in advance of their action is greatly to be deprecated. That the problem is, pre-eminently, an artistic one, as affecting the beauty and the appropriateness of the monument itself and its relation to the esthetic character of the city of Washington, is recognized by the fact that the decision of the Memorial Commission is subject to the advice of the Commission of Fine Arts. After this has been given the final decision is to be made by Congress. Thus provision is made for the fullest consideration of all points of view.

Two conflicting plans for the placing of the monument have been proposed: first, that of the Burnham-McKim-Saint-Gaudens-Olmsted Commission, which, in accordance with a systematic, expert, well-considered and far-reaching project for the arrangement of the public grounds and buildings of the city, would place the memorial on the axis of the Capitol and the Washington monument, to the west of the latter, on the banks of the Potomac at the entrance of a proposed new memorial bridge across the river. In accordance with this dignified and symmetrical scheme the Government already has erected two buildings beside the imposing central Mall and contracts for three others have recently been let, and it would seem little less than a national calamity to throw away any part of so magnificent and well articulated a plan except for overwhelming reasons—a plan which was conceived with a view to the development of the most beautiful of our American cities, in which the whole country takes pride. In favor of this location is the well-nigh

unanimous body of American artistic opinion.

The other suggestion is that the memorial should be placed between the Capitol and the handsome new railway-station on the left of the avenue leading down the slope. The arguments for this decision are non-artistic—what, by a curious inversion, are called “practical,” as though the views of architects were perforce unpractical—and relate chiefly to the convenience of visitors and the immediate challenge of Lincoln’s fame to their attention. These considerations are entitled to be taken into account, but it is easy to give them a disproportionate weight as against the judgment of men whose studies of foreign cities and whose life-work—not to speak of their disinterested ambitions for their country’s art—give them a special right to be heard.

Another view of the problem was set forth by the late John Hay, one of Mr. Lincoln’s private secretaries. Mr. McKim, shortly before his own death, stated to a fellow-architect that when Mr. Hay as Secretary of State was called upon for his opinion as to the position for the Lincoln memorial, in a Cabinet meeting called to consider the general plan for the development of Washington, said substantially, if not literally:

As I understand it, the place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln of all Americans next to Washington deserves this place of honor. He was of the Immortals. You must not approach too close to the Immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city; isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this one near the Potomac is most suited to the purpose.

It should be recognized that the burden of proof is overwhelmingly upon those who would disregard the great body of artistic opinion on this subject. The voices of McKim and Saint-Gaudens plead from the grave for the noble plan to which they gave their world-recognized skill and their unstinted and patriotic labors.



OPEN LETTERS

ON ETIQUETTE FOR SMUGGLERS

From a Lady of Experience to her Cousin the Wife of a Judge of Court

My dear Gertie:

It gives me genuine pleasure to receive your letter appealing to me for advice concerning the etiquette of smuggling. In the first place it shows that you intend next season to take your place as a really smart woman in New York. Naturally, too, I am flattered at the implied tribute to myself as expert and criterion in so delicate a matter. Above all am I gratified that though but a novice in foreign travel you yet recognize by instinct the need of proper conventions for the artistic commission of this most womanly of crimes.

Yes, my dear girl, let us not hoodwink ourselves: smuggling is a crime, but only in the eyes of the law, so that there is nothing disturbing in the word so far as our sex is implicated. Did we women make that law? Ha, ha! Do we women believe in that law? Ha, ha! ha, ha! There you are, then; taxation not only without representation, but for positive misrepresentation! Do the men that made that law expect us women to obey it? Ask the officials of the Treasury!

Of course if this sheet should fall under your husband's eye, as a Judge of Court he will harangue you about the duty of upholding a statute, even if one's own private ox is gored thereby. Quite right too, and you will fail in your wifely duty if you don't applaud, love, and honor him for the fine stand he takes. But, poor Freddie, in his position, how can he be impartial! Let him stay at home and uphold the statute while you go abroad and hold-up the government, and don't care a fig! Well, crime be it, it is not for our husbands to reproach us, since it springs from our laudable desire to dress as well as possible, to look as pretty as we can at the least expense to them. If they had any logic about them they would tax what goes out of the country, not what is



brought in. Why don't they cut a liberal slice off every million our heiresses annually bestow on foreign noblemen, if they want to guard native industries? That would be my idea of protection with a vengeance! But crime though smuggling be in the eyes of man-made law, thank Heaven

there's nothing vulgar about it, like breaking the Commandments singly or in a set, which is only what the heathen and other lower-class persons would be guilty of. Smuggling is a plutocratic economy, a felony of the first-cabin.

But about its conventions in detail. From these preliminary remarks you will have gathered that it has no connection whatever with morality.

When you are called upon to declare your foreign purchases, declare! Declare your allotted hundred dollars' worth and something over on which you intend to pay duty. Declare fully, freely; more than fully, freely. Have a list of a thousand little niggling items, with the bills made out in foreign money of smallest denomination; halfpence, farthings; copecks and polushkas, soldi and centesimi, pfennige and groschen, sous, centimes, and the like. Turn your hundred dollars into ten thousand cents translated into seven languages. Declare every button, account for every cent with painstaking exactitude. To weary officialism is the prerogative of the individual. Render the government its niggardly hundred dollars' worth of honesty in the smallest of small change.

Now as to your personal bearing during the ordeal. This is indeed an important point. The sufferings of the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing at his vitals were as nothing compared with yours and mine, with the fox-skin round our necks on a sweltering July day. But here comes the

true test of quality. Many successful smuggling women adopt the breezy western, nothing-to-conceal, off-hand manner. Others prefer the ingénue expression of baby-blue innocence. Some women get through very neatly on the earnest-eyed, Settlement-worker-face. Then there is what one might call the Upper-West-Side group, a half shade between the parvenues and the really smart. These are apt to take it humorously as if the idea of their being capable of cheating were all a huge joke. Then, too, there is the conservative manner that belongs to the Fiftieth-Streets-Just-Off-Fifth-Avenue, bored, blasé, superior, correct, which is one of the most finished forms of criminal bearing, only likely to be a bit stogy if overdone. But personally, my dear, I don't believe in localism where art is in question. The best thing, to my mind, is to be temperamental, to be just one's self, a smuggler, a woman, and of course a perfect lady!

As for the lies you will have to tell you need make no apology to your conscience or your clergyman. Whatever you say or do you deceive no one. The inspector knows as well as you do that all the while you are looking him straight in the eye and perjuring yourself you are in deadly danger of swallowing a pearl necklace, or sitting on an eccentrically worn Paris hat. Myself, I never prepare my answers, only my mental attitude. Remember from first to last that honesty is not expected of you, that even while your heart is singing *My Country 'T is of Thee* that same country is assuming that you, its child, must be a felon, and that all your fellow passengers are in the same boat the moment they set foot upon their native land. On the dock you are potentially in the dock, a prisoner.

Now let us assume that you fulfil your country's high expectations of you by being caught redhanded in your felony. Well, that is one of the hazards of the game which you went into with open eyes, so show yourself a sport, a handsome loser. When a diamond tiara is revealed beneath your traveling toque DON'T affect surprise and wonder whatever possessed your maid to do your hair that way. If a swath of costly valenciennes is discovered wrapped around your person DON'T explain that your confessor ordains it in place of a haircloth shirt, while the rubies in your shoes replace the penitential pea. DON'T say that the doctor prescribed a plaster-of-Parisian millinery on account of its porous qualities, or that the nurse is by way of feeding a dozen white kid gloves daily to the baby. These sallies show a pleasing fancy, but why waste them on skeptical officialism! When ar-

rested DON'T bite or scratch the policeman. Your being a small frail woman gives you an advantage over him which you ought to be ashamed to take, in the name of chivalry. When haled before the magistrate DON'T break down and say that you did n't know what you were about when you bought those seven Paris frocks, for that would stamp you a fool, fit only to wear department-store season-end bargains, misfit and "slightly soiled."

No, Gertie; if you are beaten at the game of Beat, call your defeat greater than a victory, like Bunker Hill in the histories. And here comes the cardinal rule in the smugglers' book of etiquette: *Put the law, the government, in the wrong.* To be sure you smuggled. The law would n't have done its duty if, expecting you to do so, it had n't found you out. It is a public disgrace that your fellow criminals—oh, you name no names!—have been allowed to slip through!

If sentenced to pay a fine, pay it readily to prove that money does n't enter into it. As a woman you smuggle on principle.

If convicted, have the courage of your conviction. Go to prison like a Pankhurst. Insist on the extreme penalty. Chant the Marseillaise, metaphorically, if prevented from giving an operatic rendering, in the Black Maria. Wear your stripes like stars. Emerge triumphant, a martyr! Be photographed, give lectures, attend costume balls in prison garb, stripes crowned with a diamond tiara. Brava! Bravissima! Be a Cause if you want to produce an effect.

In a word, dear Gertie, smuggling is a case of Custom versus the Customs, and of course in time the huge immemorial snowball will wear the pebbles flat. Meanwhile let us elevate it to an art, unlike other art-pursuits in that it is wholly compatible with good breeding and unimpeachable social standing. Let us treat it educationally, in the name of the eternal feminine, from Eve to Liberty, and of every other true woman and perfect lady.

But if in spite of all I have said you feel that you can't carry off the situation, or the loot, or both, why then follow Punch's advice to those about to marry . . . don't!

Ever affectionately your cousin
Grace Durham.

P.S. I may not be able to get across this year, so if without putting yourself out you could do a little shopping for me . . . — has my measurements, and — knows my style.

My love to Freddie. I read all his decisions. I do hope he 'll be made an Ambassador!

ON THE AMENITIES OF ENGAGED COUPLES

To my Recently Engaged Friends:

If all the world loves a lover, it shows what a sentimental, forbearing, easy-going, unselfish, old world it is, for not only do lovers not reciprocate, but never are they so unlovable as in the particular phase of their existence immediately following their engagement.

Reginald and Gertrude have plighted their mutual troth. All the suspense and uncertainty, the chills and fever of the soul, are over and they feel confident that the rest of their lives is to be passed together. Parents have given their consent, the engagement has been duly chronicled in the morning papers, boxes of flowers fill the house, cups in a miscellaneous and unrelated assortment decorate the tea-table, congratulations flow in from all sides. The young people find themselves the center of interest to their circle. Surely all this should insure joy, peace, tranquillity, and gratitude; but does it? Or does a double egotism swollen to enormous proportions descend like a cloud upon all this felicity, and make the lovers a source of doubtful happiness to those about them?

Of course I am speaking only of Reginald and Gertrude, whom I happen to know. Doubtless there are ideal lovers who dwell in Altruria; but I am dealing with the average, and if these lines should chance to fall under the eyes of Reginald and his betrothed, I think they would have the candor to "own the soft impeachment." More than that, I am not even sure that they would not glory in it, so blind is love!

The first notes written to their friends by the blissful couple reflect the situation. They are so full of complacency that they leave to be said in response nothing which does not seem a pitiful and surly anticlimax. Gertrude, for example, instead of expressing the hope that Reginald may come to know her friend and value her as she does, gives utterance to the faint hope that in time there may be another treasure almost as marvelous as the one which she has secured awaiting the recipient of her letter. She longs to have her friend and fiancé meet, but only that the former may see the wonder for herself.

Reginald, on his part, does no better. He

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER



dashes into the law office of his old classmate and interrupts a busy hour to rehearse his sentimental raptures, which contrast oddly with the grim apparatus for earning a living which fills his friend's office. Oblivious of everything but himself and his newfound happiness, he hastens to inform

Henry that the most charming girl in the world has consented to be his wife. Now it happens that Henry has recently married a woman of whom he thinks rather highly, and he is naturally irritated by Reginald's superfluity of praise. He responds with the bare decencies of felicitation, and adds that he made the acquaintance of Miss Fellowes some years ago. He feels the while a savage satisfaction in informing Reginald that having seen and known her, he preferred another. This fact in turn produces a sense of irritation in the lover, though he can scarcely account for it, and he leaves the office with a consciousness that a shadow of coolness has fallen between him and his best friend.

But if the *promessi sposi* are a trial to their acquaintance, how do their families fare? In the case of Reginald and Gertrude I happen to know, as Gertrude's younger sister has confided freely in me and expressed herself with praiseworthy directness.

No sooner has the engagement become an accomplished fact than the parents begin to realize that they have gained a son, but have lost a drawing-room, and this in the limited space of an ordinary dwelling is no slight discomfort to its inhabitants. Members of the family who intrude upon the sacred precincts during the hours set apart for Reginald's visits, excuse themselves by a pretended search for a book or a murmured protest that they had no idea he was still there.

It becomes necessary to move the piano into the family sitting-room in order that the younger sister may pursue her practising, and this proves so annoying at close quarters that her brothers-betake themselves sulkily to their bedrooms for study. The entire household is bent to the situation, and suffers under it, yet Gertrude is sublimely unaware of any selfishness, as much so as Reginald when, in the time which he spends with his family, he feels at liberty to preserve an aloof silence, as if his thoughts

were too high and precious to be shared with those who only a few weeks ago had been his patient listeners, his sympathetic, if sometimes bored, confidants. He rushes to the telephone and holds mysterious conversations one half of which is distinctly audible and naturally piquing to curiosity; but he brooks no inquiry, volunteers no information. He has passed out of the family life as completely as though he did not still deign to eat and sleep beneath the paternal roof.

All these symptoms are so naïve that the world at large consents to smile and let them pass; but there are those who think it a pity that when Love takes up the harp of life his first notes so often strike a discord in the ears of those who are compelled to listen and might enjoy a harmony.

Perhaps you will set down all these animadversions to green-eyed jealousy when I sign myself, as truth compels me to do,

An Old Bachelor.



Drawn by C. F. Peters

DOMESTIC TRIALS

SISTER-IN-LAW: You poor thing! With Ella and the baby both ill.

BROTHER-IN-LAW: Oh, they're no trouble: it's that trained nurse who keeps me and the servants busy.

HIS MOTOR-BOAT

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE

HE cometh not with note of love,
He cometh not with hughle-call,
Nor all in silk or velvet clad
To ride beneath her castle wall.

*Put-put-put—
Tut!*

His motor-boat it motors near:

*Put-put-put—
Tut!*

And Emmy trips it to the pier.

He cometh with a patter song,
He cometh with a *put-tut* call;

In sneakers and in khaki clad
To *put-tut* 'neath her cottage wall.
Put-put-put—
Tut!

His motor-boat it motors near:
Put-put-put—
Tut!

And Emmy trips it to the pier.

There 's fifty boats a-chasing up
And chasing down with *put-tut* note,
Yet Emmy knows without recall,
The *put-tut* of her lover's boat.
Put-put-put—
Tut!

His motor-boat it motors near:
Put-put-put—
Tut!

And Emmy trips it to the pier.

TO NINEVEH

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN

Poor city, sketched in scarlet tints
As wholly lacking in decorum,
The victim of a thousand hints
By dead-and-gone *censores morum*,
Why should they couple to your name
So many disagreeable handles,
Or breathe against your once fair fame
Twenty-eight-hundred-year-old scandals?
Why cannot some one somewhere say
A decent word for Nineveh?

Look backward; there were many then
To speak in your extenuation—
Persons of note, smug vestrymen
Of Bel's or Assur's congregation,
Soldiers, philosophers profound,
Men grave and kind and philanthropic,
Rising young business men who found
A fresh and never-failing topic
In heaping ridicule upon
The rival claims of Babylon.

Look backward, and one stands perplexed,
Whether to chuckle or to shiver.
One day a holocaust, the next
A simple picnic up the river.
The banker, in a private way
As kind as Pythias to Damon,
Will, when some poor man fails to pay
The brickbat he has punched his name on,
Slay him, and spend the money straight
On new-winged lions for his gate.

Yet friends lay off their skirted coats,
While on the roofs the doves are cooing,
Lean on the wall, comparing notes
On how their rose-bushes are doing.
One reckless talker, maybe, dares
Doubt if the king (his accents bated)

Has really killed so many bears
As the official notice stated.
Then scolds his beard, which will not stay
In curl for more than half a day.

And so they lived until the Mede
Battered the good old town to flinders,
And it was buried deep indeed
In shifting sands and drifting cinders.
Yet so much worse wrought slander's voice
Than those who on the ramparts battled
That Ninevites who had the choice
Of foes that fought or foes that tattled
Would say, "We 'll take, by Ishtar! please
Our chances with Cyaxares!"

TO A LADY

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

LADY, think you I am lonely
When your self is elsewhere?
Think you that you are 'the only
One supremely fair?

Think you in the splendid city
There is not another face—
None that seems to me so pretty—
None with half the grace?

Think you I have naught to do but
Build for you the Lofty Rhyme?
Think you that I think of you but
Three thirds of the time?

Lady, an so be that way your
Thinking takes its turn to-night,
Then, O Lady, I should say you 're
Absolutely right.



Drawn by R. B. Birch

ONLY HALF-TRUE

WIFE (Late for a dinner engagement): Is n't it there?
HUSBAND: Not yet, my dear—and I 'd like to get hold of
the man who invented the saying that there 's nothing sure
but death and taxes!

Belinda.



TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

III

"To-day's our anniversary," said Jim.
"What do you say,
Dear Nettie, if, to celebrate, I take you
to the play?"

"Oh that would be just lovely!" cried
Nettie in delight.
"But, Jim—what would Belinda say?"
She paused in sudden fright.

"I had n't thought of that," said Jim, "I'll
tell you what we'll do:
We'll send her to your mother's house
to spend a day or two."

They put Belinda in a cab, and watched her
drive away,
Then spent a happy evening at a most
unhappy play.

When Jim and Nettie reached their gate at
twelve that night they learned
From Belinda's lighted window that their
daughter had returned.

With shoes in hand and beating hearts they
started up the stairs,
But courage failed—and down they crept,
and spent the night in chairs.



Drawn by Oliver Herford

"WITH SHOES IN HAND AND BEATING HEARTS"

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ENGLISH CHILDREN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS
DRAWS IN COLOR FOR THE CENTURY BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE COMMERCIAL STRENGTH OF GREAT BRITAIN

(“THE TRADE OF THE WORLD” PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

NOT very long ago I sat in the private office of the head of a great English company, chatting with the executive chief of the concern. The office was more like the library of a magnificent private residence than a place of business. It was very large, and furnished in rather somber but most pleasant fashion; soft rugs covered the polished floors, beautiful old mahogany bookshelves and cabinets lined the walls, while here and there an engraving of a good picture served to relieve the eye. In the center of the room at a big, flat-top desk of English make sat a man well on in years, and of the kind described as “an example of the best type of the old school business man,” shrewd, but kindly, gentle in manner, sure of ground already trodden, and fearsome of new adventure. The concern of which he was the head was possessed of enormous capital, an amount which would command respect even in Wall Street. The business was the manu-

facture of certain railway appliances now used in every country of the globe with one curious exception, the United States, a country which beyond doubt offers the largest and most profitable field for their exploitation. In response to my natural inquiry as to why this should be so the director said:

“I am personally responsible, I might say, for the fact that our company is not doing business in the United States. To tell you the truth, I am afraid of you Americans. I was in New York some years ago and the memory of that visit is almost a nightmare. To be frank, you Americans terrify me. I am deafened, swept away, feel utterly helpless in your hands. We are doing very well as it is, here and in other parts of the world, and while I know the United States is probably the greatest field we could enter for business, well, we just have n’t done it, that ’s all.” After some further talk he

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acknowledged that he might be prejudiced and even foolish in his prejudices, and that in time even if he were not able to overcome his fears, perhaps the younger men who would succeed him would not feel the same way.

Shortly after my visit an American direct from New York presented himself at the same office, with a letter of introduction from some bank known to the English concern. He was received with the usual kindly though dignified courtesy, and opened his conversation with the director something after this fashion:

"I have come over to buy you out."

The director, somewhat startled, said: "Are you aware that our capital is a million and a half sterling, upon which we are now paying seven per cent. profit—to say nothing of the question as to whether our shareholders would be willing to part with their holdings?"

"No," said the American, "I did not know what your capital was, but if it is too big a proposition for me to handle why, you can buy me out. Here's my factory." And he pulled a photograph from his pocket and handed it across the desk. It was a photograph of a drawing, and was marked "Proposed Factory of the — Company." The negotiations went no further, and I understand from a common friend that the terror of the English director at the thought of contact with American business methods has not abated in the least.

We Americans are inclined to be impatient with English business methods. Our people come to London to close up some affair in which Anglo-American capital is interested, and expect to return within a week—perhaps on the return trip of the same steamer on which they came over. Instead of that days and even weeks go by before people can be seen and things accomplished. When they are concluded the American goes home with tales to tell

of how a "bit" of shooting, a week-end, a motor trip, a horse-race, a cricket or a golf match, or even a sick horse or dog, delayed his all-important negotiations indefinitely. When the first outburst of irritation has subsided, however, we learn of certain impressions he brought away with him from London which are worth while. First, he is even awed at the apparently unlimited amount of real money, actual cash, which is to be had if he has the "open sesame." Then he will admit, if grudgingly, the sound conservatism, the accurate information, the keen analytical power, and the firmness of conviction possessed by the men he met and with whom he dealt. He will concede to them a knowledge of the far corners of the earth which brings India, South Africa, the Argentine, in fact every place where English energy or money has been expended, within the familiar ken of the man who may never have been farther from London than the seashore, and to whom a crossing of the English Channel would be the event of a lifetime.

On the other hand, he will have met perhaps some of the army of international tramps who for pleasure or profit travel the highways and byways, observant, matter-of-fact, thorough, and so intensely English always that everything is judged by English standards and looked at in its possible relations to English profit, political, financial, or commercial. It is these qualities, these characteristics, more highly developed in each succeeding generation, which have begotten that great unorganized volume of individual trading known as English foreign commerce. The figures of this foreign commerce are so enormous as to be meaningless as such; they are but the expression of vast human activities. To prevent confusion, they are given here approximately and in round numbers, with the corresponding figures of the United States for comparison.

YEAR	COUNTRY	POPULATION	FOREIGN COMMERCE	TRADE PER CAPITA
1880	United Kingdom	35,241,000	\$3,490,000,000	\$100
	United States	50,156,000	\$1,600,000,000	\$ 32
1890	United Kingdom	38,105,000	\$3,745,000,000	\$100
	United States	62,622,000	\$1,650,000,000	\$ 27
1900	United Kingdom	42,000,000	\$4,390,000,000	\$105
	United States	76,300,000	\$2,250,000,000	\$ 30
1910	United Kingdom	44,000,000	\$5,550,000,000	\$125
	United States	92,000,000	\$3,390,000,000	\$ 37



In the past thirty years the population of the United Kingdom has increased 25%, and her foreign trade has increased 40%. In the United States the population has increased 85%, and the foreign trade 50%. It may be added here that in Germany during the same thirty years the population has increased by 35%, and her foreign commerce has increased 250%, yielding a total in international commerce only second to that of the United Kingdom. In this great total of Germany's trade and in the rapidity with which it has risen to its present volume and value lies the reason for the anti-German agitation in England. On the surface this antagonism is political and relates to armaments, but its roots lie in the trade of the world, and it is fed upon commercial rivalry.

The bulk of the exports from both countries are manufactured goods. Both are importers of food-stuffs and raw materials. With brains and industry the German people have created a rich and powerful industrial nation out of poorer material than ever before produced such tremendous results. With a financial daring commanding admiration they have thrown their millions into the struggle for commercial supremacy, and are now reaping their harvest at the expense of their rivals. Depending upon her dominance of the seas and the weight of her billion dollars sent abroad each year for foreign investment, England now feels the sting of successful competition in her home markets. A most dangerous rival is close on her heels, and while the politician and the theorist talk of dreadnoughts, coast defenses, and conscription, her hard-headed business men are talking of new methods, cheaper raw material, and better labor.

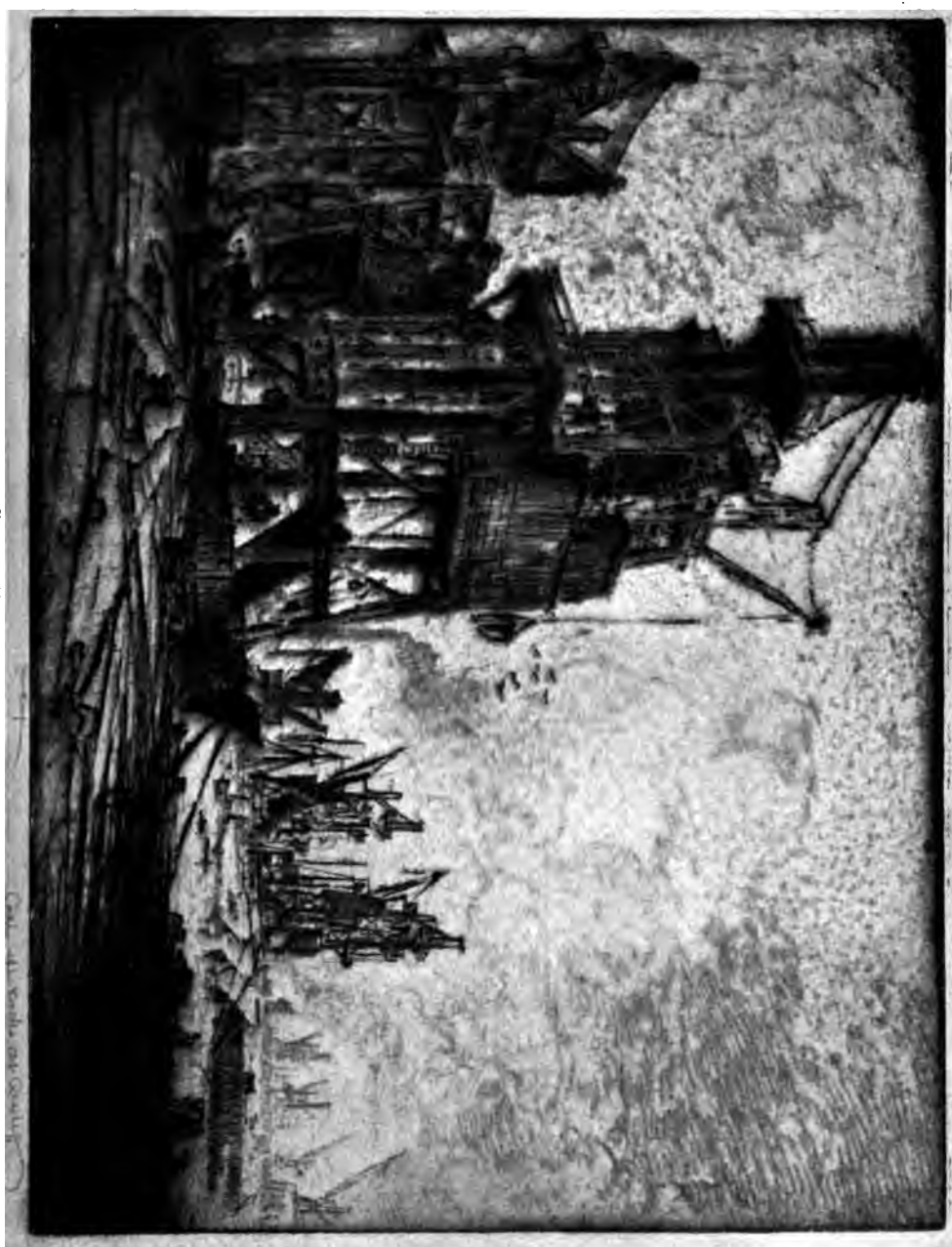
It is a fascinating theme, this Titanic struggle for the trade of the world between the old and the newly arrived giant. It is a struggle which concerns us all, but in the United States, that great self-contained country of wide horizons, still undeveloped resources, and home markets of abnormal absorptive power, we do not as yet feel the desperate strain under which those labor who compete solely in the fierce free-for-all struggle of the foreign market.

The industry and commerce of England are like those of no other country. As a whole it is orderly, in detail it is chaotic.

No laws restrain or assist. Few trades or trust combinations control the market in any one article. Its advance is like that of a crowd bent upon one object, but with none but self-imposed discipline. The movement is irresistible, but an attack by a well-organized, disciplined, and well-cared-for force of the enemy disconcerts. In Germany, the United States, France, Russia, and other countries the industrial and commercial army is directed by master minds, policed by the governments, nurtured by special legislation. In any other country than England it is possible to grasp an idea of the organization, but here we have nothing to take hold of except the figures in the aggregate.

It is only in recent years that the English government has made any effort to assist English commerce otherwise than through diplomatic channels. To intimate to a foreign country of minor importance that to let a contract for supplies to others than English bidders would be regarded as an unfriendly act might have been seriously considered not so very long ago, but it would hardly prevail now. In fact, the story goes that within the last two years a British minister, either with or without instructions from the Foreign Office, did attempt to employ this now old-fashioned way of getting business, but was laughed at for his pains, and the contract was given elsewhere, much to the chagrin not only of the diplomat but of the English bidders who had urged him on.

Business does not follow the flag nowadays with that alacrity characteristic of the olden days of armed trading expeditions. The Germans have proved this, for they do their vast business under any flag. The people of the United States are aware of its truth, for business has not followed the American flag in its territorial advances, certainly not so as to lead to any great gains. Trade has followed capital and the hundreds of boards of directors which meet in London and who control foreign enterprises financed with British money are responsible for millions of trade coming to England, through their preference for the English bidder or supplies. While it is true that the foreign bidder is used to keep prices down, the Englishman is true to British industry if he can be so without too much loss in pocket. By preference he travels on English ships, uses



From an engraving by Joseph Pennell

English goods, and maintains an admirable though not always well-founded belief in the superiority of all things English. If he goes abroad he is always looking forward to his home-coming. Neither English cooking, the English climate—in fact, none of the discomforts of life endured in this strange land of strength and queer discrepancies has any terrors for him—when he is away from them. Let him live a quarter-century in a foreign land, it is never home to him. He is always planning his return.

When Bernard Shaw remarked that he was not sure whether the fog produced the Englishman, or the Englishman the fog, he may have had in mind a certain grimness which pervades the industrial and commercial world of England. The manufacturing towns are hopelessly hideous, the laboring people live under conditions of gloom almost inconceivable. There is no joy in life; one almost wonders why they live. This atmosphere extends up to the top. As a rule the offices are dull and dingy; everything is submerged in a seriousness which extends from the boy in buttons at the door to the great man within, who, with stern face and abstracted air, may be going to a board meeting at which large affairs are to be disposed of, or to an afternoon tea—you never can tell which.

For years the English business man has had only himself to depend upon for information concerning his business. His government is trying now to help him a little. British consuls are making excellent reports from foreign lands, and the Board of Trade, with its intelligence bureau and other helpful agencies, is at his disposal. The effort made and the money spent are incredibly small, however, and when they are compared with the elaborate systems to be found on the Continent and in the United States, one is tempted to term the present manner of British trading as individualism gone mad; doomed to serious inroads or even disaster under the attacks of organized competition. The momentum of capital invested, the control of the seas, the knowledge and skill acquired from many generations, and the dogged determination characteristic of the British people, will carry them far, perhaps far enough to give them time to set their house in order before they have

lost their present lead as the greatest purveyor to the needs of the world.

For many years the people of the United States have been treated to political rhapsodies as to the national balances of trade. When our exports have exceeded our imports the balance was said to have been "in our favor." It is true that the years of greatest prosperity in America have been when the balances of foreign trade were largest in that direction. Our English cousins look at these things from a different point of view, for it is equally true that England's fattest years have been those in which, as we say, her balance of trade has been largest "against" her. It is when her imports exceed her exports by the most millions that business is good and profitable. They regard this balance "against" them as their trading profit, and in it lies the source of the millions of pounds sterling available annually for further foreign investment. The surplus of exports from the United States goes abroad largely to pay foreign carriers, tourist expenses, interest in American securities held abroad, and the remittances of foreign-born residents to their native lands. The fact that the country is able to do this indicates its abounding and continuing internal wealth and activity. England is a broker, a trader, and business passes through the hands of her people leaving little more than the percentage of profit. America is yet in the making, a safe and popular debtor to the coffers of the older peoples, and England is her preferred creditor.

There is much talk in the United States of the importance of American trade with South America, with China, and a score of other places. The real importance of the trade with these countries lies in possibilities, for by comparison with our present trade with England, some of these outlets appear almost negligible. England has been for years our greatest customer and the country from whose warehouses we have drawn the greatest amount of our supplies. The exchanges of commerce between England and the United States amount to over \$900,000,000 annually, or nearly a third of our total business with all the nations. To England we send food-stuffs, cotton, and other raw materials, to say nothing of millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods. From England we



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

NIGHT SCENE AT SHEFFIELD—THE GREAT STACK IN THE MIDDLEGROUND

get cotton and woolen cloths, manufactures of iron and steel, spirits, and a thousand other important articles which, notwithstanding our tariff barriers, we find it possible and advantageous to import. This great trade is accepted as a matter of course by the American people and is seldom the subject of comment or legislation except it be more or less unfriendly.

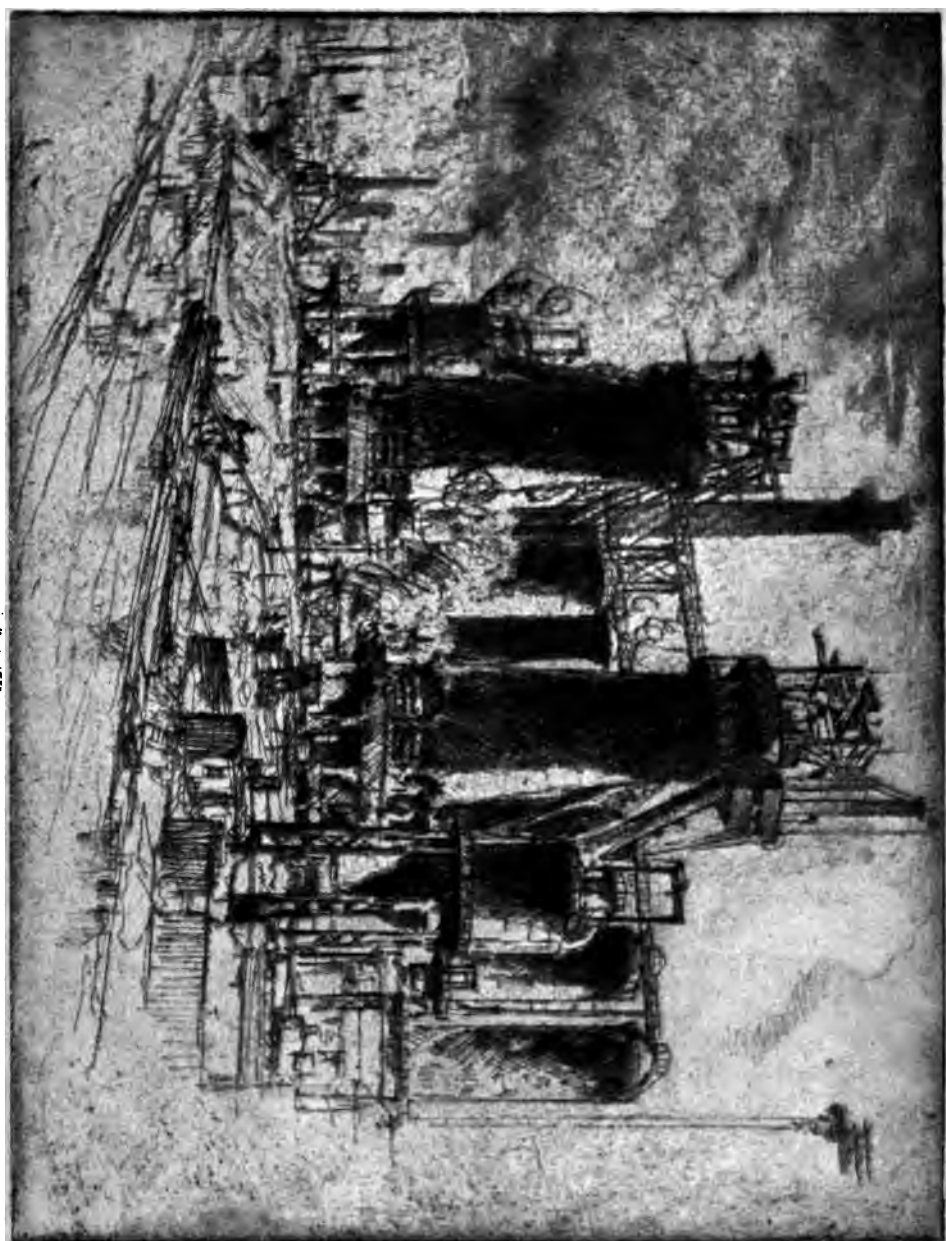
The recently enacted American tariff law, in spite of its high import duties on the goods we get from England, was accepted by the statesmen of that country as being more just to England than any law the United States has enacted for many years. Offering us a free market as she does, England has at least expected favored-nation treatment. She has hitherto looked for it in vain. We made treaties of commerce with other nations whereby we traded concession for concession, but English goods continued to pay full rates, for, giving all, she had no power to make further concessions. Under the maximum and minimum system, which went into force with the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich bill, England is assured of the minimum rates, and while her people think American customs duties are outrageously high, they also feel that they are more justly treated inasmuch, as they express it, they are no worse off than their rivals. The American trade with England will continue for years to represent a large percentage of our foreign commerce, for England must buy her food and her raw materials, and North America is the greatest producing area for such as her people require.

In the matter of supplies the English people are struggling for independence of the United States. The fluctuation of the American cotton markets has caused riots in the manufacturing districts. American trade combinations are held responsible for the high prices of food. It is this feeling which has helped along the spirit of empire in England and led to heavy investment in the British protectorates in the attempt to develop new supplies of cotton, food-stuffs, and other raw staples. So far these expenditures have had no appreciable effect in diverting the trade from North America, and in view of the enormous supplies required, it will be many years before they become really apparent. If such a time does arrive it will also be indicative

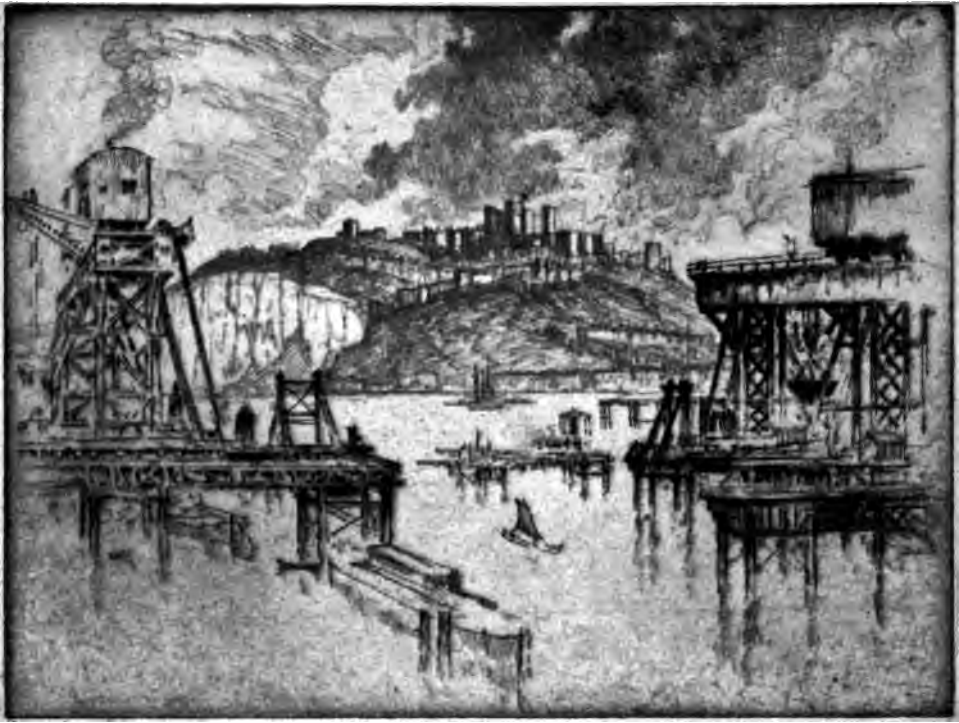
of a change in the character of American industry, for the energies of the people will have turned to other fields, resting content that the home market be supplied with raw materials rather than a surplus be created for export. For the seller of staples and raw materials is the least intelligent and least prosperous of the world's traders.

It is British capital that has developed the British Empire and trade follows capital investment. Roughly speaking, twenty-five per cent. of England's foreign commerce is with her imperial dominions, though virtually every one of these dependencies has enacted customs laws which demand toll from the trade of the mother country as well as from that of other lands. The only concessions yet made have been those of preferential duties. How frail a tie this may be upon which to found the commercial unity of an empire of which the pivot is a free market is shown in the fact that the imports of British goods into British colonies are now decreasing annually, while imports of foreign goods show a notable increase. It is also even more strikingly brought home to the people of England by the proposed commercial arrangement between the United States and Canada. Leading English statesmen have designated the event as the "death of preference." Even those who have made this scheme the basis of their political creeds admit the severity of the blow and the "narrowing of the margin" for the possible establishment of an imperial zollverein.

That the United States and Canada should in time come closer together in matters of material interest has been inevitable since the settlement of the one country under two flags. It has been the wonder and despair of thoughtful men in the United States that such an arrangement was not accomplished long ago. It has been the wonder and satisfaction of British statesmen that it was so long delayed. The British people have been hugging the delusion for many years that natural laws could be rendered inoperative by sentiment and legislation; and that her lusty colony would remain content under the parent roof-tree and continue to contribute her earnings to the family purse even after the coming of age. This illusion has been a most attractive toy with which the Brit-



From an sketch by Joseph Pennell
FURNACES, NEWARK



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

BUILDING THE DOVER PIER, STRAIT OF DOVER

ish politician has interested his audience and with which public attention has been diverted from the real dangers which threatened the peace and welfare of the home itself.

Acting under the almost incomprehensible theory that the home country was being strengthened in the building up of countries which, although under the same flag, treated her only as a favored nation, Great Britain has been drained of much of her expert labor and the fittest of the unemployed. These men, with their women and children, have been urged, even assisted to leave, while the lands of the British Islands cried aloud for intelligent and economical tillage, the sweat-shops of East London grew apace through unrestrained immigration of the more or less undesirable, and the wage scales of industry remained at low ebb because of the cost of production through ancient methods and inefficiency. Like unto the mother of seven sons lost in battle, she gives of her children to the universal development and

progress of the world, but the home is desolated.

To say that in this now fading illusion of empire there lies a tremendous and magnificent pathos is to seem almost irreverent, for it is to the British nation, its world-wide and broadcast sowing of right-thinking men and women that the world owes its progress in the last two centuries. It is only because of the grasping of politicians for marionettes with which to amuse the crowd that the real meanings of the forces at work are lost sight of. The people are scanning far horizons for rainbows of promise when they have the materials beneath their feet with which to stop the now ominous gaps in the wall of home defense; and there are no better materials more quickly to be molded to desired ends than those which lie close to hand. Anything which will leaven the toiling mass of humanity, quicken the pulse and the intelligence, bring hope to the children of the hopeless, will do more to prolong England's hold upon the trade

of the world than a hundred imperial conferences. To devise means to keep her money and her men at home and to give each an equal chance is now the problem which lies on the doorstep of the home citadel of this fecund mother of nations, who still abounds in incredible resources, strength, and power, notwithstanding the demands already made upon her and to which she has responded with a lust for adventure without parallel.

No greater source of England's strength exists than that which lies in her dominance of the seas. It is not the armored vessels of which her people are so proud that contribute to her vitality, but the unarmed liner following its regular route, or the blunt-nosed, slow-speeded "tramp," seen perhaps first at the London docks, then again a few weeks later at anchor in some far tropic port.

The tonnage of ships flying the British flag is nearly twenty million. The United

States comes next with less than eight million and then Germany with less than four and a half million. A great percentage of the American tonnage is in the coasting trade, while that of England is overseas. There are no signs of decrease in this greatest of all the British industries, for in 1910 over 500 vessels were launched from British yards,—figures which included 331 sea-going steamers, ranging from small yachts to the 45,000-ton new passenger steamer *Olympic*. In the United States 195 vessels were launched, and in Germany 117. Nearly 50% of all the world's new shipping of 1910 carries the British flag. The very nature of England's trade demands this great merchant fleet, for her highways are those of the sea. Her greatest port of tonnage is London, the second is Hong-Kong, and the third is Liverpool.

To say that this great English industry stands on its own feet, that it is just as



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

LEEDS, THE CENTER OF THE CLOTH INDUSTRY

The view is up the valley of the Aire toward the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey.

free from government aid or organized directing is as true as to say the same of the commerce it stands for. Many careless and intentionally or unintentionally misleading statements have been made concerning the aid given to steamship lines by the British government. With the exception of a favorable loan and a subvention conditional upon high speed arranged by the English government to secure the building of the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*, virtually no subsidies are now paid by England to further the interests of sea transportation. Statements are not uncommon in which all the amounts paid by the British government for carrying the mails and other services are lumped together and characterized as shipping subsidies. This is not really a fair statement, for the British Post Office pays for the carrying of the mails at the lowest ton rate which can be secured under the circumstances. In former years some subsidies have been paid; one notable instance was that designed to encourage the development of a line to the West Indies, but even this subsidy has been discontinued, owing to the refusal of Jamaica to continue payment of her half share of \$200,000 a year. That the payment for the mail services is based upon actual work done is shown by the fact that with each succeeding year less and less money is paid to the Peninsular and Oriental Line owing to the decrease in the amount of mail matter sent by that route. On the whole it may truly be said that English commerce, including the great shipping industry, is entirely dependent for success upon the intelligence and persistence of designed effort and activity.

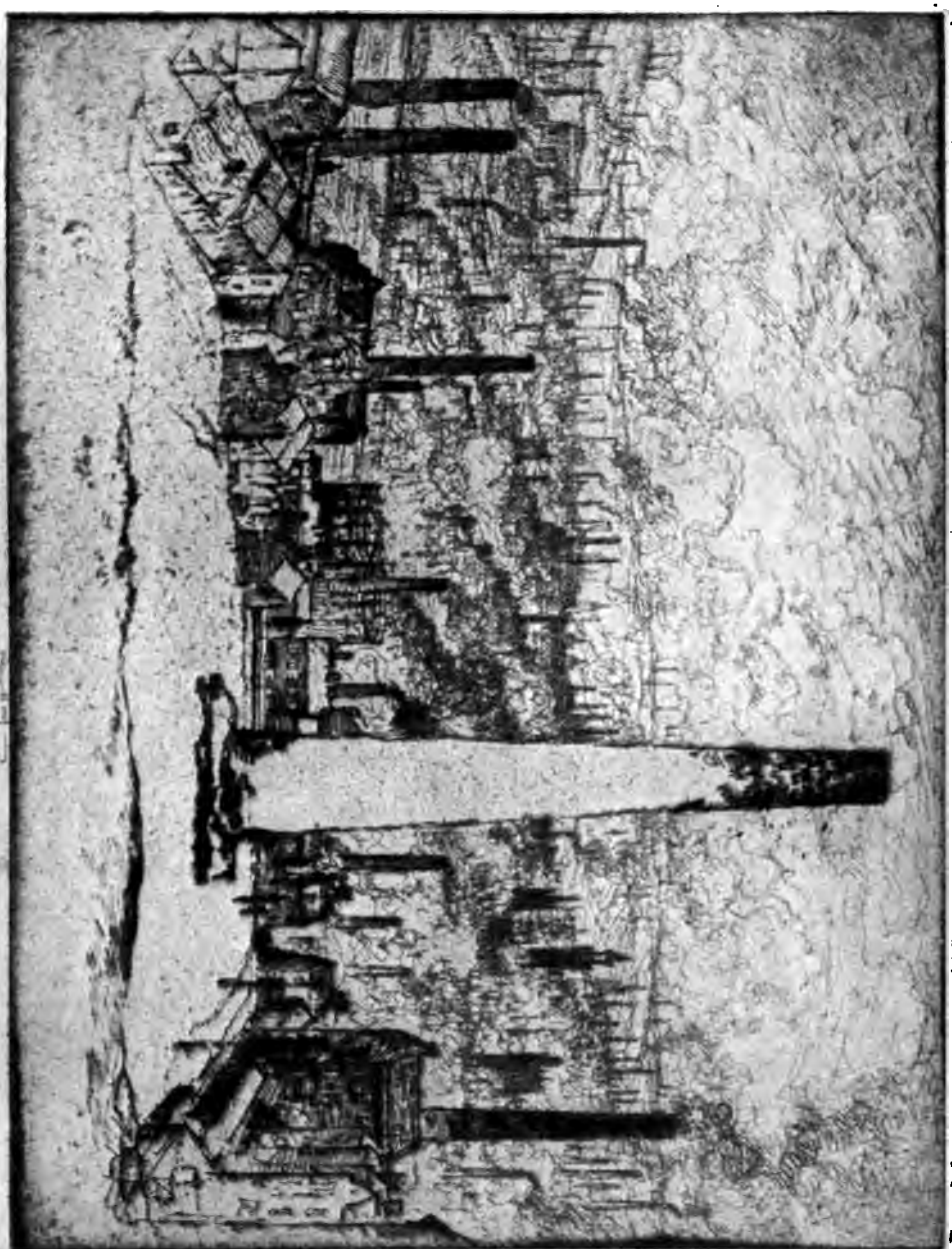
"What England needs," said an Englishman to me, "is a tariff for revenue with a carefully adjusted degree of protection for home industry and the power such protection will give us to favor the products of the colonies." It was in the course of a smoking-room chat on a steamer northbound from South America that this was said. My friend is the kind of man who would succeed anywhere—quiet, wasting no words, and commanding respectful attention when he does speak; practical to the last degree, and with a fortune, the profits of many years of successful trading, which speaks for the value of his opinion. "I am going home," he

continued, "to stand for Parliament on the Tariff Reform platform. The constituency in which I shall ask for votes is one of laboring men. I shall tell them what I think and take the consequences." He did, and was defeated; but he will be in the field at the next general election in England, when he believes the tide will turn toward what he terms "a plain, common-sense view of the situation."

When his attention was called to the fact that the year 1910 witnessed an enormous increase over previous years in the figures of England's foreign commerce, he said, "Yes, it did; but a large part of the gain is accounted for by increased prices paid for raw materials imported and the corresponding increase in the prices received for goods sold abroad. The actual gain in bulk is not so satisfactory. An ominous feature of the so-called boom of last year is that according to the returns made by the labor organizations a much smaller percentage of unemployed labor was absorbed than during any trade boom of recent years. We are seriously wrong at the bottom and must put our house in order."

And now for a contrary view. A few weeks later I was traveling from Paris to London. Sitting in the so-called Pullman buffet car on the English end of the journey, I found myself opposite the kind of Englishman who is always promising of interest,—tall, strong, keen-eyed, rather good-looking, fairly young, and manifestly full of nervous energy and interest in life; hence entirely lacking the air of boredom which is cultivated by some as evidence of "good form," that exacting god worshiped by the well-born Briton at the expense of his enjoyment in life, and often of his progress. Presuming upon my American nationality, a possession which brings forgiveness in the minds of many Europeans for certain so-called eccentricities, one of which is speaking to strangers, I began a conversation. My fellow voyager was quite ready, in fact, eager to discuss the questions which every intelligent Englishman is now debating.

"Tariff Reform, protection—no, sir, that is not what England wants. We don't need it. Our trade has grown to what it is because it has been free. England has been and is the market-place of the world. In quality we manufacture as



From an engraving by Joseph Pennell

THE GREAT CHIMNEY AT BRADFORD, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORSTED MANUFACTURE

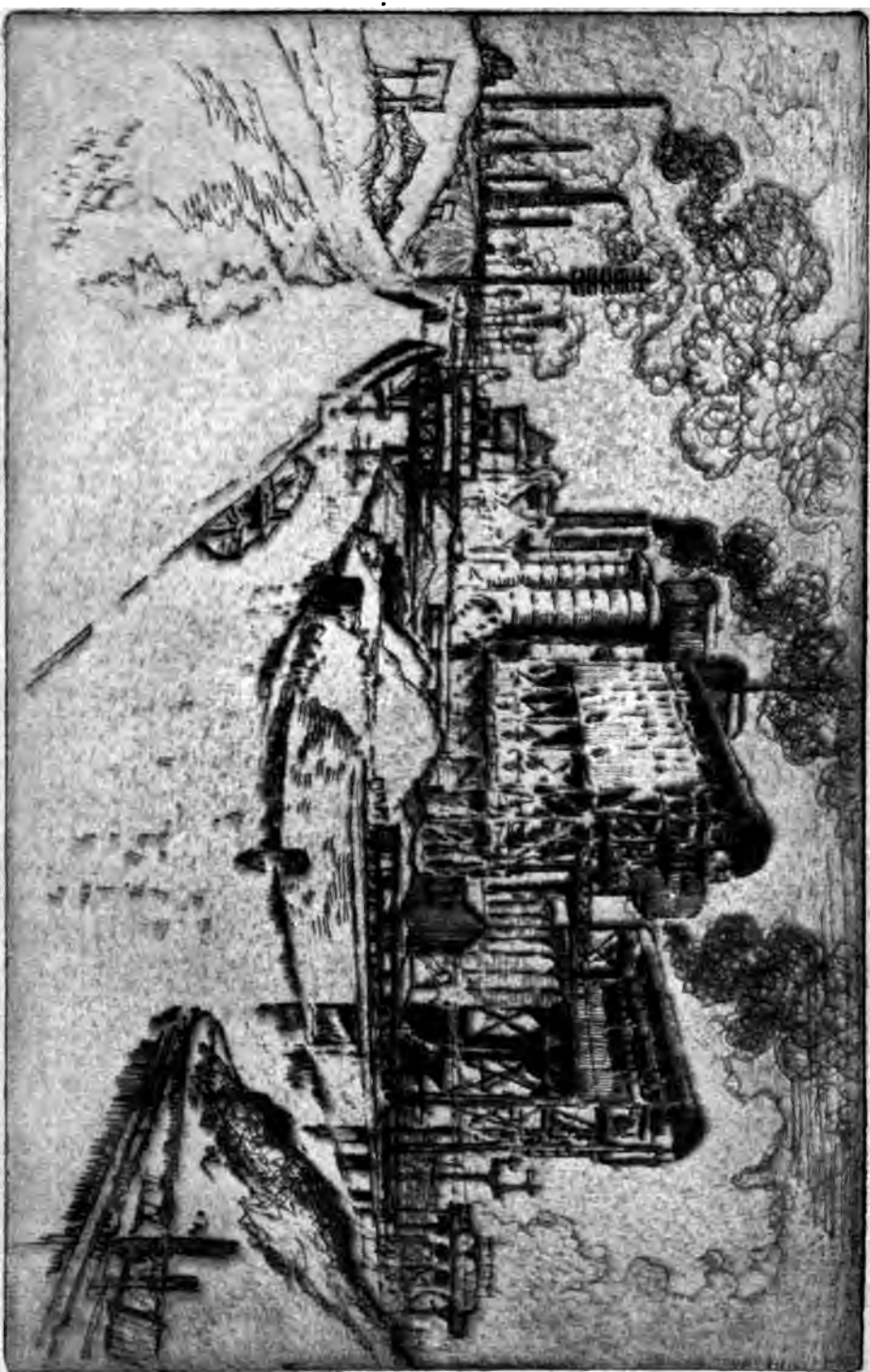
well as any people in the world, if not better, and if we keep pace with the modernization of industry we can continue to compete in price. Let me illustrate. I am an engineer, a manager of steel mills. The history of our property is that of nearly every other mill in Great Britain. The business was founded by a practical hard-working man, who by sheer industry, actual strength of arm, and personal knowledge of the abilities and character of the men whom he gathered about him, built it up to a creditable size. This business then passed to the sons, men who were better educated, better off socially, but still hard workers with an intimate knowledge of practical affairs and of the men in their employ. They sent their sons to the universities. When the time came these young men with university education, good social position, and much knowledge of many things unknown to their fathers, came into the ownership of the mills. In theory they knew what was going on, but not in practice, and they had no first-hand knowledge of the men whom they must place in immediate charge of the works. They now fail to see the necessity for capital expenditure, they do not realize that year by year the cost of production is being reduced, not by economy but by liberal expenditure, and by heroic discarding of plant still apparently useful. The articles they manufacture are still the best in the world as to quality, but they find the Germans, for instance, excelling them in beauty of finish and design, and what is more serious, they find the manufacturers of several other nations, underbidding them in price in, to them, an inexplicable way. These are the men seeking from without some relief from foreign competition, who are crying for protection.

"Some of the most ardent advocates of Tariff Reform among the iron and steel manufacturers are men who are still using the obsolete and expensively operated 'beehive' furnaces. Give our mills modern processes, well managed, and England can compete successfully with the world. In brief, what we want at home is not protection, but the money now being sent out of the country for foreign investment. Delegations from our industrial people go to Germany and they see fine mills, clean, well-fed, well-housed workmen with wives

contented with their lot; and they return convinced that all these advantages result from protection. They are wrong. Our competitors are merely taking advantage of the inventive genius of the age in the conduct of their business, and look upon the proper care of their work-people as part and parcel of an intelligent conservation of force and a tremendous factor in the cheapness of the ultimate cost of production."

Between these two extremes of belief, each held by many well-educated, intelligent, practical, and thoughtful men, stands the Liberal in theory, but who is for protection as a matter of expediency. He thinks that England is all right at the top, but that the laboring classes must be lifted out of the helpless rut into which he believes they have fallen. A wide distribution of education—paternalistic legislation for their benefit, old-age pensions, compulsory insurance, anything, in fact, which will lighten the burden of the poor—enlighten their minds and give them hope. This man says the rich must rest content with even heavier taxation that the future may yield some promise of relief. This man would have protection, not because he thinks British industry needs it, but because he believes it might assist in his general scheme of raising the mental and physical standards of the people as a whole, thus aiding in the desperate struggle to keep the nation abreast of the times and to retain her present premier hold upon the trade of the world. He says it has been done in Germany all within twenty years, and could be done in England within a generation.

Politics in England means fiscal policies, economics. The party organizations are so incomplete and ineffectual that they have built up no considerable following which votes as it is told. Political beliefs in England to-day are marked by an individualism bewildering not only to the foreigner but to the citizen as well. The questions to be disposed of by future elections, which promise under the British system to be of frequent occurrence, are those which deeply concern the integrity of the British Empire and the welfare of England and her people at home. The complexities of the problem are such that no man can say unhesitatingly that this or that policy is unquestionably the best, and



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

TOULAY PORT NEAR WOLFFELAMPTON, NOTED FOR ITS COAL-MINES AND BLAST-FURNACES

few attempt to do so. And further, no man dares to predict confidently the immediate triumph of one or the other of the many remedies suggested by those who believe the situation needs remedy, or of the policies suggested by those satisfied with present conditions, but who view with apprehension the decreasing margin of distance between the England of to-day—the greatest trading nation of the world—and her active pushing rivals, hopefully following on apace.

There is no sign of decadence in England. By contrast with the rapid development of Germany and of the United States, she seems, however, to be progressing but slowly. It needs but a glance at her vast figures of foreign trade, encompassing as they do the world-wide field of human endeavor and industry, to gain some understanding of what has yet to be accomplished to retire her to second place. To British ports come vessels of every nation and to every seaport in the world are sent British-owned vessels on trading missions. Millions of tons of staples are bought by England in the country of their origin, loaded on British ships, and delivered to her customers elsewhere without touching British ports. In the warehouses along the Thames and elsewhere are concentrated the supplies of the world in many notable articles of commerce. The ivory of India and Africa are first brought here. The furs of the world are sold by auction in the London fur market. Mahogany logs lie on the London docks awaiting transshipment to countries much nearer to their native growth than England. In brief, this little island is the commercial

heart of the world, and the slowing or quickening of its pulses is reflected on the bourses of the nations of the earth. With all the internationalizing of finance which has come about in recent years, England still keeps tight hold upon the purse-strings. The London bank rate is a governing factor from New York to Peking. England has been for generations and still is the great creditor nation. More than £200,000,000 is scattered abroad annually. It is her money which builds the pioneer railroads, opens mines, dams the waters, and finances the lesser nations. From all these enterprises her people take their toll and seek new outlets for this increment. That too much money and too many men have been sent abroad attracted by promise of greater returns is probably true. She has bled herself too freely, and the heart now shows some signs of weakness. The rivalry of younger and more daring and strenuous peoples for the trade of the world is a severe test of her seasoned strength.

That she will yield in time may be true, and probably is, for history repeats itself. If the empire shall fall to pieces, it will be not in decay, but rather as the proud mother of many children reluctantly witnesses the departure of her sons and daughters into the battle of life, their inheritance one of courage, strength, self-confidence, and capacity for self-government; each with a notable share of the gold which has come to the parent purse from all quarters of the globe, and upon the investment of which is founded the prosperity and credit of these new nations, once upon a time England's dependent colonies.



THE TRAINING OF ENGLISH CHILDREN

BY LADY ST. HELIER

THE elementary education of children in England, of all classes, has changed so entirely in the last thirty or forty years that we of the older generation can hardly realize or understand the ease and facility with which instruction is now imparted. The dry, hard, unsympathetic course of lessons, which made the early days of childhood a very dreary memory, have altogether disappeared and a picturesque and fascinating curriculum has taken its place. Education is now carried out by observation on the part of the pupil, and demonstration by the teacher, and the process is an unconscious one, which entails no mental strain, no laborious attempt to grasp even the elementary difficulties of learning.

Education begins virtually in the nursery and there is no better teacher than a nurse who has all the affection of the child, whom she leads naturally and pleasantly step by step to the school-room where the first serious work of instruction begins.

The books of the nursery are numberless; they are of every kind and on every subject; and the child overcomes not only the elementary difficulties of learning to read, but from the beautifully illustrated nursery library he learns the elements of zoology, geography, science, astronomy, botany, and history. The picture-books of animals, flowers, the various countries of the world and their inhabitants, the armies and navies of the world, are shown to him. So that the amount of unconscious knowledge possessed by an intelligent child when it leaves the nursery at the age of five or six years is considerable.

In former years, when learning was more tedious and the methods of imparting it less agreeable, it was quite soon enough for a child to begin to read at

seven, but now he is able to do so before that age.

In England, among the upper classes, we do not send a boy to school, unless in exceptional cases, till after he is eight, or even older if he is delicate. On leaving the nursery, he goes to the school-room and receives his education under the supervision of a governess, who also teaches the other children of the family. He begins to learn arithmetic and the rudiments of Latin (which all English governesses teach). The kindergarten system is largely used in the school-room when, as is sometimes necessary, children are sent at an earlier age than five, to learn obedience and habits of discipline, which cannot be observed so strictly in the nursery. In the well-to-do English home the school-room is a delightful spot. It is generally one of the best rooms in the house, chosen for its brightness, its pleasant aspect, and general convenience, and in the lives of most children it is a place of real happiness, and to the girls of the family full of delightful memories.

When a boy goes to a preparatory school, he may have to specialize: if he is going into the Navy, he is generally sent to some school where he is trained mainly for that profession, and prepares for the examination which he must pass before he can be admitted to the Naval School at Osborne. Thence, after four years, if he works well and passes, he is sent to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. The examination for admittance to Osborne is not a severe one for boys of that age. It is held before a board of Naval Officers and its object is to select those boys who are not only above the average in mental attainments, but who are physically and generally qualified for this strenuous ca-

reer. They are not subjected to an examination on any particular subject and are often nonplussed by the questions which are asked them, many not bearing on their chosen profession, but all intended to show whether they are quick in perception, are ready in reply, and have a general sense of observation.

Amusing stories are told of the curious answers made to the Board's questions which, while not showing a great intellectual standard, prove that the youngsters are quick and resourceful. One nervous lad who was asked by an Admiral on the Board to tell him the names of the three greatest admirals of modern times replied, "Lord Nelson, Lord Charles Beresford," and being at a loss for the name of the third—"and yourself, my Lord."

The life of these lads at the Naval Schools is a hardy one and the training is excellent for their career, which is a very trying one in many ways, when one considers the youth of the boys, and the change often from luxurious homes, but it produces good stuff, and our young naval officers are among the best products of our education.

When the sailor boy leaves his home, his future is settled, but for other boys who choose their career at a more advanced age, the home instruction is carried on so as to fit them for a preparatory school, usually chosen with a view to the public school to which they are to be sent. There are some schools which prepare for Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, as well as other public schools. There is no examination for admittance to preparatory schools but some are more popular than others, and unless a boy's application is entered early in his life, he may have to go elsewhere. The preparatory schools of England are ideal as to arrangement and comfort while the standard of instruction is very good and many boys pass from them having won scholarships at the great public schools. The greatest attention is paid to health, food, sleeping accommodations, physical training, gymnastics, athletics, and games. Many of the schools have excellent swimming-baths where swimming is taught and have as well many other luxuries, while one or two have been nicknamed the "House of Lords," in consequence of the exalted rank of most of the boys. The charge is correspondingly high,

and including extras, such as music, drawing, and dancing, amounts to nearly £300 a year; in fact some are as costly as a public school.

Outdoor life is a distinctive characteristic of all English schools, and many people complain that unnecessary attention and time are given to games and that the tendency of to-day is to sacrifice intellectual training to physical development. The love of sport and games is one of the strongest characteristics of an English boy, and the hero of every school is not the greatest scholar, but the best man at cricket and foot-ball, and the captain of the Eton or Harrow eleven is the finest fellow in the world. The saying that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton" is true in a sense. The love of cricket and foot-ball, with its accompaniments and the healthy life which athletics entails, has helped more than any other influence to keep the tone of our great public schools pure and high, and has trained the men who for generations past have laid and cemented the foundations of our Empire. The defects and shortcomings of a wealthy society are influencing our public schools and the stern simplicity and rigor of English school life is suffering from that cause. The temptation for the people to send their boys where they will meet with lads in a higher position than their own is becoming a very distinct evil in making public schools extravagant and lowering their tone.

The increasing facilities for diminishing the drudgery of education and making every subject, however abstruse, less difficult, is overcrowding the curricula of all schools to an alarming extent. It is almost impossible to find time for the extra subjects which are now so numerous and varied in preparatory schools, where boys who have developed a taste for some subject not generally taught, are expected by their parents to carry it on at a public school on the expectation that it may be of use to them in their future career.

The length of the holidays at all schools is one which causes great perturbation to the paternal mind; six weeks or more in the summer, a month at Easter, and a month at Christmas, make, altogether, a large gap in the school year, as parents are compelled to engage a holiday tutor or governess at home; and though the holiday



ENGLISH CHILDREN AT THE SEASHORE

DRAWN IN COLOR FOR THE CENTURY BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

work is not arduous and is generally "rushed through" in the last week of the holidays, it adds a heavy burden to the already long educational bill. The tendency is to send boys to school as early as possible, so that the total cost of this education is a very expensive luxury; but a hard struggle is always made, even by parents who are comparatively poor, to give boys a public-school training. The standard of education and the average results are undoubtedly higher than heretofore, but it is a question whether by our system we get the most out of our best boys.

The early training of girls from the nursery to the school-room is carried on generally with their brothers, the same governess supervising them all. The spirit of emulation which a mixed class of pupils creates is on the whole good. It stimulates the girls to greater effort and acts as a spur to the boys, who realize the indignity of being beaten by their sisters.

A much more radical change has taken place in the education of girls than in that of boys. The whole curriculum of girls' study has been enlarged and the adoption of the more serious side is now a *sine qua non* in all families of whatever rank. The training begins in the nursery and little girls go into the school-room at about the same age as their brothers. The subjects they learn are generally the same, for a knowledge of Latin and advanced arithmetic, as well as mathematics, is now considered essential for well-educated girls. The standard lesson books are of great variety and the method of explaining and teaching is carried out as much as possible by illustration and practical demonstration. The new methods of teaching reading are not adopted in the school-rooms of which I speak, as a girl has probably mastered the elements of reading before she leaves the nursery. The tendency of modern education is to concentrate a girl's energies on those subjects for which she has a distinct vocation. In these days no one wastes time on teaching music or singing to a child who has no inclination or ear for it, and drawing is taught only to one who shows a distinctly artistic talent. Much more time is now given to the study of languages and every girl can

speak French, and many German, while a large number take up other languages. Girls are now allowed a much wider range of literature than formerly. The foreign classics are open to them and the days are past when they were forbidden to read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. In fact, in this endless supply of subjects the instructor is called upon to guide the pupil into some systematized course so as to avoid the dangers of desultory reading.

There is and always has been in England a deep-rooted objection to sending girls to boarding-school, hence the need of a highly trained and accomplished governess.¹ The supply is very good and large and the governess in an English family, whether she be foreign or English, is usually remarkable in attainments and character. In spite of contrary assertions, English mothers are most anxious and careful as to the person who must see more of their children than any one else. Indeed, in many cases English mothers are so anxious about the education and ambitious for the success of their children that I think the pressure put on them to learn is sometimes excessive. There is no more "willing horse" than a keen, intelligent girl, and her inclination is always rather to do too much than too little. The strain of education comes at a moment when her health may be affected by the changes incident to her sex, and she probably requires all her strength to carry her over a period during which, from a physical point of view, she should take her life a little more easily.

We show more consideration in our treatment of animals than in our treatment of our girls and boys. We do not expect our yearlings or two-year-olds to perform any very arduous work during the early part of their life: what work they are called on to carry out is done slowly, with distinct periods of rest, and is very carefully subdivided in its amount and duration; but we ask of young people, boys and girls, at a period when they are growing and their constitutions are forming, to carry out a system of education which no one can characterize as easy. In the case of boys, the drawbacks are modified by the distinctly male instinct not to

¹ The reader is reminded that Lady St. Helier is discussing her subject from the point of view of the aristocracy and not of the upper middle classes.

do more work than they are compelled to; but with their sisters that consideration hardly ever applies, and the standard of knowledge and the excellence of the work done by girls in England are remarkably high. Though the instruction of girls in their early years is given by a governess, there are many excellent classes largely attended held by some of our best professors, not only in London but also in the large provincial towns. In London, some of the classes are taught in French and German, and during every term at the large colleges for women, such as Queen's College and Bedford College, as well as at the London University and University College, lectures on special subjects are given by the best authorities. These are popular and are largely attended by girls belonging to the professional and upper classes. The subjects of the lectures are announced and papers are prepared at home by the students under the supervision of the governess, and an examination at the end of each term is held to see what progress has been made. The advantage of such classes is no doubt a great one, for it creates a happy spirit of rivalry, and applies just the stimulus which is wanting in home instruction.

Some girls take the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations and go in for a pass. The first examination is not very severe, but the higher certificate is a stiffer undertaking, yet thousands of girls pass, with great distinction, every year. It is no unusual thing to see all the girls in a family working for it. A story is told of two daughters (twins) of one of our most eminent judges, who went up together for the Oxford and Cambridge local examination, as they did for everything else, and who generally came out equally successful. A great air of mystery however hung over this examination, which caused much interest among their friends. It became known only after some time that one twin had passed and that the other had failed. The subject was so painful and the broken record of mutual success so overwhelming, that the subject was never alluded to by the family.

One characteristic of the education of English girls is the thoroughness with which every branch of it is carried out; there is no shirking, no compromise. What they learn is learned thoroughly,

and any one conversing with a well-educated English girl of the class of which I write, will find it very difficult to get her out of her depth. Many girls carry on their studies long after they have done with the school-room and their reading is wide and diversified; they also embark on subjects which, for want of time, they have been unable to take up earlier. But the "pose" of the earnest but ill-informed young and pretty woman is always amusing, as well as the tender charity of their male adversaries. At present, the practice of public speaking is fashionable and weekly debating classes are held for girls at some of the houses of the leading political people in London, where they are taught not only how to speak and use the voice, but to discuss and argue the question clearly and carefully from the point of view which they have adopted. Women take so prominent a part in public life in England that a certain amount of training in elocution and public speaking is most valuable.

It is now also becoming the fashion for English girls whose parents can afford the time and expense to spend a year or more in some French or German educational center before they come out. Some go to Paris, but the majority prefer Germany, where they can combine a further acquaintance with German literature and the study of music. In most cases they are sent under the charge of their governess or live in a *pension* where no one speaks English and where they are obliged to converse in German. The influences of German life and education are very powerful and leave a distinct impress on a girl's mind. They possibly develop the romantic side of her character, but they also give her a breadth of view and a wider *aperçu* of life, and remove the purely insular point of view from which we are only too liable to regard other countries and people.

Athletics also play an important part in the life and education of English girls, especially among those of the upper classes, where the question of cost is not a consideration. Open-air life has done more for their welfare and strength than almost any other influence. It is undoubtedly true that English girls are stronger and taller than formerly and possess a greater fund of endurance than they have

THE TRAINING OF ENGLISH CHILDREN

ever enjoyed before, and this is largely due to the outdoor life which they lead. In games such as croquet, golf, and lawn-tennis, they can hold their own with boys of the same age. Even cricket is getting to be more widely played, but until some modification of the skirt is arrived at it is a game in which a woman must always be at a disadvantage. The playing of games has not unsexed our girls, nor injured their health, as was prophesied when they first adopted open-air sports and athletics once the monopoly of their brothers.

As the intellectual side of girls' lives has become more developed, the more homely and wifely occupations of their mothers and grandmothers have lost favor, and needlework and the domestic interests of life have taken a back place. It was inevitable that such should be the case, but it is in many ways unfortunate that these occupations have fallen into desuetude. Few of the girls I speak of can cook a chop, make an omelet, darn a stocking, put on a patch, or make a buttonhole. Perhaps in time housewifery may become part of their curriculum, as it is now in our elementary education scheme. A good knowledge of housekeeping, of the management of servants, of the keeping of accounts, and of cooking goes a long way to secure domestic happiness.

I think in England we are satisfied that, with certain limitations, our system of education for the classes of which I write is laid on fairly good lines. We have certainly uprooted and changed the whole scheme of education which existed, but the new one has the merit of developing the individuality of each child, of teaching it self-reliance and courage. It does not in any way cramp or confine the bent of its inclination or study, but it brings out, we hope and believe, what is best and strongest in its character.

The system on which the early education of children is carried out varies in every country, and that in England can compare in this respect with those of France, Germany, and America. The character, temperament, and mode of life differ so absolutely that the point of view from which we regard the question must vary also. The English working-class family has never had any of the experience of the outdoor family life of the French;

our cold uncertain climate has made it possible, and the pretty pictures one in Paris of a family group, consisting of grandparents, parents, and children, unknown with us. What is true of the working-classes, is even more distant characteristic of our higher classes. The love of family and children is not one less deep in England, but we are a reserved, undemonstrative race. It may be our insular arrogance which has always caused us to regard the open, demonstrative affection of foreigners to their children, as sentimental, that has made us err in the opposite direction. Every English mother knows, however, the pang with which she leaves the school at which she has deposited her beloved boy for the first time, and the effort it costs her to say good-by to him without letting her tears mingle with those that are so nearly gushing from his eyes—but it is not "good form," in boyish parlance, to cry, and the mother has to live up to the standard of self-control of the little hero of perhaps seven or eight years of age.

The separation during these early years certainly intensifies the affection of boys for their mother, and the holidays are a bright spot in the year. There is always, I think, a shade of fear of his father in a boy's heart, even of the most indulgent—but time dispels that, and though there may be a sort of feeling that "the governor is a little out of date" when he vetoes some of the youthful suggestions during the holidays—the feeling of friendship and equality grows as time goes on, and there are no truer or stancher friends than an English father and his son.

The effect of education and life in England has no doubt helped to diminish parental control and strengthen the independence of the young, but the love and reverence of children still remains, though they undoubtedly regard their parents from a much nearer and more familiar standpoint. It is impossible with our English system of education that it could be otherwise. Children are our equals; they criticize, discuss, and analyze us, and if we survive that ordeal—and it is a severe one—we should feel thankful that, if the awe and fear of the past has disappeared, the new order of things has not diminished their deep love and affection.



THRESCORE AND TEN

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

*"Age never droops into decrepitude while
Fancy stands at his side"*

SO Lander wrote, and so I quote,
And wonder if he knew;
There is so much to doubt about,—
So much but partly true!

*Can one make points with stiffened joints?
Or songs that breathe and burn?
Will not the jaded Muse refuse
An acrobatic turn?*

There was a time when dancing rhyme
Ran readily to cantos;
But now it seems too late a date
For galliards and corantos.

One must beware, too, lest one's pace
Disgrace one's Roxalane,
For e'en decrepitude, my friend,
Must bend—in a pavane.

No!—on the whole the fittest rôle
For Age is the spectator's,—
Reclined in roomy stall behind
The "paters" and the "maters"

That fondly watch the pose of those
Whose thought is still creative,—
Whose point of view is fresh and new,
Not feebly imitative.

Time can no more past Youth restore
Or rectify defect;
But it can clear a failing sight
With light of retrospect.

A RUMOR IN THE BAZAAR

AN ANGLO-INDIAN STORY

BY MARY ANABLE CHAMBERLAIN

Author of "Life in an Indian Compound"

ARUMOR in the bazaar, it must be understood, is a thing like breath or air. You cannot follow it. You cannot put your finger on it. Yet it is there, a real and often an important thing. It was with such a rumor that this story started.

The Padre, robed in a long white cassock, girded with a cord and tassel, crowned by a mushroom topee, a plain black cross outlined against his breast, was passing through the Rayalpur bazaar when he saw a group of Brahmans, clad in bangles, discussing something with conspicuous zest. Heaped up between them, in ravishing harmonies of hue, were piles of ocher, saffron, sulphur, indigo, verdigris, vermilion, in shades that melted, one into the other, like pigments ready to be mixed for painting rainbows.

The voluptuous, copper-colored backs of the conversing Brahmans were toward the Padre. They were speaking in their vernacular, and he did not understand just what they said, but, as he paused an instant to admire the marvelous prismatic beauty of the group, he distinctly heard them mention Anna Harding's name.

The Padre was a Church of England chaplain and Anna Harding was a member of his flock. Although he had been ten years in India, he still had several things to learn about the natives, but this one thing he knew—that the mention of a young girl's name in the bazaar is usually in the way of gossip, is usually in connection with the other sex, and is always undesirable. It disturbed him, therefore, not a little, to hear these unctuous and unclothed Brahmans using Anna Harding's name.

The Padre had a quick, intuitive mind. He drew the inference at once that George

Cavendish was the man in question. There was, in his opinion, little room for doubt that the Brahmans were discussing, in their loathsome, Oriental way, the relations between George Cavendish and Anna Harding, and, if so, he must force his own mind to discuss them, too.

He owned that, until now, although they had been constantly together, he had thought little, if anything, about it. What would you expect when a girl is pretty and a man is young in a country where it is always either spring or summer? They had not, so far as he knew, been alone together. Still, his conscience told him that with his wife and the wife of Captain Towers both in England, and with Cavendish and Hawkins both unmarried, he, as the shepherd and bishop of the station souls, should have been a little more on guard.

The natural handmaid to the Padre's conscience was the specter of his own responsibility, an uncomfortable pair of twins with which to saddle a padre's soul in a country where the bars are down, where there is no beaten track for the morals of youth to run in, no grand stand, no judge, but an open field of bunkers and pitfalls for the steed that has the bit in his teeth, the spur in his side of his own desire, the grip on his bridle of his own headlong will. The Padre had seen youth's two- and three-year-olds "come a cropper" more than once when released from their snug little island paddock and turned loose into the great Indian pasture. The thing was to head them off in their first gentle canter, before they had felt the spur and the grip—to head them right in time. The Padre earnestly hoped that the rumor had not reached his ears too late for him to

perform this feat of horsemanship with Cavendish—the thoroughbred in question.

He reflected that the station had not appeared to notice anything. But the station was, just then, made up of men, and men—Englishmen, at any rate—once past their infancy, were not famed for “taking notice.” But you could trust the bazaar for seeing that to which the station’s eye was blind. Its instinct was unerring and its channels of information always took the shortest route. Stations had never yet accounted for the way bazaars knew things—before they happened. The station generally knew a thing when it had seen it. The bazaar seemed to have a way of seeing a thing because it knew it. The Padre was aware that there were large discrepancies in the sums of knowledge obtained by these two methods, from these two sources, with the balance on the side of the bazaar.

The Padre determined to look at the case impartially, by which he meant looking at it from Cavendish’s point of view. He was a fine chap, was Cavendish. His family was one of the best in England. His service was the best in India, in the world, in fact—the Indian Civil Service. (Ordinary capitals can really do little in the way of justice to the size of those initials, I.C.S., in India, and in the Padre’s mind.) Cavendish was an A 1 officer, too. With his talents, birth, and backing, he would have a career before him, the only thing that made it worth one’s while to come to India. When it came to marrying, he could take his “pick.” He was attractive, too. Not handsome,—at least, not in a romantic way. You would hardly look for beauty in a chap who went about habitually in a riding suit of khaki and a battered old brown helmet. Hawkins, now, was handsome. Even Towers went Cavendish one better in his looks. Still, there was something about Cavendish. It might be his erectness. His ear, shoulder, hip, and ankle were in line. His trousers never bagged at the knees. He never slouched. There was something indicative of the man in that. You could n’t blame a girl for fancying Cavendish. He had everything to give her—present precedence, post-mortem pension. Those P’s would weigh with any woman. Anna Harding would be dazzled by them.

Neither could one blame a man for

fancying Anna Harding. She was an exceptionally beautiful and attractive girl. Unformed, of course. One could n’t expect “form” of a girl who had never been in England. And character—at her age, with her surroundings, one could n’t suppose she would have much of that. Still, the Padre was man enough beneath his cassock to have observed that Anna Harding was a charming girl. And being the only girl in sight would, naturally, multiply her charms. But when it came to family, well, “least said, soonest mended,” was the phrase for that.

Anna Harding was what the natives call “this country English,” and what the English deem a shade worse than being a native—an Eurasian. She was not “pukka.” A pukka coin is one turned out from the government mint, of standard weight and value, no counterfeit about it. It is genuine if it is pukka. It had required but the lightest play of fancy and no humor for the Englishman in India to appropriate that most expressive word to denote the obvious distinction between himself and his half-brother, the Eurasian. The Eurasian is the false coin. The Englishman may be responsible for turning him out, but he cannot accept him in circulation. He, the creator, beholding his creation and seeing that it is not good (not having been made in his own exact image), spurns him as a spurious coin, and brands him with the phrase, “Only fourteen annas to the rupee.” The Englishman is the standard, the sixteen anna, pukka, genuine rupee, and the Eurasian falls, by natural gravitation, into the debased currency class. It was to this class that Anna Harding belonged. Would George Cavendish, purest coin of the realm, so limited in the output that comparatively few were in the market, identify himself with a “fourteen anna” coin? The Padre knew that it was neither to be expected nor desired.

He had turned by this time into the broad white track of beveled road that ran from the bazaar to the European quarter, and had paused among the myriad rootlets of a hoary banian to survey the scene. The way was lined with bright-hued natives, squatting along the route, some talking and gesticulating eagerly, the others listening stolidly. The Padre knew that there was not a white man, from the Himalayas down to Tuticorin, who could

have told him, had he "brayed him in a mortar," what it was that they were saying. It made him shiver in the midday heat to think that Anna Harding's name might, even then, be passing down the line. It seemed to him that his course was plain. It was his duty to interfere before it was too late.

As if on purpose to confirm him in this resolution, his meditations were disturbed, just here, by a pounding noise behind him, and by the flight before him, like bright-feathered fowl, of native cloths and puggrees. Anna Harding dashed by on horseback, followed by two men, one almost neck and neck beside her, the other in the rear. In the foremost man the Padre recognized George Cavendish, and in the one who was following on Hawkins of the Police. With British absorption in themselves, the cavalcade saw nothing in the street, while every one in the street, with native absorption in the spectacle of the passer-by, gazed wide-eyed after them. The Padre, who saw all, wondered that he had not seen it all before, so obvious did it now appear.

He determined that he would talk it over with Captain Towers that evening, after dinner; that he would get Hawkins's opinion; that, if necessary, he would drop a hint to Cavendish; and, if it came to that, that he would speak to Anna Harding.

The Padre was chumming with Surgeon Captain Towers, of the Indian Medical Service, in the absence of their wives in England. Their bungalow, with the others in the European quarter, backed up against a hill, one of a group round which the highway ran, ascending till it reached a sandy plateau in the midst of them, where it came to a dead standstill in front of a cemetery gate. The standstill was not really dead, but was only a case of suspended animation, for the road eventually recovered and went on again; but the cemetery and the gate remained, accentuating by their dreary isolation the stillness and the deadness of the dead, upon whose silence, as a rule, the only noise that broke was the wild laughter of hyena packs among the hills at night.

Dining that evening with the Padre and Captain Towers was Hawkins of the Police, a reserved and reticent man whose personality suited his department. He

had a genius for ferreting out dakoits, and for laying his finger on the man, that had made a great impression on the natives, by whom his achievements were ascribed to magic. If any one knew what was being said in the bazaar, he did, and you could depend upon him not to talk. It was an open secret that Government had its eye upon him for its "Keep it Dark" Department, and that, like Cavendish, though in a lesser sphere, he had a career before him. The Padre had been glad to see him riding that morning with Cavendish and Anna, not only as having a tendency to frighten native gossip, but as offering the prospect of a competent opinion based upon the observations of an expert.

The three men sat out after dinner in the middle of the drive, where, full in Orion's light and free of foliage, the after-dinner dozer might enjoy the maximum of breezes and the minimum of snakes. Their long arm-chairs with teakwood rests formed the radii of a circle to which the center was a teapoy, on which the butler and the Padre's boy placed whisky and soda "pegs," matches and cheroots, and then withdrew to balance themselves adroitly on their heels, in company with Hawkins's peon, a short distance down the drive, where they awaited, with no more refreshing aids than patience and a lantern, the separation of their sahibs for the night. The breeze wafted the following conversation toward them:

"Has it occurred to you that Cavendish and Anna Harding are too much together?" It was the Padre's voice.

Surgeon Captain Towers, six foot three, and weighing fifteen stone, having cut a pair of legs off earlier in the day, and feeling thereby justified in affording to his own all possible ease, had deposited those members on the rests of his arm-chair and was preparing to enjoy his usual post-prandial repose. He did not wish to talk, but the Padre's question was too startling to ignore.

"What put that idea into your head?" he asked.

"I have reason to believe that there is a rumor in the bazaar about them," said the Padre.

"That's nothing," said Captain Towers. "The bazaar is always full of rumors. It's where they make them."

Then, after a pause, he asked, "How did it reach you? Through your boy?"

"I never gossip with native servants," said the Padre, somewhat stiffly. "I was passing through the bazaar, and I overheard some Brahmans talking. I distinctly heard them use her name. We know what that means. She was out with Cavendish at the time. Of course, the natives would talk. Such freedom between men and women is incomprehensible to them. But they are familiar, of course, with English customs, and I feel that their talking must mean something more than idle gossip. I blame myself for not foreseeing it. She's in my parish and I feel a responsibility."

"Were they out alone?"

"No. Hawkins was with them."

"Had it occurred to you, Hawkins?"

"Had what occurred to me?" The voice came as from one aroused from private meditation.

"That the bazaar has any reason, beyond its love of scandal, to talk about Cavendish and Anna Harding."

"Heaven forbid," said Hawkins, "that I should repeat everything that occurs to me, or anything that comes from the bazaar."

Both Captain Towers and the Padre understood, from what Hawkins did not say, that he knew that the bazaar was talking. The Padre, in particular, felt confirmed in the wisdom of his morning's resolutions. "Do you suppose that Cavendish means to marry her?" asked the Padre, after an interval of silence.

"Of course not. How could a man in Cavendish's position marry a girl in Anna Harding's?" answered Captain Towers.

"She's an exceptionally attractive girl. A good sort, altogether. She's not at all the usual 'fourteen anna' kind. In fact, she's quite English, you know." The Padre made this statement in the tone of one who utters the final word in praise of a human being.

"Yes, but she is n't English. The Hardings are n't pukka."

"Her mother is dead," said the Padre, in the tone of one who mentions a providential dispensation. Anna's mother had been "country" rather more than "bred," and the Padre, like the most of us, believed in the doctrine that "the Lord knows best" when He removes impedimenta from our pathway.

"Yes, but Harding is n't dead. And what is he? Just a Local Fund engineer, and a poor one, at that. The strain of the "country" in him shows in his looks, shows still more in his speech, shows most of all in his roads. What sort of family connection would he make for a man like Cavendish?"

"Cavendish would n't marry Harding." The remark came in a cool, quiet tone from the depths of Hawkins's arm-chair.

"Yes, he would. It amounts to that, in India. An Englishman can't afford to marry an Eurasian, however charming she may chance to be. He outcastes himself by doing it. It's that sort of eruption that's spoiling the complexion of Anglo-Indian society. A first-class man ought n't to marry a second-class wife. She's too heavy a weight to carry. She blocks his way to the top, every time."

"It has been done." The cool, deliberate voice came again from Hawkins's chair.

"And how has it turned out? Badly, every time. No man with a 'country' wife reaches the top of the ladder. Besides, it's bad for the race. We're raising up a mongrel breed in India that will be a serious problem some day. It's neither 'fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.' Government is beginning to realize it, too. It does n't like such marriages. It would be seriously annoyed if a man like Cavendish were to make such a mistake. We should get a 'wiggling,' all round, if we encouraged it."

"What has Government to do with a man's private affairs?" asked Hawkins.

"Nothing. But it has a good deal to do with a man's promotion. It wants the blood of the ruling class kept pure."

"It's rather late in the day to talk about that," said Hawkins, dryly.

"Well, it won't help matters to encourage the other thing. I'm opposed, as a medical man, to all such marriages. I'm confident Cavendish would n't think of it. It would seriously affect his career."

And Captain Towers refreshed himself with another whisky and soda "peg," re-lighted his cheroot, and, elevating his legs once more to their high station, indicated, by falling asleep, that, for him, the conversation was at an end.

The Padre felt that he would like to know more definitely Hawkins's opinion.

There could be little doubt that his trained faculty of observation had taken in the status of the case. Hawkins's opinion, he was aware, was hard to get, and, when obtained, did not always bear the hall-mark of unquestionable value. But the Padre was a conscientious man, and he was thoroughly in earnest about this matter of Cavendish and Anna Harding. No stone should lie unturned that he could turn in time to prevent that stumbling in the pasture.

"Hawkins," he said, as soon as certain sounds denoted that Captain Towers was absent in the spirit, "what do you think about this rumor in the bazaar?"

"To which rumor in the bazaar do you refer?" asked Hawkins, calmly.

"To the one about Cavendish and Anna Harding, of course," replied the Padre.

"Is there such a rumor?" asked Hawkins, in a non-committal tone.

"I think I mentioned it awhile ago," said the Padre, once more rather stiffly.

"Ah, yes. Well, what about it?"

"That's the very thing I'm asking you," said the Padre, beginning to feel the heat of the climate suddenly.

"How should I know anything about it?" demanded Hawkins. "Do I live in the bazaar, or spend my time in gossiping with natives?"

The Padre's patience showed signs of a decline, but his inexorable twins still urged him on.

"Look here, Hawkins," he said, "this is a serious matter. If any white man knows what is being said in the bazaar, you do, and what I want is your opinion and advice. Do you believe that there is anything between George Cavendish and Anna Harding?"

"They have not honored me with their confidence," said Hawkins, "but I am willing to say this: if they wish to marry each other, I see no reason why Government, or any one else, should interfere."

"It would ruin his career," declared the Padre. "And, if he does not marry her, it will ruin her reputation. I must interfere before it is too late."

"And if it should already be too late?" said Hawkins, with a rising, cynical inflection.

"That can hardly be," replied the Padre. "We, who are closest to them cannot all have been so blind as not to see, if

matters had gone very far. That rumor cannot more than have just started."

Hawkins made no reply.

"Well," said the Padre, finally, "you have given me your opinion. What is your advice?"

"To keep hands off," said Hawkins. "They are not in 'swaddling bands.'"

The butler, the boy, and the peon, still balancing themselves upon their tireless heels, betrayed no sign of slumber or impatience so long as the conversation lasted. The lighted lantern was waiting to show Hawkins Sahib home. Orion in the zenith, shoulders forward, sword and belt ablaze, his dog behind him belching forth a stream of light, might have seemed competent to perform that service, but the conduct of a cobra in the hedge proved the utility of the lantern and the peon. The cobra, too, was going home. It cared nothing for Orion or his dog in space, and little for the sahibs in the chairs, but it looked with thoughtful consideration at the lantern and the peon, and decided to take another route. In doing so, it passed close to Hawkins Sahib's hand, which hung down limp beside his chair. The cobra saw it, reared its head, adjusted its spectacles, and eyed it carefully as it went by. Had Hawkins moved, it would have struck. But Hawkins did not move.

Presently, since there was no more conversation, the peon coughed gently once, then twice. Then he was seized with a paroxysm of great violence. Hawkins rose.

"The peon wants to go. I am off for camp at daybreak. I don't know when I shall be back. Good night," he said, and went, the peon holding the lantern low before him all the starlit way.

"Hawkins does not approve of our position. He evidently thinks it unfair to Anna Harding," said the Padre to Captain Towers, as they were parting for the night.

"It's hard to tell what Hawkins thinks," said Captain Towers. "I sometimes suspect that he has imbibed a bit of the 'country' himself, through his department."

"He says he sees no reason why Cavendish should n't marry her," continued the Padre.

"Well, he might see differently, if he were Cavendish. Such a marriage would seriously affect the career of any English-

man in India, and Hawkins cares as much for his career as any one I know. If I were you, Padre, I should drop a hint to Cavendish."

The Padre decided that he would drop a hint to Cavendish, but when he called upon him for that purpose, he found that it belonged to the class of operations of which we often hear that they are easier said than done. He had no idea that it could be so difficult to drop anything. If any one had asked him how to drop a hint, he would have said that it was like dropping anything else—that all you would have to do would be to "just drop it, you know." But when he found himself seated opposite that straight-limbed, clean-shaven, just-out-of-the-tub young man, it seemed, to his surprise, a rather complicated sort of thing. Cavendish gave him no fair chance. He was full of a run he had had that morning in which his hounds had nearly cornered a very wily jack, and he ran on about rice-fields, tank-bunds, and prickly-pear hedges, none of them suitable places in which to drop anything with the expectation that any one would see it, and cleared them all without giving the Padre a chance in edgewise. Once he threw in an aside about how his horse had just missed putting a foot in "one of Harding's holes," on the Kartari road, but before the Padre could cut in, the hole closed over, and nothing had been dropped in it. The Padre had never realized before what a talkative chap Cavendish was—so full of life and energy and vigor. He was, plainly, not the sort from whom one could expect much, in the way either of forethought or of retrospection. He was just the kind to sow in haste and reap at leisure. The Padre began to feel annoyed that so much of high-spirits and good-humor should accompany conduct involving such responsibility. He would have preferred Cavendish to behave more like a man with something on his mind. The ultimate psychological effect of this was that it occurred, at last, to Cavendish that the Padre was behaving like a man with something on *his* mind—liver, probably. He knew that the liver has a way in India of getting into the cranial cavity. He became sympathetic at once.

"Is anything wrong, Padre? You don't seem quite fit this morning," he said, with friendly solicitude in his tone.

The Padre, whose mind was still reverting gloomily to the dropping problem, admitted that he was somewhat less than fiddle fit.

"That 's India," said Cavendish, cheerfully. "I 'm sorry you 're feeling down."

"Do you never feel 'down,' yourself, Cavendish?" asked the Padre, trying to feel his way.

"I? Oh, I 'm always fit, thanks. I take a lot of exercise, you know. There 's nothing like exercise in India to keep one's liver right, they say."

The Padre began to see a way, if not to drop the hint, at least, to drag it in.

"Quite so. There 's no exercise like riding, I suppose. Are you out every day?"

"Of course. The horses have to be exercised, you know."

"I believe you do not ride alone," the Padre said, an inflection of accusation in his voice.

"Alone?" said Cavendish, "why should I? Hawkins rides, and Miss Harding likes a mount. There 's not much sport in going out alone."

"Sport," said the Padre, "is not always the first consideration."

"It is to me," said Cavendish, "when I 'm out for it."

"There," thought the Padre, "is the key-note to his character," and a wave of indignation sweeping through him made it easy for him to broach the subject on his mind. In his turn, giving Cavendish no chance to get a word in edgewise, he stated the case as precisely as was convenient with a young man blushing furiously in front of him, and showing a disposition to interrupt with exclamations.

When the Padre had concluded, Cavendish rose, walked round the room with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, spoke severely to several hounds that lay about upon the floor engaged in those researches incidental to the country, made a number of remarks about bazaars and natives, and then came back and stood before the Padre.

"Do I understand," said he, "that this rumor in the bazaar involves an injury to Miss Harding's reputation?"

"You know as well as I do, Cavendish, that a rumor about any girl, in any Indian bazaar, involves an injury to her reputation," said the Padre, firmly.

"Am I to understand that you hold me responsible for the rumor and the injury?"

The Padre hesitated. His twins, however, had him in their grip, and would not let him go till he had paid the utmost debt he owed them.

"Cavendish," he said, "I ask you no questions. I have no right to. Much must, of course, be allowed for the naturally corrupt minds of the natives. I simply put the case before you. Is it reasonable to suppose that an attractive man in your position, with all you have of worldly advantage to confer, could be in constant intimate association with a girl in Anna Harding's class without arousing, not only gossip in the bazaar, but, in her own mind, hopes—expectations—"

A flash of fire from Cavendish arrested him.

"Please leave Miss Harding's name out of it!" he broke in hotly. "I hope I'm not an ass!"

The Padre rose. He was not a man to be put down, in any case, and, in India, senior chaplains outrank civilian juniors.

"I fear, Cavendish," he said, with dignity, "that it is too late to leave Miss Harding's name out of it. Her name is already in—in the bazaar! I have done my duty, discharged my responsibility, and I will bid you, now, good morning."

"Did you drop that hint to Cavendish?" asked Captain Towers of him, later in the day.

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing satisfactory."

"Do you think there was anything in that rumor, after all?"

"Undoubtedly there was."

"What is Cavendish going to do about it?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, I don't see that there is anything more that *you* can do."

"There is one thing more that I can do," said the Padre, grimly. "I can speak to Anna Harding."

"A rather delicate operation—that," observed Surgeon Captain Towers.

The Padre was not chumming with a surgeon not to know that the knife should never be delayed if one would cure a cancer. So he resolved to operate at once.

HEARING that Cavendish had gone into camp, he went to see her. He found her standing by a rose-tree in her garden, looking at one lonely flower. It was an English rose, its hue more delicate, its poise more drooping than in the home-grown plant. So, thought the Padre, were the hue and poise of the girl who bent above it. But, as she came forward to meet him, he recognized anew her grace, her charm.

The Padre had often wondered at her, and had settled it in his mind that she was what they call a "throw back."

Nature is, as we know, a creature of habit. She loves routine and follows the beaten track. And in most of her human mints, on most of her human coins, she puts the same old stamp. But Nature, after all, is feminine and freaky. She tires, now and again, of her patterns, and, harking back in her memory, drags to the surface an old type that has all the effect of a new one.

The Padre believed that Nature had done this with Anna, that, when fashioning her, she had thrown a look backward, over the seas, to a race whose men, in their youth, go far afield. For Anna Harding was English, so far as the eye could see. There was not a "touch of the tar" on her, from her beautifully molded golden head to the tips of her rosy fingernails, round the half-moons of which were no telltale circles of blue. Her complexion had not a creamy tone in it, but was the wild rose color of England, while, best of all, in her speech she betrayed no accent of the Eurasian, but spoke in the full, sweet, pure tone of the voice of the British Isles. If the "country" had laid its hand upon her at all, it had been to combine with her golden hair the jet black brows and lashes that gave to her blue eyes the subtle charm of sadness.

Was the Padre mistaken in thinking, as she advanced to greet him, that there was more than the charm, that there was the fact of sadness? Were not her lids a little red from weeping? Had Cavendish, then, already taken action? To gain a little time, he walked with her up and down her garden paths. He talked of crotons and panaxes, of roses, lilies, and ferns. He discussed seed-sowing, layering, cutting, grafting, inarching, and budding. He examined her garden frames and soils.

He even described to her an improved variety of water-lift. But all the while, beneath the surface of his consciousness, his remorseless twins kept pinching, punching, prodding, demanding to know why he put off the evil hour.

They came, at last, in their round, to the place where they had started out, and he realized that she had scarcely said a word. A whispering tamarind threw its shade around them, inviting them to stop and rest. The Padre removed his topee from his head, and took out his handkerchief to wipe both perspiration and perplexity from his brow.

Oh, that his wife might do this thing instead of him! How, now, for instance, would she be likely to begin? By what maneuver would she break the ice?

He looked at the girl before him, simple, beautiful, aloof. He saw that she was hardly thinking of him. Her eyes were on the distant line where the burnished sky and the burnished hills struck from each other fire and fiercest heat. There ought to be no trouble about breaking ice in such an atmosphere as that which bubbled round them.

He had been standing for an hour beside her on the slippery surface of conventional talk, watching for some opening to let him in to the deeper stream of what might be their common thought. The time was fully ripe for him to go, and yet he could not go till he had made his plunge. Perhaps it was his silence that made her look at him and smile, a smile that had no joy or gladness in it. It touched a fiber in him somewhere, a fiber not in the Padre—in the man. He took her hand as if to go, and held it.

"My child," he said, "there is something that I must say to you, and I don't know how to say it. Can't you help me?"

The solemnity of his tone alarmed her. The rose of England died suddenly in her cheek. The fire and passion of the East flared up behind the jet black screen of lashes.

"Has anything happened to him?" she cried impulsively. "Is that the reason why he does not come?"

The ice was broken and she was in the stream. And what an abnormal flood it seemed to be. Were its waters hot? Yes, burning, scorching hot. They were dyeing her head crimson, from its golden crown

to the frill of dainty lace into whose coolness her neck dipped and disappeared. But she was brave. Stemming with courage the tide of thoughts that threatened to engulf her, she waited for him in the middle of the stream. A man could do no less than plunge in after her, so in the Padre went.

It was many years before he lost the vision of himself struggling in a turbid current of ideas, rising to the surface just long enough to utter words like these:

"Nothing had happened. (Thank God she had spoken of him, herself. One need not mention names.) If he had gone—it was better so. Ought to have gone before. Men and horses were alike—always cantering—stumbling in the pasture—just to exercise themselves—must n't be taken seriously. Marriage was an important thing—affected a man's career—especially in India. It would n't do—England was the natural place—" and so on, floundering, hopelessly submerged.

And it was longer still before he lost the vision of the girl who had, at first, been with him in the stream, but who gradually rose out of it, receding farther and farther from him, till he heard her saying, as she stood in simple strength upon the shore:

"Please say no more. I see. I understand. But what he—you—none of you understand, is that you cannot care more for his success than I—that I can—I do—care too much for him—and for myself—to marry him if it is not best for him."

THAT night at dinner the Padre waived course after course. The little that he ate, he ate in a silence that Captain Towers did not like to interrupt. The table was beautifully trimmed with flowers, some of which hopped up and flew about like humming-birds in the punka's wind. The butler and the Padre's boy moved in and out, noiseless, attentive, watchful, unobtrusively alert. The cook, the chokra, syces, malis, peons, were squatting in the back veranda, close to the screens before the open doors. They were all as dead men, pillars, posts—any inanimate objects that you like—to the two Englishmen whom they so punctiliously served. It was drizzling a bit outside, and the cheeroots were offered inside, with dessert. When the Padre pushed his chair back,

Captain Towers, taking it for a sign, said:

"Well?"

Then the Padre told him just what she had said.

"There must be good English blood there somewhere," was Captain Towers's comment, to which the Padre's irrelevant reply was:

"How I wish my wife were here!"

They talked the matter over quietly between cheroots, while all the compound servants waited patiently for their signal to remove the cloth, not one of them showing the slightest symptom of impatience, though the hour was late.

They said good night, at last, and, as the outcome of their colloquy, the Padre wrote, before he slept, and despatched, as soon as he awoke, the following *chit*:

My dear Cavendish:

Only my conscience and my sense of responsibility lead me to refer again to the topic we discussed when last we met. I have seen her, and I find that I was right in my assumptions. I feel that, in telling you this, I have discharged my obligation in the matter, and that all further responsibility rests with you. Sincerely yours,

P. R.

"There," said the Padre, as he sealed the note, "I have done my duty, absolved myself from all further responsibility. I can do no more. I must now allow events to take their course."

EVENTS, availing themselves of the Padre's kind permission, proceeded to take their course at once.

It was only a day or two after this that a coolie came running in at noon to say that cholera had broken out in Harding's camp, and that Harding, himself, had died of the disease. To confirm the news his body followed shortly.

Cavendish and Hawkins, having been informed, arrived almost as soon.

The ghastliest bit of life in India comes at the end of it. If a funeral is to be held, it is well that it be held quickly. There is nothing to prevent this with the native, who has but to gather a few flowers, a little fruit, a trayful of sweetmeats, and a crowd of neighbors, all eager to accompany him at a moment's notice, with deaf-

ening noise of "tom-tom," cymbal, and wailing, to the burning ghât, where a few fagots, a low fire, a dense smoke, a sickening smell, and an hour's time end all.

But a Church of England burial in India is an almost more distressing thing. The strain after the home customs, the effort to do things decently and in order, contrast pitifully with the unseemly haste of the proceedings. The flimsy coffin, the rude cart, the roughly hewn and shallow grave, the already disintegrating form, are painful discords in the harmony of a service designed for abbeys and cathedrals, and set to the key of calm and long repose.

The four men felt all this as they met, soon after five o'clock, at the foot of Anna Harding's steps, to carry Harding's body out.

There is something fine in the simplicity, shorn of sentiment, with which a Briton does a disagreeable duty. The Padre wore the mien of the man who always expects the worst and usually obtains it; Captain Towers that of him who sows and leaves the crop to Fate—no questions asked; Cavendish's face was pale with the pallor of a man who frankly admits that he enacts a most distressing part; that of Hawkins, dark and thin, carved into lines, chiseled and molded by thoughts of which one could guess neither the nature nor the mood. But it did not occur to one of them to shirk the hour's task.

All were thankful, however, for once, to India that she excludes women from the funeral train. Anna remained at home.

It was a strange funeral procession that wound its way along the road, past the doctor's bungalow, up the hill, toward the cemetery gate. The Padre went before, bearing the Cross and Book. Captain Towers walked behind, laying his weight, from time to time, against the backboard of the cart as the coolies seemed to lag. George Cavendish took the right hand and Hawkins took the left. The male servants of the dead man followed meekly in the rear. So they went up the hill, the rude bier in the midst of them. They reached the sandy plateau encircled by the hills, passed through the gate, and stopped beside the shallow, open grave. The Padre read the Order for the Service at the Grave. When he came to that part where "the earth shall be cast upon the body by

some standing by," Cavendish took a spade and poured the harsh earth, full of stones and gravel, down upon the dead man with a grating sound. Not an unnecessary word was said.

When all was done and the four were left alone, however, Cavendish spoke. His voice was halting, full of self-reproach.

"I wish to say," he said, "Harding's death seems to make it right that I should tell you—now that she's alone—that—after that rumor—and the Padre's note—I went to Miss Harding—and offered—" there was a sudden, swift stiffening of his straight figure line, a backward movement of his lifted head—"I mean to say that I asked her to do me the honor to become my wife—and she declined."

It seemed to occur to none of them to say another word.

Presently the four went down the hill abreast, the silence of the grave around them still.

THAT evening, after dinner, Captain Towers and the Padre sat alone in the middle of the drive, inside their compound hedge. It was one of those Indian nights when the full moon speeds, like a racing craft, through a sky of lighted foam, pitching and tossing, rolling and diving among the waves of light. The hills and the cemetery gate stood out like silhouettes against a great white sheet.

The Padre leaned forward in his chair, his weight upon his elbows, and his head upon his hands. Captain Towers lay back, full-length, in his, his feet upon their rests. Cavendish and Hawkins had both returned to camp. Perhaps a half-hour passed before the Padre spoke:

"She was as good as her word," he said. "She loved him too well to marry him."

Captain Towers made no reply.

"Not many women love a man like that," continued the Padre's voice.

The big form of his comrade shook itself out of its chair and got upon its feet.

"Well," said the voice within it, "perhaps it's as well, all things considered, that they don't."

With which they appeared to think the subject had been quite thrashed out.

Captain Towers gave the order to have Harding's kit burned up at once, which order was as strictly carried out, perhaps, as could have been expected when Har-

ding, himself, was not alive to see to it. There were a few things that really were too useful to destroy—in particular, one excellent flannel shirt that had hung on Harding's bedpost when he died. The rains would soon be on, and flannel shirts were well-known specifics against fevers. It seemed to Harding's syce a thousand pities that a brand-new flannel shirt should not survive to fulfil its mission in the wet southwest monsoon, now nearly due. Mariattal, the cholera goddess, to be sure, had called Harding Sahib when he had it on, but it was universally admitted that when Mariattal called a man, he had to go, whether he wore a shirt or no, and, in point of fact, she called more men without than with one on. Harding's syce, therefore, convinced of the soundness of his reasoning, took the shirt with him back to Rayalpur, and carefully washed it at the Hardings' compound well. There was much going on throughout the compound on that day. One's sahib could hardly die so suddenly, even in India, without a ripple being left behind. There were many important subjects to be discussed, such as, which servants were likely, now, to be cast off, what would be the approximate size of Missy's income, what her future, and other allied topics, equally absorbing. It was scarcely to be expected, under these conditions, that the water-bearer would find it convenient to walk a mile that day to fetch the drinking-water, particularly since there was no one at leisure to observe. So he took it from the compound well.

That night at dinner the Hardings' gray-haired boy pressed vainly on his mistress the soup, the fish, the "side-dish," and the joint. He did his best, out of pure sympathy and kindness, to make her eat. The ayah, too, stood by, and coaxed her just to taste a little. There would be enormously interesting things said in their "godowns" that night about her, and particularly diverting things about the English sahibs, but they would not go to hear them till they had done their best to make her swallow something, for there was a saying, "If one cannot eat, one cannot live." So they urged her just to take a little.

"I cannot eat," she said, looking at them with wretched, tearless eyes.

"Then drink a little water," said the

ayah, and the boy, fetching a porous, earthen water-bottle, filled her tumbler with water from the compound well. She looked at them, half vexed, half grateful, wholly miserable, and, just to please them, drank a very little of the water.

Captain Towers was leisurely enjoying his chota-hazri the next morning when one of the Harding peons came running up, salaaming low, to say:

"Missy done took very sick, and boy say cholera."

Captain Towers hastily swallowed his tea and went, wasting no time in asking idle questions. He knew without them just how it had happened. He arrived at the Harding bungalow without loss of time, where, after assigning suitable destinies to the cook, the boy, the ayah, the malis, and the peons, to every one, in fact, except the syce and water-bearer, who were not in sight, he fell to work.

She was young and she had an even chance to live. Captain Towers knew the ratio well. It was as one to one. "One shall be taken and the other left," is mathematically true in cholera. Captain Towers was something of an enthusiast in his work, albeit his income was a settled thing. And he did his best that day. He fought through the morning hours the almost more than mortal pain. He fought through the afternoon the awful collapse that follows in its train. She was cold. The golden hair, wet and matted with the dews of a great agony, showed dark against the pallor of her face. The sunken eyes were circled with huge rims of black. Her mouth and nose were pinched. The purple lay thick beneath her finger-nails. Coldness and dampness, pallor and shadow gathered round her head. Still Captain Towers struggled on. He called in coolies, in relays, four and four, who rubbed her, cheerfully risking death for a four-anna bit. They were used to breaking stone upon the road, between the furnaces of earth and sky, to them a sterner task than rubbing the hands and feet of Death. Drenched with turpentine to kill the germs, they rubbed to keep the circulation moving.

Twilight fell, like a curtain dropped. A cold wind sprang up. The boy brought in the lights, two small glass lamps, smoking and sputtering their contempt for Russian oil. A bat flew in between the barred

but unglazed windows of the room, and, circling frantically about, hung itself up in a distant corner of the room. Rats ran back and forth in the ceiling cloth above, threatening to pull the tawdry structure down. Now and then there broke from the cemetery hills a peal of ghostly laughter from hyena packs. A shadow, shrouded, motionless, had stood beside the bed all day, watching, not the steady pull of the coolies' hands against the ebbing tide; that did not interest her; not the indomitable pluck of the man who fought against her; that did not move her. Had not experience proved, over and over again, that those things did not determine life or death in cholera? She watched the trembling balance of the life upon the bed, that she might be ready were there so much as a hair's breadth of a downward tipping of the scale. That was her business there. Captain Towers called the shadow Death. But the coolies knew that her name was Mariattal.

At length the form upon the bed stirred slightly. She was conscious. She tried to speak but could not. The ayah, who had lain upon the floor all day, rose up and laid her warm, soft hands upon the arms, and rubbed and kissed them gently. Fresh coolies fell to work. The shadow drew a little farther off. Captain Towers renewed with vigor the efforts that had seemed in vain.

It was about nine o'clock when he appeared upon the veranda where the Padre sat, holding the cross between his close-clasped hands.

"How does it go?" asked the Padre, anxiously.

"Impossible to say. It may go either way. But she is conscious, and there is some hope. The disease is conquered, and the collapse is passed. But reaction has not yet set in. Where is Cavendish?"

"In camp."

"Are you sure she told you that she loved him?"

"How else would you interpret what she said?"

"Then send for him. It is only fair. She is trying to ask for some one, but is too weak to speak. There is a chance that his coming might just turn the scale. Tell him to be quick." And Captain Towers disappeared within.

"I have sent for him," he said, dis-

tinctly, in her ear, and he was sure that she had understood.

The boy sent the message by a running coolie. The Padre gave the order, and saw the coolie go. He also saw the ayah hurry out and speak to him as he was leaving, no doubt to bid him lose no time. Cavendish was not far away, and he ought to arrive before the midnight hour.

The night wore on. It began to rain. The damp blew in. The lamps burned low. A sickening smell of turpentine and Russian oil and disinfectants filled the air. The coolies still rubbed on. Her eyes were open and fixed upon the door. Would she go safely through the passing hour? She did, her eyes still fixed upon the door. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck. She was still alive, still looking toward the door. But Cavendish did not come. It had not occurred to Captain Towers or the Padre to doubt that he would come. One o'clock—one-thirty—a rage swept over Captain Towers because he did not come. It was all she needed, some one to rouse her, some one to call her back.

The Padre crept softly in and knelt beside the bed.

It was a little clock upon the dresser that had struck the hours. As it struck two, there sounded at the far-off entrance to the compound hedge, the rattle of jutka wheels inside the gate. As the girl upon the bed, the first to hear it, tried to leap up to meet it, there broke from the cemetery hills once more that peal of laughter—it rose, it swelled, it burst—it died and rose again—it shouted, howled, and shrieked—in peals upon peals of wild, demoniac laughter that made the blood run cold. "Hyena brutes!" muttered Captain Towers, but he did not slacken work. He was fighting against time. The jutka wheels

sounded on the bridge, at the turn of the drive, under the porte-cochère. In a moment Cavendish would be there. He heard him fling himself out—spring up steps—dash toward her partly open door. The ayah, darting forward, threw it open to a figure that flung itself down beside the bed, calling the girl upon it by name.

It was Hawkins of the Police.

The shadow reluctantly went out, presently, the others followed, one by one.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the Padre, at length, turned in. The boy was waiting for him to help him with his clothes. The boy moved lightly round, putting the things away. The Padre sat heavily on a chair, staring at the empty space. At last he spoke.

"Boy," he said, "did you know any one suspect, that Hawkins Sahib and Miss Harding liked each other?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "I know, sir. All the bazaar knew it, sir. Therefore the coolie called Hawkins Sahib sir."

Another question struggled to the surface of the Padre's lips.

"Boy," he said, "do you know why Hawkins Sahib did not tell us this before?"

"All the bazaar was telling—he fought for his promotion, sir."

The boy removed the Padre's cap and hung it on a chair. He draped the cord and tassel on a screen. The candle he laid aside, in doing which, he was careful not to touch it with his hands. He came, at last, and stood before the Padre as if to ask what further service was required.

"That will do. Good night, boy," said the Padre.

"Good night, sir," said the boy.





THE OLD KNIGHT'S VIGIL

BY ALFRED NOYES

ONCE, in this chapel, Lord,
Young and undaunted,
Over my virgin sword,
Lightly I chaunted,
"Dawn ends my watch. I go,
Shining to meet the foe."

"Swift with Thy dawn," I said,
"Set the lists ringing!
Soon shall Thy foe be sped
And the world singing!
Bless my bright plume for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry."

War-worn I kneel to-night
Lord, by Thine altar!
Oh, in to-morrow's fight
Let me not falter!
Bless my dark arms for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

Keep thou my broken sword
All the long night through,
While I keep watch and ward!
Then—the red fight through,
Bless the wrenched haft for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

Take, in Thy pierced hands,
Still, the bruised helmet:
Let not their hostile bands
Wholly o'erwhelm it!
Bless my poor shield for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

Keep Thou the sullied mail
Lord, that I tender
Here, at Thine altar-rail!
Then—let Thy splendor
Touch it once . . . and I go
Stainless to meet the foe.



THE FLAVOR OF LIFE AT OXFORD

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

WITH PICTURES BY FRED. PEGRAM

"And now I take leave of Oxford without even an attempt to describe it."

HAWTHORNE ("Our Old Home").

AN American student who works for two or three years at Oxford may mark the progress of his education by his passage beyond the point where a description of the old university seemed easy, to a point where it seems almost impossible. The flavor of life at Oxford is what the American remembers most intimately when his degree is taken and the gate of his gray old English college closes behind him. And that is what I should like to suggest in this sketch.

When you first come as a student to Oxford, you are entirely at the mercy of your esthetic sensibilities. You wonder if you can ever stop gazing. As you stroll through the college gardens and walks or up the long, graceful curve of the High and lift your eyes to that airy creation of stone, the steeple of St. Mary, you will indeed be a man of hardened sensibilities if your whole mind is not occupied in deciding whether you will become an architect, a landscape-gardener, or a painter. But finally you turn your attention to learning something about that college in which you are enrolled. You receive various instructions, go through the ceremony of matriculation, and receive the large volume entitled "Statua et Decreta Univer-

sitatis Oxoniensis," full of difficult Latin phrases and with every rule amended. You are informed how many times your college expects you to attend chapel, and how many times you must dine in the college Hall. You are instructed not to walk in the streets after dark without the cap and gown that designates you an undergraduate, and you are strictly ordered to be inside your lodgings or inside your college gates by midnight. Various other rules are heaped upon you till you wonder vaguely whether you ought to ask the gate-porter's permission to go out to buy a note-book. For breaches of all these rules there are penalties ranging all the way from small fines to being "sent down," or expelled from college.

Thus life looks serious enough from the official point of view, but you will soon discover that the undergraduate has a point of view of his own. The proctors and their assistants, appropriately known as "bulldogs," roam the streets at night on the lookout for the wily undergraduate. But the wily undergraduate, deeming it rather a point of honor not to wear the required cap and gown, is also on the lookout for the proctors. It is a solemn affair to be "progged." Perhaps you come suddenly around a corner face to face with a bulldog. "The proctor would like to speak to you," he remarks, and you step up to a tall figure arrayed in a black robe and mortar-board and standing in the shadow. Solemnly he takes off his hat and says, "Good evening"; to which you reply as best you may. "Are you a member of this university?" he inquires. You acquiesce, and he demands your name and

college, which information he notes down while requesting you to visit him at his office the next morning. "Good evening," again, and you depart, somewhat crestfallen. The next morning you appear before the tribunal and punishment is meted

are available at all times, but they are chiefly used in the warm spring nights when the misty moonlight lures even the most law-abiding undergraduate out to walk in the country or to punt along the Cher or the Isis. Report has it that the



Drawn by Fred. Pegrau

"PROGGED"

out to you according to the heinousness of your transgression.

It will not take you long to discover that there are other ways into college than the gate by which stands the porter's lodge with the ever watchful Cerberus on guard. There is a hole in the wall, or the drooping branches of a friendly tree, or an iron-work gate the design in which is admirably adapted to the needs of an agile climber. Needless to say these entrances

athletic dean of a certain college was strolling in one of the quadrangles one misty spring night, when he observed two dusky figures scaling the gate. After watching their clumsy efforts some moments, he stepped forward, and as they tumbled inside the sacred precincts of the law, climbed easily over the gate and back, remarking, "If you have got to do it, at least do it the right way."

Your first acquaintance with the Oxford

undergraduate will probably be disappointing. You will consider him taciturn, even moody. He seems to regard you with a somewhat critical eye. He has heard so much about American versatility that he is inclined to distrust you, like the man in the fable who could blow hot and cold with the same breath. As one don expressed it to me, "We English and you Americans are such close relations that we are sure to disagree over small things." The English undergraduate marvels impassionately at your strange vagaries of speech. He is willing to believe almost anything about the strange continent across the seas. As a rule you will find him well-read in some one subject at least. He is used to taking examinations. Perhaps at the age of twelve he wins a scholarship at Eton, and later enters an Oxford college as a scholar, and finally enters the Civil Service—all by means of competitive examinations.

The bond of fellowship existing among men who enter and depart from an American university together is lacking in Oxford. Perhaps you will know more men who are "going up for schools" at the same time as yourself, but that is due to the common interests of your work. The class spirit so dear to the heart of the American college man has given place under the system of Oxford to the spirit of the colleges. Each college, with its slightly different customs and habits, has a character of its own. Often a certain type of undergraduate predominates in a certain college, but usually there are many kinds together. Sometimes there are factions and internecine war which come to the outrageous and ignominious ending of some one spluttering in the water on a dark night.

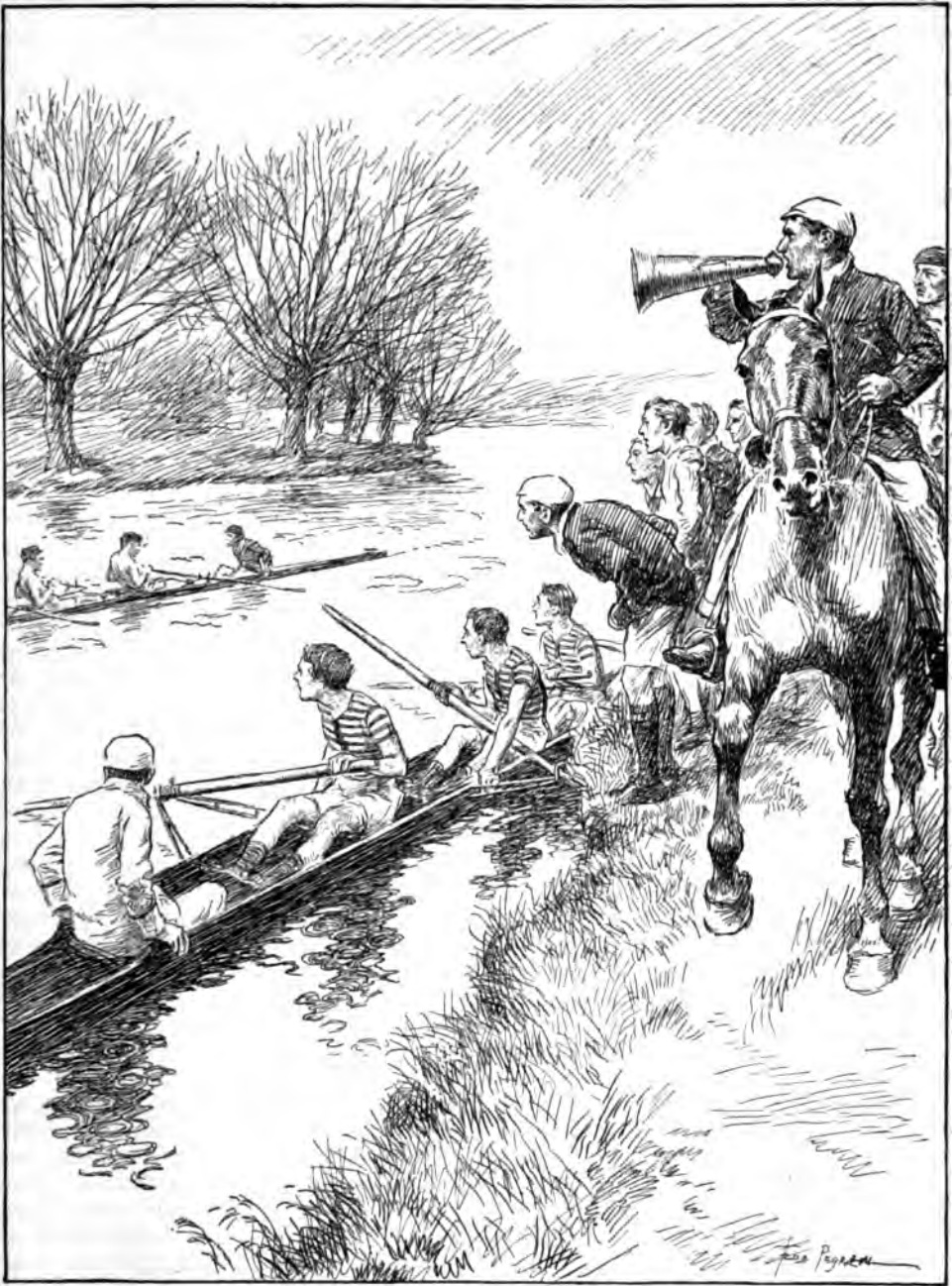
Within Oxford itself there exists every type of undergraduate: the rowing man, the riding man, the foot-ball devotee, the politician, the book-worm, the scholar, the loafer, and every shade between. The average undergraduate gives himself strongly to some form of athletics. Rowing is the chief interest, for the season begins with the opening of the colleges and closes with Eights' Week in May, and even after that many college crews continue practising for the Henley Regatta. In midwinter come the races of the college "Torpids," more familiarly known as "Toggers." These

Toggers consist of a coxswain and a crew of eight men, rowing in a boat with fixed seats. Sometimes in January or February the practice of these oarsmen is stopped by the freezing of the river. But the Oxford athlete is not inclined to heed the weather. You will find him swinging cheerily away at his oar in pouring, freezing rain, or chasing the slippery foot-ball through several inches of mud. If you learn nothing else at Oxford, you learn that unfavorable weather conditions are not real preventatives.

Moored to the bank of the Thames along the bottom of Christ Church meadows lie the college barges, the headquarters for the oarsmen. Along the opposite bank runs the tow-path, a scene of indescribable excitement on rowing days when frenzied undergraduates dash madly along it beside their college boats. And when the race is over, how the whole tow-path gasps for breath. The runners are almost as tired as the rowers, who hang heaving over their oars under the shadow of Folly Bridge. Then the college ferries with their long punt poles cross to the tow-path to carry the runners back, and the oarsmen, having regained their breath, paddle their shells slowly to the barges.

Some sunny afternoon in winter perhaps you will stroll down the tow-path toward Iffley, to watch the crews practise. There you will see the coaches running or riding a bicycle along the bank and shouting orders in no uncertain words or tones. Suddenly you will hear a long drawn shout: "Look ahead, sir, 'Varsity.'" This is a moment of supreme trepidation for the coxswain of a Toggler. A few hasty orders and he has his boat resting as close to the bank as possible, while the 'Varsity boat, running easily between strokes, sweeps by and the coaches mounted on horses clatter along the tow-path. All eyes in the Toggler are glued on the passing boat, and many a heart beats quicker with the hope that some day it may be a part of that rhythmical, magical unity of bodies and oars and boat. But the waiting coxswain breathes a sigh of relief, for it is a finable offense to hold up the 'Varsity boat, not to mention the blow to one's budding reputation.

Every afternoon the streets of Oxford swarm with bareheaded undergraduates in



Drawn by Fred, Pegram

"THE COACHES MOUNTED ON HORSES CLATTER ALONG THE TOW-PATH"

"shorts" or "flannels," bicycling to their various college athletic fields. Several hours later you will see them returning splashed with mud and eager for a bath and the inevitable cup of tea. But not all undergraduates spend their afternoons on

the athletic fields. There are always a number clad in flannel "bags" and tweed coat (the habitual Oxford uniform) who walk out in friendly groups into the neighboring country to visit the pretty villages on the hills around Oxford. Perhaps they

will visit Marston with its memories of Cromwell and his Invincibles, or Cumnor Church with its quaint statue of Queen Elizabeth, or the hill where Shelley used to dream, or the haunts of the Scholar Gipsy where the pale fritillaries still bloom in early spring.

If you stop in at the Union Society any afternoon, especially about tea-time, you will find the embryo politicians. Some are writing letters in the pleasant writing-room; some are ransacking the useful library for material for Thursday evening debates; others are perusing extensive files of newspapers, or discussing the budget with a confidence that might be envied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here are men who will eagerly inform you how many Prime Ministers obtained their first training at the Union. Nor must the older members of the society (no longer undergraduates) be overlooked, especially that portly person who, while industriously reading one newspaper, is at the same time quietly sitting on several others.

The book-shops which abound in Oxford largely take the place of libraries. Here books of all kinds are available from the numerous cheap but excellent editions to large hand-tooled morocco bindings. If you step into one of these book-shops at any time of day, you will find men looking at books. Here undergraduate and professor meet on the ground of common interest and equal footing, and often you will see them in a quiet corner discussing various new publications.

To take life easy, which is familiarly known in Oxford as "slacking," is one of those virtues so subtle that it borders upon vice. At the right time there is nothing more delightful and profitable, but as a continuous habit of mind there is nothing more demoralizing. There is no doubt that the spring term is the season when the slacker is most in evidence. There is still plenty of tennis and cricket, and training for May Eights is in full swing, but every pleasant afternoon the Cher and Isis swarm with punts and canoes. Men lie at their ease on comfortable cushions while others only less idle than they wield the pole or paddle. Boatloads of girl students from the various Halls swing by with oars bristling out at every angle. In the delicate green shade under the willow-trees boats are moored and idlers deceiv-

ing themselves (but nobody else) with open books make obvious pretense of study. Punting in these long flat-bottomed punts is not as simple as it looks. When the punt reaches the narrowest part of the stream and several boats are passing, it invariably conceives an irresistible desire to go sidewise. A moment later all the boats concerned are in collision, and every one is laughing good-naturedly. Perhaps you are hastening to reach a favorite part of the river before opening your luncheon basket. There is a sharp snap as your pole breaks under the strain, and as you come to the surface again and strike out for your punt you imagine yourself surrounded by boats filled with demons grinning sardonically at your discomfiture. A little later perhaps your wounded pride is saved by the sight of a wretched man clinging to the top of an upright pole and settling slowly but surely into the river.

If you are wise you will spend an afternoon in early spring on the Cher. The river is still high along its banks and the overhanging willow-trees are misty in the distance. The air is still too sharp for loitering in the pleasant summer fashion, but this is the time of year when you shall meet pleasant surprises at every turn of the winding stream. One day last spring a friend and I were gliding softly along in that delightfully adventurous frame of mind that can only be described as the expectation of the unexpected. Suddenly there was a splashing of water mingled with inarticulate cries, and a great white creature hurtled through the water in our direction. When we recovered our composure after a hasty flight and reconnoitered the position from a safe distance, we observed his serene gracefulness the white swan floating placidly on the water but casting an indignant eye toward our harmless canoe. On the green point of an island not far away we saw the victim of our innocent intrusion. The mate of his serene gracefulness was sitting on her nest and watching with some trepidation the outcome of this episode.

Later in the spring, when the passing of boats was a frequent occurrence, the swans grew accustomed to the disturbance, and although a watchful bird usually floated on the water between the boat and the brooding mate, there was no fear of an attack. When the pink and white haw-

thorns were in full bloom along the banks, one of the pleasantest sights of the river was to see the two stately swans paddling easily up the current while seven fluffy cygnets with bright black eyes scuttled anxiously along between them. There are

delicate cuckoo-flower along the banks, or heard the rapturous skylark above the sunny meadows; you must have read your favorite book of poetry and mused quietly in the contemplation of beauty.

Life inside an Oxford college is full of



Drawn by Fred. Pegram

"BAREHEADED UNDERGRADUATES IN 'SHORTS' OR 'FLANNELS,'
BICYCLING TO THEIR VARIOUS COLLEGE
ATHLETIC FIELDS"

many thousands of these beautiful birds living on the Thames and its tributaries. As of old, they are still owned by the Crown and the ancient companies of dyers and vintners. Every August "swan-up-pings" are held, and the young birds are caught and marked with the sign of ownership on the upper mandible.

But it is impossible to describe the charm of Oxford waterways. To appreciate their fascination you must have seen the first

interest and occasionally of noise. There are nights when all the undergraduates assemble to celebrate some athletic victory. Perhaps your college has won some races on the Isis. There is a dinner in the college that night with a few guests from other colleges. Wine is supplied from the college cellars. There are speeches and plenty of laughter, and finally a bonfire at which every one dances hilariously around the quadrangle. Fireworks are let off.

Some daring spirit leaps across the bonfire, others follow. Long lines of joyful undergraduates waltz around the college cloisters. Some Scotchman appears blowing the bagpipes. As if moved by one impulse, the college falls solemnly into line and marches after him till some new thing takes their fancy and they scatter all through the quadrangles. At last weariness and sleep fall upon the rioters and the bonfire smolders into ashes in the darkened quadrangle, while the gargoyles no doubt discuss the antics of undergraduate life from an experience of several hundred years.

As soon as you arrive at college you will learn the importance of the "scout" or servant who is to guard your physical well-being. If he lights your study fire only on warm mornings, or neglects to keep your cupboard filled as you have told him, or upsets the ink all over your table, you may settle down to a life of misery. But usually he is satisfactory and even invaluable. Often he has little idiosyncrasies just like the dons whom he tries to imitate. Sometimes he becomes possessed with the idea that your life needs reforming, and as you look over your letters you will find a tract concealed among them. Occasionally he is gifted with a conscience that would do credit to a saint. Like the don the scout is in the continuous line of college tradition, for while undergraduates come and undergraduates go, he abides through many generations, and sometimes (alas, for paternal dignity!) will inform you of certain enlightening episodes of previous years.

How deeply the love of sports is inbred in the Englishman is apparent from his term of approval. If you take your luck as it comes, following hard after your purpose regardless of details, you will be known as a "sportsman." The typical Oxford riding undergraduate is not much of a student. He is often in hot water with his college dons. It is on such occasions as the yearly college "grinds" that his qualities come out. Here are gathered undergraduate riders and spectators from several colleges, as well as farmers and country folk from the neighborhood. The ground is often slippery with thick Oxfordshire mud. But the races are not lacking in dash. Here the field sweeps up a gentle incline to a low jump at the top.

Perhaps they are all well over, but the ground on the other side falls sharply away. Horses are on their knees and riders sprawl in the mud. But the horses are caught and the riders mount and scurry away after the leaders. Sometimes the winner himself is besmeared with the tell-tale marks.

After you have seen the Oxford undergraduate under all these varied circumstances of his life, working, exercising his delight in sports, or idling, you will indeed be a strange man if you are not irresistibly attracted toward your cousin. Disagreeable men are here as well as elsewhere, and of snobbish men more than a fair proportion. But if one of your acquaintances cuts you dead in the college quadrangle, there is not sufficient reason to set him down as a snob. Often it is due to shyness. But sometimes there is no mistake of his intention and all your democratic blood rushes to your face as you realize the full force of Tennyson's lines:

Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

The Oxford undergraduate is less effusive than the American. Fight through a Princeton Freshman-Sophomore rush, and if you are laid up with a black eye or a twisted muscle, you will find classmates, total strangers to you, shouting up at your windows the next morning to wish you quick recovery. At Oxford the undergraduate makes acquaintances and friends more slowly. But for all his quietness and caution he is none the less a good fellow, and, once your friend, he stands by you with the stanchness of your real American college friends.

One of the first persons you meet on coming to an Oxford college is your tutor. As an American at Oxford you are presumed to be in serious pursuit of wisdom. Hence you must take an Honor School. Let us suppose that you are to try for the B.A. degree, and have passed the first set of examinations. You now come to the final stage of your journey toward the degree and your work is concentrated in one general field. Perhaps it is that famous Oxford school of *Litteræ Humaniores* (familiarily known as "Greats") in which you study ancient history, philosophy, Greek, and Latin. A certain number of

examination papers will be set, the general scope of which is defined. Your tutor's object is to prepare you for these examinations, for on the examinations alone does your degree depend. Whether or not you shall attend many lectures is a matter of private settlement between you and your college, or rather between you and your

His chief faults are two. He is sometimes hasty in his judgment of your powers, and having made up his mind (for example) that you have only the ability to take a fourth class in the examinations, he occasionally neglects you for your more brilliant fellow-student. His second fault is more serious and fortunately is rare.



Drawn by Fred Pegram

"OBVIOUS PRETENSE OF STUDY"

tutor. Work is adjusted to individual needs. If you learn more from lectures than in a library, your tutor will ask you to attend many lectures. But attendance at lectures is rarely marked, and there is no fixed number of classes to be attended each week. Your tutor will advise you to read certain books, he will ask you to write essays on various topics, and he will call upon you to test your knowledge by taking trial examinations.

Sometimes an undergraduate finds himself working with a tutor who, although a good scholar, is certainly not a good teacher. A man who has a large fund of information on a certain subject is not necessarily a teacher; and sometimes a man with less information than he is more able to inspire enthusiasm in students and accomplish the desired results.

Thus it is apparent how much depends individually on the tutor and the student.

A bad tutor handicaps an undergraduate just as a bad pupil handicaps a tutor. The best Oxford tutors are men whom it is a real privilege to know and work with. They are full of quiet but contagious enthusiasm and eager to impart their interests to the sincere student. Under the Oxford system the student who is graduate with a high rank has a real mastery of his subject, but more important still, he has a mind capable of thinking for itself.

Into this varied and charming life of Oxford more than a hundred Americans are privileged to enter each year. Most of these are Rhodes Scholars,¹ but there are always others, both men and women. I am not unaware of several violent arraignments of Rhodes Scholars which have lately appeared in the newspapers. These attacks have just enough truth to make them deceptive. Incidents are cited in which Rhodes Scholars have failed to perform their trust; but the evil of these articles is that they present such events as if they were of constant occurrence. The result is that while the incidents may be true individually, yet when they are thus grouped together the reader who does not know the other side of the picture obtains a totally false impression. It is not to be expected that all the American Rhodes Scholars should be successful. But taking them as a whole, I believe it would be difficult to find among a body of equal size so many efficient, observant, and interesting men. Many of them play prominent parts in the interests of the university. Last year an American for the first time played on the 'Varsity Rugby team, and another was president of the O. U. A. A. (which is the office corresponding to an American track-team captaincy). Others were active in debating at the Union. Also the famous Vinerian Law Fellowship was won by an American.

But all the elements of success are not to be judged by, the outward signs. You must know the Rhodes Scholar (like any other man) before you can express an opinion about him.

The American Club is a place for the dissemination of American news. Here debates on American affairs are held on Saturday evenings. Nor is the lighter side of life neglected; for a serious evening often breaks up with ragtime on the long-

suffering piano, or an old song. Each year the club arranges a Thanksgiving service, which is conducted by some American minister. In the evening comes a banquet followed by speeches. This last Thanksgiving two of the Americans' greatest friends, Sir James Murray and Professor Walter Raleigh, were the English guests and speakers at the banquet. When Colonel Roosevelt came to Oxford to lecture he was the guest of the club at luncheon. On alternate years the Colonial Club and the American Club entertain each other at an informal reception. The purpose of the American Club, in brief, is to increase the interests of Americans at Oxford, especially in affairs concerning their own country.

From the American students' point of view one of the attractions in going to Oxford is the opportunity afforded for travel. During the six weeks' vacation at Christmas and again at Easter, and the three months in summer, the Americans scatter wherever their inclinations and purses will permit. You will find them in big cities and little villages, in Scotland, in Turkey, in Spain—anywhere. You will meet a familiar figure on the snowy peak of a Swiss mountain or in the Roman Forum; for the American at Oxford is not less fond of travel than other Americans, and often some of his pleasantest memories are of vacations spent with friends in many a strange part of the world.

But not all vacations are spent in travel. According to the Oxford system much of a man's work must be done in vacation. So groups of men depart with boxes of books to some pleasant place in the country in England, or perhaps France, or Germany, to work and enjoy themselves in company. Others will go to London or Paris to work in the libraries there. Sometimes a man does his only serious work on one of these reading-parties. I remember a man in Oxford who, as his examinations approached and he found failure staring him in the face, persuaded his college to let him retire from Oxford to the country during term time in order that he might be quiet and study.

Every Sunday afternoon in Oxford term time you may see undergraduates hastening toward North Oxford, where lies the

¹ The Rhodes Scholars number about ninety.

chief residential portion of the city. Here kindly hostesses dispense hospitality and the customary cup of tea to their friends and acquaintances. Here are delightful gardens bright with flowers and shady lawns dotted with shrubbery. In the winter you will be received by the fire, but in summer you may find the household gods temporarily set up in the garden. Often you will meet interesting people of all kinds, not the least interesting of whom is the Oxford professor himself.

Many Americans at Oxford will not easily forget the warm welcome that always awaited them in a certain large family where learning and playing were so inextricably confused that each profited by the other; nor the kind American lady whose small parlor was continually full of callers and who stood always ready to play mother to any American who wanted her. Aside from the residents of Oxford there are often American teachers and visitors working in the great libraries or merely spending a few months of leisure in the fascinating city. The college authorities too are most hospitable. You may break bread with many of them before your course is ended. Nor must I forget the kindly president of a certain college who was himself an oarsman as well as a scholar in his undergraduate days, and who never passes by the achievement of any member of his college without a written or, at least, spoken word of approval.

Such, in brief, is the situation in which the American student at Oxford finds himself. He has the inestimable privilege of being at one of the world centers of learning and culture. Surrounded by antiquity, he treads on historic ground at every step, while the beauties of nature and those made by man constantly remind him that

Oxford is old-fashioned in the finest sense of that word. Tradition and custom are everywhere. The university is conservative to the core. Masses of dead rules remain on the books, but despite this the university continues to turn out good men, and that is its primary object. Each college has its own special traditions and customs. At Magdalen College one of the most beautiful customs comes at dawn on May-day when the college choir sings a Latin hymn on top of the bell tower. Almost every day in the calendar has its special associations, and past and present events are so pleasantly commingled in one's mind that time comes to have a new and richer significance. One of the pleasantest things about my sojourn at Oxford is that many of the happiest memories are of days in the ordinary routine of life, in the college quadrangle, or the lecture halls, or over a friend's fire of a wintry evening. After all, it is the true test of a place if it can charm in those hours when the current of life flows so evenly that the unobservant are fain to call it monotonous.

The United States is a distinct nation, but its relation with Great Britain is as vital as ever it was. And in nothing is this relationship more vital than in matters of intellect. The American universities are especially adapted to the needs of American undergraduates and it would be a misfortune for a man to miss his opportunities there. But to the graduate of an American college, a man who has some knowledge of American ideals, Oxford offers innumerable benefits. It is an enlightening and inspiring experience to dwell within the walls of this most ancient of all English universities, nor need you return any the less a true American because of your admiration for England and the Englishmen.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.



CHEATED ELSIE

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON

ELSIE was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon:
Born to teach her swains despair
By smiling on them every one;
Born to win all hearts to her
Just because herself had none.
All the day she had no care,
For she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run.

All the maids, with envy tart,
Sneering said, "She has no heart."
All the youths, with bitter smart,
Sighing said, "She has no heart."
Could she care
For their sneers or their despair
When she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run?

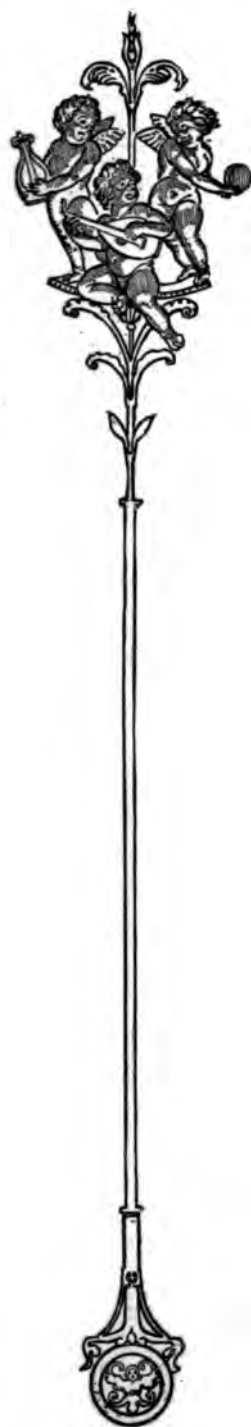
But one day, whenas she stood
In a wood
Haunted by the fairy brood,
Did she view or dream she viewed,
In a vision's
Wild misprisions,
How a peddler, dry and rude
As a crook'd branch taking flesh,
Caught the spirit in a mesh,
Singing of—"What is 't ye lack?"
Wizard-pack
On twisted back,
Still he sang, "What is 't ye lack?"

"Lack ye land or lack ye gold?
What I give, I give unsold;
Lack ye wisdom, lack ye beauty,
To your suit he
Gives unpaid, the peddler old!"

Fairies

Beware! beware! the gifts he gives
One pays for, sweetheart, while one lives!





Elsie

What is it the maidens say
That I lack?

Peddler

By this bright day!
Can so fair a maiden lack?
Maid so sweet
Should be complete.

Elsie

Yet a thing they say I lack.
In thy pack,—
Peddler, tell—
Hast thou ever a heart to sell?

Peddler

Yea, a heart I have, as tender
As the mood of evening air.

Elsie

Name thy price!

Peddler

The price, by Sorrow!
Only is, the heart to wear.

Elsie

Not great the price, as was my fear!

Fairies

So cheap a price was ne'er so dear.
Beware, beware,
O rash and fair!
The gifts he gives,
Sweetheart, one pays for while one lives.
Scarce the present did she take,
When the heart began to ache.

Elsie

Ah, what is this? Take back thy gift!
I had not, and I knew no lack;
Now I have, I lack forever.

Fairies

The gifts he gives, he takes not back.

Elsie

Ah! why the present did I take,
And knew not that a heart would ache?

Fairies

Ache! and is that all thy sorrow?—
Beware, beware, a heart will break!





IN a green outlying corner of the kingdom of Bohemia, one summer afternoon, the Grand-Duke Stanislaus was busy in his garden, swarming a hive of bees. He was a tall middle-aged man of a scholarly, almost priest-like, type, a gentle-mannered recluse, living only in his books and his garden, and much loved by the country-folk for the simple kindness of his heart. He had the most winning of smiles, and a playful wisdom radiated from his wise, rather weary, eyes. No man had ever heard him utter a harsh word; and, indeed, life passed so tranquilly in that green corner of Bohemia, that even less peaceful natures found it hard to be angry. There was so little to be angry about.

Therefore, it was all the stranger to see the good duke suddenly lose his temper this summer afternoon.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed, "was there ever anything quite so preposterous! To think of interrupting me, at such a moment, with such news!"

He spoke from inside a veil of gauze twisted about his head, after the manner of bee-keepers; and was, indeed, just at that moment, engaged in the delicate operation of transferring a new swarm to another hive.

The necessity of keeping his mind on his task somewhat restored his calm.

"Give the messenger refreshment," he said, "and send for Father Scholasticus."

Father Scholasticus was the priest of the village, and the duke's very dear friend.

The reason for this explosion was the news, brought by swiftest courier, that Duke Stanislaus' brother was dead, and that he himself was thus become King of Bohemia.

By the time Father Scholasticus arrived, the bees were housed in their new home, and the duke was seated in his library, among the books that he loved no less than his bees, with various important-looking parchments spread out before him: despatches of state brought to him by the

courier, which he had been scanning with great impatience.

"I warn you, my friend," he said, looking up as the good father entered, "that you will find me in a very bad temper. Ferdinand is dead—can you imagine anything more unreasonable of him! He was always the most inconsiderate of mortals; and now, without the least warning, he shuffles his responsibilities upon my shoulders."

The priest knew his friend, and the way of his thought, and he could not help smiling at his quaint petulance.

"Which means that you are King of

Bohemia . . . sire!" said he, with a half-whimsical reverence. Where on earth—he was wondering—was there another man who would be so put out at being made a king!

"Exactly," answered the duke; "do you wonder that I am out of temper? You must give me your advice. There must be some way out of it. What—what am I to do?"

"I am afraid there is nothing for you to do but—reign . . . Your Majesty," answered the priest. "I agree with you that it is a great hardship."

"Do you really understand how great a



Drawn by René Vincent

"IT IS YOUR PRIME MINISTER, AND YOUR COURT"

hardship it is?" retorted the king to his friend; "will you share it with me?"

"Share it with you?" asked the priest.

"Yes! as it appears that I must consent to be Head of the World Temporal—will you consent to be the Head of the World Spiritual? In short, will you consent to be Archbishop of Bohemia?"

"Leave the little church that I love, and the kind simple hearts in my care, given into my keeping by the goodness of God . . ." asked the priest.

"To be the spiritual shepherd," answered the king, not without irony, "of the sad flocks of souls that wander, without pastor, the strange streets of lost cities . . ."

The king paused, and added with his sad understanding smile, "and to sit on a gold throne, in a great cathedral, filled with incense and colored windows."

And the priest smiled back; for the king and the priest were old friends and understood and loved each other.

At that moment, there came a sound of trumpets through the quiet boughs, and the priest, rising and looking through the window, saw a procession of gilded carriages, from the first of which stepped out a dignified man with white hair and many years, and robed in purple and ermine.

"It is your Prime Minister, and your court," answered the priest to the mute question of the king. And again they smiled together; but the smile on the face of the king was weary beyond all human words: because of all the perils that beset a man, the one peril he had feared was the peril of being made a king, of all the sorrows that sorrow, of all the foolishness that foolishness: for vanity had long since passed away from his heart, and the bees and the blossoms of his garden seemed just as worthy of his care as that swarming hive of ambitious human wasps and earwigs over which he was thus summoned by sound of trumpet that happy summer afternoon—to be the king. Think of being the king of so foul a kingdom—when one might be the king—of a garden.

But in spite of his reluctance, the good duke at length admitted the truth urged upon him by the good priest—that there are sacred duties inherited by those born in high places and to noble destinies from which there is no honorable escape, and,

on the priest agreeing to be the Archbishop of Bohemia, he resigned himself to being its king. Thereupon, he received all the various dignitaries and functionaries that could so little have understood his heart—having in the interval recovered his lost temper—with all the graciousness for which he was famous, and appointed a day—as far off as possible—when he would set out, with all his train, for his coronation in the capital, a journey of many leagues.

However, when the day came, and, in fact, at the very moment of the starting out of the long and glittering cortège, all the gilded carriages were suddenly brought to a halt, by news coming to the duke of the sickness and imminent death of a much loved dependent of his, an old shepherd with whom as a boy he was wont to wander the hills, and listen eagerly to the lore of times and seasons, of rising and setting stars, and of the ways of the winds, which is hidden in the hearts of tanned and withered old men, who have spent their lives out-of-doors under sun and rain.

But, to the great impatience of the court ladies and the great bewigged and powdered gentlemen, the old shepherd lived on for several days, during which time the duke was constantly at his side. At last, however, the old shepherd went to his rest, and the procession, which he, humble soul, would not have believed that he could have delayed, started on its magnificent way again, with flutter of pennant and feather and sound of trumpet and ladies' laughter.

But it had traveled only a few leagues, when it was again brought to a standstill by the duke—who was thus progressing to his coronation—catching sight from his carriage window, as it flitted past, of an extremely lovely and uncommon butterfly. The duke had, all his days, been a passionate entomologist, and this particular butterfly was the one that so far he had been unable to add to his collection. Therefore, he commanded the trumpets to call a halt, and had his butterfly-net brought to him; and he and several of his gentlemen went in pursuit of the flitting painted thing: but not that day, nor the next, was it captured in the royal net, not, in fact, till a whole week had gone by; and, meanwhile, the carriages stood idly in the stables, and

the postilions kicked their heels, and the great ladies and gentlemen fumed at their enforced exile amid country ways and country freshness, pining to be back once more in that artificial world where alone they could breathe.

said to have come from the imperial city begging that His Majesty, for the good of his loyal subjects, continue his journey with all possible expedition. His kingdom was at stake!

The good duke smiled on the mes-



Drawn by René Vincent

"THE OLD SHEPHERD LIVED ON FOR SEVERAL DAYS, DURING WHICH TIME THE DUKE WAS CONSTANTLY AT HIS SIDE"

"To think of a man chasing a butterfly—with a king's crown awaiting him—and even perhaps a kingdom at stake!" said many a tongue—for rumors came on the wind that a half-brother of the dead king was meditating usurpation of the throne, and was already gathering a large following about him. Urgent despatches were

senger, and said, "Yes! but look at my butterfly—" and no one but his friend the priest, of course, had understood. Murmurs began to arise, indeed, among the courtiers, and hints of plots even, as the duke pursued his leisurely journey, turning aside for each wayward fancy.

One day it would be a turtle crossing



Drawn by René Vincent

"TO THINK OF A MAN CHASING A BUTTERFLY—WITH A KING'S CROWN AWAITING HIM—"

the road, with her little ones, which would bring to a respectful halt all those beautiful gold coaches and caracoling horses. Tenderly would the good duke step from his carriage and watch her with his gentle smile—not, doubtless, without sly laughter in his heart, and an understanding glance from the priest, that so humble and helpless a creature should for once have it in its power thus to delay so much worldly pomp and vanity.

On another occasion, when they had journeyed for a whole day without any such fanciful interruptions, and the cour-

tiers began to think that they would reach the imperial city at last, the duke decided to turn aside several long leagues out of their course, to visit the grave of a great poet whose songs were one of the chief glories of his land.

"I may have no other opportunity to do him honor," said the duke.

And when his advisers ventured to protest, and even to murmur, urging the increasing jeopardy of his crown, he gently admonished them:

"Poets are greater than kings," he said, "and what is my poor crown compared

with that crown of laurel which he wears forever among the immortals?"

There was no one found to agree with this except the good priest, and one other, a poor poet who had somehow been included in the train, but whom few regarded. The priest kept his thoughts to himself, but the poet created some amusement by openly agreeing with the duke.

But, of course, the royal will had to be accepted with such grace as the courtiers could find to hide their discontented—and even, in the case of some, their disaffected—hearts; for some of them, at this new whimsy of the duke's, secretly sent messengers to the would-be usurper promising him their allegiance and support.

So, at length, after a day's journey, the peaceful valley was reached where the poet lay at rest among the simple peasants whom he had loved,—kindly folk who still carried his songs in their hearts, and sang them at evening to their babies and sweet-hearts, and each day brought flowers to his green, bird-haunted grave.

When the duke came and bowed his head in that quiet place, carrying in his hands a wreath of laurel, his heart was much moved by their simple flowers lying there, fresh and glittering as with new-shed tears; and, as he reverently knelt and placed the wreath upon the sleeping mound, he said aloud in the humility of his great heart:

"What is such an offering as mine, compared with these!"

And a picture came to him of the peaceful valley he had left behind, and of the simple folk he loved who were his friends; and more and more his heart missed them, and less and less it rejoiced at the journey still before him, and still more foolish seemed his crown.

So, with a great sigh, he rose from the poet's grave, and gave word for the carriages once more to move along the leafy lanes.

And, to the great satisfaction of the courtiers, the duke delayed them no more, for his heart grew heavier within him, and he sat with his head on his breast, speaking



Drawn by René Vincent

"SINCE THEN THE DUKE HAS BEEN LEFT TO HIVE
HIS BEES IN PEACE"

little even to his dear friend, the priest, who rode with him, and scarcely looking out of the windows of his carriage, for any wonder of the way.

At length the broad walls and towers of the city came in sight,—a city set in a fair land of meadow and stream. The morning sun shone bright over it, and the priest, looking up, perceived how it glittered upon a great building of many white towers, whose gilt pinnacles gleamed like so many crowns of gold.

"Look, Your Majesty," he said, with a sad attempt at gaiety, "yonder is your palace."

And the duke looked up from a deep reverie, and saw his palace, and groaned aloud.

But presently there came a sad twinkle in his sad eyes, as he descried another building of many peaks and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

"Look up, my Lord Archbishop," he said, turning to his friend, "yonder is your palace."

And as the good priest looked, his face was all sorrow, and the tears overflowed his eyes, as he thought of the simple souls once in his keeping, in his parish far away.

But presently, the king, looking again toward the palace, descried a flag floating from one of the towers, covered with heraldic devices.

As he looked, it seemed that ten years of weariness fell from his face, and a great joy returned.

"Look," he said, almost in a whisper, to the priest, "those are not my arms. . . ."

The priest looked, and then looked again into the duke's eyes, and ten years of weariness fell from his face also, and a great joy returned.

"Thank God! we are saved," the duke and the priest exclaimed together, and fell laughing upon each other's shoulders. For the arms floating from the tower of the palace were the arms of the usurper, and the king that cared not to be a king had lost his kingdom.

And, while they were still rejoicing together, there came the sound of many

horsemen from the direction of the city, a cavalcade of many glittering spears. The duke halted his train to await their coming, and when they had arrived where the duke was, a herald in cloth-of-gold broke from their ranks, and read aloud from a great parchment many sounding words—the meaning of which was that the good Duke Stanislaus had been deposed from his kingdom, and that the High and Mighty Prince, the usurper, reigned in his stead.

When the herald had concluded, the duke's voice was heard in reply:

"It is well—it is very well!" he said; "Gather yonder white flower and take it back to your master, and say it is the white flower of peace betwixt him and me."

And astonishment fell on all, and no one, of course, except the priest, understood. All thought that the good duke had lost his wits, which, indeed, had been the growing belief of his courtiers for some time.

But the herald gathered the white flower and carried it back to the city, with sound of many trumpets. Need one say that the usurper least of all understood?

With the herald went all the gilded coaches and the fine ladies and gentlemen, complaining sadly that they had had such a long and tedious journey to no purpose, and hastening with all speed to take their allegiance to the new king.

The duke's own people alone remained with him, and when all the rest had gone, the duke gave orders for the horses' heads to be turned homeward, to the green valley in which alone he cared to be a king.

"Back to the bees and the books and the kind country hearts," cried the duke to his friend.

"Back to the little church among the quiet trees," added the priest, who had cared as little for an archbishop's miter as the duke for a king's crown.

Since then the duke has been left to hive his bees in peace, and it may be added that he has never been known to lose his temper again.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

FROM THE MINIATURE IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. L. PIERPONT MORGAN

The portrait bears on the reverse this autograph inscription: "Genoa, Oct. 17th, 1822. This Miniature was given to me by my poor dear friend Shelley in the presence of Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt."



IT was Augustine's name for them and I never knew them by any other.

"*Venez vite, Madame, voir Les Amoureux,*" she called to me one spring morning when she ought to have been busy with brooms and brushes instead of bothering her head about lovers. Perhaps because the month was May, when love is in season, I dropped my own work and joined her at the kitchen window.

As I live on the very highest floor of a house that passes for a sky-scraper in London, though it would disappear among the real sky-scrapers of New York, my kitchen and, indeed, all my windows look on nothing save a vast stretch of sky and a vast stretch of roofs, but such a sky as you could not find anywhere out of England, and such roofs as you could not find anywhere out of London: new and old, tall

and low, flat and steep, with gable-ends and flanked by towers, mansards, and the latest patent inventions, jumbled up together anyhow, and none more extraordinary than the ancient, crooked, red-tiled group immediately below me—a view I would not exchange for the finest panorama in the Alps. To a garret window in the most ancient and crooked of these Augustine's finger was pointing. It is a window I had seen hundreds of times before, a window I can never go to mine without seeing, for it is the nearest down there, and the biggest, made of two of the ordinary size thrown into one, projecting farther than any of the others, and, unlike them, covered on top with glass. But never had I seen it quite as it was on this brilliant May morning, flung wide open, with the spring sunshine streaming through upon a youth and a maid who stood just

inside clasped in each other's arms. Augustine was right. They were *Les Amoureux*, by whatever other name they may have called themselves to the landlord of the shabby old garret in which they settled that same day, with an easel, two chairs, and a mirror, for all visible furniture.

The lilac and laburnum were blossoming in London when they came, the evenings were growing long and golden, the spirit of youth was in everything, and with *Les Amoureux* as neighbors the meaning of May—which the years in passing dim for us all, alas!—was clear to me again. In the midst of the infirm, tumbled-down, tragic old houses their love sprang up like a flower, and it was so pretty blooming in the dingy attic that as the days went on I not only saw their window every time I went to mine, but I found myself going to mine on purpose to see it. I got into the habit of watching them much as I watched the wood-pigeons who had built their nest in a neighboring tree. Everybody who ever was young has a sneaking sentiment for love and youth, and I was not too old to remember that I, too, began life in a garret, and often it was into mine I was looking across the past as I stood at my window, and the roofs, not of London, but of Rome, were spread out below me. But, after all, I had not to find excuses for watching *Les Amoureux*, when they did not mind being watched any more than the pigeons. To know there were curious neighbors might draw the red-haired young lady in the garret on one side of theirs to her window, and drive the lean, hungry-looking man in the garret on the other side from his. But it never occurred to *Les Amoureux* that there were neighbors to be aware of. For them the world was bounded by their own sloping walls, and they alone existed. They detached themselves so completely from the life about them that it was not possible to think of them as in any way a part of it. They were no two people in particular, but simply *Les Amoureux*—the lovers—Daphnis and Chloe, Aucassin and Nicolette, Romeo and Juliet, strayed from the thyme-scented pastures of Lesbos, the sun-burned land of Provence, or the grim palaces of Verona, to a little, musty, old London attic.

They were young, as lovers always are,

or should be, except in the modern novel: that was half their charm. Age would have touched with ridicule a love so absorbing, turning their idyl into farce. But "Youth's proud livery" as they wore it was as yet untarnished by Time. He was not more than twenty—the age to be happy in a garret—tall and slight, with smooth beardless face; she was younger still, slim and girlish, her cheeks pale as a white rose, her hair hanging in a long black pigtail behind. They seemed mere children, truants from school whom I should one day catch quaking as the stern master appeared at the garret door and ordered them back to their desks; only, truants as a rule do not set for themselves harder tasks than ever were set for them in class. *Les Amoureux* had not brought that big easel with them solely because in the garrets of romance art is the fellow-tenant of youth and love. Poverty had also taken shelter under their roof, and in real life, if not in romance, poverty forces lovers like everybody else to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. *Les Amoureux* were no idlers. For that matter, we none of us are in our corner of London. In many of the garrets I overlook I see more than I care to of the cruel struggle for existence that life means to most people. But *Les Amoureux* could give an example of industry to the most industrious of us all. Though nobody begrudges to young lovers an interlude of idleness in Love's Lotos Land, from which it is so easy to stray and miss the way back, their life together from the first was one of toil.

Love lightened the labor, for they shared it. He was the artist, and she the model. On some days, in a nun's black veil, she knelt before him; on others, as a peasant, she lured him to the dance. Sometimes she wore patches and powder for him, sometimes classic draperies and sandals. She dressed for the river, the races, the moors, to which she never went. It was hard work, no doubt, but many a woman in love would have envied her chance to add the enchantment of variety to her beauty. And he was so ready to be enchanted—so ready to interrupt the pose, to throw down his pencil, push back his chair from the easel, and take her in his arms. As on that first morning, they would stand there, clasped close in front

of the window, heedless of the world on the other side of it as if they had been a new Paul and Virginia adrift on a desert shore. I could almost hear the sigh with which they tore themselves apart and went back, he to his easel, she to her pose.

All through the long summer day they worked, all through the long summer evening, and as dusk gathered the lamp was lit in the garret and there it burned until,

for the cheaper magazines that value a drawing less than a photograph, for, if much work went out of the garret, little money came into it. Nobody, not the most confirmed believer in the simple life, would from choice alone have lived as simply as they, but simple as they were, the mere living doubled their tasks. Even the pigeons in their nest were full of domestic cares, and a London garret—though



Drawn by Blanche Greer

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"HE WAS THE ARTIST, AND SHE THE MODEL."

one after another, the lights went out in the windows of the neighboring attics, until one after another the lights faded from the windows of the big hotel rising like a rock beyond the stretch of low roofs. And in the blue moonlit night, in the midst of the blue moon-drenched houses, their lamp burned steadily—a clear flame for the vigil in love's sanctuary while a loveless world was sleeping.

I knew he was an illustrator by the number of his drawings—he seldom painted—and by the frequent changes of her pose. I guessed his illustrations were

the furniture may consist of an easel, two chairs, a mirror, and a little table drawn out from somewhere when the time comes to lay the cloth, though the walls may be without decoration and the window without curtains—will not keep clean of itself. Nor will daily manna pour down into it from heaven. No servant waited upon Les Amoureux, no charwoman crossed their threshold; what cleaning and cooking had to be done, they had to do.

Love lightened this labor as well, but with no pretense of equality in their manner of sharing it. His eagerness to shield

her from drudgery would have outraged the women who make a new-fashioned wrong of their old-fashioned right to be shielded from anything. Hers were the lesser duties; the heaviest he reserved for himself, though many were of a kind that disillusioned husbands believe to be essentially the wife's business. In his pajamas, with sleeves rolled up and loose white gloves to his elbows, he swept and scrubbed while she, in white jersey and white handkerchief tied over her hair, followed with a dainty duster. She darned his stockings while he washed and polished the window. Sometimes at dawn before anybody else was about, sometimes at night when everybody else was in bed, sometimes in broad daylight when everybody else's house was in order, a fever of cleanliness seized him, and he mixed basins of paint and touched up the woodwork, whitewashed the walls, overhauled the few bits of furniture, rubbed the floor, baled out the gutter beneath the window. But still she followed with her duster or, as the one concession, was permitted to help him shake their tiny strip of carpet. Only on washing day did her turn come, and even then within limits. He must somehow have scraped together enough pennies and shillings to send the rougher part of the work to a laundry, for never more than a pair or two of stockings, a few handkerchiefs, and odds and ends of lace dangled in the window where she hung out the clothes to dry. But of the little left for her to do she made so much that I am sure she knew how pretty she was in her blue cotton gown, with the flowing sleeves pinned back to give free play to her white arms—she was always in his before she had done.

If when their kettle was to boil they had to keep it boiling, this, at any rate, was no serious hardship, for they lived mostly on the bread and cheese and kisses upon which lovers thrive in legend. Neither did it force them into regular hours. His small respect for time would have satisfied those people who insist first that there is such a thing as an "artistic temperament" and then make any sign of irresponsibility in any artist a proof of it. Some days *Les Amoureux* were at breakfast when I got up, on others they were not ready until I was at lunch; one night they might be finishing supper as I sat down to

dinner, the next they would be just beginning as I went to bed. I am afraid they never dined. There were always cups on the table, suggesting a succession of teas; often there was nothing else. If, after he had brought the table from out the shadows, he disappeared into them, leaving her to lay the cloth, I knew they were in luck and had something to cook on the stove they kept carefully out of my sight, for then he always reappeared with a dish in his hand. If he did not disappear into the shadows, he cut the bread-and-butter and made the tea, in this department also denying her equal rights. But whether they called the meal they sat down to breakfast, dinner, or tea, it was always a feast, for Love presided, and I used to see their lips meet and hands clasp above the tea-cups.

All this may sound like something in the "*Vie de Bohème*," but nothing could really have been more unlike. To Murger, *Les Amoureux* would have seemed no better than *bons bourgeois*, as out of place in the Quartier Latin as *Rodolphe* and *Mimi* in Chelsea or St. John's Wood. It is impossible to love and be wise, the philosopher says, but the special kind of folly the French student believes in was a stranger in the garret of *Les Amoureux*. There were no *francs amis* to interrupt them with joyous knock at the door; *l'amour des chansons* never distracted them from their tasks. *Blague* was unknown to them, holidays unheard of. They were always alone, they seldom went out. If I met them in the near streets, they were on their way to fetch the day's milk and bread, or the oil for the midnight lamp. Their pleasure was to run their errands together, their rare amusement to sit hand-in-hand at the window through the long summer evening.

And yet I half suspected that separation was a sweet sorrow they would have been willing to endure more often. They could not part, if only for ten minutes, without heartrending farewells and hesitations, endless last words and kisses. But the agony of parting over, I gathered that solitude had its compensations. If it was *L'Amoureuse* who was compelled to go, *L'Amoureux* would lean far out of the window to watch her to the end of the short street, but no sooner was she round the corner than he was in front of the mir-



Drawn by Blanche Greer

Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"SHE DARNED HIS STOCKINGS WHILE HE WASHED AND POLISHED THE WINDOW"

ror. The study of himself was an occupation that never palled,—an occupation that never has palled with young lovers since the world began. I have seen him stand there parting his hair at a dozen different angles and considering the effect of each as if his life depended on it. I have seen him button and unbutton his coat, thrust his hands into his pockets, cross them behind his back, all the while turning slowly round like a tailor's dummy and staring into the mirror like a new Narcissus. And once I saw him for twenty minutes by the clock tie and untie a white stock, probably designed to dazzle her, and I knew he only stopped then because he heard her step on the stair, for he had just thrown the stock away and put on his old cravat again when the door opened and she was in his arms.

It was the same when she was alone. The minute he was out of sight, she was at the mirror, in her turn studying, first, her face—going over it minutely inch by inch, rubbing, washing, greasing, powdering it—and then her hair, examin-

ing its growth upon the temples, the line of its parting, its length, its abundance. And she would shake it out strand by strand, clip it, brush it, massage it, arrange it in a dozen different fashions, though always, when he got back, it was hanging in the thick pigtail, so that I knew this was the way he liked it best. If there was time the set of a skirt was tried, or she decked herself out with ribbons, or trimmed and retrimmed a hat. She might have spared herself the trouble, for he was far more minute than she in examining her face, far more ingenious in arranging her hair, while his skill in draping a skirt, knotting a ribbon, and twining a garland about her hat, comforted me with the assurance that, should illustration fail, the practice of another and more profitable art would open alluringly before him.

Poverty had come in at the door with Les Amoureux, but love was in no haste to fly out of the window. Through the weeks and the months it kept its bloom in the garret, though with every new day I trembled as I looked from my window into

theirs, knowing that summer's lease hath all too short a date and dreading its falling in for them; knowing too how horrid a gap would be left in the roofs below my window when Time came to take their love away. Indeed, we all of us in my small family had grown absorbed in the pretty comedy they were playing, following it scene by scene, fearful lest some unsuspected villain should stalk across the stage and spoil it, dreading the fall of the curtain. "And *Les Amoureux*?" we would ask each other anxiously in the morning, and always before we went to bed we would look to see if their lamp still burned. Even our friends—that is, those of whose sympathy I was so sure that I had shown them the garret—when they called would rush to the window before they spoke to us, and when we met them in the street would want to know how *Les Amoureux* were before they bothered as to how we ourselves were.

Winter shut the garret window and mine, and hung a veil of fog and mist between. But I could see *Les Amoureux*, if dimly, coming and going about their daily work. I could see the easel by day, and the lamp at night: signs that the cold and the darkness had not sent love flying. Nor had it flown when the veil lifted and once again the leaves were growing green in the near garden and windows were open to the sunshine.

There was one change however, a small one, but it is the little rift that in the end shall make the music mute, and my heart sank. They had taken in as companion a small cat, black-and-white, young and gay, whose soft paws pursued the pencil of *L'Amoureux* when he was at work, and who perched on the back of *L'Amoureuse* when she leaned out of the window. With the cat itself I had no fault to find. It was a charming creature to whom I gladly should have given shelter, so that I could not exactly blame them for doing what I should have done myself. But—a year ago would they have had eyes for a cat, would they have had a caress to squander upon it?

Then, one morning I caught them nodding and signaling to the little boy who lives in the flat under mine. A week later, on one of the hot June afternoons when London pretends that it is really going to be summer and all my neighbors, with the

Londoner's touching faith in the fiction, were gasping at their windows, I saw *L'Amoureux* making rapid drawings at his easel and *L'Amoureuse* holding them up—crude caricatures like comic valentines—and I heard the little boy laugh his ecstatic thanks. It was kindly meant and the child's joy repaid the kindness. But—a year ago, would they have been even aware that there was a little boy in the window overlooking theirs?

And I knew the rift was widening by the time she now spent hanging out of the window, not merely to say good-by to him, but to wait for the things that never happened in their quiet street. And I knew it too by his readiness to be distracted—every passing hurdy-gurdy, every chance airship flying over London, sent him scrambling on the roof—and every morning he found leisure before dressing for a turn with the dumb-bells. True, she shared in the exercise as in the labor, and had her turn too. But—a year ago, were they in need of exercise, a year ago would they have heard the hurdy-gurdy in the street or seen the airship in the heavens? And many a night love's sanctuary was dark, many a day there were knocks at the garret door. Ladies in flowered hats sat round the tea-table. Men dropped in to smoke a friendly pipe. Visitors in frock-coats and top hats called to look at the drawings—editors and publishers I was sure, so evidently were things prospering in the garret. Two or three rugs lay on the floor instead of the one tiny strip of carpet, a high screen was put up behind the easel and, at its side, a capacious stand for brushes and paints. An arm-chair was added to the furniture, and a new lamp double in size and brilliancy.

But worst of all was the notice they began to take of us. One year ago—one short year—they had been sublimely unaware that anybody lived in the top floor of our London sky-scraper—sublimely unaware, indeed, that there was a London sky-scraper so near for anybody to live in. Now they had discovered that we could look down into their garret and they did nothing but look up to see if we were, watching us more intently than we had watched them. Never any more did they fall into each other's arms before our sympathetic eyes. The easel was drawn back and the pose hidden by the screen.

And the morning they hung a curtain at their window, I knew the end had come.

They can save themselves the trouble of looking up now. We seldom look down. The garret has grown dull with the withering of love, and *Les Amoureux* are no longer like the pigeons who do not mind being watched, they are no longer simply *Les Amoureux*—the lovers—Daphnis and Chloe, Aucassin and Nicolette, Romeo and Juliet, strayed into a London attic. They have returned from the Lovers' Paradise to the every-day world where our neighbors' business is none of ours. But can we complain? Can they? The

poet's love is sweet only for a season, theirs was sweet for a year. And the affection that survives love is more comfortable to live with and shares some leisure for thoughts of fame and fortune. But whatever greatness may be in store for *Les Amoureux* under a name by which I may never recognize them, one thing I know: for their "little moment" of perfection—the moment love alone can give—they will have to look back down the vista of the years to the days when they were *Les Amoureux* and the world for them was bounded by the sloping walls of a shabby little old London garret.



THE UNHONORED

(IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

MOTHERING fane of the great English dead
 Who lie immortal in thy transept tomb,
 Where falls upon their fame the gloried gloom
 Of windows that rain radiance overhead,
 I would there were no missing presences
 To grieve me in thy mighty organ's peal—
 No poets exiled by the tyrant heel
 Of cursèd Custom's blind obduracies.

For all too great for littleness thou art,
 And they who shut from thee a rightful son
 Shut also out a portion of God's heart,
 A portion of that Spirit which is one
 With aspiration and the world's intent
 To prize all beauty as divinely sent.



“THE ASCENSION.” BY JOHN LA FARGE

THIS PAINTING, ON CANVAS, FILLS THE UPPER PART OF THE REAR WALL OF THE
CHANCEL IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW YORK CITY

The frame was designed by Stanford White; and the angels on the base
were modeled by Louis Saint-Gaudens.

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

SECOND PAPER: LIVIA AND JULIA

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

IN the year 38 B.C. it suddenly became known at Rome that C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus (afterward the Emperor Augustus), one of the triumvirs of the republic, and colleague of Mark Antony and Lepidus in the military dictatorship established after the death of Cæsar, had sent up for decision to the pontifical college, the highest religious authority of the state, a curious question. It was this: Might a divorced woman who was expecting to become a mother contract a marriage with another man before the birth of her child? The pontifical college replied that if there still was doubt about the fact the new marriage would not be permissible; but if it was certain, there would be no impediment. A few days later, it was learned that Octavianus had divorced his wife Scribonia and had married Livia, a young woman of nineteen. Livia's physical condition was precisely that concerning which the pontiffs had been asked to decide, and in order to enter into this marriage she had obtained a divorce from Tiberius Claudius Nero (father of the Emperor Tiberius).

The two divorces and the new marriage were concluded with unwonted haste. The first husband of Livia, acting the part of a father, gave her a dowry for her new alliance and was present at the wedding. Thus Livia suddenly passed into the house of her new husband, where, three months later, she gave birth to a son, who was called Drusus Claudius Nero. This child Octavianus immediately sent to the house of its father.

To us, marriage customs of this sort seem brutal and shameless. We should infer that a woman who lent herself to

such barter and exchange must be a person of light manners and of immoral inclinations. At Rome, however, no one would have been amazed at such a marriage or at the procedure adopted, had it not been for the extraordinary haste, which seemed to indicate that it was undesirable or impossible to wait until Livia should have given birth to her child, and which made it necessary to trouble the pontifical college for its somewhat sophistical consent. For all were accustomed to seeing the marriages of great personages made and unmade in this manner and on such bases. Why, then, were these nuptials so precipitately concluded, apparently with the consent of all concerned? Why did they all, Livia and Octavianus not less than Tiberius Claudius Nero seem so impatient that everything should be settled with despatch?

The legend which then formed about the family of Augustus, a legend hostile at almost every point, has interpreted this marriage as a tyrannical act, virtually an abduction, by the dissolute and perverse triumvir. I, too, in my "Greatness and Decline of Rome" expressed my belief that this haste, at least, was the effect not of political motives but of a passionate love inspired in the young triumvir by the very beautiful Livia. A longer reflection upon this episode has persuaded me, however, that there is another manner, less poetic perhaps, but more Roman, of explaining, at least in part, this famous alliance, which was to have so great an importance in the history of Rome.

To arrive at the motives of this marriage we must consider who was Livia and who was Octavianus? Livia was a woman

of great beauty, as her portraits prove. But this was not all. She belonged also to two of the most ancient and conspicuous families of the Roman nobility. Her father, Marcus Livius Drusus Claudianus, was by birth a Claudius, adopted by a Livius Drusus. He was descended from Appius the Blind, the famous censor and perhaps the most illustrious personage of the ancient republic. His grandfather, his great-grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather had been consuls, and consuls and censors may be found in the collateral branches of the family. A sister of his grandfather had been the wife of Tiberius Gracchus; a cousin of his father had married Lucullus, the great general. He came, therefore, of one of the most ancient and glorious families. Not less noble was the family of the Livii Drusi who had adopted him. It counted eight consulships, two censorships, three triumphs, and one dictatorship. Thus the father of Livia belonged by birth and adoption to two of those ancient, aristocratic

families which for a long time and even in the midst of the most tremendous revolutions the people had venerated as semi-divine and into whose story was interwoven the history of the great republic. Nor had the first husband given to Livia been less noble, for Tiberius Claudius Nero was descended like Livia from Appius the Blind, though through another son of the great censor. In Livia was concentrated the quintessence of the great Roman aristocracy: she was at Rome what in London to-day the daughter of the Duke of Westminster or the Duke of Bedford would be. In the great revolu-

tion which broke out after the death of Cæsar, the father of Livia in the year 43 had been proscribed by the triumvirs; he had fought with Brutus and Cassius and had died by his own hand after Philippi. In 40, after the Perusinian war and only two years before Livia's marriage with Octavianus, Tiberius Claudius Nero and Livia had been forced to flee from Italy in fear of the vengeance of Octavianus.

Who on the other hand was Octavianus? A parvenu, with a nobility altogether too recent! His grandfather was a rich usurer of Velitrae (now Velletri), a financier and a man of affairs; it was only his immediate father who succeeded by dint of the riches of the usurer grandfather in entering the Roman nobility. He had married a sister of Cæsar and, though still young when he died, had become a senator and pretor. Octavianus was, therefore, the descendant, as we should express it in Europe to-day, of rich bourgeois recently ennobled. Although by adopting him in his will

Cæsar had given him his name, that of an ancient patrician family, the modest origin of Octavianus and the trade of his grandfather were known to everybody. In a country like Rome, where, notwithstanding revolutions, the old nobility was still highly venerated by the people and formed a closed caste, jealous of its exclusive pride of ancestry, this obscurity of origin was a handicap and a danger, especially when Octavianus had as colleagues Antony and Lepidus, who could boast a much more ancient and illustrious origin than his own.

We can readily explain, therefore, even without admitting that Livia had aroused



From a photograph by Brogi of the marble bust now in the Vatican

THE YOUNG AUGUSTUS

in him a violent passion, why the future Augustus should have been so impatient to marry her in 38 B.C. The times were stormy and uncertain; the youthful tri-

greater obscurity of his lineage. Antony, especially, who had fought in so many wars, with Cæsar and alone, who belonged to a family of really ancient nobility, was



THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS

This statue was found in 1910 in the Via Labicana, not far from the Colosseum.

umvir, whom a caprice of fortune had raised to the head of a revolutionary dictatorship, was certainly the weakest of the three colleagues, because of his youth, his slighter experience, the feebler prestige among his soldiers, and, last of all, the

much more popular than he among the soldiers and had stronger relations with the great families. He was therefore more powerful than Octavianus both in high places and in low. A marriage with Livia meant much to the future Augustus.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LIVIA, THE WIFE OF AUGUSTUS, SUPERINTENDING THE WEAVING
OF ROBES FOR HER FAMILY

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

It would open for him a door into the old aristocracy; it would draw him closer to those families which, in spite of the revolution, were still so influential and venerable; it would be the means of lessening the hatred, contempt, and distrust in which these families held him. It was for him what Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise and the consequent connection with the imperial family of Austria had been for the former Corsican officer, become Emperor of France. Since, now, a lady who belonged to one of these great families was disposed to marry him, it would have been foolish to put obstacles in the way; it was necessary to act with despatch; time and fortune might change.

Such are the motives that may have induced Augustus to hasten the nuptials. But what were the motives of Livia in accepting this marriage, in such stormy times, when the fortunes of the future Augustus were still so uncertain? A passage in Velleius Paterculus would lead us to believe that he who devised this historic marriage was none other than that same first husband of Livia, Tiberius Claudius Nero himself! According to our ideas it is inconceivable; but not at all strange according to the ideas of the Roman. It is probable that Tiberius Claudius Nero, feeling that the triumph of the revolution was now assured, had wished by this marriage to attach to the cause of the old aristocracy the youngest of the three revolutionary leaders. Already well along in years and infirm,—he was to die shortly after,—Nero, who well knew the intelligence of his young wife, was perhaps planning to place her in the house of the man in whom all saw one of the future lords of Rome. Thus he would bind him to the interests of the aristocracy. In the person of Livia there entered into the house of Octavianus the old Roman nobility, which, defeated at Philippi, was striving to reacquire through the prestige and the cleverness of a woman what it had not been able to maintain by arms.

All her life long with constancy, moderation, and wonderful tact, Livia fulfilled her mission. She succeeded in resolving into the admirable harmony of a long existence that contradiction between the liberty conceded to her sex and the self-denial demanded of it by man as a duty. She

was assuredly one of the most perfect models of that lady of high society whom the Romans in all the years of their long and tempestuous history never ceased to admire. Even and serene, completely mistress of herself and of her passions, endowed with a robust will, she accommodated herself without difficulty to all the sacrifices which her rank and situation imposed upon her. She changed husbands without repugnance though her marriage to Octavianus occurred but five years after the proscriptions, while he was still red with the blood of her family and friends. Likewise she renounced her two sons, the future emperor Tiberius, who had been born before her second marriage, as well as the one who had been born after. So too when, a few years later, Tiberius Claudius Nero died, appointing Augustus their guardian, with equal serenity she took them back and educated them with the most careful motherly solicitude. To the second husband, whom politics had given her, she was a faithful companion. Scandal imputed to her absurd poisonings which she did not commit, and accused her of insatiable ambitions and perfidious intrigues. No one ever dared accuse her of infidelity to Augustus or of dissolute conduct. The great fame, power, and wealth of her husband did not disturb the calm poise of her spirit. In that palace of Augustus, adorned with triumphal laurel, toward which the eyes of the subjects were turned from every part of the empire, in that palace where, in little councils with the most eminent men of the senate, were debated the supreme interests of the world,—laws and elections, wars and peace,—she preserved the beautiful traditions of simplicity and industry. These she had learned as a child in the house of her father,—a house as much more illustrious with inherited glory as it was poorer in wealth than that which Victory had prepared for Augustus on the Palatine.

We know—it is Suetonius who tells us—that this house on the Palatine built by Augustus, in which Livia spent the larger part of her life, was small and not at all luxurious. In it there was not a single piece of marble nor a precious mosaic; for forty years Augustus slept in the same bed-chamber, and the furniture of the house was so simple that in the second century of our era it was exhibited to the public

as an extraordinary curiosity. The imperial pair had several villas, at Lanuvium, at Palestrina, at Tivoli, but all of them were unpretentious and simple. Nor was there any more pomp and ceremony

woven by Livia; woven not indeed and altogether by Livia's hands,—though she did not disdain, now and then, to work the loom,—but by her slaves and freedwomen. Faithful to the traditions of the aristoc-



From the statue formerly in the Farnese collection, now in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

TIBERIUS, ELDER SON OF LIVIA AND
STEPSON OF AUGUSTUS

Augustus, lacking a male heir, first adopted his younger stepson Drusus, who died 9 B.C. owing to a fall from his horse. In 4 A.D. he adopted Tiberius, and was succeeded by him as Emperor in 14 A.D.

about the dinners to which they invited the conspicuous personages of Rome, the dignitaries of the state and the heads of the great families. Only on very special occasions were six courses served; usually there were but three. Moreover, Augustus never wore any other togas than those

racy, Livia counted it among her duties personally to direct the weaving-rooms which were in the house. As she carefully parceled out the wool to the slaves, watching over them lest they steal or waste it, and frequently taking her place among them while they were at work, she felt

that she too contributed to the prosperity and the glory of the empire.

Simplicity, loyalty, industry, an absolute surrender of one's own personality to the

affairs and work of her husband, that interest in politics which had been common to the intelligent women of the nobility. No one at Rome was astonished, especially



From the statue formerly in Pompeii, now in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

DRUSUS, THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF TIBERIUS

family and its interests,—these, in the great families, were the traditional feminine virtues which lived again in Livia to the admiration of her contemporaries. But with these virtues were associated also the need and the pride of participating in the

in the upper classes, that Livia should occupy herself actively with politics; that Augustus should frequently come to her for counsel, or that he should not make any serious decision without having consulted her; that, in short, she should at



COSTUMES OF ROMAN MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN IN THE

These reliefs formed part of the outer frieze of the right wall of the *Ara Pacis* (Altar of Peace), erected by Augustus and dedicated 9 B.C. These two well-preserved sections are in the Uffizi Palace, Florence. One of two other fragments in the Villa Medici contains the head and bust of Augustus, and with the sections here shown

the same time attend to her husband's clothes and aid him in governing the empire. For so had done from time immemorial all the great ladies of the aristocracy, mindful of their good repute and the prosperity of their families. And Livia must have tried the more earnestly to fulfil all that her education had taught her to consider a sacred duty, since to a woman of her old-fashioned breeding the times must have appeared especially difficult and perilous.

The civil wars had greatly reduced in numbers the historic aristocracy of Rome, and the peace which followed after so long a time and which had been so anxiously invoked, very soon began to threaten the prosperity of the remnant of that nobility with a more insidious but more inevitable ruin. About 18 B.C., when Livia was approaching her fortieth year, the men of the new generation who had not seen the civil wars, for when these ended they were either unborn or only in their infancy, were already beginning to come to the front. They brought with them a previously unknown spirit of luxury, of enjoyment, of dissipation, of rebellion against discipline, of egotism and fondness for the

new, which rendered very difficult, not to say impossible, the continuation of the aristocratic régime. Women submitted with more and more repugnance to those obligatory marriages, arranged for reasons of state, which had formerly been the tradition and the sure bulwark of dominion for the aristocracy. The increase of celibacy was rendering sterile the most celebrated stocks; the most lamentable vices and disorders became tolerated and common in the most illustrious families, and ruinous habits of extravagance spread generally among that aristocracy, once so simple and austere. All this had grown up after the conquest of Egypt, which had established points of contact with the East; and it increased in proportion as those industries and the commerce in articles of luxury which had flourished at Alexandria under the Ptolomies were gradually transplanted to Rome, where the merchants hoped to establish among their conquerors the clientele which had been lost with the fall of the Kingdom of the Nile. The ladies especially took up with the new oriental customs, and, preferring expensive stuffs and jewels, turned from the loom, which Livia had wished to preserve



PROCESSION OF A PEACE FESTIVAL.

completes what is supposed to be a group of the family of Augustus, in which A. might be Livia, B. Antonia, C. Drusus, D. Germanicus, and E. Tiberius, though the ascriptions are not certain.

as the emblem of womanhood. Many young men of the great families were beginning to show a distaste for the army, for the government of the state, for jurisprudence, for all those activities which had been the jealous privilege of the nobility of the past. One gave himself up to literary pursuits, another cultivated philosophy, another busied himself only with the increase of his inherited fortune, while another lived only in pleasure and idleness. So it happened that there began to appear descendants of great houses who refused to be senators; every year an effort had to be made to find a sufficient number of candidates for the more numerous positions like the questorship, and in the army it was no easy matter to fill all the posts of the superior officers which were reserved for members of the nobility.

The Roman aristocracy then, that glorious Roman aristocracy which had escaped the massacres of the proscriptions and of Philippi, ran grave danger of dying out through a species of slow suicide, if energetic measures were not taken to supply the necessary remedies. It is certain that Livia had a conspicuous part in the policy of restoring the aristocracy, to which Au-

gustus was impelled by the old nobility especially toward the year 18 B.C., when with this purpose in view he proposed his famous social laws. The *Lex de maritandis ordinibus* attempted by various penalties and promises to constrain the members of the aristocracy to contract marriage and to found a family, thus combatting the increasing inclination to celibacy and sterility. The *Lex de adulteriis* aimed to reestablish order and virtue in the family, by threat-

ening the unfaithful wife and her accomplice with exile for life and the confiscation of a part of their substance. It obliged the husband to expose the crime to the tribunals; if the husband could not or would not make the accusation, it provided that the father should do so; and in case both husband and father failed, it authorized any citizen to step forth as accuser. Finally the *Lex sumptuaria* was designed to restrain the extravagance of wealthy families, particularly that of the women, prohibiting them from spending too large a part of the family fortune in jewels, apparel, body slaves, festivities, or buildings, especially in the building of sumptuous villas, then a growing fashion. In short, it was the purpose of these laws to bring the ladies of the Roman aristocracy to a course of conduct patterned upon the example of Livia. In the protracted discussions concerning these laws, which took place in the senate, Augustus on one occasion made a long speech in which he cited Livia as a model for the ladies of Rome. He set forth minutely the details of her household administration, telling how she lived, what relations she had with outsiders, what amusements



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A RECEPTION AT LIVIA'S VILLA

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA TADEMA

The scene evidently is at Livia's country palace at Prima Porta. Agrippa is seen descending the steps to be received by Augustus and Livia (who are not shown in the picture). The original of the statue of Augustus, here shown, was found in the ruins of Livia's villa close to the flight of marble steps and its base. The remains of the steps and the base of the statue are standing to-day at Prima Porta.

she thought proper for a person of her rank, how she dressed and at what expense. And no one in the senate judged it unworthy of the greatness of the state or contrary to custom thus to introduce the name and person of a great lady into the public discussion of so serious a matter of governmental policy.

Livia, then, about 18 B.C. personified in the eyes of the Romans the perfect type of aristocratic great lady created by long tradition. Having been safely preserved by good fortune through the long civil wars, this model was now set back again upon a fitting pedestal in the most powerful and richest family of the empire. She was the living example of all the virtues which the Romans most cherished, a beloved wife and a heeded counselor to the head of the state, honored with that veneration which power, virtue, nobility of birth, and the dignified beauty of face and figure drew from every one; furthermore, there were her two sons, Tiberius and Drusus, both intelligent, handsome, full of activity, docile to the traditional education which she sought to give them in order that they might be the worthy continuators of the great name they bore. Livia, with all this in her favor, might have been expected to live a happy and tranquil life, serenely to fulfil her mission amid the admiration of the world.

But opposition and difficulties sprang up in her own family. In 39 B.C. Augustus had had by Scribonia a daughter, Julia. Following in the government of his family, as in so large a part of his politics, the traditions of the old nobility, Augustus gave his daughter in marriage when very young,—she was not yet past seventeen,—just as he early gave wives to Livia's two sons, whose guardian he was. In each case in order to assure within his circle harmony and power, he chose the consort in his own family or from among his friends. To Tiberius he gave Agrippina, a daughter of Agrippa, his close friend and most faithful collaborator; to Drusus he gave Antonia, the younger daughter of Mark Antony and Octavia, sister of Augustus. To Julia he gave Marcellus, his nephew, the son of Octavia and her first husband. But while the marriages of Drusus and Tiberius proved successful and the two couples lived lovingly and happily, such was not the case with the

marriage of Julia and Marcellus. As a result, disagreeable misunderstandings and rancors soon made themselves felt in the family. We do not know exactly what were the causes of these disagreements. It seems that Marcellus, under the influence of Julia, assumed a tone somewhat too haughty and insolent, such as was not becoming in a youth who, although the nephew of Augustus, was still taking his first steps in his political career; and it seems too that this conduct of his was especially offensive to Agrippa, who, next to Augustus, was the first person in the empire. In short, at seventeen, Julia desired that her husband should be the second personage of the state in order that she might come immediately after Livia or even be placed directly on an equality with her. According to the Roman ideas of the family and of its discipline, this was a precocious and excessive ambition, unbecoming a matron, much less a young girl. For the duty of the woman was to follow faithfully and submissively the ambitions of her lord and not to impart to him her own ambitions or make him her tool. In contrast to Livia, who was so docile and placid in her respect for the older traditions of the aristocracy, so firm and strong in her observance of the duties, not infrequently grievous and difficult, which this tradition imposed, Julia represented the woman of that new generation which had grown up in the times of peace—a type more rebellious against tradition, less resigned to the serious duties and difficult renunciations of rank, much more inclined to enjoy its prerogatives than disposed to bear that heavy burden of obligations and sacrifices with which the previous generations had balanced privilege. Beautiful and intelligent, even in the early years of her first marriage she showed a great passion for studies, and a fine artistic and literary taste, and with these a lively inclination toward luxury and display which hardly suited with the spirit or the letter of the *Lex sumptuaria* which her father had carried through in that year. But fraught with greater danger than all this was her ardent and passionate temperament, which both in the family and in politics was altogether too frequently to drive her to desire and to carry through that which, rightly or wrongly, was forbid-

on to a woman by law, custom, and public opinion.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a young woman endowed with so fiery and ambitious a nature did not become in the hands of Augustus as docile a political instrument as Livia. Julia wished to live for herself and for her pleasure, not for the political greatness of her father; and indeed, Augustus, who had a fine knowledge of men, was so impressed by this first unhappy experiment that when Marcellus, still a very young man, died in 23 B.C., he hesitated a long time before remarrying the youthful widow. For a moment, indeed, he did think of bestowing her not upon a senator but upon a knight, that is, a person outside of the political aristocracy, evidently with the intention of stifling her too eager ambitions by taking from her all means and hope of satisfying them. Then he decided upon the opposite expedient, that of quieting those ambitions by entirely satisfying them, and so gave Julia, in 21 B.C., to Agrippa, who had been the cause of the earlier difficulties. Agrippa was twenty-four years older than she and could have been her father, but he was in truth the second person of the empire in glory, riches, and power. Soon after, in 18 B.C., he was to become the colleague of Augustus in the presidency of the republic and consequently his equal in every way.

Thus Julia suddenly saw her ambitions gratified. She became at twenty-one the next lady of the empire after Livia, and perhaps even the first in company with and beside her. Young, beautiful, intelligent, cultured, and loving luxury, she represented at Livia's side and in opposition to her, the trend of the new generation in

which was growing the determination to free itself from tradition. She lavished money generously, and there soon formed about her a sort of court, a party, a coterie, in which figured the fairest names of the Roman aristocracy. Her name and her person became popular even among the common people of Rome, to whom the name of the Julii was more sympathetic than that of the Claudii, which was borne by the sons of Livia. The combined popularity of Augustus and of Agrippa was reflected in her. It may be said, therefore,

that toward 18 B.C., the younger, more brilliant, and more "modern" Julia began to obscure Livia in the popular imagination, except in that little group of old conservative nobility which gathered about the wife of Augustus. So true is this that about this time, Augustus, wishing to place himself into conformity with his law *de maritandis ordinibus*, reached a significant decision. Since that law fixed at three the number of children which every citizen should have, if he wished to discharge

his whole duty toward the state, and since Augustus had but a single daughter, he decided to adopt Caius and Lucius, the first two sons that Julia had borne to Agrippa. This was a great triumph for her, in so far as her sons would henceforth bear the very popular name of *Cæsar*.

But the difficulties which the first marriage with Marcellus had occasioned and which Augustus had hoped to remove by this second marriage soon reappeared in another but still more dangerous form, for they had their roots in that passionate, imperious, bold, and imprudent temperament of Julia. This temperament the Roman education had not succeeded in taming was strengthened by the undiscipli-



Enlarged from the original owned by Professor G. N. Olcott
A BRONZE SESTERTIUS WITH THE HEAD
OF AGRIPPINA THE ELDER, DAUGHTER
OF AGRIPPA AND JULIA, THE
DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS

She was the wife of Germanicus, and their daughter, Agrippina the younger, was the mother of the Emperor Nero.



Enlarged from the original owned by Professor G. N. Olcott

A SILVER DENARIUS OF THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE

The portrait at the right (obverse) is of Caesar Octavianus (Augustus), with a slight beard to indicate mourning, and at the left (reverse), of Mark Antony. The date is 41 B.C.

spirit of the times. And with it Julia soon began to abuse the fortune, the popularity, the prestige, and the power which came to her from being the daughter of Augustus and the wife of Agrippa. Little by little she became possessed by the mania of being in Rome the antithesis of Livia, of conducting herself in every case in a manner contrary to that followed by her step-mother. If the latter, like Augustus, wore garments of wool woven at home, Julia affected silks purchased at great price from the oriental merchants. These the ladies of the older type considered a ruinous luxury because of the expense, and an indecency because of the prominence which they gave to the figure. Where Livia was sparing, Julia was prodigal. If Livia preferred to go to the theater surrounded by elderly and dignified men, Julia always showed herself in public with a retinue of brilliant and elegant youths. If Livia set an example of reserve, Julia dared appear in the provinces in public at the side of her husband and receive public homage. In spite of the law which forbade the wives of Roman governors to accompany their husbands into the provinces, Julia prevailed upon Agrippa to make her his

companion when in the year 16 B.C. he made his long journey through the East. Everywhere she appeared at his side, at the great receptions, at the courts, in the cities; and she was the first of the Latin women to be apotheosized in the Orient. Paphos called her "divine" and set up statues to her; Mitylene called her the New Aphrodite, Eressus, Aphrodite Genetrix. These were bold innovations in a state in which tradition was still so powerful; but they could scarcely have been of serious danger to Julia, if her passionate temperament had not led her to commit a much more serious imprudence. Agrippa, compared to her, was old, a simple, unpolished man of obscure origin who was frequently absent on affairs of state. In the circle which had formed about Julia there were a number of handsome, elegant, pleasing young men; among others one Sempronius Gracchus, a descendant of the famous

tribunes. Julia seems toward the close to have had for him, even in the lifetime of Agrippa, certain failings which the *Lex de adulteriis* visited with terrible punishments.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if from this time on there should have been fostered between Julia and



Enlarged from the original owned by Professor G. N. Olcott

SILVER COIN BEARING THE HEAD OF JULIUS CÆSAR

This coin, a denarius, worth about seventeen cents, represents Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus. Together with all the other Roman coins bearing Cæsar's image it was struck in the year before his death—44-45 A.C. The fact that Cæsar placed his image on these coins may have strengthened the suspicion of his enemies that he wished to make himself king.

Livia a half-suppressed rivalry. The fact is, in itself, very probable and several indications of it have remained in tradition and in history. We know also that two parties were already beginning to gather about the two women. One of these might be called the party of the Claudii and of the old conservative nobility, the other the party of the Julii and of that youthful nobility which was following the modern trend. As long as Agrippa lived, Augustus, by holding the balance between the two factions, succeeded in maintaining a certain equilibrium. With the death of Agrippa, which occurred in 12 B.C., the situation was changed.

Julia was now for the second time a widow, and by the provisions of the *Lex de maritandis ordinibus* should remarry. Augustus in the traditional manner sought a husband for her, and, seeking him only with the idea of furthering a political purpose, he found for her Tiberius, the elder son of Livia. Tiberius was the step-brother of Julia and was married to a lady whom he tenderly loved; but these were considerations which could hardly give pause to a Roman senator. In the marriage of Tiberius and Julia, Augustus saw a way of snuffing out the incipient discord between the Julii and the Claudii, between Julia and Livia, between the parties of the new and of the old nobility. He therefore ordered Tiberius to repudiate the young, beautiful, and noble Agrippina in order to marry Julia. For Tiberius the sacrifice was hard; we are told that one day after the divorce, having met Agrippina at some house, he began to weep so bitterly that Augustus ordered that the former husband and wife should never meet again. But Tiberius, on the other hand, had been educated by his mother in the ancient ideas, and therefore knew that a Roman nobleman must sacrifice his feelings to the public interest. As for Julia, she celebrated her third wedding joyfully; for Tiberius, after the deaths of Agrippa and of his own brother Drusus, was the rising man, the hope and the second personage of the empire, so that she was not forced to step down from the lofty position which the marriage with Agrippa had given her. Tiberius, furthermore, was a very handsome man and for this reason also he seems not to have been displeasing to Julia, who in the matter of

husbands considered not only glory and power.

The marriage of Julia and Tiberius began under happy auspices. Julia seemed to love Tiberius and Tiberius did what he could to be a good husband. Julia soon felt that she was once more to become a mother and the hope of this other child seemed to cement the union between husband and wife. But the rosy promises of the beginning were soon disappointed. Tiberius was the son of Livia, a true Claudius, the worthy heir of two ancient lines, an uncompromising traditionalist, therefore a rigid and disdainful aristocrat, and a soldier severe with others as with himself. He wished the aristocracy to set the people an example of all the virtues which had made Rome so great in peace and war: religious piety, simplicity of customs, frugality, family purity, and rigid observance of all the laws. The luxury and prodigality which were becoming more and more wide-spread among the young nobility had no fiercer enemy than he. He held that a man of great lineage who spent his substance on jewels, on dress, and on revels was a traitor to his country, and no one demanded with greater insistence than he that the great laws of the year 18 B.C., the sumptuary law, the laws on marriage and adultery, should be enforced with the severest rigor. Julia on the other hand loved extravagance, festivals, joyous companies of elegant youths, an easy, brilliant life full of amusement.

For greater misfortune, the son who was born of their union died shortly after and discord found its way between Julia and Tiberius. Sempronius Gracchus, who knew how to profit by this, reappeared and again made advances to Julia. She again lent her ear to his bland words and the domestic disagreement rapidly became embittered. Tiberius,—this is certain,—soon learned that Julia had resumed her relations with Sempronius Gracchus, and a new, intolerable torment was added to his already distressed life. According to the *Lex de adulteriis*, he as husband should have made known the crime of his wife to the pretor and have had her punished. He had been one of those who had always most vehemently denounced the nobility for their weakness in the enforcement of this law. Now that his own wife had fallen under the provisions of the terrible statute,

to which so many other women had been forced to submit, the moment had come to give the weak that example of unconquerable firmness which he had so often demanded of others. But Julia was the daughter of Augustus. Could he call down, without the consent of Augustus, so terrible a scandal upon the first house of the empire, render its daughter infamous, and drive her into exile? Augustus, though he desired his daughter to be more prudent and serious, yet loved and protected her; above all he disliked dangerous scandal, and Julia dared to do whatever she wished, knowing herself invulnerable under his protection and his love.

To this hard and false situation Tiberius, fuming with rage, had to adjust himself. He lived in a separate apartment, keeping up with Julia only the relations necessary to save appearances, but he could not divorce her, much less publish her guilt. The situation grew still worse when political discontent began to use for its own ends the discord between Julia and Tiberius. Tiberius had many enemies among the nobility, especially among the young men of his own age; partly because his rapid, brilliant career had aroused much jealousy, partly because his conservative, traditionalist tendencies toward authority and militarism disturbed many of them. More and more among the nobility there was increasing the desire for a mild and easy-going government which should allow them to enjoy their privileges without hardship and which should not be too severe in imposing its duties upon them.

On the other hand Julia was most ambitious. Since, after the disagreements with Tiberius had broken out, she could no longer hope to be the powerful wife of the first person of the empire after Augustus, she sought compensation. Thus there formed about Julia a party which sought in every way to ruin the lofty position which Tiberius occupied in the state, by setting up against him Caius Cæsar, the son of Julia by Agrippa, whom Augustus had adopted and of whom he was very

fond. In 6 B.C., Caius Cæsar was only fourteen years old, but at that period an agitation was set on foot whereby, through a special privilege conceded to him by the senate, he was to be named consul for the year of Rome 754, when Caius should have reached twenty. This was a manœuvre of the Julian party to attract popular attention to the youth, to prepare a rival for Tiberius in his quality as principal collaborator of Augustus, and to gain a hold upon the future head of the state.

The move was altogether very bold; for this nomination of a child consul contradicted all the fundamental principles of the Roman constitution, and it would probably have been fatal to the party which evolved it, had not the indignant rage of Tiberius assured its triumph. Tiberius opposed this law, which he took as an offense, and he wished Augustus to oppose it, and at the outset, Augustus did so. But then, either because Julia was able to bend him to her desires or because in the senate there was in truth a strong party which supported it out of hatred for Tiberius, Augustus at last yielded, seeking to placate Tiberius with other compensations. But Tiberius was too proud and violent an aristocrat to accept compensations and indignantly demanded permission to retire to Rhodes, abandoning all the public offices which he exercised. He certainly hoped to make his loss felt, for indeed Rome needed him. But he was mistaken. This act of Tiberius was severely judged by public opinion as a reprisal upon the public for a private offense. Augustus became angry with him and in his absence all his enemies took courage and hurled themselves against him. The honors to Caius Cæsar were approved amid general enthusiasm and the Julian party triumphed all along the line; it reached the height of power and popularity, while Tiberius was constrained to content himself with the idle life of a private person at Rhodes.

But at Rome Livia still remained. From that moment began the mortal duel between Livia and Julia.

(To be continued)



CALVERLY

BY EDITH MINITER

IF I go back to Calverly
And all these bruited bays give o'er,
What shall I find in Calverly—
My foot to bind in Calverly
And keep me by the roof-tree door?
The sweet south wind one may not bid
There blows unasked, and one may see
The May-moon in a nosegay hid
That 's called a hawthorn-tree.

I long ago left Calverly
In lure of lights both white and red,
In haste I came from Calverly,
And cast the blame on Calverly,
The where "good-by" was best unsaid;
The over-brimming cup was mine,
And drained—oh, is forever lost
The flavor lurking in the wine
That 's called October's frost?

I 've but to go to Calverly
And match the present with the past,
To find at will in Calverly
(For Time stands still in Calverly)
A first love that shall be my last.
She very patiently doth wait,
She knows I shall go hence no more,
She beckons from the garden gate
That 's called the graveyard door.

THE PANAMA CANAL AND SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC

BY A. T. MAHAN

Rear-Admiral, United States Navy (Retired). Author of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," etc.

UNLESS present expectation be greatly deceived, within two decades two events will have altered very materially the territorial conditions which underlie the capacity of the United States to exert power at sea. Such changes on land influence materially the subsequent dispositions of the Navy, enabling it to be more effectively utilized. One of these events will be the opening of the Panama Canal. The other, already past, has been the war with Spain, issuing in the independence of Cuba from European control, and in the territorial acquisitions of the United States resulting from the war.

From a military point of view, these

acquisitions have advanced the southern maritime frontier of this country from the Gulf coast to a line coincident with the south shore of Cuba, prolonged to Porto Rico; throwing into the second line the Gulf harbors, from Key West to the Mississippi. These are thus reduced to the order of purely defensive ports, instead of the primary rank of naval bases for offensive operations held by them twenty years ago,—a change to which have contributed also the hydrographic difficulties of entrance and exit, consequent upon the greatly increased size of battle-ships. This new condition is summarized in, and effected by, the cession of Guanta-

namo as a naval base; provided, of course, that due measures are taken for the security of the base, so that ships may not be tied to the defense of a position the one value of which will be that the fleet can depend upon it for supplies and repairs, yet leave it for a measurable time to its own protection, sure of finding it and its resources safe upon return.

IMPERATIVE TO FORTIFY THE CANAL

THE occupation of the Canal Zone under conditions of complete sovereignty (with qualified exceptions in the cities of Colon and Panama) may be regarded accurately, from the military point of view, as a most helpful modification of our proper coast-line; making it, by the interposition of Guantamo, practically continuous for a fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will be continuous, because possessing throughout adequate points of support,—the one service which from the military point of view the land renders to the sea. To secure this condition, however, the Canal, like Guantamo, must be fortified. There is unhappily much exaggerated talk on one side and the other as to the relative advantages of navies and fortifications for purposes of defense. Neither is secure without the other. As I have said, a fleet must be able to go away for a calculated time, with a reasonable prospect of finding its ports unsurprised, still its own, when it returns. The port must be able to spare the fleet for a similar period, confident that it can look out for itself till reinforced or supplied. The analogy is that of an army in campaign, which is crippled in movement if it has to garrison its bases as well as to carry on other necessary operations.

A number of eminent citizens, more actuated by a commendable desire for peace than instructed in military considerations, have lately put their names to a paper directed against the fortification of the Canal. In this they say, among other things, "with all the fortifications possible it is still apparent that . . . in time of war a guard of battle-ships at each of its entrances would be an absolute necessity, and equally apparent that with such a guard the fortifications would be unnecessary." I fear some naval officers, at home and abroad, dubbed in England the Blue

Water School, are partly responsible for this popular impression of the need of the constant presence of battle-ships. It is precisely in order that a constant guard of battle-ships may not be necessary that fortifications are requisite. Fortifications liberate a fleet for action, whenever elsewhere required; and, by preserving the Canal for use as a bridge between the two oceans, render unnecessary the maintenance of a big fleet in both.

PANAMA MORE IMPORTANT TO THE UNITED STATES THAN SUEZ TO ENGLAND

THE maintenance of the Canal in effective operation is one of the large elements in the future development of Sea Power in the Pacific. No other nation has in the Canal the same interest of self-preservation that the United States has. Not only is this true as regards the Panama Canal, but no similar condition of dependence upon a canal exists anywhere else to near the same degree. The closest parallel is Suez, as compared with the Cape of Good Hope. Suez offers Great Britain an inside route to her great Australasian colonies, as well as to India; but the existence of the British Empire does not depend upon that route as vitally as the ability of our thickly settled Atlantic coast to come to the aid of the Pacific depends upon Panama, as compared with Magellan. This necessity is so urgent as to make the Canal, as before said, essentially a part of the coast-line of the United States.

The primary object of the Canal may have been commercial, or it may have been military. I doubt whether many of those conspicuous in its advocacy and inception analyzed to themselves which of these two obvious features was chief in their individual estimation. From either point of view, and from both, the opening of the Canal will conduce decisively to influence the development of Sea Power upon the Pacific. Its effect will be much the same as that of the construction of a new railroad judiciously planned, which opens out the new country through which it passes, or to which it leads, and thus not only renders it available to commerce, but by perpetual interaction of population and production increases both. More people, more wants; more people, more produc-

tion. Both wants and production mean increased transportation.

THE TIE BETWEEN CANADA AND BRITAIN

THIS effect upon Sea Power of the Panama Canal will have two principal aspects; one civil, one military. The civil effect will be the more rapid peopling of the Pacific coasts of North and South America, with consequent necessary increase of commerce. The military effect will be the facility with which the navy of the United States, and that of the government controlling Canada, can pass from one side to the other, in support of either coast as needed. I say somewhat generally, but advisedly, the government controlling Canada; for while Canada is a part of the British Empire, and therefore will receive the support of the British navy where its interests are concerned, and while Canada also, taken as a whole, is for the time present attached to the British connection, as the Thirteen Colonies were from 1732 to 1770, it is difficult, in view of current political discussions in Canada, especially those touching the question of support to the Empire, not to feel that the preponderant tone there does not in this respect reflect that of Australia, New Zealand, or even of South Africa. The strong opposition in the French provinces to the government proposals for the development of a Canadian navy, the apologetic defense of the measure by the Premier, himself a French Canadian, in which the assertion of Canadian independence of action is more conspicuous than that of devotion to Imperial interests, tend to prove a looseness of allegiance, which already simulates the independence of separation and may issue in it. Since these words were written, the inference contained in them receives support from the reported effect produced upon Imperialistic sentiment in Great Britain by the recent reciprocity agreement of Canada with the United States. In short, there does not appear to be between Canada and Great Britain that strong dependence of mutual interest of defense, of which the British navy is the symbol and the instrument, and which binds together the other self-governing communities. I regret this, because I believe it the interest of the United States that Great Britain, by her relations to Canada, should be

strongly committed to the naval support of the North Pacific coasts. The ultimate issue will manifestly affect the question of Sea Power in the Pacific, according as it involves the British navy, or only a Canadian. Meantime, under present conditions, the opening of the Canal will bring the British navy six thousand miles nearer the Pacific coast of Canada.

NORTH EUROPEAN IMMIGRATION AND THE PACIFIC COAST

THE greatest factor of Sea Power in any region is the distribution and numbers of the populations, and their characteristics, as permitting the formation and maintenance of stable and efficient governments. This stability and efficiency depend upon racial traits, the distinguishing element of which is not so much the economical efficiency of the individual citizen as his political capacity for sustained corporate action,—action which, however marked by internal contentions, is in the main result homogeneous and organic. As a matter of modern history, so far, this capacity has been confined to nations of European civilization, with the recent exception of Japan. At times, it is true, great masses of men have for a period moved in unison, as by instinct, with an impetus that nothing for the moment could resist. The Huns, the Arabs, the Turks, are instances in point; but none would cite either the peoples or their governments as instances of political efficiency. At other times great personages have built up an immense sway upon their own personality alone; but the transiency of such is too proverbial for indication. The political aptitudes of the average citizen, steadied by tried political institutions, are the sole ground of ultimate national efficiency.

The most immediate, the foremost question of the Pacific, as affecting Sea Power, therefore, is the filling up of the now partly vacant regions, our own Pacific coast, with that of the British Empire in Canada and in Australasia, by a population of European derivation. It is most desirable that such immigration should be from northern Europe, because there is found the stock temperamentally most consonant to the local institutions; but, from whencesoever coming, immigrants to all the regions named will find awaiting them settled forms of government, differ-

ing from one another much in details and somewhat in ideals, but all derived ultimately from that which we call Anglo-Saxon, to which we who have inherited it are apt to attach peculiar value and virtue. Let us not forget that the roots can be traced to the old days when the Angles and the Saxons really dwelt on the east side of the North Sea, before they found a new home in England. Thus long continuity of existence, power of development, faculty to adapt themselves to many differing circumstances of environment, as well as to absorb and to assimilate alien elements, have given a proof of their excellence more decisive than the perhaps too partial estimate of those who live under them.

That the Panama Canal can affect the rapid peopling of the American Pacific coasts is as evident as it is to be desired. That a ship-load of immigrants can be carried through relatively quiet seas direct to the Pacific ports, without the tiresome and expensive transcontinental journey by rail, will be an inestimable contribution toward overcoming the problem of distribution and that of labor. It will disperse also the threatening question of Asiatic immigration to the northern Pacific coasts by filling up the ground,—the only perfectly sound provision for the future. No European labor element thinks of emigrating to Asia, for the land there is already overcrowded. Were conditions reversed, Asiatic governments and working-men would feel the same objection as is now felt throughout the American Pacific to an abundant influx of laborers of wholly different traditions, who do not assimilate socially and cannot be assimilated politically. Here is no question of superiority or inferiority of race, the intrusion of which simply draws a misleading trail across the decisive reason, which is the fundamental distinctions of origin and of historical development. Already, although scarcely a month since the new treaty with Japan was confirmed, the attempt is again made thus to confuse the issue, if the quotation from a Japanese periodical is to be accepted.¹ The question is one of age-long differences, proceeding from age-long separations, producing variations of ideas which do not

allow intermingling, and consequently, if admitted, are ominous of national weakness through flaws in homogeneity. The radical difference between the Oriental and the Occidental, which is constantly insisted upon, occasions incompatibility of close association in large numbers.

HAWAII, AN EXPOSED OUTPOST

THE existing tendency of immigration to seek our Pacific coast is seen from the recent census, which shows that those States have progressed in population to a greater extent, proportionately, than most other parts of the country. While, however, such result is indicative of tendency, it must be remembered that ratio of increase does not prove corresponding absolute gain; fifty per cent. on one thousand only equals twenty-five on two thousand. The Pacific coast States are still scantily peopled. Thus Washington contains 17 persons to the square mile; Oregon, 7; California, 15; whereas New York has 191, and Ohio, 117.² The result of such conditions, where no artificial obstacle intervenes, is seen in Hawaii. These islands geographically belong to the American continent, being distant from it only 2100 miles, whereas they are 3400 from Japan, the nearest part of Asia; yet a plurality of the population is Japanese, from an immigration which began only forty years ago. The political—international—result may not improbably be traced in the well-known intimation of the Japanese government to that of the United States a dozen years ago that it could not see without concern the annexation of the islands. If the local needs which caused this condition had occurred after the opening of the Canal, the required labor could have been introduced from southern Europe,³ which is now furnishing an excellent element to Cuba. In such case Hawaii as a naval base would have received a reinforcement of military strength, in a surrounding population of European derivation and traditions.

The Hawaiian group is an outpost of the United States of first importance to the security of the Pacific coast; but its situation is one of peculiar exposure. During the eighteenth century, Great Britain

¹ The "Japanese American Commercial Weekly," quoted in the "New York Tribune," March 27, 1911.

² Census of 1910.

³ As it is, there are over 15,000 Portuguese in the islands.

at Gibraltar held the entrance of the Mediterranean successfully against all comers; but in the same period she twice lost Minorca, an outpost like Hawaii, because the navy was too heavily engaged in the Atlantic, and the land forces elsewhere, to afford relief. In case of the fall of Pearl Harbor, where the defense of Hawaii is concentrated, an enemy temporarily superior to the United States in local naval force would become possessed of a fortified permanent base of operations within half-steaming distance of the Pacific shore. There, in furtherance of his designs, he could establish temporary depots for coaling and repairs; as Japan in the recent war did at the Elliott Islands, sixty miles from Port Arthur, then the decisive center of her military and naval operations. Such advanced temporary positions need a permanent base not too far distant; such as the Japanese home ports Sasebo and Kure afforded the Elliott Islands, and as Pearl Harbor in the instance considered would to a navy resting upon it.

But, if Pearl Harbor should hold out successfully, a superior American fleet on arrival finds there a secure base of operations, which with its own command of the water, due to its superior strength, enables it to neutralize and ultimately to overthrow any system of operations or attack resting on improvised bases and inferior fleet force. One has only to imagine the effect upon the Japanese land operations in Manchuria, if Rozhstvensky had destroyed Togo's fleet and so established control of the water between Japan and Manchuria. The same line of reasoning applies to Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay; qualified by the greater distance of the Philippines from America.

The Pacific coast of America is less thickly populated, less extensively developed, than the Atlantic. Labor there is dearer, and the local coal distinctly inferior for naval purposes to eastern coal, necessitating sending fuel there. All upon which a fleet depends for vitality is less abundant, less cheap, and therefore more remote. These economical reasons, until qualified by military urgency, render expedient the maintenance of the fleet in the Atlantic. Division of it is forbidden by military considerations, in that it is too small; the half is weaker than any probable enemy. At present, not less than four

months would be required for the battle-fleet to reach Pearl Harbor in effective condition. With the Canal less than four weeks would be necessary.

These considerations affect the time that Pearl Harbor needs to hold out, and illustrate the military gain from the Canal; but they do not affect in any sense the necessity for a superior navy. Canal or no canal, if a fleet be distinctly inferior, it can protect the coast committed to its charge only to a limited degree and for a limited time; unless it can reverse the balance by professional skill. The professional skill may be forthcoming; it is the affair of the commander-in-chief; but the naval security is original superiority of force, and that is the affair of the nation represented in Congress.

A BOND BETWEEN AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA

THE great English-speaking colonies of Australia and New Zealand will be less immediately and directly affected as to populating by the Panama Canal; but its influence upon Pacific America, including Hawaii, cannot be a matter of small importance to communities which share with equal fervor the determination that their land shall be peopled by men of European antecedents. This identity of feeling on the subject of Asiatic immigration between the North American Pacific and Australia, both inheritors of the same political tradition, is certain to create political sympathies, and may drag into a common action the nations of which each forms a part. This particular determination, in the midst of that recent prevalent unrest which is called the Awakening of the East, is probably the very largest factor in the future of the Pacific, and one which eventually will draw in most of the West-European nations in support of their present possessions in the East. Immediately north of Australia, barricading it, as it were, from west to east, is a veritable Caribbean of European tropical possessions—Sumatra, Java, to New Guinea—distributed between Germany, Great Britain, and Holland; while immediately north of them again come the Philippines under American administration. It is needless to say that support to such distant dependencies means military Sea Power;

but it is less obvious, until heeded, that the tendency will impart a common object which may go far toward composing present rivalries and jealousies in Europe. To none, however, can this interest be so vital as to Great Britain, because Australasia is not to her a dominion over alien races, as India is, and as are most European possessions in the East. The Australians and New Zealanders are her own flesh and blood, and should the question of support to them arise, the Panama Canal offers an alternative route not greatly longer to Eastern Australia, and shorter by over 1200 miles to New Zealand. It is, however, in the developed power of Pacific America that Australia in the future will find the great significance of the Panama Canal.

SPARSE POPULATION A PERIL TO AUSTRALIA

THE question of immigration is now engaging the aroused attention of the new "Labor" Government in Australia. Equally with our own Pacific slope, peopling will be there a large influence in the Sea Power of the Pacific. The question is felt to be urgent, because much of the vast territory of Australia is empty. Excluding aborigines, the population is less than two to the square mile. In New Zealand the proportion is only nine. The huge tropical district known as North Australia contains but one thousand whites. After a seeming attempt to coddle the labor question, to sustain high wages by discouraging immigration, Australia is awaking to the untenable and perilous situation in which a people is placed when seeking to hold a great inheritance which they neither occupy nor by numbers can develop. It matters not for the moment whence the danger may come. From some quarter it will, soon or late; probably soon. Overcrowded millions not far off will not look indefinitely upon open pastures denied them only by a claim of preëmption. An abundant population in possession is at once a reason and a force.

URGENT PLANS FOR AUSTRALIAN DEFENSE

To those who do not follow passing events which seem remote from ourselves,

it should be of interest to recall—for it is cognate to our subject—that the year just passed has witnessed the visit to Australia and New Zealand of Lord Kitchener, the greatest military organizer and most distinguished British soldier now in active service. The object, desired by the Colonial Governments, was that a scheme of defense, based upon territory, population, and resources, should be devised after personal examination by the man who as commander-in-chief in India had recast comprehensively the military system upon which rests the defense of three hundred millions of people, and of a territory which in area is a continent. The broad details of his recommendations have been made known through the press, but are not here material. It is sufficient to say that, since his departure, a new "Labor" Government of the Commonwealth has come into power, and in all decisive particulars has adopted his plan. The popular preponderance behind this government is sufficiently indicated by the name—Labor. It is the first since the organization of the Commonwealth—the Union of the several states—that has possessed a homogeneous working majority; and it is significant of the future that the first care of a Labor Ministry has been to provide an efficient military organization, and to entertain measures for the development of a railway system which shall minister, not only to economical development, but to national military security.

In introducing the necessary legislation, the Minister of Defense, after fully adopting Lord Kitchener's scheme, "attacked those who placed faith in arbitration. He declared that Australia would refuse to arbitrate about Asiatic exclusion, and must be prepared to maintain its own laws against attack. If any one asked why the Labor Party was especially keen on military matters, the answer was that the proposed social and industrial reforms of the Party required freedom from disturbance, which they must effectively secure."¹ In the Australian press of the following day, quoted in telegrams to the London "Times," no dissent from this speech is noted. "The reception accorded to the bill indicates a complete severance of the question from party politics. It is assured of an untroubled passage through both houses."²

¹ "The Mail" (Tri-weekly London "Times"), August 19, 1910. ² "The Mail," August 22, 1910.

SENTIMENTS WHICH DEFY EVERY
ARGUMENT BUT FORCE

It is not difficult here to note the identity of tone with that of the Pacific slope of the United States and of Canada, to the frequent embarrassment of both central governments. It is increasing in imperativeness in British Columbia, is extending thence eastward to Alberta and Saskatchewan, and is felt even as far as Winnipeg. Use the phrase "national honor," "vital interests," or what you will, there are popular sentiments and determinations which defy every argument but force. It is the failure to note these which vitiates much of the argument for arbitration. Such sentiments, on both sides, are large factors to be taken into account in the forecast of the future of Sea Power in an ocean one of whose shores is Asiatic, the other European in derivation.

The Panama Canal will tend to link, and to emphasize the solidarity of, the several English-speaking communities affected by these feelings; and not least by the greater nearness which it will give the North American districts to the more thickly settled, and consequently more powerful, Atlantic regions with which they are politically united. Debatable ground, undeveloped occupation, such as exists in them all, is from this particular point of view an especial source of weakness. In none of them, and especially in Australia and New Zealand, is the population proportionate to the soil. The garrison is not commensurate to the extent of the walls. Hence immigration becomes a pressing question; and in Australia radical land legislation, to break up huge unimproved holdings, and so to facilitate agricultural immigration, is a prominent feature in prospective legislation.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PANAMA TO
BRITISH SEA POWER

THIS state of things is a matter of consummate moment, and will compel the sympathy of American Pacific communities with peoples who discern a common danger, and who share a common political tradition. This weakness explains also the evident closer attachment of Australasia than of Canada to the mother coun-

try. Not only is there no alien element, like the French Canadian, but there is far greater exposure, and sense of dependence, such as our own ancestors felt when Canada was French. Here enters the Sea Power of Great Britain into the Pacific with an urgency even greater than that of commercial gain. It is there a question of keeping her own. So far as Australia is weak in numbers, she is proportionately dependent upon power at sea, to prevent those numbers from having to encounter overwhelming odds on shore. In this, her case resembles that of the British Islands themselves. She has shown sense of that dependence by the adoption of naval measures much more virile than those which in Canada are meeting opposition; but at best her resources are not sufficient, and dependence on the mother country will be for a long time inevitable.

Lord Kitchener is quoted¹ as saying, "It is an axiom of the British Government that the existence of the Empire depends primarily upon the maintenance of adequate and efficient naval forces. As long as this condition is fulfilled, and as long as British superiority at sea is assured, then it is an accepted principle that no British dominion can be successfully and permanently conquered by an organized invasion from overseas." The remark was addressed to Australia specifically, and accompanied with the admonition that a navy has many preoccupations; that it may not be able immediately to repair to a distant scene of action; and that therefore the provision of local defense, both by forts and mobile troops, is the correlative of naval defense. This impedes and delays an invader, lessens his advance and the injury possible, and so expedites and diminishes the task of the navy, when this, having established preponderance elsewhere, is able to appear in force upon the distant waters of a remote dependency.

VITAL IMPORTANCE OF PANAMA TO
THE UNITED STATES

It will be recognized that the result here stated is that predicated from the arrival of a superior American fleet at Hawaii. What is true of a territory so distant from Great Britain as Australia, is doubly true of the relations of the American navy to its two coasts, the Pacific and the Atlan-

¹ "The Mail," April 18, 1910.

tic, of which the Gulf coast in this connection may be regarded accurately as an extension. In the eye of the Navy the three are parts of one whole, of which the link, the neck of the body, will be the Canal; as Australia is not merely a remote dependency, but a living member of the British Empire. There is, however, a vital difference between a member and the trunk. Amputation of the one may consist with continued life, as Great Britain survived the loss of her American colonies; but the mutilation of the trunk means, at the best, life thenceforward on a lower plane of vigor.

The military, or strategic, significance of the Panama Canal therefore is that it will be the most vital chord in that system of transference by which the navy of the United States can come promptly to the support on either coast of the local defenses, which it is to be presumed will be organized as Australia contemplates; even though the presumption be over-sanguine, in view of our national ignorant self-sufficiency. With a competent navy, and with the Panama Canal secured, not merely as to tenure, but with guns of such range as to insure deployment in the open sea at either end,—a necessary condition of all sea-coast fortification,—invasion will not be attempted, for it can lead to no adequate results.

IF THE AMERICAN NAVY MET DEFEAT

It is continually asserted that no invasion of the United States will ever be attempted, because conquest is not possible. Conquest of a fully populated territory is not probable; but dismemberment, such as the instance of France deprived of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany, or more recently of Bosnia and Herzegovina taken from Turkey by Austria, is possible. In the latter case, Turkey, Russia, and all Europe, were silenced by arms two years ago. What is more within the scope of possibility is the exaction from defeat of terms well-nigh unendurable. We recognize well, an Australian¹ has recently said, that if the British navy be once overthrown, a condition of peace will be that its present power shall not be restored. *Vae victis*. Defeat of the American navy, followed by a prolonged tenure of parts

of American territory, which would be feasible, might be followed by demand to give up the Monroe Doctrine abandon Panama, to admit immigration to which either our Government or a part of our population objects, and on account to attempt the reestablishment of a military or naval force which could deem such consequences. So Rome ever disabled Carthage.

CRITICAL QUESTIONS AROUND IN THE PACIFIC

So much for national defense, the first of military objects, because it is the foundation on which national action securely depends. But as, in actual warfare, the defensive in itself is ineffectual, and useful only as the basis from which the offensive, technically so styled, is exerted, so in a general scheme of national policy, a ring fence of protection, of assured security at home, enables a government to be effectively firm and influential in its support of its external commercial interests, of its necessary policies, and of its citizens abroad. The frequent impatient disclaimer of such interests, of such policies, and of the necessity of power—not necessarily the use of force—to insure them, simply ignores, not the past only, but current contemporary history. The French minister for Foreign Affairs has spoken recently, in a public utterance, of "the ever-increasing part which diplomacy is called upon to play in the commercial activity of nations." American enterprise and American capital are seeking everywhere lawful outlets and employments; there are many competitors; and all governments make it part of their business to insist on the lawful admission of their own people, and in many cases to obstruct the intrusion of rivals. The Pacific in its broad extent and upon its coasts contains some of the most critical, because least settled, of these questions. Besides the ancient Asiatic peoples on its western shores, all the principal European states possess therein colonies and naval stations; consequently are possible parties to the as yet remote settlement. America in the Philippines has in the Pacific that which she may not call her own possession, but has recognized as her especial charge.

¹ Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia in Great Britain. "The Mail," July 8, 1910.

INFLUENCE IN THE PACIFIC, NOT SUPREMACY, AMERICA'S PROPER AIM

THE Panama Canal will be the gateway to the Eastern Pacific, as Suez is to the Western. It will lie in territory over which the United States has jurisdiction as complete, except in the cities of Colon and Panama, as over its other national domains. It is entitled to protection equally with all others; and far more than most, not on its own account chiefly, but because of its vital consequence to all three coasts, and to their communications. This consequence rests upon its being the only link between them, enabling the United States to concentrate the fleet with the greatest rapidity upon any threatened or desired point. This power, so essential to defense, is no less important to the influence of the country throughout the Pacific Ocean. I say influence, not supremacy, a word which my whole tone of thought rejects. How large a part China, for instance, has played in our international policy of the last decade is easy to recall; nor is there room to deny our interest in her, or her look toward us and toward others at the present moment. Even in Great Britain, by formal treaty the ally of Japan, and now in *entente* with Russia, anxiety concerning the future in Korea and Manchuria is shown, and not without cause.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CANAL TO ANGLO-SAXON INFLUENCE

IN brief conclusion, Sea Power, like other elements of national strength, depends ultimately upon population; upon its numbers and its characteristics. The great effect of the Panama Canal will be the indefinite strengthening of Anglo-Saxon institutions upon the northeast shores of the Pacific, from Alaska to Mexico, by increase of inhabitants and consequent increases of shipping and commerce; to which will contribute that portion of present and future local production which will find cheaper access to the Atlantic by the Canal than by the existing transcontinental or Great Lakes routes. An official of the Canadian Pacific Railway has stated recently, before the London Chamber of Commerce, that even now British manufactures find their way to British Columbia by the Suez Canal; how much more by Panama, when that Canal becomes

available. If manufactures, then, and equally, immigrants; for it is facility of transportation which determines both. The effect, he estimated, would extend inland to the middle of Saskatchewan, seven or eight hundred miles from the Pacific coast; and his plea was for British immigration as well as for British trade, to offset the known inrush from the western part of the United States. Whether American or English, there is increase of European population. This development of the Northeast Pacific will have its correlative in the distant Southwest, in the kindred commonwealths of Australia and New Zealand; the effect of the Canal upon these being not direct, but reflected from the increased political force of communities in sympathy with them on the decisive question of immigration. The result will be to Europeanize these great districts, in the broad sense which recognizes the European derivation of American populations. The Western Pacific will remain Asiatic, as it should.

The question awaiting and approaching solution is the line of demarcation between the Asiatic and European elements in the Pacific. The considerations advanced appear to indicate that it will be that joining Pacific America with Australia. It is traced roughly through intervening points, of which Hawaii and Samoa are the most conspicuous; but there are outposts of the European and American tenure in positions like the Marshall and Caroline Islands, Guam, Hong-Kong, Kiao Chau, and others, just as there are now European possessions in the Caribbean Sea, in Bermuda, in Halifax, remains of past conditions. The extensive district north of Australia, the islands of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, New Guinea, and others, while Asiatic in population, are, like India, European in political control. During the period of adjustment, needed for the development of Pacific America and Australasia, naval power, the military representative of Sea Power, will be determinative. The interests herein of Great Britain and of the United States are preponderant and coincident. By force of past history and present possessions the final decision of this momentous question depends chiefly upon them. Meantime, and because of this, the American navy should be second to none but the British.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. B——
FROM THE PAINTING BY HUGO BALLIN
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)



Drawn by George Varian

THE FIRST POET

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

SCENE: *A summer plain, the eastern side of which is bounded by grassy hills of limestone, the other sides by a forest. The hill nearest to the plain terminates in a cliff, in the face of which, nearly at the level of the ground, are four caves, with low, narrow entrances. Before the caves, and distant from them less than one hundred feet, is a broad, flat rock, on which are laid several sharp slivers of flint, which, like the rock, are blood-stained. Between the rock and the cave-entrances, on a low pile of stones, is squatted a man, stout and hairy. Across his knees is a thick club, and behind him crouches a woman. At his right and left are two men somewhat resembling him, and like him, bearing wooden clubs. These four face the west, and between them and the bloody rock squat some threescore of cave-folk, talking loudly among themselves. It is late afternoon. The name of him on the pile of stones is Uk, the name*

of his mate, Ala; and of those at his right and left, Ok and Un.

Uk:

Be still!

(Turning to the woman behind him)

Thou seest that they become still. None save me can make his kind be still, except perhaps the chief of the apes, when in the night he deems he hears a serpent. . . . At whom dost thou stare so long? At Oan? Oan, come to me!

Oan:

I am thy cub.

Uk:

Oan, thou art a fool!

Ok and Un:

Ho! ho! Oan is a fool!

All the Tribe:

Ho! ho! Oan is a fool!

Oan:

Why am I a fool?

Uk:

Dost thou not chant strange words?
Last night I heard thee chant strange
words at the mouth of thy cave.

Oan:

Aye! they are marvelous words; they
were born within me in the dark.

Uk:

Art thou a woman, that thou shouldst
bring forth? Why dost thou not sleep
when it is dark?

Oan:

I did half sleep; perhaps I dreamed.

Uk:

And why shouldst thou dream, not hav-
ing had more than thy portion of flesh?
Hast thou slain a deer in the forest and
brought it not to the Stone?

All the Tribe:

Wa! Wa! He hath slain in the for-
est, and brought not the meat to the
Stone!

Uk:

Be still, ye!

(To Ala)

Thou seest that they become still. . . .
Oan, hast thou slain and kept to thyself?

Oan:

Nay, thou knowest that I am not apt
at the chase. Also it irks me to squat on
a branch all day above a path, bearing a
rock upon my thighs. Those words did
but awaken within me when I was peace-
less in the night.

Uk:

And why wast thou peaceless in the
night?

Oan:

Thy mate wept, for that thou didst
beat her.

Uk:

Aye! she lamented loudly. But thou
shalt make thy half-sleep henceforth at the
mouth of the cave, so that when Gurr the
tiger cometh, thou shalt hear him sniff be-
tween the boulders, and shalt strike the

flints, whose stare he hatest. Gurr cometh
nightly to the caves.

One of the Tribe:

Aye! Gurr smelleth the Stone!

Uk:

Be still!

(To Ala)

Had he not become still, Ok and Un
would have beaten him with their clubs.
. . . But, Oan, tell us those words that
were born to thee when Ala did weep.

Oan (arising):

They are wonderful words. They are
such:

The bright day is gone—

Uk:

Now I see thou art liar as well as fool:
behold, the day is not gone!

Oan:

But the day was gone in that hour
when my song was born to me.

Uk:

Then shouldst thou have sung it only
at that time, and not when it is yet day.
But beware lest thou awaken me in the
night. Make thou many stars, that they
fly in the whiskers of Gurr.

Oan:

My song is even of stars.

Uk:

It was Ul, thy father's wont, ere I slew
him with four great stones, to climb to
the tops of the tallest trees and reach forth
his hand, to see if he might not pluck a
star. But I said: "Perhaps they be as
chestnut-burs." And all the tribe did
laugh. Ul was also a fool. But what
dost thou sing of stars?

Oan:

I will begin again:

The bright day is gone.

The night maketh me sad, sad, sad—

Uk:

Nay, the night maketh thee sad; not
sad, sad, sad. For when I say to Ala,
"Gather thou dried leaves," I say not,

"Gather thou dried leaves, leaves, leaves."
Thou art a fool!

Ok and Un:

Thou art a fool!

All the Tribe:

Thou art a fool!

Uk:

Yea, he is a fool. But say on, Oan, and
tell us of thy chestnut-burs.

Oan:

I will begin again:

The bright day is gone—

Uk:

Thou dost not say, "gone, gone, gone!"

Oan:

I am thy cub. Suffer that I speak: so
shall the tribe admire greatly.

Uk:

Speak on!

Oan:

I will begin once more:

The bright day is gone.

The night maketh me sad, sad—

Uk:

Said I not that "sad" should be spoken
but once? Shall I set Ok and Un upon
thee with their branches?

Oan:

But it was so born within me—even
"sad, sad—"

Uk:

If again thou twice or thrice say "sad,"
thou shalt be dragged to the Stone.

Oan:

Ow! Ow! I am thy cub! Yet listen:

The bright day is gone.

The night maketh me sad—

Ow! Ow! thou makest me more sad
than the night doth! The song—

Uk:

Ok! Un! Be prepared!

Oan (hastily):

Nay! have mercy! I will begin afresh:

The bright day is gone.
The night maketh me sad.
The—the—the—

Uk:

Thou hast forgotten, and art a fool!
See, Ala, he is a fool!

Ok and Un:

He is a fool!

All the Tribe:

He is a fool!

Oan:

I am not a fool! This is a new thing.
In the past, when ye did chant, O men, ye
did leap about the Stone, beating your
breasts and crying, "Hai, hai, hai!" Or,
if the moon was great, "Hai, hai! hai, hai,
hai!" But this song is made even with
such words as ye do speak, and is a great
wonder. One may sit at the cave's mouth,
and moan it many times as the light goeth
out of the sky.

One of the Tribe:

Aye! even thus doth he sit at the mouth
of our cave, making us marvel, and more
especially the women.

Uk:

Be still! . . . When I would make wo-
men marvel, I do show them a wolf's
brains upon my club, or the great stone
that I cast, or perhaps do whirl my arms
mightily, or bring home much meat. How
should a man do otherwise? I will have
no songs in this place.

Oan:

Yet suffer that I sing my song unto the
tribe. Such things have not been before.
It may be that they shall praise thee, see-
ing that I who do make this song am thy
cub.

Uk:

Well, let us have the song.

Oan (facing the tribe):

The bright day is gone.

The night maketh me sa—sad.

But the stars are very white.

They whisper that the day shall return.

O stars! little pieces of the day!

Uk:

This is indeed madness. Hast thou heard a star whisper? Did Ul, thy father, tell thee that he heard the stars whisper when he was in the tree-top? And of what moment is it that a star be a piece of the day, seeing that its light is of no value? Thou art a fool!

Ok and Un:

Thou art a fool!

All the Tribe:

Thou art a fool!

Oan:

But it was so born unto me. And at that birth it was as though I would weep, yet had not been stricken; I was moreover glad, yet none had given me a gift of meat.

Uk:

It is a madness. How shall the stars profit us? Will they lead us to a bear's den, or where the deer foregather, or break for us great bones that we come at their marrow? Will they tell us anything at all? Wait thou until the night, and we shall peer forth from between the boulders, and all men shall take note that the stars cannot whisper. . . . Yet it may be that they are pieces of the day. This is a deep matter.

Oan:

Aye! they are pieces of the moon!

Uk:

What further madness is this? How shall they be pieces of two things that are not the same? Also it was not thus in the song.

Oan:

I will make me a new song. We do change the shape of wood and stone, but a song is made out of nothing. Ho! ho! I can fashion things from nothing! Also I say that the stars come down at morning and become the dew.

Uk:

Let us have no more of these stars. It may be that a song is a good thing, if it be of what a man knoweth. Thus, if thou singest of my club, or of the bear that I slew, of the stain on the Stone, or

the cave and the warm leaves in the cave, it might be well.

Oan:

I will make thee a song of Ala!

Uk (furiously):

Thou shalt make me no such song! Thou shalt make me a song of the deer-liver that thou hast eaten! Did I not give to thee of the liver of the she-deer, because thou didst bring me crawfish?

Oan:

Truly I did eat of the liver of the she-deer; but to sing thereof is another matter.

Uk:

It was no labor for thee to sing of the stars. See now our clubs and casting-stones, with which we slay flesh to eat; also the caves in which we dwell, and the Stone whereon we make sacrifice; wilt thou sing no song of those?

Oan:

It may be that I shall sing thee songs of them. But now, as I strive here to sing of the doe's liver, no words are born unto me: I can but sing, "O liver! O red liver!"

Uk:

That is a good song: thou seest that the liver is red. It is red as blood.

Oan:

But I love not the liver, save to eat of it.

Uk:

Yet the song of it is good. When the moon is full we shall sing it about the Stone. We shall beat upon our breasts and sing, "O liver! O red liver!" And all the women in the caves shall be affrightened.

Oan:

I will not have that song of the liver! It shall be Ok's song; the tribe must say, "Ok hath made the song!"

Ok:

Aye! I shall be a great singer; I shall sing of a wolf's heart, and say, "Behold, it is red!"

Uk:

Thou art a fool, and shalt sing only,
"Hai, hai!" as thy father before thee. But
Oan shall make me a song of my club, for
the women listen to his songs.

Oan:

I will make thee no songs, neither of
thy club, nor thy cave, nor thy doe's-liver.
Yea! though thou give me no more flesh,
yet will I live alone in the forest, and eat
the seed of grasses, and likewise rabbits,
that are easily snared. And I will sleep
in a tree-top, and I will sing nightly:

The bright day is gone.

The night maketh me sad, sad, sad,
sad, sad, sad—

Uk:

Ok and Un, arise and slay!

*(Ok and Un rush upon Oan, who stoops
and picks up two casting-stones, with
one of which he strikes Ok between the
eyes, and with the other mashes the hand
of Un, so that he drops his club. Uk
arises.)*

Uk:

Behold! Gurr cometh! he cometh swiftly
from the wood!

*(The Tribe, including Oan and Ala, rush
for the cave-mouths. As Oan passes
Uk, the latter runs behind him and
crushes his skull with a blow of his
club.)*

Uk:

O men! O men with the heart of hy-
enas! Behold, Gurr cometh not! I did
but strive to deceive you, that I might the
more easily slay this singer, who is very
swift of foot. . . . Gather ye before me,
for I would speak wisdom. . . . It is not
well that there be any song among us other
than what our fathers sang in the past, or,
if there be songs, let them be of such mat-

ters as are of common understanding. If
a man sing of a deer, so shall he be drawn,
it may be, to go forth and slay a deer, or
even a moose. And if he sing of his cast-
ing-stones, it may be that he become more
apt in the use thereof. And if he sing of
his cave, it may be that he shall defend it
more stoutly when Gurr teareth at the
boulders. But it is a vain thing to make
songs of the stars, that seem scornful even
of me; or of the moon, which is never two
nights the same; or of the day, which
goeth about its business and will not linger
though one pierce a she-babe with a
flint. But as for me, I would have none
of these songs. For if I sing of such in the
council, how shall I keep my wits? And
if I think thereof, when at the chase, it
may be that I babble it forth, and the
meat hear and escape. And ere it be time
to eat, I do give my mind solely to the
care of my hunting-gear. And if one sing
when eating, he may fall short of his just
portion. And when one hath eaten, doth
not he go straightway to sleep? So where
shall men find a space for singing? But
do ye as ye will: as for me, I will have
none of these songs and stars.

Be it also known to all the women that
if, remembering these wild words of Oan,
they do sing them to themselves, or teach
them to the young ones, they shall be
beaten with brambles. Cause swiftly that
the wife of Ok cease from her wailing,
and bring hither the horses that were slain
yesterday, that I may apportion them.
Had Oan wisdom, he might have eaten
thereof; and had a mammoth fallen into
our pit, he might have feasted many days.
But Oan was a fool!

Un:

Oan was a fool!

All the Tribe:

Oan was a fool!

THE END



MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

SEVENTH PAPER: THE FINAL BREAK WITH ROME

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

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THE most notable fruit of Luther's awakened interest in national reform was his famous address "To the German Nobility," published in August, 1520. In the dedicatory letter to his colleague Amsdorf he says:

The time for silence is past and the time to speak is come, as the preacher Solomon says. In conformity with our resolve I have put together a few points concerning the reformation of the Christian estate in order to lay them before the Christian nobility of Germany in case it may please God to help His church by means of the laity, since the clergy whom this task rather befitted have grown quite careless. I send it all to your worship to judge, and to amend where needed. I am well aware that I shall not escape the reproach of taking far too much upon me in presuming, despised and insignificant man as I am, to address such high estates on such weighty subjects, as if there were no one in the world but Dr. Luther to have a care for Christianity and to give advice to such wise people. I offer no excuse. Let who will blame me. Perhaps I still owe God and the world another folly. This debt I have now resolved honestly to discharge, if I can, and to be court fool for once. If I fail, I have at least one advantage, that no one need buy me a cap or shave my poll. But it remains to be seen which shall hang the bells on the other. I must fulfil the proverb "When anything is to be done in the world a monk must be in it were it only as a painted figure."

I beg you to excuse me to the moderately wise for I know not how to deserve the favor and grace of the overwise. Often I have sought it with much labor, but henceforth will neither have nor care for it. God help us to seek not our glory but His alone.

The work itself was a ringing appeal to the German Emperor, princes, and nobility to take in hand the reformation of Germany, religious, ethical, social, and economic. Because of the claim of pope and hierarchy that the civil power had no jurisdiction in the matter, and no one but they could reform the church, a terrific onslaught was made upon them. The current criticisms of the avarice and extortion of the Curia and the current impatience at its spoliation of Germany were given passionate expression. "Do we still wonder," he exclaimed, "why princes, noblemen, cities, convents, land, and people grow poor? We should rather wonder that we have anything left to eat." "Oh, noble princes and lords, how long will you suffer your land and your people to be the prey of these ravening wolves?"

The incompatibility between the spiritual office and temporal power of the pope was also depicted in vivid fashion:

How can the government of the empire consist with preaching, prayer, study, and the care of the poor? These are the true employments of the pope. Christ imposed them with such insistence that he forbade to take either coat or scrip, for he that has

to govern a single house can hardly perform these duties. Yet the pope wishes to rule an empire and remain pope.

Luther conceded that the bishop of Rome should still be the spiritual head of Christendom whom all should honor and obey in spiritual things so long as he was true to Christ. But he would have his temporal power brought altogether to an end and would deprive him of all administrative authority over the church in Germany. The management of its affairs, the appointment and deposition of its officials, the trial of ecclesiastical cases, the granting of dispensations and the like, he would put into the hands of the German ecclesiastical authorities presided over by the primate of Germany, the Archbishop of Mayence. The new national feeling, growing rapidly in Luther's day, here found utterance. In religion, as in everything else, the nation should, he thought, manage its own affairs and live its own life.

But freedom from a foreign yoke was not, in his opinion, all that Germany needed. The false claims of the clergy must be exposed and their usurped power taken from them. They possessed no prerogatives not belonging of right to all Christians. They were only ministers appointed to serve in religious things, and were subject to the people, not lords over them. Civil rulers "ordained of God for the punishment of the bad and protection of the good" were supreme in their own lands and the clergy were as completely under their jurisdiction as anybody else. If the existing ecclesiastical authorities failed to do their duty and left the church unreformed, the civil rulers must take the matter in hand and force a reformation in spite of hierarchy and pope. Liberty from the domination of the spiritual power, from dependence upon its offices and from dread of its penalties, was one of the watchwords of the book. In it was wrapped up the promise of a new age.

No less important was Luther's declaration of freedom from bondage to exclusively religious duties. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the book is its complete break with what may be called the monastic ideal of life. As in his important "Sermon on Good Works," published some months before, Luther

complained of the over-emphasis of religion. It sounds strange enough to hear a monk insisting that such common human virtues as find play in the ordinary relationships of life are far more important than any religious exercises. This difference in the estimate of life was more decisive than any difference of doctrine between Luther and the Roman Church, at this or any subsequent time. It was prophetic of a new world.

The address to the German nobility was not simply an appeal for reformation and an attack upon the forces that hindered it, but also a program of reform on a large scale. All sorts of evils were dealt with, and the range of topics was very wide. Amazement has often been expressed that a monk should possess so extensive a knowledge of men and things. The amazement is misplaced. Luther had long been a public man in touch with the movements of the day and in correspondence with leaders of thought in many parts of Germany and abroad. It would have been surprising had he not known what men were thinking and talking about. As a matter of fact he said little that was new. More than any other of his important works the address to the nobility reflected the ideas of his contemporaries. Not Hutten alone, but many besides, had attacked the evils of the day, religious, ecclesiastical, social, and economic, as severely and as intelligently as he. And so far as his constructive program went it was as vague and impractical as any of theirs. There was much homely good sense in his proposals of reform—the abolishment of the mendicant orders, the reduction of festivals and holidays, the abandonment of enforced clerical celibacy, the improvement of schools and universities, the regulation of beggary, and the like—but some of his suggestions were quite impracticable and revealed a vast ignorance particularly of economics and politics.

He wanted to put a bridle on the Fuggers, the great money-lenders of the day. "How is it possible," he exclaimed, "that in a single man's lifetime such great and kingly wealth can be collected together if all be done rightly and according to God's will? I am not skilled in accounts, but I do not understand how a hundred guilders can gain twenty in a year or how

one can gain another, and that not from the soil or cattle, where success depends not on the wit of men but on the blessing of God."

In this he was only giving voice to the common and oft-expressed sentiment of the knights and nobles, the rural magnates of the age, whose prosperity and prestige were threatened by the extension of trade and the growth of cities. Like them, he was opposed to commerce and in favor of agriculture, and he supported his position as he always did by appealing to the Bible. Thus he said: "This I know well, it were much more godly to increase agriculture and lessen commerce, and they do best who, according to the Scriptures, till the ground to get their living. As is said to all of us in Adam, 'Cursed be the earth. When thou workest in it it shall bring forth thistles and thorns to thee, and in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread.'"

The greatest misfortune of the Germans he believed was the growing custom of mortgaging their property. He said of it:

But for this many a man would have to leave unbought his silk, velvet, jewelry, spices, and all sorts of luxuries. The system has not been in force more than a hundred years and has already brought poverty, misery, and destruction on almost all princes, foundations, cities, nobles, and heirs. If it continue for another hundred years Germany will be left without a farthing, and we shall be reduced to eating one another. The devil invented this system and the pope has done injury to the whole world by sanctioning it.

The reigning extravagance in food and dress likewise troubled him, and he wished to see it controlled by legislation. At the same time he thought the nation could do without its elaborate system of laws and could best be governed by wise rulers using only the Bible as their guide.

Naïve enough much of this sounds, but it is only what we might expect. Luther's training and experience had not fitted him to play the rôle of a statesman or economist and he showed his limitations very clearly. Society he rightly saw was all too little governed by Christian principles, but like many another he fondly imagined all would be mended if the more primitive

conditions of an earlier day were restored. At the same time he had one merit not shared by all venturing into unfamiliar fields. He recognized his own ignorance. "I know," he wrote, "that I have sung a lofty strain, that I have proposed many things that will be thought impossible and attacked many points too sharply. But what was I to do? I was bound to say it. If I had the power, this is what I should do." Thus he closes his discussion, and the words from such a man are very significant. Ordinarily he was sure enough of himself and let it be known to everybody. Evidently his confidence was not mere self-conceit, the fond persuasion that he was always right. It was a confidence felt only in his native sphere and justified by his long and hard experience therein.

The address to the nobility produced a tremendous sensation and had an enormous sale. Most of its ideas had been expressed many times before, but Luther had his own inimitable way of putting things, and the very fact that it was he who said them meant a great deal for the circulation of the book. Men were already listening eagerly to all he had to say, and his venture into the field of national reform met with a wide and instant response. It is not recorded that the work brought him reputation as a statesman and led princes to seek his counsel in political affairs, but it did show them that he was a power to be reckoned with, and it gave new standing to the cause of national independence and regeneration.

At the end of the address to the nobility Luther remarked: "I know still another song concerning Rome. If they wish to hear it I will sing it and will pitch it high. Do you understand, dear Rome, what I mean?"

This new work appeared a few weeks later under the title "The Babylonish Captivity of the Church." It dealt with the traditional sacramental system, representing it as a bondage from which Christendom must be freed if the needed reformation were to come. Unlike the former work, it was written in Latin, as befitted a theological discussion, and appealed primarily to theologians instead of the general public. Doctrinally it was far and away the most radical book Luther had

yet published, and was alone enough to make his condemnation for heresy imperative.

The sacramental system was the very heart of traditional Catholicism. Supernatural means by which alone the Church dispensed the divine grace intrusted to her, the sacraments, it had been believed since the second century, were absolutely essential to salvation. As their validity depended ordinarily upon their performance by duly ordained priests, Christians were obliged to rely altogether upon priestly ministrations and were quite helpless alone. The authority of church and hierarchy over the faith and life of Christendom was rooted in this fact and to deny it was to attack Catholicism at its most vital spot. Deny it Luther did, and with emphasis. Every Christian, he claimed, is truly a priest in the sight of God, and need depend on no one else for divine grace. And what was more, the sacraments themselves, he insisted, are mere signs of the forgiving love of God in Christ. Unless their message be believed they are of no help, and if it be believed without them they may be dispensed with. Thus while recognizing their value as aids to faith he freed Christians from slavish dependence on them and on church and priesthood as well. Never was man more independent of external and factitious means, or franker and more fearless in declaring their needlessness. Splendidly regardless of consequences either to himself or to others he proclaimed his message of emancipation in ringing terms.

The work was a declaration of freedom such as alone made his own position tenable. It was of a piece with his sermon on the ban, published two years earlier, and in harmony with the religious point of view attained long before that as a result of his youthful struggles in the convent. Out of despair due to a vivid sense of the wrath of God he had been rescued by the recognition of divine love, and the ensuing peace was the salvation he sought. A present reality it was, not simply a future hope, a state of mind and so the fruit of faith not of works. To one thus already saved sacraments and hierarchy were of secondary importance. Though Luther long remained unconscious of his inner independence of them, when the conflict came and he was threatened with their loss

he discovered he could do without them, and the discovery proved a new charter of liberty for himself and in the end for multitudes of others.

That charter found its clearest and most beautiful expression in a little tract published almost immediately after the work on the sacraments and entitled *The Freedom of a Christian Man*. At its very beginning were placed the paradoxical statements:

A Christian man is a most free lord of all things and subject to no one; a Christian man is a most dutiful servant of all things and subject to every one.

What he meant by the former appears in such words as these:

Every Christian is by faith so exalted above all things that in spiritual power he is completely lord of all. Nothing whatever can do him any hurt, but all things are subject to him and are compelled to be subservient to his salvation. A Christian man needs no work, no law for salvation, for by faith he is free from all law and in perfect freedom does gratuitously all he does, seeking neither profit nor salvation, but only what is well-pleasing to God, since by the grace of God he is already satisfied and saved through his faith.

And what he meant by the second of his paradoxical statements appears with equal clearness in the following passage:

Though he is thus free from all works yet he ought again to empty himself of this liberty, take on the form of a servant, be made in the likeness of men, be found in fashion as a man, serve, help, and in every way act toward his neighbor as he sees that God through Christ has acted and is acting toward him. All this he should do freely and with regard to nothing but the good pleasure of God; and he should reason thus: Lo, to me, an unworthy, condemned, and contemptible creature, altogether without merit, my God of His pure and free mercy has given in Christ all the riches of righteousness and salvation, so that I am no longer in want of anything except faith to believe this is so. For such a father therefore, who has overwhelmed me with these inestimable riches of His, why should I not freely, gladly,

with a whole heart, and eager devotion, do all that I know will be pleasing and acceptable in His sight? I will therefore give myself as a sort of Christ to my neighbor, as Christ has given himself to me, and will do nothing in this life except what I see to be needful, advantageous, and wholesome for my neighbor, since through faith I abound in all good things in Christ.

The theme of the tract was not liberty as an end, as though it were a good in itself, without regard to the use made of it, but liberty as a means to the service of others. Just because a Christian is the most free lord of all and subject to no one, he can be the most dutiful servant of all and subject to every one. It was a profound observation of Luther's, based upon his own monastic experience, that so long as one is troubled and anxious about one's own fate single-minded devotion to others is very difficult. To be freed from concern for oneself, he felt, was the first requisite of genuine Christian living, for the Christian life meant not chiefly growth in character and piety, but unselfish labor for others' good. As he said later in one of his sermons: "What is it to serve God and do His will? Nothing else than to show mercy to one's neighbor, for it is our neighbor needs our service, God in heaven needs it not."

Religion he saw, as commonly understood, had added burdens instead of removing them. From such burdens he would set men free, making religion wholly subservient to common human duty and service. And he would set them free not only from the trammels of religious obligation—skepticism and unbelief might do that equally well—but also from anxiety about the present, by giving them faith in their Father God, whose world this is and in whose hands all things are working for His children's good. Freedom from the fear both of present and of future was Luther's gospel, a freedom making possible the living of a serene and confident and wholesome life of usefulness.

This most beautiful of all Luther's writings was preceded by a long letter to the pope penned at the solicitation of Miltitz and at his request dated back from October to September 6 that it might not seem to have been called forth, as it actually was not, by the papal bull recently

arrived in Wittenberg. The letter was of a very different tone from the two previously addressed to the pope. While protesting his regard for Leo's own person, Luther spoke in sharp terms of the corruption of the papal see, and of the evils it was bringing upon Christendom. The humble monk had traveled far who could calmly address the supreme head of the church, the world's greatest potentate, in such words as the following:

"Therefore, Leo, my father, beware of listening to those sirens who make you out to be not simply a man, but partly a god, so that you can command and require whatever you will. It will not happen so, nor will you prevail. A servant of servants you are, and above all men in a most pitiable and perilous position. Let not those deceive you who pretend that you are lord of the world; who will not allow any one to be a Christian without your authority; who babble of your having power over heaven, hell, and purgatory. They are your enemies and are seeking your soul to destroy it, as Isaiah says, 'My people, they that call thee blessed are themselves deceiving thee.' They are in error who raise you above councils and the universal church. They are in error who attribute to you alone the right of interpreting Scripture. All these are seeking to set up their own impieties in the church under your name, and alas, Satan has gained much through them in the time of your predecessors. In short, believe not those who exalt you, but those who humiliate you.

The year 1520, which saw the publication of Luther's greatest reformation tracts, witnessed also his complete and permanent break with the Roman Church. At the Leipzig debate he had shown himself sharply at variance with it, and while Miltitz and others were still hoping for reconciliation Eck saw the hope was vain and no course left the church but to condemn the dangerous heretic. Early in 1520 Eck betook himself to Rome with the express purpose of convincing the authorities of the need of decisive action. With devotion to the faith was perhaps associated, as many of his contemporaries believed, the desire for personal glory and aggrandizement, but his conduct was consistent throughout and much more to his credit than the vacillating and temporizing



TITLE-PAGE OF LUTHER'S ADDRESS "TO THE GERMAN NOBILITY"

The decoration of this title-page, designed in Cranach's studio, was used by the publisher, Melchior Lotter, for a number of Luther's writings.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

of the holy see. To be sure it was
le for him as a mere theologian to
gard considerations that must weigh
ly with the Roman authorities. They
knew that Luther was a heretic, but
ad the backing of the most important
ce in Germany and of an aroused pub-
sentiment not to be lightly disregarded.
onth after month they waited, hoping
haps that Miltitz might succeed in ef-
cting a compromise, or that Luther's
rowing radical-
m might bring
eaction in Ger-
many and cost him
the elector's sup-
port.

Finally, in the
spring of 1520,
formal process was
once more institu-
ted and condemna-
tion definitely set-
tled upon. Real-
izing the gravity
of the situation the
Curia went about
the matter in the
most careful way.
No such summary
proceedings as had
been indulged in a
couple of years be-
fore were now
thought of. Noth-
ing could better
show the strength
of the feeling
against the papacy
in Germany than
the hesitation of

the Roman authorities at this time. Even
after a carefully selected commission was
at work upon the matter, as late as May,
1520, its sessions were suspended, when
a report reached the Vatican that there
was still some hope of an easier way out
of the difficulty, and the decisive step was
finally taken only in June, when the hope
was seen to be groundless.

The papal bull *Exurge Domine*, pub-
lished on the fifteenth of that month, con-
demned forty-one propositions drawn from
Luther's writings, forbade the reading of
his books and called upon Christians every-
where to burn them, threatened with the
curse who should support or pro-

tect him, suspended him from the minis-
try, and announced his definitive excom-
munication, if he did not repent and recant
within sixty days after the publication of
the bull in Germany. As is apt to be the
case, the document gave little hint of Lu-
ther's real interest or the fundamental dif-
ferences between him and the church. Pro-
positions concerning the sacraments,
indulgences, excommunication, the author-
ity of the pope, the condemnation of Hus,

free will, purga-
tory, and the men-
dicant orders, were
condemned, as was
also Luther's state-
ment that to burn
heretics is against
the will of the
Spirit. The list of
errors might easily
have been made
more formidable
by any one inti-
mately acquainted
with Luther's writ-
ings, but it seemed
to the papal com-
mission quite suffi-
cient for the pur-
pose.

The bull clearly
reflected the diffi-
culties of the situ-
ation. In its phrase-
ology it was a mil-
lions of contrast wi-
th Luther's heated d-
nunciations of the
holy see. Full

pathos it was too, and almost apolog-
in tone:

So far as concerns Martin himself,
God, what have we omitted, what have
not done, what have we neglected of
nal charity, that we might recall him
his errors? After we had summoned
desiring to deal more mildly with h-
urged and exhorted him, through our
and by letter, to renounce his error
come without any hesitation or fe-
perfect love should cast out fear—a
the example of our Saviour and th
Apostle Paul, talk not secretly b-
and face to face. To this end w



From a copperplate engraving by Lucas Cranach

MARTIN LUTHER AS MONK

This engraving made in 1521, the year of the condemna-
tion at Worms, by his friend Lucas Cranach, is the
second earliest known likeness of Luther.

him a safe conduct and money for the journey. If he had done this he would certainly, we believe, have seen his errors and repented. Nor would he have found so many evils in the Roman curia which, relying upon the empty rumors of its enemies, he vituperates much more than is seemly. We should also have taught him more clearly than light that the holy Roman pontiffs, though he abuses them beyond all modesty, have never erred in their canons or constitutions.

Luther's disobedience and contumacy were then recited and his appeal to a future council was condemned with special emphasis in accordance with a constitution of Pius II and Julius II which threatened any one thus appealing with punishment for heresy.

With a singular disregard for the demands of the situation, betrayed not infrequently in the Curia's dealings with Luther, Eck was appointed one of two commissioners to publish the papal bull in Germany. At best it was bound to be unpopular there, and Eck's connection with it served only to discredit it the more, giving currency to the belief that it was a partizan document, wrung from the papal see by Luther's principal antagonist. To make matters worse Eck was given authority to insert in the bull the names of a limited number of Luther's supporters, an opportunity he used to revenge himself upon some of his own antagonists, among them the famous humanist Willibald Pirckheimer, author of the stinging satire "*Der abgehobelte Eck*" (*The Corner [Eck] Rounded-off*).

As might have been expected, the reception accorded the bull in Germany was far from cordial. Coming "bearded, bulled, and monied," as Luther put it, Eck found himself almost everywhere an object of hatred and contumely. In many places the bull was treated with open contempt, in others its publication was delayed or prevented altogether on technical grounds of one kind and another. To be sure, there were those who welcomed it warmly, and here and there its provisions were put into immediate effect. Whole wagon-loads of Luther's books were burned at Cologne, Mayence, and some other towns. It had also the desired effect in leading not a few of his adherents, real or supposed, to renounce all connection with

him. Eck had the satisfaction of seeing Pirckheimer, Spengler, and others of the Nuremberg group sue humbly for pardon and seek his good offices in their behalf.

Staupitz, although not named in the bull, had to suffer for his known sympathy with the Wittenberg heretic. The relations between the two old friends had been strained for some time. Luther's radicalism greatly distressed the older man and led to a growing estrangement. Already in the spring of 1519 Luther complained to Lang that Staupitz had completely forgotten him, and in the fall of the same year he appealed to his beloved superior in the following affecting words:

You forsake me too much. I have sorrowed for you like a weaned child for its mother. I beseech you praise the Lord even in me a sinner. Last night I dreamed of you. I thought you were leaving me, and as I was weeping and lamenting most bitterly, you waved your hand and told me to be quiet for you would return.

For a time, indeed, communication was resumed between the two old friends but was soon interrupted again. In August, feeling unequal to the strain put upon him by his position as vicar in the troublous days upon which the Augustinian order had fallen, Staupitz resigned his office, and soon afterward retired to Salzburg, where he ultimately joined the Dominicans. He hoped his retirement would bring him peace, but he was not allowed to escape so easily. The pope called upon him to join in the condemnation of Luther's heresies. Sorely stricken by the necessity laid upon him, he wrote pathetically to his successor, Wenceslaus Link, "Martin has undertaken a dangerous task and is carrying it on with high courage under the guidance of God. But I stammer, and am a child in need of milk."

Finally he yielded, at least so far as to declare his complete submission to the pope, and with this the Curia was satisfied. His action drew from Luther a sharp protest, showing how deeply he was grieved by the weakness of his old superior. Thus Luther wrote to him:

This is no time for fear, but for crying aloud, when our Lord Jesus Christ is condemned, cast off, and blasphemed. As you exhorted me to humility I exhort you to



A SERMON IN THE TIME OF LUTHER

From a photograph by Giacomo Brogi, Florence, of the painting by H. Schäuffelin (1480-1540).

pride. You have too much humility as I have too much pride. The affair indeed is serious. We see Christ suffering. If hitherto we were obliged to be silent and humble, now when our most excellent Saviour, who has given himself for us, is mocked in all the world, I beseech you shall we not fight for him? Shall we not expose our lives? My father, the danger is greater than many suppose. Here the gospel word applies, Whosoever confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father.

Upon Luther's own state of mind in the weeks succeeding the arrival of the bull the following passage from a letter to Spalatin throws sufficient light: "You would scarcely believe how pleased I am that enemies rise up against me more than ever. For I am never prouder or bolder than when I dare to displease them. Let them be doctors, bishops, or princes, what difference does it make? If the word of God were not attacked by them it would not be God's word."

At first he pretended to think the bull a forgery of Eck's and poured out the vials of his wrath upon it in a tract entitled "The New Eckian Bulls and Lies." A little later, accepting it as genuine, he replied briefly in a pamphlet, "Against the Bull of Antichrist," and at the elector's request, at greater length, in his important "Ground and Reason of all the Articles unjustly condemned in the Roman Bull." In the latter work he said:

Even if it were true, as they assert, that I have put myself forward on my own responsibility, they would not be excused thereby. Who knows whether God has called and awakened me for this? Let them fear Him and beware lest they despise God in me. I do not say I am a prophet, but I do say that they have all the greater reason to fear I am one, the more they despise me and esteem themselves. If I am not a prophet I am at any rate sure the word of God is with me and not with them, for I always have the Bible on my side, they only their own doctrine. It is on this account I have the courage to fear them so little, much as they despise and persecute me.

Both of these tracts appeared in Latin as well as German, and in referring to the longer one, in a letter to Spalatin,

Luther defended the greater severity of the Latin version with the remark that it seemed necessary "to introduce a little salt for Latin stomachs."

On November 17 he renewed his appeal from the pope to a general council declaring, in his usual violent fashion, that the former was an unrighteous judge, a heretic and apostate, an enemy of the Holy Scriptures, and a slanderer of church and council. He also called upon emperors, princes, and all civil officials to support his appeal and oppose what he styled the unchristian conduct of the pope.

Finally, on December 10, he broke permanently with the papal see by publicly burning the bull and the canon law in the presence of a large concourse of professors and students. Melancthon announced the event in the following placard, posted upon the door of the City Church, "Whoever is devoted to gospel truth, let him be on hand at nine o'clock by the Church of the Holy Cross, outside the walls, where according to ancient and apostolic custom the impious books of papal law and scholastic theology will be given to the flames. For the audacity of the enemies of the gospel has gone so far as to burn the devout and evangelical books of Luther. Come, reverent and studious youth, to this pious and religious spectacle, for perhaps now is the time when Antichrist shall be revealed."

In a defense published soon afterward Luther justified the burning of the canon law on the ground that it taught among other things the supremacy of the pope and his absolute authority over Bible, church, and Christian conscience. Again, as so often, there was revealed the kinship in principle between his revolt and the many other revolts against unlimited and unconstitutional monarchy through which freedom has been won for the modern world.

Luther's bold act was not the result of a sudden and hasty impulse. He had announced his intention months before, and though the project was known to the elector and many friends, no objection seems to have been made by any of them. Writing about it to Staupitz he said he had done the deed in trembling and prayer but after it was over felt more pleased than at any other act of his life.

Speaking of the matter to the students



THE RUINS OF EBERNBURG, THE STRONGHOLD OF FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

Ebernburg is near Kreuznach, thirty miles northwest of Worms. While on his way to appear before the Diet at Worms, Luther declined an invitation to visit Ebernburg for an interview with the pope's confessor.

the next day, he told them, according to the report of one of his hearers, that salvation was impossible for those submitting to the rule of the pope; and in March he wrote a friend: "I am persuaded of this, that unless a man fight with all his might, and if need be unto death, against the statutes and laws of the pope and bishops, he cannot be saved." This soon became a common feeling among his adherents. From the assurance that salvation is possible apart from the pope both he and they went on to the still more radical belief that it was impossible with the pope. The latter was not a logical deduction from the former. It was only the instinctive repayment of condemnation by condemnation. But it found its justification in the conviction, long growing and now full blown, that the pope was Antichrist. The basis was thus given, not for the possibility merely, but for the necessity of a new church. Catholic exclusiveness was matched by Lutheran, and the new movement was prepared to meet the old on its own ground. Protestants have happily long outgrown the bitterness and narrowness of the early days, but it may well be doubted whether anything less would have sufficed then to stand the strain.

On January 3, 1521, the pope took final action against Luther and his followers in the bull *Decet Romanum Pontificem*, pronouncing them excommunicate,

declaring them guilty of the crime of lese-majesty, and condemning them to all the spiritual and temporal penalties imposed upon heretics by the canons of the church.

The pope had done his worst. It remained to be seen whether his decision would be given effect by the civil power. In ordinary circumstances there would have been no doubt. To be condemned as a heretic meant certain death at the hands either of the ecclesiastical or civil government. But the present case was unusual. Luther had the backing of the most important prince in Germany, the support of a large body of nobles, the confidence of many of the lower clergy, and the devotion of great masses of the population. Quite apart from sympathy with him and his views it was widely felt that his appeal from the pope to a council should have been heeded, and there were those who doubted whether the pope after all had the right to condemn any one for heresy without conciliar support. The situation was very complicated. The outcome was by no means certain, all the less so in view of the diverse political interests represented in the empire. It was just the kind of a case, beset sufficiently with doubt, to offer the best possible excuse for political bargaining, and the Emperor and princes made good use of the opportunity.

In January, 1521, the first imperial diet of Charles's reign met in the free city of

Worms, one of the most ancient and famous towns of Germany, situated on the left bank of the upper Rhine. There is still extant a remarkable series of despatches addressed to the Vice-Chancellor at Rome by the papal legate Jerome Aleander, containing a vivid account of the Diet itself and an interesting picture of the general situation. The following facts and impressions reported by Aleander are perhaps worth repeating. Legions of poor

noblemen under Hutten's lead were enlisted against the pope, and the great majority of lawyers, canonists, grammarians, poets, priests, and monks, together with the masses of the common people, in fact, nine tenths of all Germany were on Luther's side, and the other tenth against the Curia. Even where the Wittenberg professor was not understood, he was supported because of the general hatred of Rome. Multitudes thought they could remain good Christians and orthodox Catholics while renouncing allegiance to the pope. Even those opposed

to Luther, including the greatest princes and prelates, dared not come out against him for fear of Hutten and Sickingen, everywhere recognized as his allies. No books but his were sold in Worms, and his picture was everywhere to be seen, often with the Holy Ghost hovering over his head. The people thought him sinless and infallible and attributed miraculous power to him. Only the Emperor was on the side of Rome. If he were to yield in the least all Germany would fall away from the papacy. And even he hesitated to bring pressure to bear upon the princes out of consideration for the Elector of

Saxony and from a desire to retain in his own hands the means of inducing the pope to yield to his wishes in other matters.

We are reminded in this connection that sometime before, while Charles was still in the Netherlands, his ambassador at Rome advised him to show favor to a certain Martin Luther whom the pope greatly feared.

We get also in these despatches a frank account of the negotiations carried on and

the devious means employed by Aleander and his fellow legate Caracciolo in their efforts to secure Luther's condemnation and maintain the authority of Rome. Flattery, threats, and bribery were freely used, and Aleander did not hesitate to avow his own falsehoods for the good of the cause. A most interesting picture it is of the skilful use of political methods such as have been employed in every age of the world and for all sorts of ends.

Aleander complained frequently of his own unpopularity and the shabby treatment accorded him by

the populace, causing him often to fear for his life. He felt called upon also to defend himself against the accusation of living voluptuously and luxuriously, averring that he was so poorly housed as nearly to freeze to death and had had no new clothes for ten years. In general his reports, at least during the earlier part of his stay in Worms, were gloomy and despondent enough. It may well be that he exaggerated the difficulties in order to enhance the value of his services, but his account bears for the most part the marks of truth and is a fairly accurate picture of the situation from a Roman point of view.



From an old print

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN, THE POWERFUL
GERMAN KNIGHT WHO WAS A SUP-
PORTER OF LUTHER

The despatches also contain some interesting pen portraits of the leading actors in the great events of those weeks. Luther, the Antichrist, as Aleander calls him, is of course spoken of with uniform hatred and contempt. A hard drinker, and too much of an ignoramus to be the author of the books ascribed to him, he is represented as merely a tool of Hutten and his associates, like them interested to overthrow all authority, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Hutten himself would like to be the chief leader of the whole movement if he could only count on the support of the people as Luther can. The real motive underlying all his efforts and those of his followers is the desire to seize for themselves the property of the clergy. Sickingen, a man of unusual ability, is greatly feared by everybody and is really king in Germany. Albert of Mayence is a good Catholic and at heart loyal to the pope, but sadly lacking in firmness and courage. The Elector Frederick, at first spoken of as an excellent prince, pious and devout, but with councilors more Lutheran than Luther himself, is later called "the infamous Saxon," and inelegantly compared to a fat hog, with the eyes of a dog, which rarely look any one straight in the face. He is also dubbed a basilisk and a fox who supports Luther only because of the fame and prosperity he brings the university and town of Wittenberg. The frankness of the despatches makes them interesting reading, and the bitter prejudice of the legate, preventing him from seeing any good in Luther and his friends, need not be wondered at. Indeed his attitude was in no way different from Luther's own. The latter too was seldom able to see any good in his opponents.

Late in November, in response to the wide-spread demand that Luther be accorded a hearing in Germany, the Emperor requested the Elector Frederick to bring his professor to the Diet and let him answer for himself before the assembled estates. Luther was eager to appear and defend his cause. When the elector, leaving the decision wholly to him, inquired through Spalatin if he were willing to go, he answered:

If I am summoned I will do what in me lies to be carried there sick, if I cannot go

well. For it is not to be doubted, if the Emperor summons me I am summoned by the Lord. If they use force, as is probable, for they do not wish me to come that I may be instructed, my cause shall be commended to the Lord, for He lives and reigns who preserved the three children in the furnace of the Babylonian king. If He is unwilling to preserve me my life is a small thing compared with Christ's, who was wickedly slain to the disgrace of all and the harm of many. Expect anything of me except flight or recantation. I will not flee, much less recant. So may the Lord Jesus strengthen me.

In the meantime, fearing the effect of Luther's presence in Worms, and incensed at the proposal to give a condemned heretic the opportunity to defend himself before the Diet, Aleander induced the Emperor to withdraw his request and deny Luther a hearing. For a long time it was uncertain what would be done. But when the members of the Diet persistently refused to give their assent to various measures the Emperor had at heart until Luther was permitted to appear, the case was finally compromised in spite of Aleander's protests. The excommunicated professor was to be summoned and required to recant his doctrinal heresies. If he refused he was to be condemned without further ado. If he consented his criticisms of ecclesiastical abuses were to be considered by the Diet and such action taken as might seem advisable.

An imperial summons was issued on March 6 requiring him to appear within six weeks and guaranteeing him safe conduct both in going and returning. To Aleander's disgust the summons was phrased in respectful terms, and an imperial herald, of known Lutheran sympathies, was despatched to Wittenberg to escort the heretic to Worms in state. The honorable treatment accorded him was an acknowledgment of the important position he occupied in the eyes of Germany.

The herald found him ready and eager to go. After winding up his affairs in anticipation of a long absence, in spite of the dangers attending his journey, and the serious issues hinging upon it, Luther left Wittenberg for Worms on April 2, 1521, in good spirits and with a light heart.

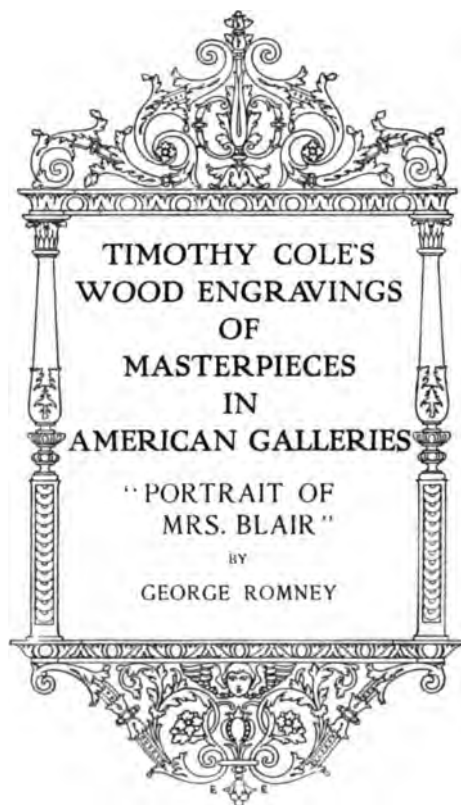
(To be continued)



Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

"PORTRAIT OF MRS. BLAIR," BY GEORGE ROMNEY

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

"PORTRAIT OF
MRS. BLAIR"

BY

GEORGE ROMNEY



GENERAL RAMIREZ AND STAFF AT A REVIEW

THE RURALES OF MEXICO

BY EDWIN EMERSON

WITH PICTURES BY EDWARD BOREIN

“**S**ET a thief to catch a thief!” is supposed to be the principle underlying the creation of the rural police of Mexico. In other words it is understood that many of the men now enrolled among the *rurales*, were they not employed and kept under pay as policemen, would take to the road. Many of the best shots and hardiest riders among the rurales at the present time are reputed to have been notorious bandits.

In the public mind General Porfirio Diaz is credited with having devised the organization of a formidable force of rural police as a safety-valve for the warlike propensities of those of his adventurous subjects who, otherwise left to their own devices, would be likely to give trouble as poachers, smugglers, cattle-killers, horse-thieves, or outright highway robbers. Thus it is known that several celebrated bandits of the past were encouraged to “come in” under pledges of amnesty, and reappeared later in other parts of Mexico as loyal leaders of the rurales.

One of the most famous of them all, who as a bandit chief long terrorized the wild territory of Tepic between the Pacific coast and Guadalajara, I have been told by a rurale, was sworn in as a rurale leader by Porfirio Diaz himself. The general, while campaigning in that part of the country, had caught the outlaws in a tight

place and the bandit leader was delivered into his hands, helpless and expecting to be executed. In those days General Diaz carried a pearl-handled revolver of French make, capable of firing five shots. As the bandit was led before him, bound and with a lasso around his neck, the general slowly loaded all the chambers of his revolver and shifted the pistol to his left hand. Then he said shortly: “Now, which do you prefer? This hand with the five bullets, or that with the outstretched fingers?” The outlaw chose the right hand of fellowship, and has served Diaz ever since as one of his most zealous leaders of rurales. Such stories of Diaz abound and some of them are probably true.

As a matter of fact Porfirio Diaz is not the one who invented and first organized the rural police of Mexico. This was done some time before our own Civil War by President Comonfort, before the time of Maximilian and Juarez. In those days the first mounted rural police was organized to operate against the troublesome bands of mounted robbers of Mexico who, like the Manchurian mounted bandits of the present time, then infested all the wilder regions.

There is no doubt that many of the first rurales were recruited from the membership of various dispersed or pardoned



Drawn by Edward Borcin

ROPING A WILD HORSE

bands of outlaw riders. In those days these men were called *cuerdados*, "leather-clad," from their skin-tight buckskin clothes, worn by all Mexican vaqueros, or cow-boys. Then, even the vaqueros' hats were of leather,—stout, stiff-brimmed, and low-crowned,—for this was long before the latter-day Mexican fashion of huge sombreros with high, pointed crowns.

Under the Emperor Maximilian those of the *cuerdados* who remained loyal to the central government were reorganized into a force of native mounted sharpshooters known as *cazadores*,—"hunters"—under the leadership of one of Marshal Bazaine's Crimean veterans who rejoiced in the nickname *El Tigre*, the "tiger." The majority of the *cuerdados*, however, cast their lot with Juarez and his "rebels." They did some sensational execution with their lassos while charging against solid squares of Zouaves bristling with bayonets.

On one famous occasion the *cuerdados* under Ramirez, who is now

the veteran chief of all the *rurales*, cut to pieces a whole battalion of Zouaves in the Sierra Madre mountains near Tepic. They accomplished this by stampeding a herd of wild mustangs and unbroken mules against the French soldiers at a point where a dizzy trail overhung a deep abyss, with barely foothold for one man at a time. Almost all the Zouaves were tumbled into the abyss by the galloping and kicking animals rendered frantic by being driven headlong down the steep trail. The place is still known in local tradition as *El Salto Frances*,—"The Frenchmen's Fall."

While Diaz was not the originator of the *rurales*, it was he who brought this unique fighting force of mounted men to its present high state of efficiency, excelling the native cavalry of all other lands, be they Cossacks, uhlands, hussars, Canadian mounted police, or even Texas rangers.

The point where in the Mexican *rurales* excel those horsemen of other



Drawn by Edward Borcin

SADDLING A RESTIVE HORSE

lands is in the essential of horsemanship. This is because the rurales are not merely men drawn more or less at random from a race of horsey people (as is the case with the Cossacks of the steppe, the hussars of the Hungarian pusstha, and the spahees of the North-African desert), but they are picked horsemen and sharp-shooters chosen by other picked horsemen and sharp-shooters from among the trained cattle-riders

an unbroken range colt, or an outlaw buckner. Besides this, every rurale, when out in the open, must be able to maintain himself and his mount, indefinitely, without bothering his superior officers for rations, money, government supplies, or red-tape instructions. This implies a sure working knowledge of the country, of mountain trails, treacherous fords, water-holes, and the like, by night or by day,



Drawn by Edward Borein

A "BUCKER"

of the wild mountain ranges and desert plains of northern Mexico. The fact that there are many notorious former outlaws and bandits among them only enhances the fighting efficiency of the force. Whatever else may be said against these gentry, they must be conceded to be handy with their firearms, to know the ins and outs of their country, and, having been hunted out of their lairs themselves, to be good, all-around judges of the man-hunting prowess of others.

No man ever gets into the rurales who cannot rope and straddle any horse, be it

amid winter blizzards or torrid sandstorms, when the people are friendly, or when every man's hand is lifted against the government's men. It means that intangible instinct for locality possessed by savages and wild animals, which is born only of the life in the open on the soil of their birth.

Thus a rurale who is sent out on some quest is not furnished with elaborate instructions or government maps. His captain simply tells him to ride to such and such a place and to get such and such a man. No questions are asked,

and none is expected. No time is set for the departure and none for the return.

Without bothering to say good-by to his comrades the rurale, when he gets ready, saddles up and sets out on his quest. After he has got his man, or the piece of information he was sent for, he

detic surveys, or enterprises under national protection. The rurales likewise act as mounted escorts to governors, *jefes politicos*, valuable transports and foreign travelers whenever the conditions of the country warrant their services. It was thus that I first met the rurales, and riding with them for days at a time learned to



Drawn by Edward Borein

A BUGLER

comes back, but not until then. If he cannot find what he was sent for, he is so overcome with shame that it is hard to get him to come back and face his comrades. Often, in such a case, he stays away altogether. Then more rurales have to be sent out after another good man gone wrong.

Because of their marvelous knowledge of the country the rurales are constantly employed as guides and escorts to government scientific expeditions, such as geo-

know their ways. In times of stress, during Yaqui uprisings, or when some noted outlaw has taken to the war-path along some lonely trail, it is no uncommon sight to see rurale outriders galloping along with the stage-coaches or the pack-mules carrying the mail.

Though the rurales are not an integral part of the Mexican army, serving, as they do, not under the jurisdiction of the military authorities, but as policemen under the administration of the so-called Minis-

try of Gobernacion (analogous to our national Department of Justice), they are employed constantly on scout service for the army, particularly during field maneuvers or in actual campaigning.

To the rurales also falls the duty of selecting and training all the horses for the regular cavalry of the Mexican army, as well as for the mounted police of the different States. In a country like Mexico, where horsemanship has been reduced to its finest points, training a horse for the saddle means not merely teaching it to be bridlewise and to respond to the spur in walk, trot, and gallop. It implies the far more complicated art of training a horse to the hackamore halter so that it will slide, stop dead short, or turn on a dollar; besides mastering the difficult work of running down other horses, and bringing the lasso to bear. Compared with a well-trained Mexican rurale horse one of our crack polo ponies would make but a poor showing.

While the rurales are thus employed by the Mexican army they differ from the regular soldiers in several vital points. Any one of these would be enough to enhance the rurales in the eyes of the common people. First of all, in popular admiration, stands the fact that the rurales are better mounted and are better riders than the clumsy dragoons of the regular army. Furthermore they receive better pay than the soldiers or State police, and their pay is more regular. In addition to

tume of the Mexican vaqueros, and therefore appeals to the Mexicans as no other uniform could, no matter how handsome.

Another point of romantic value lies in



Drawn by Edward Borelin

A BUCKING BRONCO

the unwritten law which requires rurales to remain unmarried. They may have sweethearts a-plenty, but no wives. This alone means much more than it would with us, for, in Mexico as in other Latin-American countries, the regular soldiers are allowed to take the field accompanied by hordes of women camp-followers, who cook and sew and carry bundles for their husbands. Even nursing babes follow their fathers into battle. This patriarchal practice,—a relic of Indian life and the medieval barbarism of impressing all able-bodied peons into the marching columns during war time, without consideration for the women and children depending on them,—is scorned by the rurales. Your true rurale is a bachelor at heart who holds it a disgrace to have his free movements hampered by a woman. All of which does not make the rurales less pleasing to the eyes of the *señoritas* of Mexico.

In truth, a rurale in his full rig on horseback, is a sight to gladden the eyes of more than maidens. Clad in russet, or mouse-gray, or velvety black, all soft leather from neck to ankles, with elabo-



Drawn by Edward Borelin

TEACHING A HORSE TO LIE DOWN

this they are better equipped. Their rig is not only more showy, but far better adapted to the needs of the service. Above all it is a glorification of the national cos-

rate silk braid and frogs on the short bolero jacket and vest, or down the outer seams of the skin-tight trousers, with a blood-red blanket thrown over the shoulder, and with the glint of solid silver on hat, saddle, and spurs, these slim men with their dark faces, piercing eyes, and fierce, black mustaches cut a figure that no one who has been in Mexico can ever forget.

The rurale's equipment is mostly of his

their superior arms and horse-gear, and their costly hats. I have seen rurale officers in the wild territory of Tepic whose silver-braided hats alone would be worth several hundred dollars, while the solid silver on saddle, bridle, hackamore, and spurs, would run up to three thousand dollars at the least. General Ramirez can boast of a gold-mounted saddle and other adornments valued at \$25,000 in gold.



Drawn by Edward Borein

THROWING THE SOMBRILLA

own choosing. It is likely to consist of pearl-handled revolver, silver-embossed sheath-knife, braided lasso and quirt, huge-rowed spurs, enormous wide-brimmed sombrero, and silver-mounted horse-gear. Only the red woolen blankets, the swords, and the regulation Mauser carbines with cartridges to match, and, of course, the horses, are furnished by the government. The commissioned officers are distinguished by their lighter sabers with steel scabbards and by their silver-trimmed hats. Commanding officers are attended by buglers. But their real distinguishing marks are

The rurale lingo and ways of life are no less picturesque than their equipments. While the official medium of communication is military Spanish, their every-day language is racy vaquero talk, tinged with Indian idioms, and liberally interspersed with blood-curdling ancient Castilian oaths handed down from the days of Cortes and his *conquistadores*. All true rurales are born gamblers, are addicted to Mexican *monte* and *mescal*, know how to pluck the heart out of a guitar, and are fond of dancing the *jota* or *fandango* in the full glory of all their rig,—knife,

lasso, gun, spurs, and all. To "kiss and ride away like a rurale" has become a proverb of Mexico.

The military organization of the rurales is very simple. There are some three thousand men in all, divided into twelve troops of two hundred men each. These troops are distributed all over Mexico in isolated detachments, and the men in them are shifted about at will according to the needs of the hour. At the moment when this was written two thirds of the entire force of the rurales were doing scout and skirmish service in the disaffected districts of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Baja California. Very seldom, or never, so far as I am informed, have all the rurales been brought together to be viewed as one body. Still, every now and then, especially on September 16, the national holiday, there are grand reviews of rurales, at which a thousand and more of these wild horse-men may be seen cutting figures with their lassos, and performing other feats of daring horsemanship.

Every rurale troop is officered by one *commandante*, one captain, three first lieutenants, and twelve second lieutenants, called *cabos*,—"chiefs." Among the enlisted men in each troop are three top sergeants, twelve simple sergeants, twenty-four corporals, nine buglers, and two standard-bearers.

The commander-in-chief is General Francisco M. Ramirez, an old gray-bearded war veteran and hero of untold hairbreadth escapes and adventures, who is one of the popular idols of Mexico. Every peon boy old enough to swing his little lasso, knows the name and fame of Ramirez. Next under him comes Colonel Kosterlinsky, a Polish nobleman, who, so far as I am aware, is the only foreigner serving as an officer of rurales. There was another who served as a rough-rider under Roosevelt at San Juan hill, but he was killed in a fight with Yaqui Indians.

Compared to the rurales, our own regular cavalry and that of most European military establishments would have to be classed as mounted infantry. The rurales are horsemen and nothing else. Of other equipment, beyond what can be carried on the saddle, the rurales have none. Thus they have no machine-guns, no troop-wagons or pack-trains, no camp-kitchens, field-smithies, or tents. Every rurale carries

his own supplies, light cooking utensils and horseshoeing outfit. From the moment that he swings into his vaquero saddle, he and his mount are expected to live off the country. Generally they live very well. They also have scout dogs, trained to run down fugitives and to hold their masters' horses by the bridle.

In all other respects the service is essentially that of irregular cavalry, comparable only to such lines of service as that of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada, of the State Rangers of Texas, or that of the Trans-Baikal Cossacks in Siberia and northern Manchuria. There is no crack cavalry in the world better mounted than the rurales, not even excepting the Imperial Cossack guards of the Czar, the Royal Horseguards of King George of England, the Black Hussars of Brunswick, or the superb mounted police of New York City. One reason why the rurale men and mounts are so much better than the crack cavalry troops of other countries is because both men and horses serve almost continuously in the open, so that they do not grow rusty under the influences of barrack life.

When rurales are sent to chase bandits they know they are expected to get their men dead or alive. When the bandits put up a fight, the rurales generally find it more convenient to get their bandits dead. This saves both trouble and food. In all such matters your honest rurale has a strong sense for the economies of life. Prisoners are regarded as a useless expense. If a prisoner happens to be a crack shot and horseman and has sense enough to wish to reform into a good rurale, well and good; but, otherwise, it is considered impracticable to burden the government with mere deadwood.

There is a convenient law in Mexico which covers all such cases. It is called the *ley fuga*. By its terms soldiers and policemen are justified in shooting prisoners whenever they try to escape. In Mexico, it would seem, the instinct for liberty is so powerful that few prisoners can resist it, at least few bandit prisoners. Almost invariably they try to break loose. This is the more remarkable since dangerous prisoners in Mexico on their way to jail are always marched along with elbows triced behind the back and with a loop of a lasso around the neck, the other end of

which is fastened to a rurale saddle-horn. Even at night their bonds are not loosened. Yet most of the bandits unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the rurales, so it would appear from the rurales' reports, commit the singular error of trying to make a dash for freedom under the very muzzles of their captors' carbines. So they get themselves shot. At any rate, so say the official records. There is no bravery in such ferocity, when wreaked on helpless prisoners, yet it would be a mistake to call it cowardice.

No one who knows Mexico would ever call the rurales cowards.

Alone, or with a mere handful of comrades, they stake their lives against odds before which whole columns of regular soldiers recoil. When an outlaw crouching in ambush has been gunning for you, and has done his best to murder you and your comrades, it is hard for a simple-minded child of nature to see why such a man, once laid by the heels, should continue to live, any more than a rattlesnake? Though the rurales show themselves harsh and cruel under provoking circumstances, they make up for such faults by the bravery with which they expose themselves at the call of danger. Were not the rurales scouting and skirmishing in the van of the troops during Indian campaigns or rebel uprisings, the soldiers with their lumbering artillery and pack-trains would often be helpless.

During the present rebellion along the northern frontier of Mexico, the rurales of Chihuahua and Sonora have had to bear the brunt of the guerrilla fighting. Unlike the Federal troops, when meeting reverses, they have not scurried back into strong barracks, or settled down into intrenchments, but invariably have rallied and returned to the fray like wasps swarming around the head of a farmer. There was one instance, not long ago, when a detachment of thirty-five rurales ran into a band of some hundred *insurrectos*, whose advantage of position was such that the rurales were caught in a cross-fire and had to scatter for the open, leaving nine comrades dead on the field, and over a dozen horses. The affair was heralded as a great rebel victory. That night the scattered rurales got together again, and riding cautiously around the rebel stronghold, suddenly charged into it from the rear, taking the camp by surprise. A few men fell on both sides in the fierce night attack, but the bulk of the rebel force—more than a hundred strong—were taken unawares and surrendered.

After exploits like this, is it any wonder that the mere name of the rurales is enough to strike terror into the hearts of some nimble-footed people across the Rio Grande? Others in that country,—among them President Diaz,—proudly look upon the rurales as the flower of the best fighting forces of Mexico.



Drawn by Edward Borelin

RURALES AT DRILL.—GUADALUPE

SUDDETH'S "EGERIA"

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Love Laughs at Lions," "A Prophet in his Country," etc.

I

THE critics at large had already spoken, but for Suddeth's Athens the final word was not uttered until Suddeth, in an address before the Doric club on its annual Guest Day, pronounced the "Letters of a Woman," published anonymously, to be the most remarkable compilation of wit and insight, revelation and admission, to be found in the world of modern belles-lettres. Suddeth was not given to untempered enthusiasms, but on this day he dropped the bridle upon the neck of his critical Pegasus, and let the winged creature soar. He devoted the latter fourth of his panegyrical tribute to a searching investigation into the identity of the author, a secret then known only to one member of The Sunrise Publishing Company. That the author of the "Letters" was sitting that afternoon in the fourth row, and that his eyes, during his address, rested often on her face, was a fact unknown at the time to Suddeth or to Athens.

Suddeth's Athens is a city set on a plain, lacking therefore mountains in the mass and the sweep of cliff and raging sea. But well-kept farms surround it; a pretty lake near by sways in its great cup alongside many acres of native forest that a wise Providence has preserved from the tasty hand of the landscape gardener; its streets are asphalted from limit to limit, and in spite of its two hundred thousand inhabitants, it has kept its wealth of trees. It is a city of homes, with vegetable gardens in the rear; of fine horses as well as motor-cars; of two Country clubs; a University club; several fine hotels; two publishing houses; some world-famous canning factories; many Japanese servants; a number

of butlers and French governesses; a five-o'clock tea hour that struggles still with a too extensive menu; a bitterly contested social leadership; two settlement houses; many Arts and Crafts shops; and a more or less nationally recognized "literary group." And this, in short, is Suddeth's Athens.

Vedder Suddeth was a native son of Athens, born of parents who had seen him safely through Harvard, with an extra two years in the law department. Then, to his parents' grief and the satisfied fulfilling of the prophecy of his father's law partner, he renounced the practice of law, and came home, to turn his hand to a little of everything but what the neighborhood pragmatists termed "honest work." He seemed to wish to write, and he did a little reporting for the Athens "Mail," and a little book reviewing for the Athens "Express," and, after a bit, quite a deal of dramatic criticism for the Athens "Sun." While at Harvard he had put in valuable time studying the drama from the front and rear of Boston stages, acquiring in the process some acquaintance among press-agents and minor members of casts—an experience which in Athens, at that time, amounted to a knowledge of the world, and which raised him at last to the position of dramatic editor.

Some are born to the manner of omniscience—this was Suddeth's major heritage. It showed in his carriage, in his full, rotund tones, and in his smile, unsneering, altruistic. Naturally, while Suddeth was young, this smile did not take among his elders, and there were those of his own generation who when he approached frivolously said: "Go to; let the dogs be hushed in their kennels; for here comes Sir Oracle!"

But Suddeth was unruffled and kind, even behind turned backs. He praised generously and never damned with praise, big or little—till many years later! For he had his ambition, as who has not? And he never allowed, then or later, personal feeling to become a stumbling-block to the feet of it. Therefore no sun set that did not see that ambition at least a pace on its way to his goal—arbiter to all of Athens's sons.

Unless his bridal sun had set in clouds—unless his marriage were a misstep! This question was threshed out by Suddeth's friends and enemies until it was frayed and worn. He married quite suddenly a girl who was a Wellesley graduate, and who, coming to Athens for a visit, remained to be married to Suddeth at his parents' home. If he mistook her for her cousin who was the daughter of a wealthy broker, and if she mistook him for her ideal, neither mistake was ever admitted to the world, but there were those in Athens who affirmed that both these things were true.

After his marriage, it became necessary for him to cut off many bachelor extravagances, for his salary was intermittent and small, and his parents' death left him nothing but the Suddeth homestead. Here one daughter was born, and here, some years later, Suddeth's salon was set up. A salon is usually feminine, but for a long time Suddeth's salon was his. Mrs. Suddeth was an enigma to Athens. Every one conceded her cleverness and a certain charm, but unlike her husband, she did not fraternize with her peers, patronize her inferiors, nor run with the hounds of Athens's forty best families. She belonged to three of the city's forty-three clubs—these three musical organizations. "My wife is not literary in her tastes," Suddeth was fond of saying to visiting lions, the truth of the matter being that the Suddeth home could not hold at once two philoproteans. At all events Mrs. Suddeth kept to the musical side of the Suddeth fence, and left the dramatic-poetic-critical-fictional field to her spouse.

Velma Suddeth was fourteen when the Incident of the City Seal established her father at one bound as Athens's foremost critic and scholar. There has been great dissatisfaction with the old seal, which was in truth naught but an Indian's head and a

handful of ragged arrows, symbolical of the town's early struggles, and regardless of any of the gentle laws of heraldry. The new seal was an elaborate design by one of the Art Leaguers of Athens, introducing the civic goddess sitting with the lake on her right, the native forests on her left, the Two Forks creek parting in front of her right toe, and the University chapel, the Government building dome, the Art League façade, and a few smoke-stacks making the sky-line. About the circle ran the usual mixture of cannon-balls, sheaves, laurel, pens, oil lamps, and open books. And, surrounding all, scurried a Latin motto with a preposition followed by the ablative case.

Now every Latinist knows that the dative and ablative cases have differences not always clear to the careless mind. Suddeth, whose mind was of that woolly texture to which the most recondite and forgotten facts clung to be detached at his pleasure for the confusion of the scholar and the triumph of the scholiast, proved, the day after the hurrah of publication in the Athens "Mail," that in this instance the ablative was anathema, ergo, that its sponsors were beneath comment. Two weeks later, when interviewed concerning the resignation of the professor of Latin from Athens's University, Suddeth said that it was unfortunate that a man's career must be clouded by ignorance of a fundamental part of his subject, leaving unuttered his sympathy for the large Eastern University which was receiving the late professor of Latin at Athens with open arms.

Thus was Vedder Suddeth established at last as arbiter of Athens. Velma, aged fourteen, pursued her Gallic Wars with new ardor, and became her class's authority on all forms of the dative and ablative cases. Mrs. Suddeth received congratulations upon her husband's classic prowess with the equanimity that distinguished her at all times, and the lack of enthusiasm that she displayed for everything but her piano, Beethoven, Chopin, and Velma.

As for Suddeth, he became a member of the Beefsteak club of Athens, whose unconventional orgies with steaks and celery, sans knives, sans forks, filled with curiosity and envy all those who read the accounts of the club dinners; and he became a member of the Marathon club, limited in membership to Athens's forty best fam-

lies. In other words Suddeth found himself the connecting link between convention and unconvention, between Olympus and Parnassus, between society and the Bohemia that existed in Athens. It was at this time that his salon bloomed in one night into the most interesting drawing-room of Athens—on that night when it was graced by Mrs. James Coyne, in the full flush of victory in the social leadership struggle; and this salon, at the time of his address on the "Letters of a Woman," was, with Velma, six years older.

II

As Mrs. Hale, stranger to Athens, slipped from the fourth row of chairs into the center aisle of Ionia Hall, she glanced back at Suddeth's distinguished figure descending the rostrum steps, and then at her friend, whose day guest she was.

"Dear Mrs. Coyne," she said simply, "you know Mr. Suddeth? I've told you of the little things I scribble now and then—I should like to meet him."

"Surely," smiled Mrs. Coyne. "He will come to me first of all, and anything he can do for you he will—Oh Veddie," as the arbiter approached, "what a stunning little talk! How strange it is that the woman will not let herself be known. Here is another unacknowledged genius however—Mr. Suddeth, Mrs. Hale!—who has come to Athens for a time and is staying at the Walton. Mrs. Hale writes."

Suddeth glanced appraisingly. Mrs. Hale was tall, slender, graceful, very lovely, and charmingly gowned. Their eyes met; hers were clear blue lakes, and he smiled charmingly.

"You've published? No! But you write—for technic, expression—what?"

"Because I must," Mrs. Hale said quietly. Her eyes looked through and beyond him. Suddenly she flushed. "That is what you said of the 'Letters'—that they were written because they had to be—"

"It gave you a feeling of kinship," smiled Suddeth. "Well, frankly, those 'Letters' are the most wonderful expression of the mysterious feminine that has been given out for many years. Touches here and there recall tricks of our few great women writers, but as a whole it

shows a new spirit in literature. I am tremendously interested in the personality behind it—that, of course, is what counts in intimate literature. The woman in the case—*cherchez la femme!* I want to find her—it seems to me that I've never understood a woman so well as I understand the author of the 'Letters.'"

As he talked, oratorically as he always must, he was conscious of the swift growth of a new interest that bid fair to bloom into one of his many tropical friendships with women. He realized also that his wife was coming slowly toward them, and as he caught her indifferent glance at him, and the equally indifferent comprehension that developed as it traveled from him to Mrs. Hale and back again, he resented the keenness that read him to the dregs of him. Suddeth never liked to admit that there were dregs; these friends of his later years did not find them; it annoyed him beyond expression that his wife should make him conscious of his soul's muddy sediment. His friendships with women, to the rest of the world, were Platonic enough; it was perhaps his greatest source of annoyance with his wife that she too called them Platonic, and, with the world, encouraged them.

Resentful now of the intuition that caught with him the budding of a new flower in his garden of sensations, he covered it with a charming introduction of the two women that ended in a cordial invitation to the Suddeths' salon, and then Mrs. Suddeth passed slowly on, leaving her husband again alone with the new-comer. There were all but constant interruptions, however, for all of literary Athens was clamoring for a chance to discuss the moot question of identity; but he found a moment alone with Mrs. Coyne, whose lips were curved in that delicately aloof smile, at once all-intelligent and entirely maddening in its promise of obmutescence, which had won her first place against the old, dethroned leader. Suddeth grinned appreciatively at her smile, and asked a question.

"I don't know a thing about her," Mrs. Coyne answered succinctly. "We are staying at the Walton for a few months now as you know, and we met her through those pick-me-up Norrises the other evening. She knows good people in the East and evidently has been used to luxury.

I've a fancy she is establishing legal residence of some sort—I'm sure her husband is n't dead, and there seems so little rhyme or reason in settling here so detachedly and unattached. She seems a homeless little mystery, and a very clever woman, Veddie, with a mania for belles-lettres. Come over to dinner to-morrow night and meet her informally, you and Mrs. Suddeth."

Suddeth accepted the afterthought of his wife with a philosophic calm that his reply explained. "Mrs. Suddeth is going out to the Country Club for a day or two, but if you'll let me come, Margot, I'll be delighted."

"Then do—I'll arrange it with Mrs. Hale. *Entre nous*, she was thrilled with your talk this afternoon—oddly affected. I wonder if she happens to *know* the woman of the 'Letters'! What a find for you, Veddie, if she does! Everything is stupid just now; until the new French consul comes—and perhaps afterward, she is the most interesting thing in town."

"I recall her face," Suddeth mused with the slight heaviness that was his at times. "There *was* more in it than could have been aroused by my poor words of praise. If you chance on anything illuminating, tell me. I am growing interested, by bounds! I shall be with you surely to-morrow night."

III

THAT Mrs. Hale herself was the author of the "Letters" came as a revelation not entirely unsuspected. Suddeth said in fact, on that memorable night when he introduced her openly, yet under seal of inviolable secrecy, to Athens's inner circle within the Suddeth salon, that from the moment that his eye first rested on her, as she sat beside Mrs. Coyne in the fourth row of the club auditorium, there was a "something" about her which, confirmed later by many clues, and finally by her forced admission, made him trace the first seed of his suspicion to that illuminating moment of first sight of her.

Two months had elapsed between that moment and the first presenting of her to the salon, but for six weeks of that two months Suddeth had known that of her which he persisted in urging her to reveal, under his auspices, to Athens. There had been that first dinner with the Coynes and

Mrs. Hale at the Walton, during which they had played about the subject of identities. She had fenced cleverly—and had asked Suddeth to tea the next afternoon to look over a poem or two and a bit of prose. He had been frank with her about the poetry, which means that he had told her it was very bad; but he had waxed enthusiastic over her prose, which, he declared, reminded him of something rare, elusive—and wonderful. Three evenings later, when a slip of her tongue—that clever tongue!—revealed all, he knew that the prose bit held the elusive charm of the "Letters" themselves.

"How did you write them!—To whom could they have been written?—What of life have you lived, oh wonderful woman, to *know* life so well!"—These and other incoherencies were poured upon her in Suddeth's frenzy of admiration. She had sworn him to silence, but the secret was too big for him, and made his days and nights miserable. Finally she had consented, after hesitation that seemed to him absurd, to be presented before the smallest number of select spirits that his list could hold, as the woman who wrote the "Letters"—on the strict condition that these would keep the secret inviolate until the ban of silence was lifted.

It was the most dramatic moment in Athens's entire literary life to date, when Suddeth, having solemnly sworn the little group about him to sacred secrecy, stepped from his place within the curve of Mrs. Suddeth's grand piano, and held out his hand to Florence Woolson Hale.

"This is she, dear friends," he said exultantly—"the still publicly unacknowledged author of the 'Letters'; the most wonderful creator of the most wonderful book since *Héloïse*!" And he bent his fine head and kissed her, in the spirit of *Bohemia*, where she stood.

Athens was conventional, but the salon was not. Suddeth had trained his players well, and they all acknowledged that the kiss was well within the spirit of the play. Yet not one of the comrades gathered there but stole his or her own swift glance at Suddeth's wife. Such pull-backs of an imperfectly drugged conventional sense are common enough in self-made and therefore self-conscious *Bohemias*, and are the joy of outside scoffers. But no scoffer sat beneath the roof that night, unless it were Mrs.

SUDDETH'S "EGERIA"

Suddeth. Athens was always doubtful about Mrs. Suddeth.

She sat through that moment, quite as much the victim of her own amazement as any salonist present. With the others she leaned forward in her chair, gazing at the man and woman. And Velma, her young daughter, just home from her last year at Wellesley, stared too, with a gasp of delighted surprise at the announcement that was choked in a gasp of shocked surprise at the kiss. She too took her swift glance at her mother's quickly masked face, but hers differed from the other furtive glances in that it was quite direct and honest. Velma had been away from home much in these six years of her father's waxing fame, and this was her first direct initiation into Platonic rites. But her Puritanic shock faded under her mother's indifference, and it was she, ardent and glowing, who first reached Mrs. Hale's side, and impressed her own young lips upon the other cheek.

"Why, all of the girls are *wild* about you!" she cried. "We 've done nothing all spring but read the 'Letters,' and wonder about the woman who wrote them. *And to find you, here!*"

The author of the "Letters" kissed her in return, impulsively.

"How I shall love to meet all your 'girls,' and talk to them!" And through all the maze of congratulations and voiced astonishment she kept close hold of the girl's hand.

Mrs. Suddeth was one of the last to come forward to remark upon her guest's achievement, and she did it with her slow grace and indolent voice that, coupled with her general aloofness, made her the resented enigma she was to Athens.

"You have done what few women of the world have had the courage to do, Mrs. Hale," she said sweetly. Doubtless she would have added more, but just then her husband spoke to the assembled roomful.

"I had occasion to write to The Sunrise Publishing Company," he remarked, "about my own unassuming little book of verse which is to appear next fall, the first book of mine, by the way, to bear the 'surprise' imprint. And I could not resist temptation," with a little bow to Mrs. Hale, who turned suddenly from her hostess and stood at gaze, "to put it gently to

him that his treasured secret might be haps a secret no longer, at least to me was answered by Mr. Whitmore him to whom, of all the firm, the secret of identity of the writer of their greatest umph would most probably be known."

As he unfolded a letter Mrs. Hale stepped forward, her lips parted.

"And he said—" she breathed.

"What proves," said Suddeth, with another devoted bow, "that the world is small, and that the social affairs of Athens are not unknown in the East. He says, at the end, in a most guarded manner: 'It is not impossible that the most carefully kept secrets may escape into the open, a fact that does not lift the ban of silence from our lips. It is not improbable however that you are in the secret, since your possible part in it was a largely determining factor in our acceptance of your poems; one case, my dear sir, where personal influence overbalanced the undeniable fact that poems are a drug on the market. However we hope for unusual results in the end from your forthcoming book.'

"All of which," Suddeth added, "makes me eager to admit the inspiration of the first poem, which, though written last, less than six weeks ago, is to be the title poem of the book: 'Egeria!' And when you read 'To Egeria' on the dedication page, you of this little group will know the inspiration is honored in the most fitting way."

Mrs. Suddeth, standing beside her daughter and her honored guest during this little scene, turned again to Mrs. Hale.

"It is a wonderful thing to have so far-reaching an influence, my dear Mrs. Hale," she said cordially. "Persuade Veder to read us his 'Egeria' on the chance that it may be as new to all of us as it is to me."

"And to me!" broke in Velma sturdily, a little of her mental shock surging back upon her, as she gazed honestly at her mother. But Mrs. Suddeth's face wore the bored expression habitual to her in public, and it did not change during Suddeth's reading of a poem which was one flame of delicate allusion to the "Letters," and to the enduring power of mental sympathy over all other human bonds. It was not a great poem—Suddeth could not write great poems—but it was a great attempt, and it

technical composition was almost flawless. Suddeth had trained his salon to a first-hand knowledge of iambs and trochees until they were all but as quick as he to detect technical flaws, which was his first rule of criticism. Technical flawlessness was the first great law, and "Egeria" met it. The little salon that had begun by honoring Mrs. Hale ended with the shoulder-raising of Suddeth. It was often thus.

IV

"MOTHER!" said Velma the next morning, coming unheralded into the music room where Mrs. Suddeth sat, running through a new score of sorts. "I want to talk to you, very frankly."

Mrs. Suddeth looked up with a little smile. It was the new generation, assured of itself, addressing the elder on debatable ground, with the unanswerable argument all but uttered. Her thought was in her words as she answered her young daughter.

"Well, the solution, my dear!"

But Velma did not find it so easy to begin, and fussed through stacks of music quite as if she were searching for a definite title instead of a definite word. Finally her convictions conquered her uncertainty, and she blurted out her question:

"I want to know—if you know—and if you know, how can you seem not to—that Father—I *know* that Mrs. Hale is *perfectly* charming and *good* and all that—"

She came to a piteous halt. Her mother ran lightly through the rest of the melody, then let her hands drop idly in her lap. There was a little silence before she spoke.

"My dear," she said at last, "you must not do your father any real injustice. I understand him—thoroughly. He needs the spur of a new face, a new mind, an adoring swinger of the chalice, every so often. This taking of fancies is no new thing—you happen merely to have come on one of them at its full. Try to think no more of it, except as inconsequent."

"But Mother," Velma protested indignantly, "that poem last night—'Egeria!'—it was—I was ashamed—it was so plain—it was written for nobody but for the woman who wrote the 'Letters.' I think it's a queer crowd that has grown up out here in these years—and I'm not a prude either! I know a great many things—but I am angry!"

Mrs. Suddeth rose to her feet, and slipped her arm about her daughter with one of her rare caressings. "My dear little daughter! We shall have our summer here as we have planned it. Then, in the fall, Paris, for the two of us, you and me! In that year abroad a good many things may be solved for all of us that have been waiting to be solved until you might have your share in them. Let it all go, now—wait."

"But people *looked* last night!" the girl insisted angrily. "They looked, I tell you. And I won't have them looking at you, pitying you; perhaps scorning you—"

"I think that no one either pities or scorns me," returned Mrs. Suddeth with a sudden cool calm. "Let it all go, now, Velma. We shall talk it over at a better time, I promise you."

She kissed her daughter again, and turned back to the piano. Velma stood uncertainly for a moment; then she turned disappointedly and left the room.

She was crossing the wide hall when a maid, a new one, intercepted her with a card. Velma had already seen the shadow in the doorway, and when she read the engraved name, "Mr. Henry Whitmore, The Sunrise Publishing Company," she gave the caller one fluttering glance and then went forward eagerly.

"Mr. Whitmore? I am so glad to see you. I am Miss Suddeth—last night my father read a part of your letter to him—here—when he presented the author of the 'Letters' to us all. Oh, it was charming to be allowed to know at last who wrote them. You came to see my father?"

"Not your father, Miss Suddeth." Mr. Whitmore smiled. "I sent my card to your mother."

"You know the author of the 'Letters,' she persisted eagerly. "Do you *know* her?"

"I have never seen her."

"Then," cried Velma, with the enthusiasm of twenty for great moments, "I want to be the one to introduce you—oh, Mother, here is Mr. Whitmore! You'll wait for a bit, until I telephone—"

She looked excitedly at Whitmore, as he went quickly toward the door of the music room where Mrs. Suddeth stood waiting, and then, stopped midway in her quick little rush for the telephone at sight of the little tableau, stared crassly. Whit-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THIS IS SHE, DEAR FRIENDS"

more was holding her mother's hands with an ardent reverence.

"At last!" he said. "But when is the world to know?"

Mrs. Suddeth raised her hand in involuntary warning to him, and looked over his shoulder at Velma. For a few seconds the eyes of mother and daughter were locked; then the girl's eyes wavered, and she swayed a little as her world rocked beneath her feet. Then she turned away and went out to the veranda, and, with a whirling brain, sank into a chair.

Where was the mistake! Did Mr. Whitmore think he knew, and was he mistaken? or was her father mistaken? or had her mother known all along and held her peace? Details of the night before flashed through her mind with the swiftness of a dream, and above every incident rang her mother's words, so cordial then, so significant now: "You have done what few women have had the courage to do!" Was it possible—her mother the author of the "Letters"! Mrs. Hale an unscrupulous adventuress! And her father the befooled! Velma said it plainly, and as she uttered the words, again with the swiftness of a dream, certain seemingly unexplainable things in their home life straightened out with astounding clarity. She seemed to know without further words just what the problems were that had been waiting for their solution until she could share in the solving of them. "Egeria!" Her young lips curled with intolerant scorn.

She sat there for a long time, the murmur of voices drifting out to her every now and then from the room where Whitmore and her mother were still talking earnestly. Then, suddenly, looking up, she saw her father and Mrs. Hale coming up the walk together. Mrs. Hale, as usual, was in blue, that matched her eyes, and made blacker her black hair and brows and lashes, and redder her clear red cheeks and lips. Velma watched them with level eyes as they approached.

"Where is your mother, my dear?" Suddeth cried. "Mrs. Hale and I are arranging a little dinner for to-night, and I want her to call up the guests—a little aftermath of last night." He smiled at his friend, who smiled back almost tenderly.

"She is in the music room," the girl told him, and then, just as he and Mrs. Hale were crossing the threshold her in-

nate honesty, crude and raw, conquered her desire to be dangerous and subtle: she added fairly, "Mr. Whitmore, of the Sunrise Company, is there with her."

Mrs. Hale stopped short in the way, with a sudden clutching of her hand and a face that, on the instant, saw two bright red spots, went absolutely lid. Suddeth, his eyes gleaming, brought his hands together with a soft clap.

"And I have kept him waiting," he said. "How odd that he did not telegraph he would be here. And *you* here a moment! My dear Whitmore—my fellow—"

His voice came back to them as though and the woman stared at each other. Hale's face did not regain its color: after one futile betraying step toward a walk, her figure regained its poise, and her shoulders straightened to meet the moment. Already the invasion was there, for Suddeth with beautiful composure was dragging his guest through the hall, and after them, her lips set and eyes gleaming, came his wife.

"My dear fellow!" he was saying fortuitously! So *good* of you to let me amuse you until my return! Here I am, a surprise—I know you have never met Mrs. Hale! The wonderful creator of 'Letters.' The 'Egeria' of the poems, well—"

Even Suddeth stopped here, momentarily. Mrs. Hale was standing, tall and ready for the spring, her eyes narrowed, her lips drawn away from her white teeth until she looked common, and a revelation to the uncultured, uncontrolled prior type. Whitmore, after a glance at Suddeth, bowed formally to the lady, stepping back, without offering his hand, glanced at Mrs. Suddeth again. She raised her head, and his lips, already pressed closed firmly.

"What is it?" asked Suddeth. "My dear fellow, you don't understand—"

"Is n't it plain, Father," Velma said clearly, "that Mr. Whitmore does not recognize Mrs. Hale?"

"My own stupidity!" amended Suddeth promptly. "Florence Woolson is the name under which the letters were submitted—that name will serve, my dear man, to jog your memory!"

But Mr. Whitmore's hands rested on the head of his stick, and he surveyed the gloves discreetly.

Suddeth turned again in bewilderment to his friend, who stood, erect, with her head flung back. Velma after one swift glance at her mother, refused to meet her eyes again and turned instead, directly upon Mrs. Hale:

"You told me, last night, how you came to write them—where they were written—all their inspiration! You told me everything about them that I longed to know! You *dared* to desecrate them—so! But I shall know the truth of them from my mother—*she* knows how they were written—how she came to write them."

Suddeth looked at her with anger in his eyes, but his voice was composed. "Are you mad, Velma?" he asked in a low voice. "Apologize, instantly, to my friend."

Whitmore stepped forward. "If Mrs. Suddeth will permit me," he said gently, "I happen to be the only member of our firm who knows the identity of the author—my lips are still sealed by a most solemn vow of secrecy—but if the authorship of the 'Letters' has been laid at *this* lady's door, I must affirm to my absolute knowledge that those who assert it are mistaken in their contention. The author of the 'Letters' is not this lady. Please make no mistake about it. She is not the author."

For a moment the five stood at bay. Mrs. Hale was still insolently poised; Velma, unapologetic, gazed steadily at the first woman she had ever called a foe. Suddeth's eyes were the only ones that wandered, and they fled from his wife's face to Mrs. Hale's and back again. He looked at last at Velma. "Your mother?" he muttered. "Are you *sure*?"

"I *know*," the girl said proudly.

At that instant Mrs. Suddeth turned to Whitmore. "The issue has been forced," she said. "You may make the announcement of identity whenever you wish."

"*You!*" gasped her husband. Then he turned upon Mrs. Hale.

"You have made me absurd," he said furiously, "and my salon ridiculous!"

Mrs. Hale threw back her head, and shot a level gaze at him from her blue eyes. "You were that, and it was that, before," she said. She turned to Whitmore. "Is it true *she* really wrote them?"

"It is true," said Whitmore simply.

She shrugged her shoulders, and her hand tightened upon her parasol handle. "It was a chance to make life interesting in

this dead town for a bit. I had to stay out here in exile—establishing residence, even as the gossips said. The idea came suddenly, that afternoon he lectured on identity—I've always wanted that sort of fame and the adulation that goes with it, and this town seemed far enough from New York to make it safe. A fool idea, was n't it? And I was really sitting next to you," turning swiftly on Mrs. Suddeth, "that afternoon! Next to the woman who really wrote the thing. Next to his unknown Egeria!"

She went down one step, but turned back to look at Suddeth, and leaned back against a pillar, shaking with laughter. "Oh, you egoist!" she cried. "You have been seeking for understanding all your life—you've had it there—she knows you to the dregs of you. And so do I! If you were worth it we could have some illuminating confidences. Good luck to the poems, Veddie. Don't think you can persuade these people to save you—if they don't announce by to-morrow, I will. For I'm out of town to-night."

They watched her go down the walk. Whitmore withdrew with Velma from the immediate vicinity of husband and wife. Suddeth raised his eyes at last, and met, irresistibly, his wife's. The look in hers was not a comforting one nor an inviting one, and he seemed to change his mind from a congratulatory to an accusative one.

"I am—stunned by this duplicity," he uttered, after a long pause. "It is—astounding—to find so dangerous a secret in one's home, unknown."

"If you will come to me after luncheon, Vedder," Mrs. Suddeth replied, "we'll have a little talk, you and Velma and I."

THE most important literary revelation of the year was sent broadcast through the land that night, and the next day Suddeth's salon died a death comparable only to that engendered by laughing-gas. But the principals were out of reach, for they had all left town, and Mrs. Hale soon lost herself to the world of Athens in a new matrimonial nomenclature. Suddeth sought to establish himself in New York. Velma and her mother went abroad, and it was from Paris that her publishers received Mrs. Suddeth's second volume. It was widely praised, by none more ardently

than by Suddeth in the several critical columns to which he had access. Mrs. Suddeth received these duly, with their distinctive, mouth-filling phrases, from her clipping bureau. She also received them in envelopes addressed to her by Suddeth's hand—the extent of personal communication to date. Velma's devotion to her mother is unusual, and Mrs. Suddeth's

salon in Paris is a center. So far Suddeth has not offered to follow them abroad. It may be added that both Suddeth and The Sunrise Publishing Company have on file a canceled contract. "Egeria" was never published, and Athens's bibliophiles still lack the saving humorous touch to their utterly respectable collections of first editions.

THE BELOVED—THE BEAUTIFUL

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

The Beloved—the Beautiful!

She dwells—but ah, none knoweth where she dwells,
 'T is nowhere, for her home is everywhere,
 A waving tent far up the cloudy air,
 A sleeping-room in hyacinthine bells,
 A crypt where noon-day stars glance back from deepest wells!

The Beloved--the Beautiful!

I have not seen her shape, her goddess face,
 Yet I the fond caressing cincture knew
 That round her viewless form a wild vine threw—
 In parting boughs could guess her windowed place,
 By widening water-rings her silver steps could trace.

The Beloved—the Beautiful!

Her voice is low—is shrill—is far—is near;
 'T is as the dreaming bird's in moon-loved nest,
 As Dawn's faint laughter circling east and west
 Around the world and dying up the sphere,
 Or as the Wind's that knows where sleeps the vanished Year.

The Beloved---the Beautiful!

Her years?---They are beyond my skill to count!
 She is so ever-young—she is so old
 That her sweet years by aeons must be told:
 Backward so far, so far, so far they mount,
 Yet are as waters re-arising in a fount.

The Beloved—the Beautiful!

Oh, born with all year-times, she softly dies
 With each away, that each in turn shall get
 A splendor and a grace it had not yet,
 Wherewith to dazzle Memory's aching eyes:
 For this she blends herself with long-past days and skies.

The Beloved the Beautiful!

Herself entire she is unfain to show,
 But in withdrawing most would she be seen;
 Therefore, to find her in her last demesne,
 Out of this world her lovers all must go,
 Having but kissed the garments that around her flow.



Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LATE SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE, FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM FUNK

(EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XXII)



Drawn by N. Kendall Saunders

HEARNE'S EXAMINATION

A STORY OF WEST POINT

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

Author of "Cupid and Jimmy Curtis," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY N. KENDALL SAUNDERS

YOUNG Hearne, a Peri at the gate, looked wistfully up the long path of the West Point hotel to its piazza blossoming with laughing, chattering girls. Each gray-coated, white-trousered, bell-buttoned figure that turned in at its forbidden portals stopped short at sight of him to fall in limp incredulity upon the nearest support.

"It is n't possible that the mere lack of a permit can deter our His'n"—for Hearne's plebe days had early substituted this more manly epithet for his own effeminate surname. "How are the mighty fallen!"

Hearne answered them all with the pleasant grin which had helped to make him the most popular man in the corps. "Only six demerits left between me and graduation, my friends," he informed them. "My proud spirit is broken. Though even if I should go over the limit," he would add gaily enough, "my studies would save me, of course."

They chuckled at this again, but always

with an affectionate anxiety and regret in their laughter which Hearne felt and winced under. It seemed to bring nearer that dark cloud which hung so perilously close to him these days.

It rolled away for the time, however, when he saw Faith Ellery coming toward him, and his spirits rose buoyantly to meet the June radiance about them as he piloted her tenderly down the rocky path opening into "Flirtation Walk." When it is summer at West Point, when you have just reached twenty-one, and are engaged to the loveliest girl in the world, and when you mean to kiss her as soon as you round that kindly clump of evergreens, it is hard to believe the universe is not all it should be.

Hearne did not carry out that interesting intention, however, at the spot he had first designated. An uncomfortable memory of certain tender passages at Easter with a black-eyed girl from Vassar came ruthlessly between him and the sweet face at his side. He looked down at it remorse-

fully, telling himself for the hundredth time the lover's refrain of unworthiness. How many trauancies that class ring had played before it had come home to that small finger! The four careless years of light-hearted love-making, when he had helped sustain the reputation of the bell-buttons for gallantry and had joyously swelled the chorus of sweet nothings which had echoed through Flirtation's romantic paths for a hundred years, rose a relentless witness before the candid innocence of this girl's eyes and the grave purity of her young brow. It was before that that Hearne's heart prostrated itself in deepest adoration—something quite apart from the length of her lashes and the sun in her hair. She looked up quickly at his unconscious sigh.

"Those examinations?" she queried anxiously, and he nodded in gloomy response.

"I 'm 'boning' like mad for them," he informed her in the peculiar vernacular of the Point, "but what with extra drills—and thinking of you every second—I have so little time. And what I *don't know!*" He broke off with an eloquent groan. "I think I can skin through all right in everything but that vile engineering, but I 'm afraid I 'm going to 'fess' in that."

"Engineering!" Faith ejaculated. "Why, is n't that what Cousin Edward teaches?"

"It surely is. And I very much fear your estimable relative is going to 'find me' on it—fire me—flunk me," he hunted hopelessly for more classic synonyms to explain the cadet dialect.

"But if he knew we were engaged!" Faith cried excitedly. "Of course they know I like you and they tease me about you," she confessed with adorable shyness,—"but if he knew what it meant to me—he 's very fond of me—he never could spoil our happiness so."

"Oh, he 's a good soldier," Hearne admitted grudgingly. "Of course I can't have much respect for any man who would teach such stuff, but he 'd do his duty, I 'll say that for him. If he knew we were engaged, naturally he 'd have to mark me all the more exactly." He went on to elucidate his point more clearly to the bewildered eyes Faith lifted to him. "He 'd be in something of the same fix that the Worm was in two years ago—the fellow I room with," he interpreted. "They call

him the Worm because he wriggles so when there are any 'fems' around—he has n't any use for them. I was as near a stayback at furlough then as I am to not graduating now, and the whole class was trying to keep me out of scrapes so I would n't have to miss the class supper in New York. I 'd gotten up to the day before we left with two demerits left to my credit, when, as luck would have it, a 'cit' I knew at home passed through here. I took him into my tent, with me without a permit—I did n't think—I never do," poor Hearne confessed sadly the key to his actions at the Point. "It would have been all right if the Worm, who was Officer of the Day, had n't been inspecting just at that time. The O.D. is under oath to report everything he sees, but of course he hates to tell on his friends and he does his best for them by keeping his eyes on the ground all the time. The Worm would never have seen a thing if just as he passed my tent I had n't toppled over my chair with a crash, and of course he looked up involuntarily—any one would *have* to, you know—saw the 'cit,' reported me,—and I loitered on for three days in this beloved spot admiring the scenery after the class left."

"Oh, how *horrid* of him," cried Miss Ellery, with as much violence as her gentleness could muster.

"*He* could n't help it," Hearne answered blankly. "He *had* to do it—he could n't break his word. He felt worse than I did about it—gave up the class supper and stayed here with me, like the brick he is. It was a point of honor, you see, his reporting me."

They had left the narrow windings of the sun-flecked path and were seated in one of the many poetic nooks for which Flirtation is justly famous. Behind them stretched a lover's labyrinth of green and gold; below them the river flowed with a bored calmness; long years of chaperonage had inured it so that the wildest ecstasies of love failed to cause its silver surface a ripple of excitement. Faith leaned against a moss-grown rock watching it, while her lover lounged stiffly beside her in tender deference to that crease in his spotless duck trousers which is the joy and pride of every true West Pointer's heart. After some profitable discussion upon matters purely personal and vastly



Drawn by N. Kentel Sanders. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HIS SPIRITS ROSE BUOYANTLY TO MEET THE JUNE RADIANCE ABOUT THEM"

important—the effect of Faith's golden head against the gray-green rock—the exact moment they had discovered that they cared, young Hearne harked back to the gnawing tenor of his thoughts. "About those examinations, the Worm and I have worked out a system, and I'm staking everything upon it—I've wasted my time so I can't possibly get the principles of the stuff now—all I can do is to learn some stock problems and pray Heaven they'll ask me those. There's one about waste-weirs that Granny Ellery—I beg your pardon, dear, I forgot—is nutty about and always gives. I'm going to learn that backward and forward. Of course it would be just like the old gazoo," said Hearne with another uncousinly lapse, "to take a perverse streak and not give it this one year, but if he does, I'll surely 'make a cold max' on that problem, and that ought to count a lot.

"In a way it seems hardly fair"—he knit his boyish brows anxiously—"because I don't know enough to pass. But I figure it out it's a good deal like the O.D.'s keeping his eyes on the ground, and it's all right for me to take that forlorn hope. I'd make Uncle Sam a good officer if I don't know much engineering,—my father's son could n't help that," Hearne added proudly. "And the odds are all against me. Goodness knows!" He leaned his dark head against his clenched fists. "Good Lord, what a fool I've been," he groaned.

Faith stretched out a small, comforting hand. "It can't make any difference to me, Gordon," she told him tenderly. "I'll love you just the same if you don't pass."

"But it will have to make all the difference in the world, dearest," answered the boy, despairingly. "Don't you see, if I can't graduate, I can't be an officer, and it's me for baling boxes or sweeping an office in the cold world. Heaven knows I'd have nerve enough asking your father to let you marry a second lieutenant, but at least we could starve respectably on that pay, and the other way we'd have to wait at least two or three years before I'd have anything."

They stared at each other mutely, both their young faces gone quite white at the mere thought of such a tragedy.

"You know my people are all in the

army," Gordon went on, "and as poor as Job's turkey, of course. They could n't help me any. I would n't let them if they could after I've failed them this way." He winced under some pursuing, torturing thought. "When I think of my father," began Gordon huskily and turned and stared for a moment up the sun-kissed river.

"If I'd only known you a little sooner," he told Faith. "When I began to love you—just those few weeks ago—I seemed suddenly to wake up for the first time. I've gone sliding through each year by the skin of my teeth here at the Point—getting all the fun and doing as little work as I could. I was perfectly content being the goat of the class—I knew the fellows all liked me and that seemed to me the principal thing—and I never dreamed there was danger of my really getting dropped until they told me my passing would depend on these exams, and I began to realize what a mighty slim chance I stood of getting through them. I'm just beginning to see what a selfish beast I've been all along. Why, my army career means everything to my father! He's been looking forward all my life to the time when I'd be in his regiment. He and the mater have been saving up for three years now to come on to my graduation—and you don't know what it means to save anything on a captain's pay—and at the last minute they had to send the money to help a busted relative out West. It's a merciful thing they're spared the shame of seeing me perhaps kicked out. And you, Faith," he turned to the girl remorsefully, "if I do pass, do you realize they're the goat shoulder straps of the class I'll be laying at your feet, dear?"

"I don't care," cried the girl in a fervor of loyalty. She looked up into the handsome, troubled face above her with adoring eyes. "And you will pass, Gordon," she added with a solemn faith which transfigured her in her lover's eyes. "I know God will help you. I pray Him to every day."

Hearne kept these words of hers, and that last memory of her rapt young face, as a beacon light of inspiration in the two black days before the examination. He prayed himself, too, in the depths of his despair, with a helpless, half-shamed boyish pleading to escape the fate his folly had

brought upon him. Every spare moment he tussled heroically with the few knotty problems on which he had determined to stake his all. The fighting blood of his soldier ancestry was stirred at last, and leaped gallantly to the call of a hopeless charge. He had worked hard the evening before the examination, to the cruel accompaniment of the far-away music of the hop room, and when "Army Blue" sounded the approach of "Taps," he closed victoriously the pages on waste-weirs, master at least of that darling of Granny Ellery's heart. When "Tubs" Richards after the dance looked in to deliver a note to him, Hearne had already blanketed his transom, placed his candle beneath the bed, and was lying flat under it himself, prepared for a final night's vigil with engineering. He crawled back to read his small missive whose dear familiar handwriting had already set his blood dancing. A moment later he emerged with a white, determined face and began to throw on his dress-jacket. The Worm gazed at him incredulously.

"Good Heavens, His'n, you can't mean you're going to 'run it out'—three days before graduation and with your record! You'll be fired double quick if they 'hive' you."

His'n did not stop for answer. He was buckling his belt as he made for the door. The Worm caught him by the shoulder.

"His'n, listen to me—I won't let you do so mad a thing. Throw away every chance of graduation for a *girl*!—shows what kind she is to ask such a thing when she knows what it may mean to you," bungled the poor Worm.

His'n wrenched himself loose. "You will please remember that you are speaking of the girl I'm to marry, Hastings," he said, dropping for the first time in their acquaintance the old affectionate, bantering nickname. "She is in trouble and needs me. I've got to go!"

A moment later he was outside in the darkness, his shoes in his hand, peering cautiously toward the broad shaft of moonlight staining the stairs. No spying tactical officer with his hated bull's-eye lantern seemed in sight, however, so he shot down them lightly, skirted the shadows of the hall below, and found himself out in the area with the sentry pacing measuredly across his exit. Clinging close to the en-

compassing darkness of the wall, Hearne made his stealthy way to within a few yards of the unsuspecting private. At the first turn of his broad back the cadet, a swift streak of gray and white, sped through the forbidden gates and stood panting without, the first dangerous stage of his journey past.

In the hostile moonlight it was hard work making from one to another of the bulwarks of shadowed tree and hedge. Sometimes the fatal uniform of blue would flash into sight, and Hearne would crouch low, his heart pounding betrayal to his ears. All the time he was thinking of Faith "in trouble." Could she be ill? Every moment conjured distressing reasons for her urgent summons. Her cousin lived far up the road past Grant Hall, and when at length Hearne reached the house he was shaking with an exhaustion miles of swift running could not have caused.

At the sight of him the little figure in white upon the steps flew down to meet him, and Gordon caught her in his arms in a passionate relief. Faith herself was clinging to him with a happy abandonment she had never shown before.

"You poor darling," she cried at the sight of his pale face. "Did you worry about me? I'm so sorry, but I could n't write you the truth, and I had to say that I was in trouble so you would be sure to come. It's good news I have for you, dear—just look at this."

She thrust a roll of papers into his hand excitedly. Hearne stared down at them stupidly. The moonlight had illumined the last page, and the question of the waste-weirs which lately had been his companion day and night, was clearly revealed. He wondered for a moment whether he was losing his reason and the thing had become an obsession to him. His dazed senses tried to grasp what Faith was saying.

"Did you ever know such luck?" she was asking triumphantly. "I was in Cousin Edward's study this afternoon when he was putting these papers away, and he said, 'Those questions decide the fate of more than one poor fellow in the graduating class.' And right away it flashed into my mind what I could do. I watched where he put the key to his desk, and then I rushed right home from the hop—they're at an officers' bridge party and won't be home

for an hour yet—and got them out for you. Here's a pencil and paper, so you can copy them."

She looked up at him happily, her face aglow with her triumph. Something in Hearne's eyes made her falter.

"My God, Faith," he said in a voice she had never heard before. "Do you mean to say you stole those papers?" Involuntarily he recoiled a step.

She cried out at that in a rush of indignation and wounded love. "How can you say such a thing? I took them for you, Gordon. There is n't anything I would n't do for you," she added piteously, and took a little trembling propitiatory step toward him.

But he made no move to meet her. He stood staring at her in a helpless horror against which she hid her eyes.

"You thought I would *cheat* to pass?" he demanded, still in a strained, unnatural voice, and then choking suddenly, he wheeled and went blindly down the road.

It must have been a merciful Providence which directed his steps home, for he himself looked neither to the right nor to the left—indeed did not even remember having reached there. He only knew he spent an endless night looking into darkness, and rose to a dawn which found his world in ruins.

The Worm, cursing silently and deeply the ways of women in general, watched him miserably as he sat during the morning in a stupor of suffering. As the fatal hour drew near, it was the Worm again who got him into his dress uniform; he himself would not have even made a move to go. He did not rouse from his lethargy until his room-mate pulled him back at the last moment.

"His'n, I know something has hit you pretty hard," he said, sympathetically. "But you can't give up the fight this way, old fellow. There's your father, you know—and me. Graduation can't mean anything to me without you—you know that."

The words started Hearne into sudden alertness; nothing could matter any more to him: his life was over and done with; but a man could n't think of just himself. And he put before him the lined, careworn face of his father and the Worm's dear ugliness as he waited for the examination. He felt no trace of nervousness, no faintest quail of either hope or dread. When

at length he stood in the section-room before the formidable tribunal, the instructor impressive in full-dress uniform and sword, the distinguished Board of Visitors on the platform, and the curious faces of friends and strangers looking down from the gallery above, he still felt nothing but a quiet determination to do his best. Even a glint of golden hair beneath a pink-trimmed leghorn in the corner failed to move him from his curious passivity.

The first question came within the range of his limited accomplishment. Of the second he had only a hazy idea, but he found himself to his own amazement with a preternatural mental keenness working it to a triumphant finish. The third and fourth he could not answer, but the fifth the Worm had gone over with him only the day before. His fate hung trembling on the outcome of the sixth.

With the first words of Captain Ellery, his mind, trained to that attack, marshaled in perfect array its disciplined facts on the waste-weirs. He began with a quiet assurance, "I am required to discuss"—and then stopped short.

A sudden hush of anxiety fell over the section-room. The visitors leaned over the railing in silent encouragement, and even the Members of the Board cast human glances toward the gallant young figure whose shoulder-straps were hanging in the balance.

"Yes, Mr. Hearne,"—the instructor prompted helpfully.

But Hearne did not hear him. He was standing in a moon-lit garden with the girl he loved in his arms, and between them flamed the fateful question whose answer trembled on his lips. He had not realized before what that meant. He had known the answer already, to be sure; he had not looked since within his book. But there had been treachery and fraud; even if innocently he had looked upon that paper; and by the stern ethics of the corps it was for him to pay the price of that dishonor.

He drew a long breath and laid his pointer down. "I can't answer that question, sir," he said clearly, and the examination was over.

He had gotten through at last the final good-bys of the men with whom he had marched and studied and played for four years, and had borne up steadfastly under

their clumsy sympathy and real regret. That torpor which had enchained him for the last twenty hours had mercilessly left him, and each insignificant little act possessed an undreamed-of power to stab his heart. It hurt with an almost physical suffering as he looked his last upon the wide grassy plain, sentineled by the white and gray of its splendid buildings, and its faithful outer guard of emerald hills and stately river. He had hated it fiercely enough in his plebe year; he had thought he felt merely a tolerance in the three which followed; now it seemed wrenching his very heartstrings as he swung sharply away from it down the hill.

The Worm went with him to the edge of cadet limits. Their parting was unemotional and offhand in the extreme.

"Try not to spend all your time with the 'fems,'" His'n had urged quite jauntily, looking fixedly at a clump of wild flowers in the road. "Don't trifle with *all* their young affections."

"I 'll do my best not to," the Worm had answered gaily, with a lump in his throat. "Good-by, old chap, and take care of yourself."

Then somehow Hearne had found himself alone upon the ferry, and the Hudson creeping between himself and his Alma Mater. A note from Faith and the class

ring he had given her lay in his pocket. It read:

I am sending you your ring. You have shown plainly enough how little you care for me. I could not have believed you would hurt me so cruelly. There is nothing else to say.
Faith Ellery.

He knew instinctively that he could kiss away her anger and hurt pride, but while all his heart was crying out for her loveliness, he knew too that she had killed something she could never make live again. He leaned over and dropped the ring into the river.

With that manhood which had sprung to life in a night he strove to face resolutely his bitter thoughts—the sweetheart he had lost and the father he had yet to face, the past he had ruined and the future not yet born. But when the sunset gun thundered among the hills, his brave composure broke. He straightened unconsciously and gave the old familiar salute to the flag—the flag he had proved unworthy to serve. There was no one to see him as he put his head down upon his arms on the side of the boat.

He did not know that he had passed with flying colors his real examination in the honor of the corps.



Drawn by N. Kendall Saunders

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

VII. NUCKY MARRS, HERO

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

NUCKY, otherwise Enoch, Marrs was one of the ten boys who ran away from the Settlement School on Perilous the first week in August, on account of homesickness. Two days after Miss Loring came over to the small boys' cottage to live, he was returned by his father; but before the latter was out of sight, he calmly announced that he did n't aim to stay, and that neither his paw nor anybody else was able to make him. Miss Loring believed this,—one glance at his vivid face and combative eyes convinced her. "Very well," she said, "if you find you cannot be satisfied, of course you must go. But it will hurt my feelings a good deal; however, don't think of them."

"What difference is it to you?" he demanded, with a piercing look.

"Only this, I have come over here to the cottage, to be happy with you boys—I am lonely and need you—and if you can't like me well enough to stay, life will seem a failure."

Nucky pondered a long time, with large gray eyes fixed on Miss Loring's face. "I don't know as I 'll go right off," he said, after a while.

"Oh, thank you," she replied, gratefully.

Nucky was eleven, and his home was on Trigger Branch of Powderhorn, eighteen miles distant from the school, in Boyne County. Mr. Marrs had said before leaving that Nucky was a master scholar when he could leave off fighting long enough to learn his books. This, and like remarks dropped by other parents, led Miss Loring to anticipate a strenuous life at the cottage. But, to her surprise, the

remaining days of that week passed off smoothly, confirming her theory that the wild and martial traits are likely to be atrophied in an atmosphere of love and gentleness.

True, there were a few straws, especially in Nucky's case, to show which way the wind might blow if it listed. On Thursday at breakfast, when Geordie Yonts undertook to instruct the new boys in table manners, and informed Nucky that it was not proper to eat with his knife, he was silenced by a jab of the knife in his direction, and a threat to cut out his liver; at dinner the same day, when Philip Floyd snatched a sweet-potato from Nucky's plate, he received a spoonful of sop (gravy) full in the face; the next morning when Miss Loring had the boys back in the barn shelling corn for mill, and Taulbee Bolling made a disparaging remark about Trigger Branch and "Bloody Boyne," the pitchfork sailed over his head, grazing it slightly but painfully. Saturday being combined wash- and cleaning-day at the school, and a breathless time for everybody (Hen Salyer had to be punished that night for calling it a — of a day), there was little chance to get into trouble.

Sunday morning, however, there was in the cottage air a noticeable restlessness, which worked itself off to some extent in excitement over new Sunday clothes, and in a good deal of squirming and shuffling in church. The Heads had requested that the boys be kept as quiet as possible all day; and Miss Loring, realizing that the afternoon, with its large leisure, might

prove difficult, planned to thrill her flock and speed the flight of time by reading Robinson Crusoe, never having heard of a boy who was not fascinated by it. She began in the thick of the story, where Crusoe is actually in sight of his island, and read with judicious skipplings. What was her chagrin to see one pair after another of bright, roving eyes dull and close, one head after another roll over on the grass (they were out in the cottage yard), Nucky holding out longest, and murmuring wearily, as his head settled back against a tree, "Did n't he never get into no fights, or kill nobody?"

Miss Loring sat for a long time in deep discouragement, gazing at the twelve sleepers, and wondering what would be the proper literary milk for her babes. When they awoke, she gave them permission to play mumble-peg, very, very quietly; and they made a tremendous effort, but it was the last straw. After supper, when they were gathered around the sitting-room table, for ten minutes of Sunday-school lesson, the storm broke. Nucky kicked Keats on the shin; Keats called him a smotch-eyed polecat; the two grappled. Hen flew to his big brother's assistance, and Iry and Joab Atkins to Nucky's; Philip rushed in on the Salyer side, followed by Taulbee; Geordie and Absalom joined the Marrs faction, Killis and Hosea the Salyer; while little Jason Wyatt, eight, and just arrived that day, flew joyously into the fray, impartially attacking both sides. It all happened in a flash, and before Miss Loring could catch her breath, the table was overturned, chairs were flying, and Bedlam had broken loose. In vain she implored, commanded, threatened,—she might as well have called to the raging sea.

Dreadful moments followed, during which she could only dodge chairs, and wring her hands wildly. Worse was to come, however, for in another instant she saw Keats grab the tongs, Killis the shovel, Geordie the poker, Nucky a hatchet, while Philip calmly wrested off a table-leg, and the others either smashed chairs to pieces for weapons, or seized remaining table-legs. Then indeed she felt that death was imminent for all concerned, and running to the door, shrieked loudly for Granville Dudley and the other big boys who roomed over the workshop. Returning, she plucked

the broom from Iry's hands, and rushed with it, straw-end foremost, into the thick of the fight. She was hit on the head by a shovel, on the shoulder by a table-leg, on the elbow by something, but her broom received the worst of the blows. It is not safe to say what might have been the outcome had not Granville opportunely arrived, snatched the broom from Miss Loring and turned the handle-end on the boys, beating and whacking them mercilessly until they finally surrendered their weapons, and retired, bloody but happy, from the encounter.

That night Miss Loring lay long awake, nursing bruises and reconstructing theories. She sadly admitted that love and gentleness needed to be backed up by good muscle, and that, to be a success in her undertaking as cottage mother, she required, not the weak bodily presence which, like Paul, she actually possessed, but the strength of an Amazon. Next morning, while she was making a visit to the loom-house, inspiration came. She asked and received from the Heads permission for Cleo Royce, the head-weaving-girl, a splendid, large, handsome young woman, to come over and live with her at the cottage.

Of course the boys were punished for that fight, losing several days' playtime. Miss Loring also talked to them most earnestly on the subject. "Why, it 's just an accident you did n't kill one another or me," she said, "and then how would you have felt?"

"I 'd hate right smart to have kilt a woman," replied Nucky, "but gee, I would n't mind layin' out a few boys! I got to begin somewheres—a man hain't nobody till he 's kilt a few—and I can tell them boys right now they aim to die when they name me names, or make me mad. Same as Blant and Ezry,—all Trigger knows it can't fool with them."

The following Sunday afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Miss Loring promptly started with her boys for the open, taking them several miles up Perilous, to a beautiful, retired glen where they could shout, play, fight (without weapons), and make all the noise they pleased; a safety-valve that then and afterward proved of much value.

That second Sunday night, also, she happened upon acceptable literary food.

She was asking Killis if he knew for whom he was named, and telling him she thought it must be for Achilles, a man who lived several thousand years ago, and was the greatest fighter of his time. There were unanimous demands to hear all about him, and she began telling the story of the Trojan War, this time to be followed with intense, almost breathless interest, and roars of refusal when she tried to leave off. As she related one fearful combat after another, she realized, with a shock, that what her babes wanted was not milk at all, but blood.

The next morning, while the boys were busy in the cottage before breakfast, Keats sauntered in, saying he had finished his job of cleaning the chicken-yard. Miss Loring went back to inspect it, found it anything but clean, and called up to Hen, who was sweeping the back walk, "Tell Keats to come back here and clean this yard better!" He had just passed the word along, "Hi, son, she says for you to come back and lick your calf over!" when a commotion arose in the cottage, and Nucky appeared in the back door, waving frantically for Miss Loring to come. Not knowing what battle, murder, or sudden death might be impending, she flew up the walk. The boys were all hanging out of the front door. Nucky seized her and shot her through them like a catapult. "Take a look at that 'ere man!" he said, breathlessly. "It's Asher Hardwick, from over on Powderhorn. He's kilt forty men in war, and eleven in peace, and I'll bet he could whoop-out Achilles!" A gaunt, gray-haired, respectable-looking man was passing, on a well-fed nag. "Surely you must be mistaken," said Miss Loring; "why, he does n't look as if he would harm a fly!" "Would n't, less'n he was driv to it," replied Nucky; "but he's been compelled to wipe out the whole tribe of Mohuns, over yander in Boyne, and a lot of others, too, that got theirselves mixed up in the war. More 'n twenty year' that war's been a-going on. Asher he's about the only Hardwick left now."

"But how could he kill eleven in peace?" she inquired.

"Kilt them just accidental,—they was witless folks that never knowed enough to keep out of the way when he was out after the Mohuns. Asher he'd feel terrible bad about killing such as that."

The Saturday night following, when Miss Loring began again on the Trojan War, it was to be interrupted frequently by Nucky, with, "I can beat that with Asher Hardwick!" "Asher would n't have took no such sass from Agamemnon or nobody!" "Asher would have got the drop on Hector too long ago to talk about!" and then would follow exploits which did indeed sometimes beat Greeks and Trojans. And at the end of the evening, Nucky remarked, "If Achilles and Ajax and them had a-lived nowadays, they'd a-got song-ballads made up about 'em, same as Asher Hardwick. There's four or five about him. Basil Beaumont, over on Trigger, he made up one, 'The Doom of the Mohuns,'—Blant and Ezry sings it."

"I know another," chimed in Absalom, taking down Geordie's little home-made banjo from the "fireboard," and starting up a long-drawn, indescribably doleful and bloody song, "Asher's Revengement," that fairly made the chills run up and down Miss Loring's spine.

Then, all of a sudden, she almost jumped out of her chair as the meaning of it all flashed upon her, and she realized the astonishing fact that she was set down in the very midst of a heroic age, a ballad-making age, an age rivaling in romance and daring the far-famed epoch of which she had been telling. "Why," she said, after her amazement had subsided a little, "Achilles and the others *did* have song-ballads made up about them,—the very stories I am relating to you now; and a blind poet, named Homer, gathered these together, and made them into one glorious song, which he went about singing from palace to palace, charming the souls of men."

"Same as Basil Beaumont," replied Nucky. "He follows making song-ballads, and never does nary lick of work,—don't have to,—folks gives him his bed and victuals just to set in the chimley-corner and pick on their dulcimer and sing song-ballads. Gee, I aim to be a hero like Asher and Achilles, and kill as many as them, and git song-ballads made up about me!"

In pursuance of this noble ambition, Nucky was almost never out of a fight during his moments of leisure for weeks after school began. All the boys were

combative enough; but Nucky was the most indefatigable. It seemed a necessity of his nature to measure and prove himself against all comers, whether among the cottage boys, or the hundred and more day-school boys; and he never appeared really happy except when in a fight.

One thing weighed on his mind heavily for some time, and that was the acceptance by the other boys of the prowess of Killis Blair, on the mere strength of his having "fit the marshal that kilt his paw." This did not satisfy Nucky. He was impelled to doubt all things he himself had not proved. (The fact that Killis was a year older and a good deal larger than himself, was a trifle light as air to him.) So one Sunday morning in September, coming over from breakfast at the Big House, he suddenly slapped Killis in the mouth. With a bellow of surprised rage at the insult, Killis fell upon him, and an awful combat followed. Miss Loring was standing in the back cottage door, drinking in the beauty of the morning, and the Sabbath peace of the hills, when savage yells smote her ears. Following the sound she knew only too well, she hastened to the school yard. When she arrived, Nucky had just buried his teeth in Killis's arm, from which the blood was spurting, and Killis, blind with pain, was striking out wildly with his knife. Around the combatants the other boys formed a delighted, cheering circle, within which Philip danced madly around, shouting,

"Fight, dogs, you hain't no kin; .
'F you kill one another, tain't no sin!"

The next instant, Nucky abandoned the hold with his teeth, and was flashing his own knife around Killis's throat. With a shinny-stick, Miss Loring knocked up one knife after the other, and kept death at bay until four of the grown-up boys arrived, and with difficulty separated the heroes and escorted them over to the trained nurse to have their wounds stanch and dressed.

Later, when the two (now bosom friends, and probably already plotting the joint attacks which later so greatly humiliated the day-scholars) were losing a whole week's playtime for fighting with weapons, and were solemnly talked to on the subject by Miss Loring, Killis pleaded

that a man had to revenge himself when insulted, while Nucky gave as his excuse that his great-great-grandpaw had fit the British, his grandpaw had fit the "Rebels," and his paw and Blant and Ezry had been fighting the Cheevers ever since he could recollect, and he himself was just bound to fight everything in sight,—that he 'd rather die than think there was a better man anywhere than himself.

He had no idea who the British or the "Rebels" were; but the reference gave Miss Loring an opening which she seized eagerly. She explained the difference between fighting just to be fighting, and fighting to save one's country, and gave them an extended talk on the subject of patriotism. And although their country, to them, meant their mountains, and they were astonished to hear that the great "level country" beyond was also theirs to love and fight for, their affections were hospitable, and they demanded that an enemy of the nation be produced at once.

Miss Loring also thought it as well to bring the Trojan War to an abrupt end (oh, the tears and lamentations over the death of Horse-Taming Hector!) and to read the boys stories of other heroes who won immortal glory by fighting, not one another, but dragons, giants, minotaurs, gorgons, and monsters of various kinds, the devourers and scourges of their countrymen.

These, too, were not without ill effects, chiefly in conjunction with the poetic imagination of Jason Wyatt. When Miss Loring went out one morning and found three poor barn cats writhing in their death struggles, while Jason galloped off on a stick horse brandishing a bat, she was not mollified by his explanation that he was Bellerophon and the cats the three heads of the Chimera; and when, two weeks later, hearing a great noise in the chicken-yard, she found eight chickens laid out dead, and Jason climbing down from the fence with his shirt-front still half full of "rocks," the statement that he was Thor slaying the Jotuns did not save him a good whipping.

Fortunately, it was the plebeian chickens, bought at ten cents apiece and kept only until killing time, that suffered; though there were signs in the smaller yard occupied by the Rhode Island Reds (two pullets and a young rooster sent up

by a friend from the Blue Grass, and treated with great respect as the founders of a new race) that a few rocks had come their way too.

To save them particularly, and to discourage cruelty in general, Miss Loring made a rule that day that any boy who threw a rock at any animal thereafter should receive a hard whipping at her hands, and if Jason did so again, he should have three. She anticipated no trouble with the older boys in this regard, well knowing that nothing on earth could be so antipathetic to their minds as the thought of "taking a whipping off a woman."

Hopefully as all the boys, and especially Nucky, searched for giants, dragons, and minotaurs in caves, coal-banks, rock-dens, and hollow logs during the Sunday walks thereafter, they found nothing worse than rattlesnakes, which were but a tame substitute, and an old story; but the value of drawing their minds to foes in the abstract was apparent in the gradual diminution of fighting, and in a rapid growth of the desire to defend and glorify their country rather than themselves. This change Miss Loring observed with joy. She believed that her boys, and other mountain boys like them, had great gifts to bring to their nation. Fearless, proud, honest, and truthful as they were, strengthened by a hand-to-hand struggle with nature from their very infancy, beginning at four or five years of age to shoulder such family responsibilities as hoeing corn on the steep mountainsides, clearing new-ground, grubbing, logging, hunting, and gathering the crop, they would be able to bring to the service of their country primal energy of body and spirit, indestructible valor, and minds untainted by the lust of wealth. Oftentimes she spoke to them of these things, and praised them for the fine traits she saw in them, and above all for their truthfulness, telling them this was the foremost virtue of the hero. Jason she was compelled to except from praise in this respect; but she did so in hope.

When the abatement in fighting gave Miss Loring some opportunity to become really acquainted with her boys, she discovered that Nucky had other strains in him beside the martial one. Of all the bright minds in her flock, his was the swiftest, the most lightning-like. He understood a thing almost before it was

spoken. As he expressed it, "Learning comes handy to me." At study hour in the evenings, the others would go to him for help in their arithmetic and geography and language; and it was astonishing to hear his lucid explanations to boys a foot taller than himself. Also, there were in him certain delicate and deep reticences. He was in the school two months before he ever spoke of his mother, though Miss Loring had heard from others of her death more than a year before. One day when all the boys were bragging about their mothers, alive or dead, Nucky suddenly left the room. He reported later, "I tracked him to the hay-loft, and heard him a-layin' up there cryin' fit to kill for his maw."

Afterward, when he found that Miss Loring, too, was homesick for dear ones she would never see again in this world, he was able to talk of his mother to her; and the tie between them became very close and dear. His mind had from the first been a joy to her; and now a wild, shy, intense quality of his affectional nature captivated her more and more. It was he who always sat at her right hand in the crowded semicircle before the fire when stories were told or read, having won the place in fair fight.

But if he brought her happiness, his daring spirit also caused her suffering in even greater measure. To look up from the garden and see him balancing on the ridge-pole of the Big House, with the steep, slippery roof slanting off dangerously beneath him; to watch him shin up to the tip of the tallest tree, and then, on his descent, jump from a limb thirty feet above the ground; to behold him hanging by his hands out over space, from the top ledge of the Raven Rocks, the highest point for miles around, were things not calculated to soothe her nerves. At all times he seemed under some inward compulsion of proving his valor, realizing his intention of being a hero. When the big "tide" came in Perilous in early November, sweeping away all the stable-lot fence and much of the rock embankment, what was Miss Loring's terror, on hearing loud calls and cheers from the stable, to see Nucky out in the middle of the yellow, boiling flood, standing calmly on a swift log, which even as she glanced, shot around a curve and out of sight. Ten minutes of

agony followed; then Nucky reappeared, attended by every boy on the place, and wet only to his waist. "Gee, that was n't nothing," he deprecated; "I just jumped on her when she come anigh shore, and off ag'in down Perilous a piece. I've rid logs ever sence I was born. I hain't afraid!"

"Hain't Afraid got his neck broke yesterday," remarked Joab, quietly.

The first of December, in the shifting of jobs, Nucky was placed in charge of the chicken-yard, with particular instructions to cherish the Rhode Island Reds. Three days later, the young rooster, hope of the future, disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving not so much as a feather to indicate the manner of his going. Nucky said he knew nothing; all the other boys declared their innocence; Jason was naturally suspected, but proved an alibi. The case was, and remained, one of entire mystery.

At any other time, the matter would have received more attention; but December was the busiest month of the year at the Settlement School. Preparations were already begun for the various entertainments and trees projected by "the women"; in addition, for Miss Loring and the boys, carols had to be practised, and hog-killing was looming. As if all this were insufficient, not a third of the month had passed before Miss Loring was called upon to bear a burden of anxiety concerning the health of Nucky Marrs. He drooped, moped, grew pale, became indifferent to heroic exploits, whether in life or books, going off to bed once or twice in the very midst of a thrilling story. Miss Loring was sure it was malaria, and sent him over to Miss Shippen, the trained nurse; but, for once, her ministrations were of no avail. He fell into a settled melancholia, from which even the exciting events of hog-killing week failed to arouse him, developed a habit of sighing dolefully, and even lost his appetite. Miss Loring was very unhappy about him,—she feared a decline. The arrival of Christmas did not help matters, the tree and stockings and presents seeming only to confirm his gloom.

About noon on Christmas Day, after the celebration was over, the children left for their homes, to spend the holidays. All Miss Loring's boys went,—even Jason,

who had no home, was invited by Keats and Hen to spend a week with them. They had a younger brother, Hiram, just his age. As the boys set off by twos and threes for their long walks, Nucky looking as if he were going to his execution, Miss Loring felt strangely bereft and lonely; a little later Cleo rode off with a mysterious young man from "over on Wace" who had already paid her a visit or two, and had now brought a nag for her; and then the silence of death settled upon the cottage. As the afternoon dragged out its weary length, Miss Loring suffered unaccountable pangs. She had thought she would enjoy the rest, the quiet, the opportunity to read magazines and books piled away on her shelves for the past five months. But by the time night came, she would have given the world to hear the twelve pairs of brogans come thundering across the little bridge and into the cottage, the boyish voices raised in talk or play or even in fight. She felt absolutely unable to face the ten days and nights of loneliness ahead of her, and finally cried herself to sleep.

Her delight may therefore be imagined, when, as she started over to late breakfast the next morning, she saw Jason come climbing over the big gate. To her pleased inquiries as to the cause of his return, he would at first give no answer, but finally he murmured, with pretty bashfulness, "I was homesick for you." "My darling child!" she cried, hugging him very hard. Then she gave him a quarter to go down to the village and buy a whole box of peppermint candy, and all that day and the next, Thursday and Friday, she sat on the floor and played marbles with him.

It has been told elsewhere how on Saturday, knowing that all her boys were invited to Killis Blair's that day to "see a good time, and drink and shoot all they wanted," she rode over to his home on Clinch, in the hope of averting the worst; and found things much better than might have been expected. Sunday morning when, with Jason behind her, she started back to the school, what was her surprise to hear from Philip and Nucky that they, too, would "go along." Philip said he was tired of rambling; Nucky gave no reason, but his haggard looks were eloquent enough, and she was most thankful to have him safe under her wing.

They returned by way of Caney Fork and Nancy's Perilous, passing the Salyer home on the latter stream. Keats was out by the branch chopping wood (he always laid in a large store of wood for Nervesty when he went home), and after they had passed the time of day, and refused his invitation to alight, he remarked, "I see you got Jason up behind you. Did he tell you how come him to leave a-Thursday?" "Yes," replied Miss Loring, proudly; "he was homesick for me." Keats measured Jason with his eye. "He 's the lyin'-est little devil ever I seed," he said; "I 'll tell you what made him leave. Him and Hiram fit from the time he stepped in the door, and all through supper, and off and on all night, and got up before day and started in ag'in; and Hiram he got him down once, and was a-ridin' him, and Jason he pult a table-knife out of his pocket and stobbed Hiram in the wrist with it, and Maw she took after him with a hickory, and he run away."

Miss Loring slid off Mandy, called for another hickory, sternly dragged down her "darling child," and gave him not only the punishment he had escaped on Thursday, but another on her own account; the bitterness of it being augmented for him by the fact that all the Salyers, including Hiram, came out to see it well done.

She made Jason walk the rest of the way, and took Nucky up behind her. It was distressing to see his dark and gloomy looks, and to hear the cavernous groans that now and then tore their way through him. Once he remarked, hollowly, "A liar is the scurviest, lowdownest, God-forsakenest varmint there are," to which Miss Loring responded, "Yes, that 's true; but Jason 's such a little fellow, he 'll get over it in time." Twice or thrice he seemed on the point of making other remarks, but they turned out to be only groans.

When the school was reached in the afternoon, another surprise was in store, for there, in the cottage door, were Joab and Iry Atkins. "Too much stepmaw," was Joab's laconic explanation. Miss Loring realized with a throb of joy and thanksgiving, that she had her five motherless boys back with her, and would be blessed with their society during the remainder of the holiday, instead of tormented with loneliness.

Later, the boys dressed up in their Sunday clothes and new red ties, and Miss Loring in her Christmas dress, a cardinal crêpe-de-chine, matching the holly berries and Christmas bells and new ties, and greatly admired by the boys, and they brought their supper over from the Big House and ate it in delightful coziness around the sitting-room table. Afterward as they all sat on the rag rug before the big, warm fire, talking, Jason with his head in her lap, Nucky and Iry leaning against her shoulders, and Philip and Joab as close as they conveniently could get, Miss Loring believed herself the happiest woman in the world. All her boys were dear to her, but these five needed her most. A mother to the motherless,—what greater blessedness could any woman ask? She knew that her feet were set in a large place, that her cup ran over, that she was anointed with the oil of gladness.

Of course at such a time their futures were predominant in her thoughts; and she painted in glowing colors the noble and heroic deeds they were some day going to do for their country and the world. As she talked, Nucky's head fell away from her shoulder, and into his hands. She told how Joab, as head of an agricultural college, Philip as builder of railroads and captain of industry, and Iry as physician and surgeon, were to do wonders, first for their own mountain country, and then for the world at large, and how Jason, when he once learned to distinguish between what he saw in his mind and what he saw with his eyes, might some day be a poet, and make beautiful songs about what the mountains and the waters and the skies and his own heart told him, and the deeds men did around him. "And Nucky," she continued, "thinks now that he will never be anything but a soldier, and fight all the time. But there are far worse enemies to be fought in this age than just men, or than dragons and giants, and I want him to be a statesman, and with trained mind, swift tongue, and fearless heart hunt out injustice and greed and cruelty and falsehood, and fight and destroy them until they no longer imperil and disgrace our country. This is the fighting we most need now,—this is the heroism we must have if our nation is not to perish. And it is what you can do, Nucky,—we all know that you have the

mind and the tongue and the heart of a hero!"

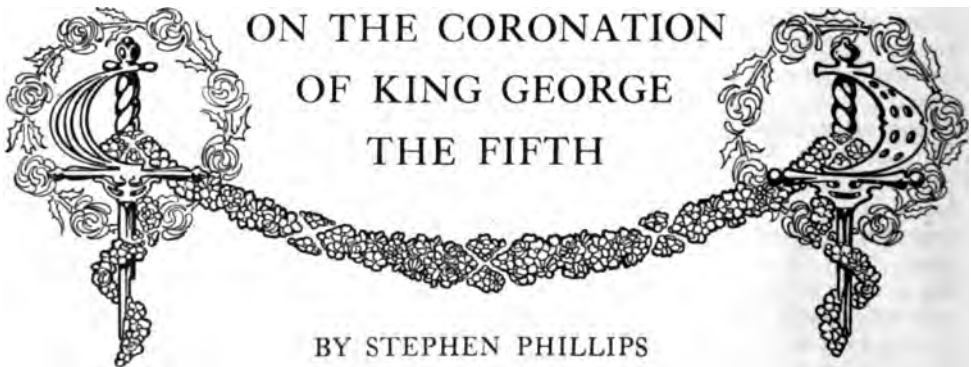
But with a long and bitter cry, Nucky sprang to his feet, his arms thrown out protestingly.

"No!" he wailed. "No! You think I'm a hero, but I hain't! I'm a liar is what I am! I kilt the Rhode Island Red, —hit him in the head with a rock one day when he was feistin' around and would n't go in his coop, and throwed him in Perilous. And then I lied to you about it, because I was too proud to take a whoopin' off a woman. And I hain't seed no peace or satisfaction sence, knowin' I hain't a hero no more, but a dad-burn liar! I been tryin' to tell you all day,—I come back to tell you,—but I could n't git it out! And now I want you to gimme three whoopin's, one for flingin' the rock, and two for lyin', and then maybe I can take a new start."

He tore off his coat as he spoke, took down the switch that lived over the fire-board for Jason's benefit, and handed it

sternly to Miss Loring. She rose, trembling, and the other boys rose, looking on with grave, startled eyes. Never had she felt so inadequate to a task; never had duty so warred with inclination; never had she loved and admired Nucky as at that moment. But she held back the tears, braced her courage, and took the switch. Not through weakness of hers should a just and promised penalty be remitted, should any child lose its faith in the eternal law of the following of suffering upon sin. Feeling each stroke as if on her bare heart, she gave Nucky the hard whipping he craved. Once when she faltered, he said, "That hain't enough yet," and she was compelled to keep on, while he bravely turned away his face so that she should not see the evidences of pain.

Then at last she flung the switch in the fire and caught him in her arms. "Oh, Nucky, Nucky," she cried, "you have wiped it all out now, and are a hero through and through! And now I *know* that some day you will save the country!"



ERST Alexander plunged into the East
And at Arbela flood o'erthrew the
Mede;
What of that Empire now but lonely
stone?

The Roman his discovered world amassed,
And high on his seven hills empurpled sat;
Yet, rotting from within, his rule decayed.

Others have builded since; and strongest he
Who the old map of Europe folded up;
Yet printless on the sands of time his feet.

Now all those tumbled cities are re-risen,
The grass re-blows o'er all his battle-fields,
And verdure greener from that crimson
blood.

A name, a haunting face, and there an
end!
An arch triumphal, and a golden tomb!
The earth no single scar from him retains.

But thou, O King, all hail! Thou enterest
Into a kingdom dearer bought than these;
More surely stablished with a grander toil.

Remember those dead architects who still,
From many a grave memorial o'er the
world,
Lend hands of fame, though centuries
asleep.

How many sailors plunged beneath the
ooze
Still lift constructing hands up from the
sea,
And, whelmed in weed and coral, yet
sustain!

Remember all the blood and all the
cries
That slowly have thy Empire soldered
sure—
Faces of women waiting without hope!

What! Is that scepter heavy to thy hand?
Or heavy is that orb upon thy brows?
Think to what memories that weight is
owed!

Since first in furious ferment there was
wrought,
On Senlac hill that mighty blend of blood,
That fortunate world-vintage of the West.

Remember those French fields; the Arma-
da's pride
Scattered, and tossed upon the Irish shore;
Then Cromwell, master first of the cold
seas.

Remember Plassey and the lonely Clive;
All India with our English graves in-
scribed,
And that huge Orient by a remnant held!

Remember the ascended river, and height
Stormed, and the dubious battle when
Wolfe fell,
But, reeling, heard the cry, "They run!
they run!"

Remember the grand clash of Trafalgar,
When dying Nelson smelt the rising wind,
And, "Anchor, Hardy! anchor, Hardy!"
moaned.

With these forget not half thy kingdom is
The song of Milton soaring to the sun,
Of deeper Shakspeare, wise from human
pain.

And later music thine; but latest his,
Heavy with English sweet from Roman
flowers,
A lonely voice, a lover of thy throne.

Verse thou inheritest not less than deeds;
A lord of rhythm as of rolling seas,
Of foam eternal, yet of loveliest words.

In that dim minster, when thy brows are
crowned,
Against the pictured panes our dead shall
stand,
And that which seems most vacant most
be thronged.

What anthems with their silence shall
compare?
What voices shall their stillness interrupt,
Or mortal music their immortal hush?

Then grasp that heavy scepter in thy hand,
And set upon thy brows that heavy orb,
And all those memories be half thy might!



ANGLO-AMERICAN PEACE

BY JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

WHEN the world's history is written, will the twentieth century enjoy the proud and noble distinction of being styled preëminently the Century of Peace? If we may be permitted to judge the future by what has been achieved during the last decade in the cause of peace, I think it will richly deserve this title. Never before have more strenuous, more practical, and more sincere efforts been made to bring about happier relations between man and man, nation and nation, than at the present time. And the general response which the world is giving to the leaders in this movement is eloquent testimony of the abiding desire for peace which dwells in the human breast.

It is a splendid tribute to the high tone of the mind of the present day, to the finer feelings of our generation, and to the inborn love of justice and fair play of our people, that war, with all its attendant horrors, should be condemned, and declared both unworthy and incompetent to be the final arbiter between right and wrong, justice and injustice. It seems to be the will of the people that Mars must be dethroned forever, cast down from the lofty pedestal he has occupied so long. This demand, becoming more general every hour, for the settlement of disputes and the righting of wrongs by the appeal to enlightened reason based upon a true sense of justice and a broad love of our fellow-men, heralds the dawn of a brighter day and the advent of a more perfect civilization.

It is a pleasing reflection for the American people that the most ardent advocates of peace among the nations of the world, the most unselfish workers for it, who are devoting money, high intelligence, and exalted position to its attainment, are her own sons and citizens.

It is also scarcely less gratifying to note that England has joined hands with our own country and expressed the determina-

tion to add the mighty prestige of her name and the weight of her influence among the world powers to further the cause of peace among the nations.

The Government of England, indeed, deserves great praise for the good-will she has shown during the last few years to promote a better understanding and a happier state of things among her subjects and dependencies. And, in my judgment, the end is not yet. Only last year a pronounced step forward was made in the path of justice and peace by striking from the oath of coronation phrases which were not only displeasing, but grossly insulting, to the most cherished and the most sacred religious tenets of millions of English subjects not only in Great Britain and Ireland and in the Channel Islands, but also in all the British dominions beyond the seas. It is certainly a happy sign of more peaceful times when the rulers of a powerful nation are willing to free their minds from a strongly rooted prejudice, which their traditions and their creed had planted there, and which had blurred their vision for upward of two hundred years.

Another bright augury for future peace is England's change of heart toward Ireland. The passing of the Land Bill was an evidence of a more kindly attitude and good-will to her Irish subjects. Greater peace and contentment than Ireland had enjoyed for many decades have followed in the wake of that beneficent concession. A new stimulus has been given to industry, and a feeling of security is fast taking the place of discontent and unrest; and all that Ireland now needs to fill up its cup of happiness is Home Rule, for which the Land Bill seems only the right preparation. It is to be devoutly hoped that this boon will not be long withheld from the Irish people, and that, when it is granted, Ireland, in its usual generous spirit, will bury all past grievances, wipe out all the old,

irritating scores, and become the brightest jewel in the imperial crown. With her dream of years fully realized, it seems reasonable to expect that Ireland would become England's staunch ally in the cause of universal peace.

With reference to that movement now on foot to promote closer and more amicable relations between England and this country, I am persuaded that the signing of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States would not only be a source of incalculable blessings to these two great powers, but would go far toward the maintenance of permanent international peace throughout the civilized world.

Both of these great nations have many things in common. We speak the same noble tongue, and the English language is more generally used to-day than any other language on the face of the earth. The classic writers of England are also ours, and the classic authors of America are likewise claimed by Great Britain. The literature of both countries is a common heritage to both nations.

We also live under virtually the same form of government. The head of one nation is a king, the head of the other nation is a president; England is governed by a constitutional monarchy; the United States are ruled by a constitutional republic. And I believe that both of these nations have been more successful in adjusting and reconciling legitimate authority with personal liberty than any other country of the world.

England is mistress of the ocean. Her ships ply through every sea on the globe. Her flag floats over every harbor of the world. Her empire embraces a territory comprising ten millions of square miles, or about one fifth of the whole globe. Great was the Roman Empire in the days of her imperial splendor. It extended into Europe as far as the River Danube, into Asia as far as the Tigris and Euphrates, and into Africa as far as Mauritania. And yet the Roman Empire was scarcely one sixth of the extent of the British Empire of to-day. It was Daniel Webster who,

in a speech delivered in the American Senate about sixty years ago, thus described the extent of the British possessions: "She has dotted the whole surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The United States rules nearly one hundred millions of happy and contented people. Our Government exercises a dominant and salutary influence over the entire American continent. And our influence is exerted not to destroy, but to save, not to dismember our sister republics, but to preserve their peace and autonomy.

If, then, England and America were to enter into an alliance of permanent arbitration with each other, such a bond of friendship and amity would be a blessing not only to these two great powers, but to all the nations of the civilized world.

When the waters receded from the earth after the deluge, Almighty God made a solemn covenant with Noah and his posterity that the earth should never again be destroyed by water, and, as a sign of this covenant, He placed a bow in the heavens. Let Britannia and Columbia join hands across the Atlantic, and their outstretched arms will form a sacred arch of peace which will excite the admiration of the nations, and will proclaim to the world the hope that with God's help the earth shall never more be deluged with blood shed in fratricidal war.

The time seems to be most auspicious for the consummation of this alliance. It meets with the approval of the President of the United States, and I hope it will have the sanction of Congress now in session. It is strongly advocated by Sir Edward Grey, English Minister of Foreign Affairs, and hosts of the most distinguished citizens and statesmen of both countries. And it is my earnest prayer that all who are devoting themselves to this grand purpose may receive the reward promised by the Prince of Peace: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

HOPE FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION

THERE ought to be a statute of limitations on the prophecies of national and international conflict—a time limit beyond which the prophets of evil would be silenced by ridicule. For forty years detractors of the French have told us of the instability of the republic, and yet it has gone on, amid all the perturbations of parties and factions, administering order as vigorously as the government of any other country, and to-day it is apparently the more firmly established for the perils it has passed, and for the fact that only the oldest generation of Frenchmen retain even the traditions of the monarchy. Again, ever since the Russo-Japanese War we have been told of the imminence of the danger of invasion of America by the hordes of "little brown men" who, "drunk with ambition," are supposed to be "looking for trouble," particularly with the United States, though everybody knows that it will take years of recuperation from Japan's victory over Russia before she can command financial resources sufficient for another contest. She is now wisely and steadfastly addressing herself to the work of internal economy and progress and, we believe, without the slightest idea of an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine, or of conflict with a people who from the day of Perry's expedition, over fifty years ago, have shown for her and received from her nothing but friendliness and sympathy.

In three years it will be a century since a hostile shot was fired between the two great branches of the English-speaking people, and yet, to judge from the attitude and alarms of certain interested parties, one might think that we were perpetually on the edge of an armed conflict. On the contrary, the fiber of our relations is of the firmest: our commercial interests, in spite of particular rivalries, have in the main deep and inextricable roots; the bonds of our sympathies are many and

strong, and are yearly growing more so. If in England we are sometimes still reminded of "a certain condescension in foreigners," it is more and more confined to negligible classes—knights of the drawing-room or boors of the railway train—of whom we have noble imitations in our own country. In any matter of real consequence there is, if not complete agreement, at least a basis of good understanding. Mutual respect exists between the cultivated people of the two countries, along any common line, whether it be literature, education, science, or finance. The time has come to put this international sympathy beyond the reach of the remotest peril.

We are now confronted with a great opportunity. President Taft, with the jurist's respect for law and the Chief Executive's sense of responsibility, following up the success of his treaty with Japan, which removes for at least twelve years the possibility of war, has addressed himself to the larger problem of arbitration of all questions which may arise between Great Britain and America. He has thrown down a gage of peace which has been promptly taken up by Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs. In the effort to bring about this desideratum, which President Cleveland advocated in vain, and perhaps prematurely, he has the overwhelming support of intelligent American public sentiment. There is no less cordial support for the idea in England, but it is recognized that the chief obstacle lies here, in the constitutional prerogative of the Senate (its duty as well as its right) to "advise and consent" in the enactment of treaties. So, although the country has rapidly advanced to the position of the President that questions of national honor may well be included in the subjects of arbitration, it must be patient with its representatives in the Senate in their practical handling of the problem. Senators, on their part, have a right to ask that public opinion in favor of the largest measure of arbitration must be unmistakably mani-

This being done, they should feel privilege as well as their duty to attend to the details of the project within traditional limitations. That way, for the good of the country, honor lies. It must not be forgotten that in recent years the international opinion which creates international law has made great gains. In a series of distinguished and public addresses on this subject delivered at Columbia University in March and April of this year, Dr. David J. Hill, then Ambassador to Germany, said:

Every State has no right to take up arms against another, unless a right has been denied or an injury inflicted by it for reparation cannot otherwise be obtained and it has no "right," which any State could consistently recognize, to impose such arbitrary conditions of peace as the victor pleases.

He says:

There has been in the past few decades a general recognition of the fact that it is the duty of every State to submit the question of its rights and duties to impartial judicial de-

cision. In his peroration he admirably summed up the new conception of international duty—at once Christian and economic—in these words:

If we may estimate the future by the tendencies of the last three hundred years we may reasonably entertain the hope that the energies of mankind may be more fully directed to plans and preparation for mutual destruction, and devoted to selfishness in overcoming vice, misdeeds, and ignorance,—the common enemies of man.

His movement of the question of an "entente" or even of an *entente* between countries is preposterous. It is not to be deduced from an agreement of two nations to arbitrate prospective difficulties that they shall agree to fight each other's

The permanent peace we desire in England we desire also with France, Germany and other countries. The peoples of the world have much in com-

mon, and those of the two great English-speaking nations are in many points identical, being largely concerned with the question whether we shall preserve the traditions of popular freedom which have come down from the same Anglo-Saxon sources. In the spirit of the broadest fellowship and the truest idealism we may well say to England:

To-day, not moved by memory or fear,
But by the vision of a nobler time,
Millions cry toward thee in a passion of
peace.

We need thee, England, not in armed array
To stand beside us in the empty quarrels
That kings pursue, ere War itself expire
Like an o'er-armored knight in desperate
lunge

Beneath the weight of helmet and of lance;
But now, in conflict with an inner foe
Who shall in conquering either conquer
both.

For it is written in the book of fate:
By no sword save her own falls Liberty.

THE LESSON OF SIMPLICITY

AT every turn of the wheel which adjusts the focus of modern understanding to the follies and extravagances of ancient Rome,—as so clearly and pertinently set forth by Professor Ferrero in his *CENTURY* papers on "The Women of the Cæsars,"—no truth is more obvious than the close relation of simple tastes to the efficiency of a nation.

In the last hundred years of the republic, when wealth was becoming general among the influential families, it was esteemed more as an aid to family prestige than as a means of personal indulgence. No matron was so high in the social scale as to be independent of the practical cares of her household. No man could enjoy the esteem of his fellows, and much less place himself in the way of social or political influence, without a certain austerity of ideas and manners. Robust tastes prevailed among all classes of men, and simplicity in dress was almost an unchanging fashion, as is attested by the statues and bas-reliefs of the Julian period.

Though Rome had been sacked by the Gauls more than three hundred years before Cæsar brought them under the yoke, the steadily advancing culture of the an-

cient capital suffered no further injury from the barbarous hordes of the north, until four centuries of decay had followed upon the brutalities and excesses of the line of profligate emperors derived from the family of Augustus.

Modern life appears to be so much more complex than ancient society, mainly owing to devices for extending the horizon of easy intercourse and multiplying the means of physical convenience, and also owing to greater public security, which invites wider social and intellectual interests, that a comparison with the old, as to degrees of luxury and profligacy, is difficult, and liable to be misleading. Unpleasant resemblances to the worst Roman tendencies are noticeable to-day. The dominating note, in the expression of the longings of rich and poor, alike, is certainly not that of simplicity. But the world never will, because it never can, change in the requisites of human happiness and human security: the first depends on wise occupation, temperate enjoyment, and spiritual thinking, just as the second rests on general honesty, filial devotion, and patriotic duty. Here, as in ancient Rome, these desirable things are all a part of the lesson of simplicity.

"MUNICIPAL NON-PARTIZANSHIP IN OPERATION": A CORRECTION

IN an article by James Creelman, published in the September number of *THE CENTURY* under the above title, occurs an error which Mr. Creelman desires the editor to correct. Speaking of reforms which were among the early acts of Mayor Gaynor, the article says on page 670:

There were discrepancies discovered in the accounts of the Water Registrar in Brooklyn and he was dismissed from office. The whole system of collecting water taxes was completely reorganized.

Mr. William R. McGuire is and has been since January 1, 1904, the Water Registrar of the Borough of Brooklyn, he not having been removed from office, as stated in the article. *THE CENTURY* takes pleasure in making this correction, and in justice to Mr. McGuire we wish to state without reservation that the writer of the article was misinformed, that the reflection on him and his administration as Water Registrar was erroneous, and that an injustice was done to an honest public official.

EDITOR OF *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.



DEFENDING THE YOUNG AMERICAN MATRON FROM THE CHARGE OF FRIVOLITY

From a Lady of Experience to her Cousin, a Representative of the Class Arraigned

Dear Gertie:

Your voice shook so with indignation when you tried to tell me over the telephone about the Frenchman that I could only exclaim sympathetically, "The idea!" and "How disgraceful!" without the slightest notion what it was about.

But since you have had your social secretary write it out in her nice, clear hand, I can do justice to the situation in detail. It seems this legal light, this Maître Something-or-



other whom Freddie brought home to dine, when asked his opinion concerning the American woman (which simply means being held up for tribute), replied that though undoubtedly charming, the type, he feared, could hardly inspire that filial veneration with which

the most seasoned Frenchman of the world will always apostrophize "Ma Mère!" I picture the scene. In the very act of adjusting one's smile to receive the customary

bouquet, fancy being slapped in the face, generically speaking, that way! As you say, it must have quite taken away your appetite had you not already been dieting for incipient fat. And your French being restricted to polite expressions, you were powerless to denounce him! I suppose he judged you by your frock, the Parisian origin of which of course he recognized. But whenever did a woman's evening clothes measure up, even approximately, to her real self?

Really I think it ground for a great, impersonal, international libel suit, only that would upset the *entente cordiale*, besides jeopardizing Freddie's chances as ambassador. So get up your defense, using the dictionary freely. Then when the creature pays his dinner call, you can overwhelm him with a spontaneous burst of eloquence. It will be all the easier to confound since, as Luck has it, truth is on your side.

No, my dear; we can place our hands upon our hearts and truthfully affirm that the young American matron, taken at her best, is anything but frivolous in her relation to hearth and home, or, more technically, furnace and flat. True, superficially, she has her faults. Mentally, below her accomplished crust, she often is only a half-baked affair, because life's New-World fires burn too perfervidly. In her youth, too, she cultivates an over-smart, challenging tone, based on epigrammatic fiction, toward masculinity, the habit of which besets maturer days; but beneath this effervescence is a structural ideal of domestic duty, of wifehood and motherhood, as solid as Plymouth Rock, well-intentioned as the Constitution, and good as daily bread.

Frivolous? Why, take your own case, which typifies that of thousands upon thousands. Since the advent of your first-born, what has your boudoir been but a laboratory, your art an exhibit of Charts of Weight Requirements, your literature Dr. Holt on "The Care and Feeding of Children," your conversation an inquisition into the merits of nurses and governesses, your recreation a Child-Welfare Educational Campaign, your very life one long sterilizing process? And little Frederic, while still a pultaceous mass of protoplasm, with no appreciable chronology behind him, did he not represent an economic proposition, a problem in *pædeutics*, of the highest order?

Recall that sacred moment when for the first time the nurse permitted you to gaze upon your child. While endeavoring to trace in its amorphous features some resemblance to Freddie or yourself, how heroically you struggled with your prehistoric longing to clasp the tiny bundle to your breast and cover it with obsolescent kisses.

But sternly waving it aside, you said you wished to be so perfect with your son and never let him have to reproach his mother with giving him a germ! Beautiful! The Spartan mother with all the modern improvements! As for the nurse, far be it from me to impugn her certificated character, or I should have said she used a wad of absorbent cotton to wipe away a furtive tear.

Then there was that lunch where a woman—the kind that tries to prove a sense of humor by relating anecdotes—told how a young Boston matron, a Radcliffe graduate, snatched her baby from a burning building and pressed it to her anguished brain. Do you think one of her female hearers was so frivolous as to crack a smile? Dropping their forks in outraged concert, as a single mother they exclaimed, "Oh, did n't she know that no infant ought ever to be snatched from anything in any circumstances, or pressed to any part of any one whatever!" Again beautiful, not to say sublime! The Spartan mother plus the Puritan; Boadicea and Cornelia of the Gracchi rolled into one!

How foolish this makes the old poets seem, does n't it? Fancy that benighted Wordsworth with these unhygienic lines—

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

Nor has your noble vigilance for one instant been relaxed. Never has our precious problem in *pædeutics* escaped from under the microscope of enlightened parental observation. How anxiously you watched lest the one tuft of hair on the otherwise bald crown should indicate abnormal musical proclivities! How freely you encouraged the child while still in petticoats to express his own preference for Yale or Harvard! How bravely you have guarded him from the sentimental influences of old friends from the country and mid-Victorian blood-relatives!

And, speaking of the sentiment-microbe, you have been greatly helped by the Passing of the Grandmother as such. Since elderly women have discarded the lace cap in favor of the combings of Chinamen, they have ceased to invade the nursery and play havoc with its regulations on the score of grandmotherhood. As a matter of fact, I think you told me the two ladies who stand in that relation to little Frederic did not set eyes on him till he had cut his first tooth, Freddie's mother having a bridge club at the only hour the nurse allowed her charge to be exhibited, while your own mother was at rehearsals, posing as a flower-girl in a pageant for some charity.

Yes, the traditional grandmother will soon have to be explained in foot-notes, while the Hand that Rocks the Cradle is already

a reproach hurled by suffragettes at archaic *antis* (I don't intend a pun). With the cradle an antique, the grave naturally becomes merely a literary allusion. "From incubator to urn" will probably replace the present phrase. Baby-talk, too, is fast becoming a dead language. Centuries hence there may be revivals of it, as with Gaelic, from records preserved in monasteries.

I think, dear Gertie, you may regard the case as settled out of court, the charge of frivolity against you, the typical young New York matron, as dismissed. And now for one word in your private ear. In your laudable passion for eugenics, don't forget that mystic something that is not to be learned from works on pedagogy or any treatise written by the hand of man—no, or woman either. Recently I attended a lecture on the "Art of Telling Stories to Children" by a woman who had made a life-study of the subject. There was an indescribable pathos

in watching the audience of mothers and teachers, mentally alert, sentimentally atrophied, imaginatively deplete, pencils and note-books in hand, taking down a cut-and-dried formula for "Once Upon a Time!" Remember that it was a motherly hearted wolf with no views whatever on asepis that suckled a pair of historic twins. And Romulus lived to build Rome (though not in a day, which our darling could do perfectly now that steel construction has come in), and finally was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot, though of course we should n't like little Frederic to do that! Hang your walls if you will with tables of dietetics, but give space there also to the "Annunciation" with its lilies. Love and respect you always will merit from your son. But let him also associate the word mother with that indefinable exquisiteness a Frenchman breathes into "Ma Mère!"

Your loving cousin,

Grace Durham.

HOW TO SPOIL A BOY AT COLLEGE

*From the President of the Massachusetts University to the
Father of a Matriculate*

Dear Sir:

To spoil a boy at college is not so easy a problem as you may at first be inclined to think. Nature is quick and resolute in the defense of her works, and it is only by a systematic and persistent course of folly and neglect that the average college freshman can be turned into a young man capable of making his father regret the money he has spent upon his son's education.

The first principle to be kept in mind—and in fact the only principle, from which every other rule of parental conduct may be deduced—may be formulated in a few words: start with the assumption that as soon as your boy's matriculation fees have been paid, all responsibility for his future, on your part, lapses. Henceforth, to fall into what I generally regard as a deplorable vulgarity, it is "up to us" whether your son shall return to his father's house, after four years, a modest, well-equipped, industrious youth, eager for the responsibilities of manhood, or whether he shall return to you in the guise which makes angry parents write letters to the newspapers asking, "What is the Matter with Our Colleges?" Even as I write, it occurs to me that the principle I have enunciated may not be unfamiliar to you. You



were probably acting up to its implications when you sent your boy to a preparatory school, and, before that, when he went from kindergarten into the elementary classes. If there is anything more striking than the unanimity with which our democracy shifts the

responsibilities of parenthood to the shoulders of governesses, school-teachers, and college-professors, it is the indignant surprise that is usually exhibited by parents when they contemplate the result.

Once your boy has been installed in the most expensive suite of rooms in the most select dormitory or fraternity house in town, and has exhausted his ingenuity in furnishing his quarters so as to suggest the combined atmosphere of a boudoir, a beer-hall, and a Turkish bath, you must lose no time in buying him an automobile. I speak with more than ordinary feeling on this point because it is a matter that does not affect your boy alone. Every time your son runs into a trolley-car or a ditch, he not only reflects credit on himself, but brings an enviable notoriety to his college. A sixty-horse-power motor-car in the hands of a freshman is, to me, the most efficient instrument for imbuing him with the disrespect for sobriety of living, the

disregard of authority, and the lack of consideration for others' feelings, which are the most common gifts that a university bestows upon its sons. Short of setting a tradesman's house on fire, I can think of no better means for bringing an undergraduate's name into the newspapers. And what *that* will do to turn a charming boy into a disagreeable young man, I need not call to your attention.

Once you have shipped your son off to college, never take time from your business to drop in on him for a day's visit. I recognize that such time as you can spare from the daily grind of affairs must be devoted to Masonic meetings, the annual G. A. R. Reunion at Denver, the annual Knights of Pythias Convention at Memphis, Tennessee, the annual Bankers' Convention at Atlantic City, the annual Foreign Missions Convention at San Francisco, and the biennial gathering of the State political clubs at Cincinnati. Give your son every chance for growing out of sympathy with his home and its ideals, so that, if by accident you do make your appearance at his dormitory quarters, he will feel ashamed to introduce you to his classmates. Once a month write him a letter, dictated to your stenographer, in some such terms as these:

Dear James: Yours of the eighteenth at hand and contents, including bill for refurnishing rooms and repairing automobile, duly noted. Glad to hear you are having a good time and hope to hear the same from you in subsequent letter.

Your loving
Father.

After eight months of this, when your son comes home for his long vacation and you observe in him a state of complete indifference toward everybody about him, you will know the reason why. And if you find the boy's mother crying in her room over the boy's apparent estrangement from the family, you will undoubtedly be able to describe to her how it all came about.

I have mentioned your son's bills. I am bound to confess that such financial memoranda as you receive will be those calling for some extraordinary outlay which cannot be met from his regular monthly allowance. As to the manner in which that monthly allowance is spent, you must never ask the young man for an accounting. There is something mean and plebeian about the process of keeping expenditure down to the level of income that cannot but prove revolting to high-spirited youth. But if the habit of business impels you to ask him for some form of budgetary statement, be content with some such monthly analysis as this:

Rent, attendance, etc.	\$75.00
Food	40.00

Books, extra fees, stationery	\$10.00
Loaned to room-mate	2.75
Restaurant tips	3.25
Philharmonic Concert	.75
Left in pockets of trousers sent to be pressed	.19
Sundries	112.50

No young man can go on submitting detailed vouchers like the one I have cited without losing all sense of responsibility and proportion. For the purpose of undermining a young man's thrift, I am not sure but that this method of monthly accounting is better than no accounting at all. In every way, I repeat, you must proceed on the supposition that your son, as soon as he leaves college, will not only find somebody to pay all his bills, but somebody who will save him the trouble of looking over his bills or the necessity of recalling dim memories of the multiplication-table.

As to the young man's studies, you must so regulate your conduct as to avoid rousing in him the slightest suspicion that your plans in sending him to college were in any way connected with the subject of books. A kindly word of congratulation when the boy has made the base-ball team or won his 'varsity letter will of course make him very happy. But you cannot venture to quiz him upon what progress he is making in his classes without conveying to him a painful sense of your provincial outlook. In other words, you must learn to acquiesce cheerfully in the doctrine which now holds almost universal sway, that, for whatever purpose a young man goes to college nowadays, it is not for the purpose of learning anything. Pin your faith to the truth so eloquently expounded in contemporary magazine literature, that the boys who hate books worst turn out to be the true leaders of men, conquerors of women's hearts, and beloved favorites of Success. You need not depend on magazine fiction alone. There has grown up of late a cheerful and convenient school of statisticians who love to prove that it is precisely the undergraduate who spells "catch" without a "t" and thinks that Joseph was one of the three young men in the fiery furnace, who makes the best lawyer, doctor, or clergyman. It is true that the official statistics published by college secretaries contradict this gratifying contention; but you must leave the latter fact out of your consideration.

After four years of some such policy on your part as I have outlined, I have not the slightest doubt that you will find your son as thoroughly disappointing an example of manhood as the most careful neglect and the most conscientious ignorance can make him.

Sincerely yours,
Theophilus Bickersteth.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

NATURAL HISTORY AND THE CIRCUS POSTER

TOMMY: Oh, Papa, is n't it wonderful how the old sea-lions teach the young ones all their tricks!

IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I HAVE some material here I wish to exchange—I say I have—Will you kindly wait on me?—Busy?—I have some—Now, I *must* be waited on; I'm in a *great* hurry! Oh, very well. I have some material here I wish to exchange. It's *marquisette*, but it is n't the right shade. Not *marquisette*?—*Chiffon marquisine*? Well, I don't care if it's *linsey-woolsey*! I want to exchange it, or rather, return it.—No, I don't have a charge account, I want the money back. Please give it to me quickly. I'm going to a *matinée*.—What! You can't take it back here? I must go to the *desk*? Why, I bought it here, right at this counter, of that thin girl with the hectic flush. She does n't look well, does she? She ought to go to some good sanatorium. Well, you see this *chiffon*, or whatever it is, is the wrong shade. I asked for *elephant's breath*, and this is

more on the shade of frightened mouse. It does n't match my *satin* at all.—Oh, dear, how unaccommodating you are! Well, where is the desk? Ask the *floor-walker*? Oh, very well!—Please direct me to the desk.—*What desk*? I don't know, I'm sure! *Any desk* will suit me! I want to return some goods that does n't match my own material, and you know, this season, if—Near the rear door?—Of course they'd put it as far away as possible!

Is this the exchange desk? Well, I want to return this piece of goods.—Oh, no! It is n't soiled! That's the original color. Frightened mice often look soiled when they're not at all! Yes, that is the name! No, it is n't *taupe*, nor *mode*, nor *steel* common, it's just frightened mouse. I can carry colors in my eye just like an artist. Now it

does n't matter what color it is, anyway, for it 's the *wrong* color!—Cut off the piece? Of course it 's cut off the piece! There 's two yards and a half of it—Remnant? No, it was not! I don't buy leftovers!—Then you can't change it? Well, come to think, maybe it *was* a remnant. Yes, I believe it was! I don't often get them, but this just matched my satin,—I mean it did n't match my satin, and that 's why I bought it. No I mean—well, anyway, I want to return it.—Had it a long time? Well, I could n't help *that*! The dressmaker disappointed me,—that is, I had to go to some bridge parties and things unexpectedly, so I had to put her off. But the minute she pinned it on the pattern, I saw it was the wrong shade. Pinholes in it? Nonsense! They don't show. Of course we had to pin it. Seems to me you 're making a lot of fuss about a simple exchange—I mean a return. I 'd like the money back at once.—A credit check? No, I want the money, I have n't any with me, because I depended on getting this. What! You don't give back the money? Why, it says in your advertisements, "Satisfaction given or money refunded."—Some other shop? Well, I 'm sure I *thought* it was this shop that did that or I 'd never have bought the stuff here! Rules? Regulations?—Oh, dear! Well then, take it and give me a credit check.

Yes, I 'll sign my name! Dear me, what a lot of red tape! I suppose you have to go through all this to keep from being swindled.—Yes, that 's my name and address.

Now, can I get anything in the store for this check? Why, that 's rather fun! Seems as if you were giving it to me for nothing! Oh, how pretty that chiffon looks as you hold it up to the light! Do you know, it does n't match my satin, but it would go beautifully with my voile gown, and I want that made over. I do believe I 'd better keep it. It was a good bargain, I remember. I wonder if it *would* match it. I 'm sure it would,—I carry colors in my eye so well, and it 's a lovely quality. I think, if you please, I 'll take it back. What, sign my name again? Well, there, I 've signed off again. My! it 's like going to law or a divorce court,—not that I 've ever done either, and, after this experience, I hope I never shall! But just hold that stuff up again. Oh, now that they 've turned on the electrics, it 's a totally different shade! Oh, I don't want it now at all! Can't you turn off the lights again? I 'd no idea it was getting so late!—Oh, well, if you 're going to be disagreeable, I 'll take it, then. The value is *nothing* at all to me! My husband is a prosperous broker. Yes, I 'll take it. Please send it home for me, and if I don't like it when I get it, I 'll send it back.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

IN A BOOM REGION

NATIVE: Yes, sir, property round here has went up a lot in the last few years. Afore I was born my father bought land here fer ten dollars an acre that ye could n't touch now for less 'n twelve-fifty.

Belinda.



TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

IV

ONE day in spring when on a farm they
happened to be staying,
"The Infant 's reading Emerson," said Jim;
"let 's go a-Maying!"

Across the lawn and through a field of
waving clover red,
Like a pair of foolish lovers in a magazine,
they sped.

Soon they were straying hand in hand along
a shady lane
And playing that they were upon their
honeymoon again.

They paused for just one little kiss beneath
a maple green,
When suddenly Belinda appeared upon the
scene.

It was an awful moment for those parents,
as you 'll guess;
The look Belinda cast on them no language
can express.

They hung their heads and hurried home in
much the flurried state
That our First Parents must have known
when turned from Eden's gate.



"WHEN SUDDENLY BELINDA APPEARED UPON THE SCENE"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



Owned by Major William H. Lambert

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The portrait is in oil, three quarters life size, and was made by James B. Lambdin, who was one of the Philadelphia coterie who entertained Thackeray in 1855-56. It was purchased out of the Joseph Harrison collection by Albert Rosenthal, who sold it to Major Lambert in 1910.

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THACKERAY'S LONDON

BY LEWIS MELVILLE

Author of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST WALL-COUSINS AND FREDERICK GARDNER

NO man, not even Charles Lamb, has loved London better than Thackeray. Thackeray might enjoy himself well enough at Brighton, find pleasure on a Continental tour, and derive satisfaction from a visit to America; but London was always shining in his inner eye. Thackeray loved his London, and no man was better acquainted with it; but his London had its limits. It was not the London of the antiquarian, or of the topographer, but of the man about town. He could easily have lost himself in the neighborhood of Fulham, and it is extremely improbable that he ever ventured into that vast space airily described by dwellers at the other end of the metropolis as the "East End"; of the northern suburbs he knew little or nothing, and the Thames was his southern boundary. He might locate Alderman Sir William Dobbin's house at Denmark Hill, and place some other worthy citizen at Highbury; but he was about as unfamiliar with these regions as with Timbuctoo, the charms of which place he sang in some of his earliest verses. Thackeray's London stretched from Hol-

land House in the west to Clerkenwell in the east, and it embraced the royal borough of Kensington, the aristocratic region of Mayfair, the clubland of St. James's, the Strand, the Temple, Covent Garden, and the unfashionable district of Bloomsbury.

The student of Thackeray's life, turning to the writings of the novelist, will observe how often the places with which Thackeray was acquainted figure in his works. The districts in which he lived, the inns of court in which he had chambers, the Bohemian haunts he frequented, the clubs to which he belonged, all are impressed into the service, even as were the experiences of his life and many of the people he knew. It would be nearly as easy to recreate certain parts of London from his books as to trace the genealogy of many of his characters. He was not, indeed, always exact in his books in the matter of locality, but his daughter, Lady Ritchie, has related that, walking beside her, he would point out the houses in which he imagined the creatures of his brain to have lived. He would show the Osbornes' house in Russell Square, the house where

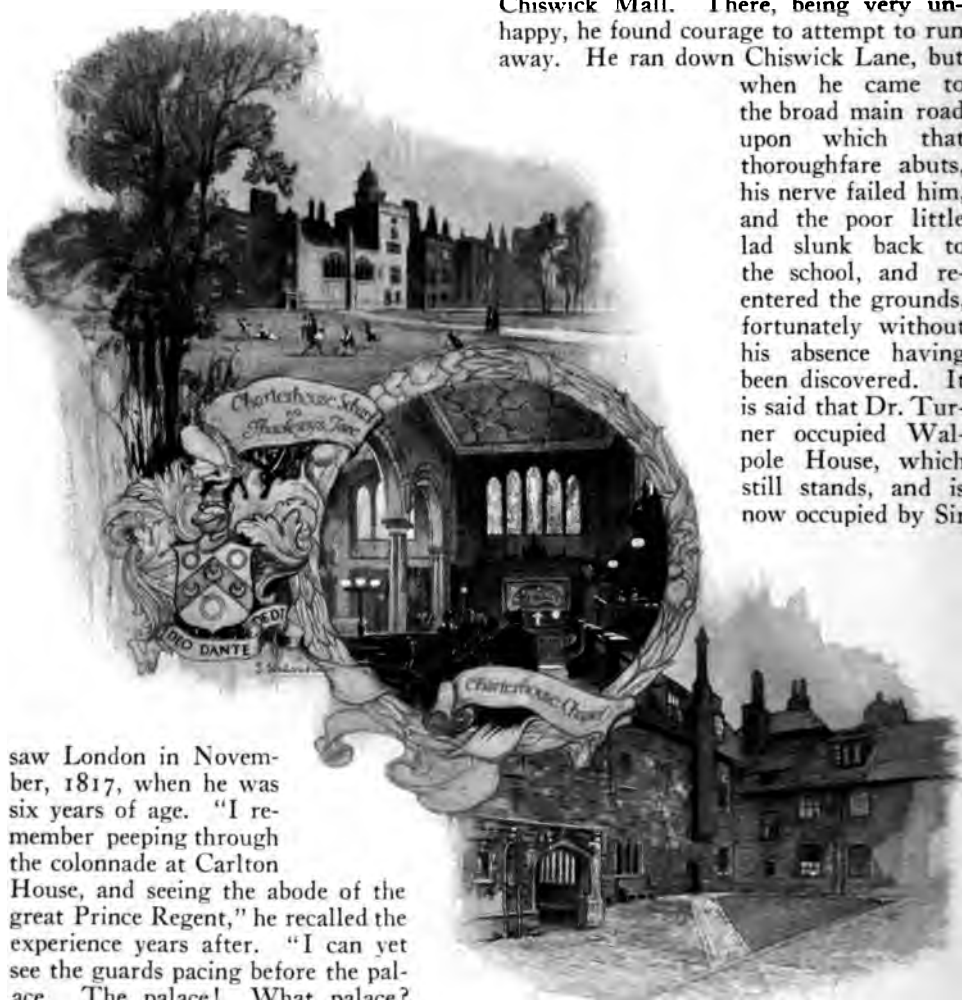
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Colonel Newcome lived in Fitzroy Square, Becky Sharp's house in Curzon Street, and so on. His characters were so real to him that often he was at pains to present them with a definite habitation.

Thackeray, who was born in India, first

deed, demolished ten years after the little boy saw it, and the pillars of the colonnade that he remembered now support the portico of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. This was all Thackeray knew of the metropolis before he went to Dr. Turner's school, facing the Thames, on Chiswick Mall. There, being very unhappy, he found courage to attempt to run away. He ran down Chiswick Lane, but

when he came to the broad main road upon which that thoroughfare abuts, his nerve failed him, and the poor little lad slunk back to the school, and re-entered the grounds, fortunately without his absence having been discovered. It is said that Dr. Turner occupied Walpole House, which still stands, and is now occupied by Sir



saw London in November, 1817, when he was six years of age. "I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent," he recalled the experience years after. "I can yet see the guards pacing before the palace. The palace! What palace? The palace exists no more than the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park." Carlton House was, in-

Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL IN THACKERAY'S TIME—THE CHAPEL—WASH-HOUSE COURT

Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and that at Walpole House it was where Miss Pinkerton had her school—the school immortalized by the fact that among her pupils were Rebecca Sharp and Amelia Sedley.

At Chiswick little William Makepeace remained until 1822, when his mother,

who had married Major Carmichael Smyth, returned to England, and decided that he should go to the Charterhouse, at the other end of the town, where two of the English humorists of the eighteenth century, Addison and Steele, had been educated. Thackeray now became a boarder in the house of an assistant master, the Rev. Edward Penny, who lived in Wilderness Row, Clerkenwell Road, and whose house was connected with the school-grounds by a tunnel running under the road. The house is still in existence, and upon it has been placed a tablet, the rough lettering of which states:

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY
LIVED HERE
1822-1824

Thackeray at first was as unhappy at the Charterhouse as he had been at Dr. Turner's. He was a quiet, nervous lad, and was perhaps a little frightened by the crowds of rough boys, most of them older than himself, that he encountered in the playground. He remained at the school until May, 1828, but the last four years he spent at No. 7 Charterhouse Square, where Mrs. Boyes made a home for lads at the Charterhouse and the Merchant Taylors' schools. There, if not content, he was at least far less miserable than in the previous years. He was older and better able to take care of himself, and he had made friends with Mrs. Boyes's son, and with Leech and George Stovin Venables. Venables it was who broke Thackeray's nose in a fight at Penny's; and when it had been successfully set, it was deliberately broken again by a brutal bully. "I got at last big enough and strong enough," Thackeray has put on record, "to give the ruffian the soundest thrashing a boy ever had." These are the only known pugilistic encounters in which

Thackeray indulged. He had no love of fighting for fighting's sake, nor did he care for any boyish games; he was happiest, like Dobbin after him, lying under a tree in the playground or, maybe, in the quaint Charterhouse Square, at the gates of the school, reading, for choice, a novel, or drawing thumbnail sketches in the margins of his books.

As time passed, Thackeray came to look back on the Charterhouse with an eye that became more and more kindly, until the "Slaughter House School" of the earlier stories became the "Grey Friars" of "The Newcomes." Thackeray, who sent to his old school—to take a few names at random—George Osborne, the younger Rawdon Crawley, Clive New-



Drawn by Ernest Wall Cousins

PALACE GREEN

come, and Philip Firmin, in later years frequently found his way to the Charterhouse. "To other than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly," he wrote. "Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back to those scenes of childhood." It was his delight to give pleasure to the boys there—and to how many other boys elsewhere! "There's A's son, or B's son, as the case might be," he would say to a companion; "let's go across and tip him."

His advocacy of tipping in one of "The



Roundabout Papers" is too well known to be repeated here, but in this respect at least he practised what he preached. "It is all very well to say that boys contract the habit of expecting tips, that they become avaricious, and so forth," he exclaimed.

Club. Years later Merivale asked the great man if he remembered having done so. "Why, of course," said Thackeray, promptly; "and what is more, I remember I gave you beefsteak and apricot omelet." The young man was delighted that his



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

BECKY LEAVING MISS PINKERTON'S SCHOOL.

"Fudge! boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating which they do not carry into after-life. On the contrary, I wish I did like tarts and toffee." It was not only his money he gave to boys; he was always willing to devote his time to amusing them. He would take them to the pantomime, and he would give them dinner first. On one occasion he took Herman Merivale, then a lad, to dinner at the Garrick

host should recollect even the details of the entertainment and expressed his satisfaction. "Yes," said Thackeray, twinkling, "I always gave boys beefsteak and apricot omelet."

In his later days, however, it was the hospital that sheltered the Brethren of the Charterhouse rather than the school that attracted Thackeray, and the beautiful, sympathetic description in "The New-

comes" of the retreat that Thomas Sutton provided for poor gentlemen is known to all of us, and admired and loved. It was there that the *preux chevalier* Colonel



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

CAPTAIN COSTIGAN

Newcome sought refuge from the terrible Campaigner, and there that he said "*Adsum*" when his name was called. The Charterhouse has changed in many respects since Thackeray visited it on Founder's Day, 1863, a fortnight before he died. The school, to which his daughters presented his bed as a souvenir, has been removed to Godalming; but Thomas Sutton's hospital stands to this day with its ancient buildings and its fine quadrangle but little disturbed. It is still a place of great peace, where a man who has done his life's work may well be content to await the summons to another and a better world with such patience and resignation as was shown by Colonel Newcome.

For three years after leaving the Charterhouse, Thackeray was absent from London, first studying at his stepfather's house

in Devonshire, then going to Cambridge University, and afterward staying at Weimar. When he returned to the metropolis in the autumn of 1831, it was to prepare for the bar. He read with the conveyancer Taprell, who occupied the ground floor of No. 1 Hare Court, Temple, and he had chambers, either then or subsequently, at No. 2 Brick Court, close by, where Oliver Goldsmith had lived. "I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were Goldsmith's, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith," he said, in one of his lectures on the English humorists, "—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door." Subsequently he removed to chambers at No. 10 Crown Office Row, in the block of buildings where Charles Lamb was born. The quaint old Temple, with its traditions, always made a strong appeal to the romance that was within him. "The man of letters," he wrote, "can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations, as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in Temple Garden, and discoursing with



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

BECKY SHARP

Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as real a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson, rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels, on their way to Mr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the 'Covent Garden Journal,' while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."

Thackeray added to the literary associations of the Temple, for he peopled it with his characters. Therein Pendennis shared chambers with George Warrington in Lamb Court, and Timmins, who gave the "Little Dinner" his creator has so graphically described, went every day to Fig Tree Court; while Pump Court housed the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and Mr. Richard Blewitt, who were barristers officially, but who lived on their wits in preference to pursuing their profession. It was the prototypes of these last two gentlemen who inveigled Thackeray as a young man into card-playing, and eased him, then a most gullible pigeon, of fifteen hundred pounds. Once, at Spa, Thackeray pointed out a man to Sir Theodore Martin. "That," he said, "was the original of my Deuceace. I have not seen him since the day he drove me down in his cabriolet to my brokers in the City, where I sold out my patrimony, and handed it over to him. Poor devil!" he added, "my money does not seem to have thriven with him!"

Thackeray was not content to annex only the Temple, but he spread his net wide and captured Shepherd's Inn, which may have been Clement's Inn. There the gate

was kept by Mrs. Bolton and her pretty daughter Fanny. Captain Costigan and Mr. Bows lived on the third floor of No. 4, and to them once came Lady Mirabel, the daughter of the captain, and professionally known as Emily Fotheringay, the beloved of Arthur Pendennis in his nonage. Next door, for a while, resided Colonel Altamont and Captain the Chevalier Edward Strong. It was there that Mrs. Bonner recognized Altamont as the ex-

convict Amory, and Blanche Amory, of "*Mes Larmes*" fame, met her father for the first time for many years.

It is some little way from Clement's Inn to Furnival's Inn, which place is historic as having witnessed the first meeting of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens at the time was writing "Pickwick," and he wanted in great haste an artist to take the place of Buss, the successor of Robert Seymour, as illustrator of the novel. Thackeray, who had been studying art at Paris, called upon Dickens with two or three draw-

ings, which did not impress the author, and so he retired, dejected. Ever after, Thackeray humorously persisted in referring to the rejection of his offer as "Mr. Pickwick's lucky escape." Not far from Furnival's Inn was Newgate Prison, where Thackeray, who had desired (and failed) to be present at the execution at Paris of Fieschi and Lacenaire, went, in 1840, with Richard Monckton Milnes to see the hanging of Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell. The scene made a deep impression on him. "I confess, for my part," he wrote, "to that common cant and sickly sentimentality, which, thank God! is felt by a great num-



Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

BRICK COURT, TEMPLE

ber of people nowadays, and which leads them to revolt against murder, whether performed by a ruffian's knife or a hangman's rope; whether accompanied by a curse from the thief as he blows his victim's brains out, or a prayer from my lord on the bench in his wig and black cap." Later, he expressed the opinion that he was wrong, and declared that his feelings were overwrought at the time of writing. "These murderers," he said, "are such devils, after all." But when invited to attend another hanging, "Seeing one man hanged is quite enough in the course of a life," he replied. "*J'y ai été*," as the Frenchman said of hunting."

Though, after he abandoned the law, Thackeray came to London to edit the "National Standard," he did not again settle in the metropolis until the spring of 1837, when he was summoned to take command of his stepfather's newspaper venture, "The Constitutional," which occupied most of his time until July 1, when it ceased to appear. Thackeray was now married, and he and his wife, after a brief stay with Major and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth at No. 18 Albion Street, Hyde Park, took a house in the old-fashioned quarter of Bloomsbury, No. 13 Great Coram Street, in which resided their friends John Leech and John (afterward Archdeacon) Allen, the prototype of Dobbin. Bloomsbury figures largely in Thackeray's writings. In Great Coram Street lived Mr. Todd, the junior partner in the firm of Osborne & Todd: old Osborne lived a few minutes away in the more expensive Russell Square, close by his dear friend Sedley, the father of Jos and Emmy, with whom he remained on the best of terms until Sedley became bankrupt. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hoggarty lived in Lamb's Conduit Street, which abuts upon the forecourt of the Foundling Hospital, where Osborne erected a monument to his unforgiven son: "Sacred to the memory of George Osborne, Junior, Esq., late a Captain in His Majesty's —th regiment of foot, who fell on the 18th of June, 1815, aged 28 years, while fighting for his king and country in the glorious victory of Waterloo. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" The list might be greatly extended, but farewell must be taken of Bloomsbury after the bare mention that not far away was the British

Museum, where Thackeray often worked. There, in 1858, Motley found him writing the ninth number of "The Virginians." "He took off his spectacles to see who I was, then immediately invited me to dinner the next day (as he seems always to do, every one he meets), which invitation I could not accept," the historian has recorded; "and he then showed me the page he had been writing, a small, delicate, legible manuscript. After that, we continued our studies."

When Thackeray's home was broken up by his wife's illness, he became, until his children were old enough to live with him, a man about town, and, to some extent, a Bohemian. He belonged to the Garrick and Reform clubs, and later was elected to the Athenæum, and he used and delighted in them all. In his earlier years especially he loved the Garrick, and it was there he made the acquaintance of Andrew Arcedeckne, a gentleman who unconsciously sat for Foker in "Pendennis." The portrait is like to have been lifelike, but Arcedeckne naturally was not pleased, and he waited patiently for a chance to score off Thackeray. After the first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," when Foker, who had been present, found Thackeray in the smoking-room of the club, receiving congratulations from a group of friends and acquaintances, "Brayvo! Thack, me



Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON

boy!" he cried enthusiastically. "Uncommon good show! . . . But it 'll never go without a planner!"

The Reform Club has made its contribution to "The Book of Snobs" and "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," and on the wall of the Strangers' Room hangs in the place of honor Laurence's well-known portrait of the novelist. Looking at the menu in the coffee-room of the Reform one day, Thackeray noticed that among the dishes for dinner was "beans and bacon," which he dearly loved. He was engaged to dine with a distinguished person that evening, but he could not resist "beans and bacon." After a struggle between duty and inclination, which ended as most such struggles do, he sat down and wrote to his host that he deeply regretted having to break his engagement, but he had just met an old friend whom he had not seen for years, and he must beg to be excused.

Another story may be given as a companion to this. More than once the novelist was seen going east at an hour of the day when all the world was moving westward for dinner, and a friend of his, whose curiosity was aroused, "stalked" him one evening, and found that he made his way to the Gray's Inn Coffee House, where he dined in solitary state. Cordy Jeaffreson was the man who followed him, and years after he made his confession. "Ah! that was when I was drinking the last of that wonderful bin of port," Thackeray laughed and explained. "It was rare wine. There were only two dozen bottles when I came upon the remains of that bin, and I forthwith bargained with mine host to keep them for me. I drank every bottle and every drop myself. I shared never a bottle with living man; and so long as the wine lasted, I slipped off to the Gray's Inn

Coffee House, with all possible secrecy short of disguise, whenever I thought a good dinner and a bottle by myself would do me good."

All these clubs are still in existence, and it is perhaps more interesting to dwell on the haunts, since demolished, which Thackeray frequented in the days when he was living *en garçon*, first in Jermyn Street, and then at No. 88 St. James's Street, opposite St. James's Palace. In some respects Thackeray's tastes were simple, and he found pleasure in the fare provided by such places, forerunners of the music-halls of to-day, as the "Cyder Cellars," the "Coal Hole," and "Evans's late Joy's," as the punning inscription on the lamp ran. The "Coal Hole," off the Strand, on the site now occupied by Terry's Theater, was the least popular of these; but the "Cyder Cellars," not far away in Maiden Lane, next to the stage-door of the Adelphi Theater, was a rendezvous for the contributors to "Fraser's Magazine." There Ross, the comedian, sang his famous song, "Sam Hall," the chant of a blasphemous chimney-sweep, who was to be hanged for murder the next morning. The

"Cyder Cellars" was the original of the "Back Kitchen," where George Warrington took Arthur Pendennis, and introduced him to the *habitués*. There is in "Pendennis" a graphic description of the company frequenting the "Cyder Cellars."

Healthy country tradesmen and farmers, in London for their business, came and recreated themselves with the jolly singing and suppers of the Back Kitchen,—squads of young apprentices and assistants, the shutters being closed over the scenes of their labours, came hither, for fresh air doubtless,—rakish young medical students, gallant, dashing, what is called "loudly" dressed,



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

COLONEL NEWCOME

and (must it be owned?) somewhat dirty,—were here smoking and drinking, and vociferously applauding the songs;—young university bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable genteel simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater;—and handsome young guardsmen, and florid bucks from the St. James's Street Clubs;—nay, senators English and Irish; and even members of the House of Peers.

At these places, over his gin and water, Thackeray listened to the songs that in the early days, when he was about the town, were too often of the equivocal nature that provoked Colonel Newcome's onslaught when that soldier took Clive to the "Cave of Harmony" (i.e., "Evans's") "to see the wits," and was so unfortunate as to hear one of drunken Captain Costigan's ribald songs. The colonel expressed his opinion of the song, the captain, and the company in his own frank and virile manner, and, before he left, "that uplifted cane of the colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room." Perhaps within Thackeray's knowledge, perhaps even when he was present, some such incident had occurred. The songs were not all indecent, and the objectionable items became fewer and fewer as the years passed, and the thirties became the forties, and the forties became the fifties. But by this time Thackeray had lost his way to Bohemia, though to the end of his days he maintained that Prague was the most picturesque city in the world.

In later days Thackeray met James Russell Lowell outside "Evans's," and he looked so ill that the poet asked what was the matter. "Come inside, and I'll tell you all about it," said Thackeray. They entered and sat down in a quiet corner. "I have killed the colonel," said Thackeray; and, drawing from his pocket some pages of manuscript, he read the chapter in which the death of Thomas Newcome is described. The novelist was much affected as he read, and when he had finished the tears ran down his face.

In the summer of 1846, Thackeray's daughters came to live with him, and he took a house in Kensington, No. 13 (now 16) Young Street, where he remained for seven years. The two semi-towerlike embrasures delighted him, and he declared that they gave it the air of a feudal cas-

tle. "I'll have a flagstaff put over the coping of the wall," he said laughingly, "and I'll hoist a standard when I'm at home." It was in this house that he wrote "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Henry Esmond." "Down on your knees, you rascal," he exclaimed mock-heroically years later when passing the house in company with J. T. Fields, "for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned. And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." When he returned from his first visit to the United States, Thackeray removed to No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton; but early in 1862 he returned to his favorite Kensington, and bought an old house, No. 2 Palace Green, close by the royal palace, and facing the fine old park, with its magnificent trees. He pulled down the old building, and erected, in the style of Queen Anne, "the reddest house in all the town," as he described it to his American friends, the Baxters. "Upon my word," he said enthusiastically, gazing upon the new structure, "it is one of the nicest houses I have ever seen." It was there that, on the Christmas eve of 1863, he passed away.

There have been many changes in London since Thackeray lived. Soho has become more and more squalid. Bloomsbury has become a vast boarding-house, and the Baker Street region (which Thackeray always hated) has become more and more genteel, such fashion as was there having moved westward. St. James's has not greatly altered since Thackeray resided there, though the house in which he had stayed has been rebuilt; but the smaller streets are very much as they were in the days when Major Pendennis had chambers in Bury Street, and Colonel Newcome and James Binnie, before migrating to Fitzroy Square, put up at Nerot's Hotel in King Street. Mayfair has changed not at all, and it is still the most aristocratic area in the world. At one time or another Thackeray lived on every side of this small district, yet never in it, though it is the Thackeray district *par excellence*. Within it resided innumerable characters of his creation. In Bond Street, its eastern boundary, once for a while lodged Harry Warrington, the "Fortunate Youth" of "The Virginians"; in Park Lane, its western boundary, Sir Brian Newcome lived, not far from the house occupied by Miss

Crawley, the aunt of Rawdon Crawley and the patroness of Becky Sharp. The family mansion of the Crawleys was in Great Gaunt Street. "Having passed through Shiverly Square into Great Gaunt Street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall gloomy houses, each with the hatchment over the middle drawing-room window, as is the custom of houses in Great Gaunt Street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual,"—thus runs the passage in "Vanity Fair" describing Becky's arrival at Sir Peter Crawley's, when she went to take up her engagement as governess to his daughters. Leading out of Great Gaunt Street is Gaunt Square, one side of which is occupied by Gaunt House, the residence of the Most Honorable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne. Gaunt Square is the aristocratic Berkeley Square, and the private palace that suggested Gaunt House to Thackeray stands to-day as it did when he described it, though now, as then, all that can be seen

of it is the vast wall in front, and over the wall the garret and bedroom windows and the chimneys.

Not far away, and in the heart of Mayfair, is Curzon Street, where at No. 201 lived for a while the Honorable Frederick Deuceace. When that gentleman absconded, Raggles, once Miss Crawley's butler, purchased the house and furniture, and let it to Colonel and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. There Lord Steyne became a constant visitor, and there he was thrashed by Rawdon, who, with all his faults, was not *un mari complaisant*. "He struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious." This is the finest scene in "Vanity Fair"; it is, indeed, one of the most magnificent scenes in any novel. "When I wrote that scene," Thackeray remarked, "I slapped my fist on the table, and said, 'That is a stroke of genius.'"



From a Thackeray sketch, owned by Major William H. Lambert, Philadelphia

AN ACTOR AND THE BUST OF SHAKSPERE



Drawn by Garth Jones

THACKERAY IN AMERICA

WITH LETTERS AND SKETCHES BY THACKERAY OWNED
IN THE UNITED STATES¹

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

AS this year marks the centenary of the birth of William Makepeace Thackeray (he was born at Calcutta, July 18, 1811, his father being in the civil service of the East India Company), special interest attaches to memorabilia of the distinguished novelist. The undying legion of his admirers has eagerly sought and treasured whatever it could discover of Thackeray's personality, and most of this has been published; but it was the writer's good fortune to find in the extensive collection of Major Lambert of Philadelphia, two illustrated letters and two sketches from his pen that I think have never been made public. They portray him, whom Carlyle acidly characterized as "a half-monstrous Cornish giant," in his gentlest, most considerate, and merriest moods.

After the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers" (first published in Philadelphia in 1838, and the earliest book of Thackeray's to appear on either side of the Atlantic), "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and some minor volumes, Thackeray gave to the world, in January, 1847, the first monthly part of "Vanity Fair," and before that work was completed he had won an unquestioned position as a

novelist of distinction, in fact, completing with Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens the triumvirate of leading British novelists of the nineteenth century.

The letter which follows (given in part in facsimile on page 335) was written to a brother of Bulwer the novelist, well known to the citizens of this country as the negotiator, in 1850, with Senator John M. Clayton of Delaware, Secretary of State, of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which guaranteed the neutrality and encouragement of lines of interoceanic travel across the Isthmus of Panama. He was appointed British minister to the United States in April, 1849, remaining in Washington three years. During that time his secretary was his nephew, Lord Lytton, afterward Viceroy of India, and known in literature as "Owen Meredith."

"Kensington, Friday 1848

"DEAR SIR HENRY BULWER:

"I am very sorry indeed that I am engaged on Sunday; and wanted to make a bold proposal to you last night relative to a dinner which comes off here to-day and of which Dorsay has been good enough to say he will partake, but just as I was com-

¹ This publication is made with permission of Lady Ritchie and of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., the London publishers of Thackeray's Works.

ing up to you, Sartorissa [something is disengaged & will do me the favor. omitted] and before I could turn her, Smoking commences at an early hour: so you were gone. The dinner will take that gentlemen may bring their dressing



From an etching by Hollier. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

place about 7³/₄ clock. I don't know how it arose or how many are coming, but as it only consists of various joints of meat and a pudding, anybody may come who

gowns. Ambassadors to appear in brocade, but literary gentlemen in the robe de chambre which you admired the other day.

intend to send a copy of 'Vanity Fair' gentleman whom I have been admiring and making fun of all my life.¹

Faithfully dear Sir Henry Bulwer,
"H. M. Thackeray."

Thackeray came to the United States

impending journey to America. The letter is in part as follows:

"My time is drawing near for the *ingens sequor*: I have taken places for self and Crowe Jr. by the *Canada* which departs on the 30th of this month, a Saturday, and all you who pray for travellers



After the painting by George Richmond, R.A. From "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle." (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons)

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD AT THE AGE OF THIRTY

he first time in 1852 to deliver a series of lectures, "The English Humour-

In a letter, dated October 6 of that year, he wrote to his much attached friend, John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of "Rab and His Friends" of the

by land and sea (if you do pray in your Scotch church) are entreated to offer up supplications for me. I don't like going at all, have dismal presentiments sometimes, but the right thing is to go; and the pleasant one will be to come back again

¹ The gentleman here referred to was Sir Henry's brother, Lord Lytton, whom earlier in life Thackeray immortalized as SAWEDWARDGEORGEARLITNBULWIG!

with a little money for those young ladies. I hope to send you 'Henry Esmond' before I sail; if not it will follow me as a legacy."

mother and you two girls. And I think, if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States."



From a watercolor by D. Lighton, owned by Major William H. Lambert

THACKERAY IN ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON

To his eldest daughter, now Lady Ritchie, he also wrote of the voyage:

"I must and will go, not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your

For fellow-passengers aboard the *Canada*, Thackeray had James Russell Lowell, fresh from his first visit to Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, who, as a youth, had spent several years in the

United States. After a rough voyage, the steamer reached Boston on Friday, November 10, and six days later Thackeray arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York, replaced in 1910 by a lofty office building. An eager audience of about twelve hundred filled every seat in Dr. Bellows's church on Broadway, below Prince Street, when Thackeray gave his first lecture on the English humorists, his subject being Swift.

Five years later Thackeray met his old friend James E. Freeman, an American artist whom he had known in Rome, and said to him:

"Since I saw you last I have been lecturing in your vast and wonderful country, and my visits were well repaid. I was delighted with both nature and man in America, and I gained the first money that I have ever been able to put aside for the future. But I very much fear I shall not be able to repeat my visits with equal success, inasmuch as in one of my lectures I spoke of your immortal Washington as Mr. Washington. Do you believe your countrymen will ever forgive me?"

Among women, Mrs. Jane Octavia Brookfield was Thackeray's dearest friend. She was the wife of the Rev. William Henry Brookfield, a Cambridge classmate and lifelong friend, and is believed to have suggested the character of Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," who has been described as "perhaps the finest picture of splendid, lustrous physical beauty ever given to the world." Mrs. Brookfield, a portrait of whom accompanies this article, was a famous beauty and a cousin

of Arthur Hallam, who inspired Tennyson's "In Memoriam." For many years Thackeray was Mrs. Brookfield's constant correspondent when absent from London. She died very suddenly of heart failure in 1901, and to the last was fond of speaking of "dear Thackeray," who sent her many letters written in the United States. Her only daughter married the elder brother of Sir Richmond

Thackeray Ritchie, husband of Lady Ritchie. In his first letter from the Clarendon to Mrs. Brookfield, the delighted novelist, with slight exaggeration, stated that he was receiving for his lectures "almost a pound a minute!"

From Buffalo, on December 29, 1852, Thackeray wrote to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smyth:

"If my health holds out I must go on money-grubbing for some months to come. They have paid me nearly 1600£ in 2 months of wh. I have spent 200 in travelling—it is awfully dear work—next month will be another profitable month—afterwards in the South not so much profit but more pleasure

for February & March—afterwards profit again & afterwards—Oh ye Gods, won't I be glad to come back leaving 500£ a year behind me [invested] in this country! Then grim death will not look so grim. Then the girls will have something to live upon or to bestow upon the objects of their young affections—then, when the house is paid for, we may live and take things easily—then, when I have written 2 more novels, for wh. I shall get 5000£ apiece—why then, at 50, I shall be as I was at 21. You will be only a young person of 69 then, and will

Wm. Thackeray



Owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THACKERAY READING ONE OF HIS LECTURES, "THE FOUR GEORGES." SKETCHED BY HIMSELF



From a daguerreotype owned by Miss Amy Weeks. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

This portrait was taken in New York during Thackeray's first visit to America.

after your great grandchildren. I He concluded with his usual tender-
 I you know to hanker after parliament, heartedness:
 ce magistracies & so forth—but no "And so God bless my dearest old ones
 ipation I can devise is so profitable as and young ones in this and all succeeding

clock, I don't know how it arose or how
 many are coming, but as it only counts
 of various points of meat and a huddles,
 any body may come when is disengaged &
 will do me the favor. Smoking room
 at an early hour: so that gentlemen may
 bring in their dressing gowns. Ambassadors to appear.
 if you admired the the day



Gentlemen in the robe de chambre



in brocade, but library

From the original, owned by Major William H. Lambert

PART OF A LETTER AND SKETCH BY THACKERAY TO SIR HENRY BULWER

wh. I have at my hand in that old
 tand."
 after an amusing account of a "Da-
 reotypist" who requested that Thack-
 "would step over" and have his "mug
 n off," which he "declined with
 ks," and of an alarm of fire at the
 falo hotel, he added, "Fancy how I
 ched at the desk and the sermons."

years. Have you & the girls any favoured
 poor? Give them 100 francs with thanks
 to God for our abundance."

Early in 1853, Thackeray wrote the
 following letter to Dr. John Brown:

"Charleston, S. C. March 25, 1853.
 "MY DEAR BROWN—I thought this very
 day how I would write a letter to Rutland

Street, Edinburgh, and shake hands with some friends there: and behold this morning your letter comes and remembrances pleasant and sorrowful of you all. I hope indeed and indeed your wife is better. I

but at seventy-two my mother will not like to be away from him nor the children to be away from her, and when I go home it must be to them. So Dr. Last drives in his chariot now! so lui fais mon com-

P.S. Somebody had told
the girls that they might ask
if I told them they had
taken a liberty

The day after the



When the girls told me that they had written to you to ask whether they had might bring partners - their father's usually benevolent countenance looked as black as thunder.



After the ball this morning Jimmy says, "Well Papa,

I think it was very impudent of us to think of asking to bring partners to such a ball - why, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

And I was pretty well for the 1st! knew this even so long and
thought of going. Lucky I didn't. Had refused Sheraff's ^{dinner} as

From the original, owned by Major William H. Lambert

PART OF A LETTER BY THACKERAY TO AN UNKNOWN PERSON

have been inventing plans for coming to Scotland in the summer, but who knows how Fate will lead a man so many weeks hence. The same post brings me news that my dear old stepfather has had a brain attack from which he has recovered,

pliment, I wish it was driving to the railway to meet me. What is this about my being in love Miss Mackenzie has told you? That was but a very mild attack of the disease; or an infinitesimal dose of *similia similibus*, I defy the fever pretty

much now, and rather wish I could catch it.

"I have no time to write letters scarcely, much more a book. I eat as usual 7 din-

me easy against the day when work will be over, and then, and then who knows what Fate will bring. The idleness of the life is dreary and demoralizing though;



*'Whichever you please of the young ladies
(only she was much prettier)*

From a Thackeray sketch, owned by Major William H. Lambert

THACKERAY AT A DANCE, WHEN EIGHTEEN

ners a week, at other folks' charges, the lectures do pretty well, and I have laid by but at 8 per cent. (that is the common interest here) £200 a year; 6 weeks more will give me £50 a year more, and next year—I come home of course *interea*—will help to £150 more. This will make

and the bore and humiliation of delivering these stale old lectures is growing intolerable. Why, what a superior heroism is Albert Smith's, who has ascended Mont Blanc 400 times!

"It's all exaggeration about this country—barbarism, eccentricities, nigger cruel-

ties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say: there in Edinburgh, you *are* educated). The negroes are happy whatever is said of them, at least all that we see, and the country

—not that there are not hundreds of pleasant people and kind, affectionate dear people, but O for Kensington and home! Good-bye, and how do you do, my dear Mrs. Brown, and remember, Sir and Madam, that I am always yours affectionately,
"W. M. Thackeray."



From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THE MAN IN POSSESSION

This and the three following pictures were redrawn in outline, and somewhat differently, for "Our Street."

planters beg and implore any Englishman to go to their estates and see for themselves. I think these four sides of paper might contain all I have got to say regarding the country, which I can't see for the dinners, etc. To-morrow I go to Richmond on my way to New York and thence into Canada; and in July or before I hope to see that old country again which is after all the only country for us to live in,

Soon after his return from the first visit to the United States, Thackeray writes to Miss Holmes, adding a postscript on the inside of the envelop, and on the third sheet draws a sketch of Bulwer and himself standing behind a lady seated at a piano. He writes:

"There is a comfortable Hotel in this street kept by a respectable family man, the charges are Beds gratis, Breakfast,

thank you, dinner and tea, ditto, servants included in these charges. Get a cab from the station and come straitway to No. 13.¹ I dine out with the Dean of St. Paul's (you have heard of a large meeting house we have between Ludgate Hill and Cheap-side with a round roof?). Some night

notorious W. M. T.), I have caricatured Dr. Newman (with an immense nose) and the Cardinal too, you ought to know that."

In a letter written in Paris to Percival Leigh in 1854, he refers to his "Newcomes" and alludes to Charles Dickens as



From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG

we will have a select party, but *not* whilst you are staying here. When you are in your lodgings—why, I will ask Sir Edward George Earle Lytton, Bulwer Lytton himself. Bulwer's boots are very fine in the accompanying masterly designs (refer to sketch), remark the traces of emotion on the cheeks of the other author (the

follows: "I have seen for the first time the engravings of 'Newcomes,' some of which I like very much indeed. Why, Doyle ought to bless the day that put the etching needle into his hand. He does beautifully and easily what I wanted to do and can't. Some of the wood blox have been awfully mangled. I hear the artists

¹ 13 Young Street, Kensington, London.

are consumedly angry. I don't know for y. 'There 's a bit from 'Hard 'Times' quoted in the Examiner to-day representing such a character as I have drawn in several varieties; but I think I know whose the best English is of the 2 writers. I wonder there is not some young fellow come up to knock us both off the stage."

The following undated letter, which mentions Dickens, was probably written in 1855:

"36 Onslow Sq^r Friday M ?

"(Private)

"*My dear Sir*

"I go to Paris to-morrow morning where a member of my family is very

unwell and desirous to see me; and shall probably not return to London until the beginning of August: If your meetings are still going on there, and I can be of any use in speaking I shall be glad to do my best in the service of the A. R. A.

"I would even come back for the meeting of Wednesday week (I am free on the S E Line so that the expense w^d be very trifling to me) should you think my presence desirable. One literary man will probably be enough, and you have a most accomplished & certain orator in my friend Mr. Dickens. Whereas, from the very little practice I have had, I am just as



FIGURE 1. Key, watercolor drawing for "Four Streets," which by the
Dress of the figures, Philadelphia

THE STREET-DOOR KEY



From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THE HAPPY FAMILY

likely to fail as not. If you think, however, that two of us might be likely to 'draw a house' I am at your service. Unless you want me, or if I shall do as well on a latter day, I had rather of course spare myself the time and travel.

"Believe me very faithfully yours

W. M. Thackeray.

"My address at Paris is chez M^{me} Ritchie, 36 Rue Godot-Mauroy.

"P.S. You need not write. I shall see whether you want me by the advertisement of the names of Speakers in the Times."

Thackeray came to this country a second

time in October, 1855. As on his previous visit, he arrived in Boston, where he was most cordially welcomed, and his lectures on "Town Life and Manners in the Reigns of the Georges" were well received, as they were also in New York early in November.

In answer to his friend William B. Reed of Philadelphia, who asked him his opinion of this country, Thackeray replied: "You know what a virtue-proud people we English are. We think we have got it all ourselves. Now that which impresses me here is that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic virtues as gentle: the English language, though its accent be a little different, with its

homelike melody, and the Common Prayer Book in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else."

On the day of his departure from America, which was sudden, he sent the following note to Mr. Reed:

"MY DEAR REED,—When you get this, . . . remum-mum-cumber me to kick-kick-kind ffu-fffu-ffriends . . . a sudden resolution—to—mum-mum-morrow . . . in the *Bu-bu-baltic*. Good-by, my dear kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I did n't think of going away when I left home this morning; but it's the best way. I think it is best to send back 25 per cent. to poor Hazard.¹ Will you kindly give him the enclosed; and depend on it, I shall go and see Mrs Booth when I go to London, and tell her all about you! My heart is uncommonly heavy: and I am yours gratefully and affectionately.

"W. M. T."

In an undated letter relating to the death of G. A. à Becket, who died in August, 1856, written to F. M. Evans from Aix-la-Chapelle, Thackeray says:

"I have only just read of our dear good à Becket's death, and think how I saw him only six weeks since, with his children about him. Whose turn is next? God help us. Whoever heard him say an unkind word? Can't we as his old comrades, do something to show his poor widow and family our sense of his worth? It is through my connection with Punch that I owe the good chances which have of late befallen me, and have had so many a kind offer of help in my own days of trouble that I would thankfully aid a friend whom death has called away."

The merry, unsigned note which follows (shown on page 336, in facsimile) is addressed to an unknown lady, as it bears no name:

"The day after the [ball]

"P.S. Somebody had told the girls that they might ask & I told them they had taken a liberty.

"When the girls told me that they had written to you to ask whether they might

bring partners—their father's usually benevolent countenance looked as black as thunder.

"After the ball this morning Minny says 'Well, Papa, I think it was very impudent of us to think of asking to bring partners to such a ball. Why, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.'

"And I was pretty well for the 1st time this ever so long and thought of going. Lucky I did n't. Had refused Sheriff's dinner on plea of being too unwell to dine out.

"I am glad it was such a success and will sign my name some other day as that of your most humble servant."

In an earlier letter to Mrs. Brookfield, while "*Vanity Fair*" was in course of publication in monthly numbers, Thackeray wrote, "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup*."

Being in London and free from any engagement for the favorable morning of July 18, 1906, the ninety-fifth anniversary of Thackeray's birth, I drove out to Kensal Green with a friend to see his grave, as well as that of his American admirer, John Lothrop Motley, which is not far distant. They are among an army of more than one hundred thousand who have been buried in the famous cemetery during the last seven decades. It is about two miles beyond Paddington on the road to Harrow. "At Paddington," wrote Leigh Hunt in 1843, "begins the ground of my affections, continuing thro mead and green lane till it reaches Hampstead." It was thought that Thackeray would be buried in Westminster Abbey, but some obstacles stood in the way, as they also did to his being placed by the side of Goldsmith in the Temple churchyard; and so a grave was selected for him in Kensal Green. An ivy-covered, recumbent granite stone bears the simple record:

"William Makepeace Thackeray, born July 18, 1811: died December 24, 1863."

Of all his intimate friends and contemporaries included in the throng of some fifteen hundred at the cemetery on that mild and springlike morning, it is believed that Sir Theodore Martin was the last survivor. Carlyle was too ill to be present at the burial of his friend.

¹ Willis P. Hazard, a young bookseller under whose auspices Thackeray repeated in Philadelphia his lectures on the Georges, which were not a success; in fact he lost money by the speculation.

Lady Ritchie, referring to two articles by the present writer that appeared in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1901, and January, 1902, descriptive of her father's visits to the United States, writes:

"How happily you have brought back the feeling and atmosphere of those old times! My Father, who went away to America so ill and depressed, came back cheered and made happy by the friends' welcome he found there. I think indeed

it has gone on till now! and the welcome and friendship he so appreciated have not ceased. I often wish he could have known how many to come there were to understand and appreciate not *him* so much as the things he loved and believed in and respected. For he cared more for sympathy than for actual personal appreciation, though he loved friendship too. . . . How often I have heard my Father speak of his many good friends in America."



Drawn by Garth Jones

ACROSS STAR-SPACES

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

LAST night I dreamed I saw my Love
Among the heavenly host;
Amid that joyous, radiant throng
She seemed but a gray ghost.

"Now, why go you so dim," I said,
"Among your shining peers?"
She sighed: "The glory of my face
Is dimmed by your hot tears.

"Each hopeless drop that falls for me
Weighs down my soul like lead.
How can I join my living mates
When you will have me dead?

"The bliss that should be mine is changed
To mourning by your gloom;
Can I be glad when you are sad?
This sorrow is my tomb.

"Oh, time and space are naught," she said,
"And death is but a name;

'T is grief alone makes deaf the ear;
'T is doubt bedims love's flame.

"Across star-spaces deep and wide
My heart yearns out to you;
The shroud of woe that shuts you in
I may not venture through.

"Throw wide the windows of your soul
And let the sunlight in,
That to your heart, my refuge once,
My soul again may win.

"Fain would I lean above your chair,
And come and go each day
In mine own wonted place. I knock;
Will you not bid me stay?"

Waking, I go about my tasks
With never sigh or tear:
My grief I lay within its grave,
But love bides with me here.



OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Letters," etc.

I

MRS. LIDCOTE, as the huge, menacing mass of New York defined itself far off across the waters, shrank back into her corner of the deserted deck and sat listening with a kind of unreasoning terror to the steady onward drive of the screws.

She had set out on the voyage quietly enough,—in what she called her "reasonable" mood,—but the week at sea had given her too much time to think of things, had left her too long alone with the past.

When she was alone, it was always the past that occupied her. She could n't get away from it, and she did n't any longer care to. During her long years of exile she had made her terms with it, had learned to accept the fact that it would always be there, huge, obstructing, encumbering, much bigger and more dominant than anything the future could possibly conjure up. And, at any rate, she was sure of it, she understood it, knew how to reckon with it; she had learned to screen and manage and protect it as one does an afflicted member of one's family.

There had never been any danger of her being allowed to forget the past. It looked out at her from the face of every acquaintance, it appeared suddenly in the eyes of strangers when a word enlightened them: "Yes, *the* Mrs. Lidcote, don't you know?" It had sprung at her the first day out, when, across the dining-room, from the captain's table, she had seen Mrs. Lorin Boulger's revolving eye-glass suddenly pause and the eye behind it grow as blank as a dropped blind. The next day, of course, the captain had asked, "You

know your ambassadress, Mrs. Boulger?" and she had replied that, No, she seldom left Florence, and had n't been to Rome for more than a day since the Boulgers had been sent to Italy. She was so used to these set phrases that it cost her no effort to repeat them. And the captain had promptly changed the subject.

No, she did n't, as a rule, mind the *past*, because she was used to it and understood it. It was a great concrete fact in her path that she had to walk around every time she moved in any direction. But now, in the light of the dreadful event that had summoned her from Italy,—the sudden, unanticipated news of her daughter's divorce from Horace Pursh and immediate remarriage with Wilbour Barkley,—the past, her own poor, miserable past, started up at her with eyes of accusation, became, to her disordered fancy, like the "afflicted" relative suddenly breaking away from nurses and keepers and publicly parading the horror and misery one had, all the long years, so patiently screened and secluded.

Yes, there it had stood before her through the long, agitated weeks since the news had come,—during her interminable journey from India, where Leila's letter had overtaken her, and the feverish halt in her apartment in Florence, where she had had to stop and gather up her possessions for a fresh start,—there it had stood grinning at her with a new balefulness which seemed to say, "Oh, but you 've got to look at me *now*, because I 'm not only your own past, but Leila's present."

Certainly it was a master-stroke of those arch-ironists of the shears and spindle to duplicate her own story in her daughter's. Mrs. Lidcote had always

fancied somewhat grimly that, having so signally failed to be of use to Leila in other ways, she would at least serve her as a warning. She had even at times consciously abstained from defending herself, from making the best of her case, had stoically refused to plead extenuating circumstances, lest Leila's impulsive sympathy should lead to deductions that might react disastrously on her own life. And now that very thing had happened, and Mrs. Lidcote could hear the whole of New York saying with one voice: "Yes, Leila's done just what her mother did. With such an example, what else could you expect?"

Yet if she had been an example, poor woman, she had been an awful one; she had been, one would have supposed, of more use as a deterrent than a hundred blameless mothers as incentives. For how could any one who had seen anything of her life in the last eighteen years have the courage to repeat so disastrous an experiment?

Well, logic in such cases did n't count, example did n't count, nothing, she supposed, counted but having the same impulses in the blood; and that presumably was the dark inheritance she had bestowed upon her daughter. Leila had n't consciously copied her; she had simply "taken after" her, had been, so to speak, a projection of her own long-past rebellion.

Mrs. Lidcote had deplored, when she started, that the *Utopia* was a slow steamer, and would take eight full days to bring her to her unhappy daughter; but now, as the moment of reunion approached, she would willingly have turned the boat about and fled back to the high seas. It was not only because she felt still so unprepared to face what New York had in store for her, but because she needed more time to dispose of what the *Utopia* had already given her. The past was bad enough, but the present and future were worse, because they were less comprehensible, and because, as she grew older, surprises and inconsequences troubled her more than the worst certainties.

There was Mrs. Boulger, for instance. In the light, or rather the darkness, of new developments, it might really be that Mrs. Boulger had not meant to cut her, but had simply failed to recognize her. Mrs. Lidcote had arrived at this extraordinary hypothesis simply by listening to

the conversation of the persons sitting next to her on deck—two lively young women with the latest Paris hats on their heads and the latest New York ideas beneath them. These ladies, as to whom it would have been impossible for a person with Mrs. Lidcote's primitive categories to determine whether they were married or unmarried, "nice" or "horrid," or any one or other of the definite things which young women, in her youth and her society, were of necessity constrained to be, had revealed a familiarity with the world of New York that, again according to Mrs. Lidcote's traditions, should have implied a recognized place in it. But in the present fluid state of manners what did anything imply except what their hats implied—that one could n't tell what was coming next?

They seemed, at any rate, to frequent a group of idle and opulent people who executed the same gestures and revolved on the same pivots as Mrs. Lidcote's daughter and her friends: their Coras, Matties, and Mabels seemed at any moment likely to reveal familiar patronymics, and once one of the speakers, summing up a discussion of which their neighbor had missed the beginning, had affirmed with headlong assurance: "Leila? Oh, *Leila's* all right."

Could it be *her* Leila, the mother had wondered, with a sharp thrill of curiosity and apprehension? If only they would mention surnames! But their talk leaped elliptically from allusion to allusion, their unfinished sentences dangled over abysses of conjecture, and it was one of the marks of their state that they gave their bewildered hearer the impression not so much of talking only of their intimates, but of being intimate with every one alive.

Her old friend Franklin Ide could have told her, perhaps; but here was the last day of the voyage, and she had n't yet found courage to ask him. Great as had been the joy of discovering his name on the passenger-list, and seeing his friendly, hirsute countenance among the throng against the taffrail at Cherbourg, she had as yet said nothing to him except, when they had met, "Of course I'm going out to Leila."

She had said nothing to Franklin Ide because she had always instinctively shrunk from taking him into her confidence. She was sure he felt sorry for her, sorry yet

haps than any one had ever felt; but he had always paid her the supreme tribute of not showing it. His attitude allowed her to imagine that compassion was not the basis of his feeling for her, and it was part of her joy in his friendship that it was the one relation seemingly unconditioned by her state, the one in which she could think and feel and behave like any other woman.

Now, however, as the cloudy problem of New York loomed nearer, she began to regret that she had not spoken, had not at least questioned him about the hints she had gathered on the way. He did not know the two ladies next to her, he did not even, as it happened, know Mrs. Lorin Boulger; but he knew New York, and New York was the sphinx whose riddle she must read or perish.

Almost as the thought passed through her mind his stooping shoulders and grizzled head detached themselves against the dazzle of light in the west, and he sauntered down the empty deck and dropped into the chair at her side.

"You're expecting the Barkleys to meet you, I suppose?" he asked composedly.

It was the first time she had heard any one pronounce her daughter's new name, and it immediately occurred to her that her friend, who was shy and inarticulate, had been trying to say it all the way over and had at last shot it out at her only because he felt it must be now or never.

"I don't know. I cabled, of course. But I believe she's at—they're at—his place somewhere."

"Oh, Barkley's; yes, near Lenox, is n't it? But she's sure to come to town to meet you."

He said it so easily and naturally that her own constraint was relieved, and suddenly, before she knew what she meant to do, she had burst out, "She may dislike the idea of seeing people."

Ide, whose absent, short-sighted gaze had been fixed on the slowly gliding water, turned in his seat to stare at his companion.

"Who? Leila?" he said, with an incredulous laugh.

Mrs. Lidcote flushed to her faded hair, and grew pale again. "It took *me* a long time—to get used to it," she stammered, forcing a smile.

His look grew gently commiserating.

"I think you'll find—" he wavered for a word—"that things are different now—altogether easier."

"That's what I've been wondering—since we started." She was determined now to speak. She moved nearer, so that their arms touched, and she could drop her voice to the lowest murmur. "You see, it all came on me in a flash. My going off to India and Siam on that long trip kept me away from letters for weeks at a time; and she did n't want to tell me beforehand—oh, I understand *that*, poor child! You know how good she's always been to me; how she's tried to spare me. And she knew, of course, what a state of horror I'd be in. She knew I'd rush to her at once and try to stop it. So she never gave me a hint of anything, and she even managed to muzzle Susy Suffern—you know Susy is the one of the family who keeps me posted about things at home. I don't yet see how she prevented Susy's telling me; but she did. And her first letter, the one I got up at Bangkok, simply said the thing was over,—the divorce, I mean,—and that the very next day she'd—well, I suppose there was no use waiting; and *he* seems to have behaved as well as possible, to have wanted to marry her as much as—"

"Who? Barkley?" he helped her out. "I should say so! Why, what do you suppose—" He interrupted himself. "He'll be devoted to her, I assure you," he said.

"Oh, of course; I'm sure he will. He's written me—really beautifully. But it's a terrible strain on a man's devotion, a terrible test. I'm not sure that Leila realizes—"

Ide sounded again his little, reassuring laugh. "I'm not sure that you realize. *They're* all right."

It was the very phrase that the young lady in the next seat had applied to the unknown "Leila," and its recurrence on Ide's lips flushed Mrs. Lidcote with fresh courage.

"I wish I knew just what you mean. The two young women next to me—the ones with the wonderful hats—have been talking in the same way."

"What? About Leila?"

"About *a* Leila; I fancied it might be mine. And about society in general. All their friends seem to be divorced; some of

them seem to announce their engagements before they get their decree. One of them, —her name was Mabel,—as far as I could make out, her husband found out that she meant to divorce him by noticing that she wore a new engagement-ring."

"Well, you see Leila did everything 'regularly,' as the French say," Ide rejoined.

"Yes; but are these people in society? The people my neighbors talk about?"

Ide shrugged his shoulders. "It would take an arbitration commission a good many sittings to define the boundaries of society nowadays. But at any rate they're in New York; and I assure you you're *not*; you're farther and farther from it."

"But I've been back there several times to see Leila." She hesitated and looked away from him. Then she brought out slowly: "And I've never noticed—the least change—in—in my own case—"

"Oh," he sounded deprecatingly, and she trembled with the fear of having gone too far. But the hour was past when she could be held by such scruples. She must know where she was and where Leila was. "Mrs. Boulger still cuts me," she brought out with an embarrassed laugh.

"Are you sure? You've probably cut *her*; if not now, at least in the past. And in a cut, if you're not first, you're nowhere. That's what keeps up so many quarrels."

The word roused Mrs. Lidcote to a renewed sense of realities. "But the Purshes," she said—"the Purshes are so strong! There are so many of them, and they all back each other up, just as my husband's family did. I know what it means to have a clan against one. They're stronger than any number of separate friends. The Purshes will *never* forgive Leila for leaving Horace. Why, his mother opposed his marrying her because of—of my situation. She tried to get Leila to promise that she would n't see me when they went to Europe on their honeymoon. And now she'll say it was my example."

Her companion, vaguely stroking his beard, mused a moment upon this; then he asked with seeming irrelevance, "What did Leila say when you wrote that you were coming?"

"She said it was n't the least necessary, but I'd better come, because it was the only way to convince me that it was n't."

"Well, then, that proves she's not afraid of the Purshes."

She breathed a long sigh of remembrance. "Oh, just at first, you know—one never is."

He laid his hand on hers with a rapid gesture of intelligence and pity. "You'll see, you'll see," he merely promised her.

A shadow lengthened down the deck before them, and a steward stood there, proffering a wireless despatch.

"Oh, now I shall know!" she exclaimed.

She tore the message open, and then let it fall on her knees, dropping her clasped hands on it in silence.

Ide's inquiry roused her: "It's all right?"

"Oh, quite right. Perfectly. She can't come; but she's sending Susy Suffern. She says that Susy will explain." After another silence she added, with a sudden gush of bitterness, "As if I needed any explanation!"

She felt Ide's hesitating glance upon her. "She's in the country?"

"Yes. 'Prevented last moment. Longing for you, expecting you. Love from both.' Don't you *see*, the poor darling, that she could n't face it?"

"No, I don't." He waited. "Do you mean to go to her immediately?"

"It will be too late to catch a train this evening; but I shall take the first to-morrow morning." She considered a moment. "Perhaps it's better. I need a talk with Susy first. She's to meet me at the dock, and I'll take her straight back to the hotel with me."

As she developed this plan, she had the sense that Ide was still thoughtfully, even gravely, considering her. When she ceased, he remained silent a moment; then he said almost ceremoniously: "If your talk with Miss Suffern does n't last too late, would it be indiscreet of me to ask to see you when it's over? I shall be dining at the club, and I'll call you up at about ten, if I may. I'm off to Chicago on business to-morrow morning, and it would be a satisfaction to know, before I start, that your cousin's been able to reassure you, as I know she will."

He spoke with a sudden, shy deliberateness that, even to Mrs. Lidcote's troubled perceptions, sounded a long-silenced note of feeling. Perhaps the breaking down of

urrier of reticence between them had
ed unsuspected emotions in both. The
of his appeal moved her curiously and
ned the tight strain of her fears.

"Oh, yes, come—do come," she mur-
ed, rising. The huge threat of New
k was imminent now, dwarfing, under
g reaches of embattled masonry, the
at deck she stood on and all the little
cks of life it carried. One of them,
ifting nearer, took the shape of her
aid, flanked by luggage-laden stewards,
id signing to her that it was time to go
elow. As they descended to the main
eck, the throng swept her against Mrs.
Lorin Boulger's shoulder, and she heard
the ambadress call to an interlocutor,
over the vexed sea of hats: "So sorry! I
should have been delighted, but I 've
promised to spend Sunday with some
friends at Lenox."

II

SUSY SUFFERN's explanation did not end
till after ten o'clock, and she had just
gone when Franklin Ide, who, complying
with an old New York tradition, had
caused himself to be preceded by a long,
white box of roses, was ushered into Mrs.
Lidcote's sitting-room.

He came forward with his shy, half-
humorous smile and, taking her hand,
looked at her for a moment without speak-
ing.

"It 's all right," he then pronounced
affirmatively.

Mrs. Lidcote returned his smile. "It 's
extraordinary. Everything 's changed.
Even Susy has changed; and you know
the extent to which Susy stood for old
New York. There 's no old New York
left, it seems. She talked in the most
amazing way. She snaps her fingers at
the Purshes. She told me—*me*, that every
woman had a right to happiness, that self-
expression was the highest duty. She ac-
cused me of misunderstanding Leila; she
said my point of view was conventional!
She was bursting with pride at having
been in the secret, and wearing a brooch
that Wilbour Barkley 'd given her!"

Franklin Ide had seated himself in the
arm-chair of green art-velvet that she had
pushed forward for him under the elec-
tric chandelier. He threw back his head
and laughed. "What did I tell you?" he

"Yes; but I can't believe that Susy 's
not mistaken. Poor dear, she has the habit
of lost causes; and she may feel that, hav-
ing stuck to me, she can do no less than
stick to Leila."

"But she did n't—did she?—openly
defy the world for you? She did n't snap
her fingers at your husband's family?"

Mrs. Lidcote shook her head, still smil-
ing. "No. It was enough to defy *my*
family. She did that, almost. It was
doubtful at one time if they would tolerate
her seeing me, and she almost had to dis-
infect herself after each visit. I believe
that at first my sister-in-law would n't let
the girls come down when Susy dined
with her."

"Well, is n't your cousin's present atti-
tude the best possible proof that times have
changed?"

"Yes, yes; I know." She leaned for-
ward from her sofa-corner, fixing her eyes
on his thin, kindly face, which gleamed on
her indistinctly through a sudden blur.
"If it 's true, it 's—it 's dazzling. She
says Leila 's perfectly happy. It 's as if
an angel had gone about in all the ceme-
teries lifting gravestones, and the buried
people walked again, and the living did n't
shrink from them."

"That 's about it," he assented.

She drew a deep breath, and sat looking
away from him down the long perspective
of lamp-fringed streets over which her
windows hung.

"I can understand how happy you must
be," he began at length.

She turned to him impetuously. "Yes,
yes; I 'm happy. But I 'm lonely, too—
lonelier than ever. I did n't take up much
room in the world before; but now—
where is there a corner for me? Oh, since
I 've begun to confess myself, why should
n't I go on? Telling you this lifts a
gravestone from *me*! You see, before this,
Leila needed me. She was unhappy, and
I knew it, and though we hardly ever
talked of it, I felt that, in a way, the
thought that I 'd been through the same
thing, and down to the dregs of it, helped
her. And her needing me helped *me*. And
when the news of her marriage came, my
first thought was that now she 'd need me
more than ever, that she 'd have no one
but me to turn to. Yes, under all my dis-
tress there was a fierce joy in that. I
was so new and wonderful to feel agai

that there was one person who would n't be able to get on without me! And now what you and Susy tell me seems to have taken my child from me; and just at first that 's all that I can feel."

"Of course it 's all you feel." He looked at her musingly. "Why did n't Leila come to meet you?" he then inquired.

"Oh, that was really my fault. You see, I 'd cabled that I was not sure of being able to get off on the *Utopia*, and apparently my second cable was delayed, and when she received it, she 'd already asked some people over Sunday—one or two of her old friends, Susy says. I 'm so glad they should have wanted to go to her at once; but naturally I 'd rather have been alone with her."

"You still mean to go, then?"

"Oh, I must. Susy wanted to drag me off to Ridgefield with her over Sunday, and Leila sent me word that of course I might go if I wanted to, and that I was not to think of her; but I know how disappointed she would be. Susy said she was afraid I might be upset at her having people to stay, and that, in that case, she would n't urge me to come. But if *they* don't mind, why should I? And of course, if they 're willing to go to Leila, it must mean—"

"Of course. I 'm glad you recognize that," Franklin Ide exclaimed abruptly. He stood up and went over to her, taking her hand with one of his quick-unexpected gestures. "There 's something I want to say to you," he began—

THE next morning, in the train, through all the other contending thoughts in Mrs. Lidcote's mind there ran the warm undercurrent of what Franklin Ide had wanted to say to her.

He had wanted, she knew, to say it once before, when, nearly eight years earlier, the hazard of meeting at the end of a rainy autumn in a small, deserted Swiss hotel had thrown them for a fortnight into unwonted propinquity. They had walked and talked together, borrowed each other's books and newspapers, spent the long, chill evenings over the fire in the dim lamplight of her little pitch-pine sitting-room; and she had been wonderfully comforted by his presence, and hard, frozen places in her had melted, and she

had known that she would be desperately sorry when he went. And then, just at the end, in his odd, indirect way, he had let her see that it rested with her to have him stay if she chose. She could still relive the sleepless night she had given to that discovery. It was preposterous, of course, to think of repaying his devotion by accepting such a sacrifice; but how find reasons to convince him? She could not bear to let him think her less touched, less inclined to him than she was: the generosity of his love deserved that she should repay it with the truth. Yet how let him see what she felt, and yet refuse what he offered? How confess to him what had been on her lips when he made the offer: "I 've seen what it did to one man; and there must never, never be another?" The tacit ignoring of her past had been the element in which their friendship lived, and she could not suddenly, to him of all men, begin to talk of herself like a guilty woman in a play. Somehow, in the end, she had managed it, had averted a direct explanation, had made him understand that her life was over, that she existed only for her daughter, and that a more definite word from him would have been almost a breach of delicacy. She was so used to behaving as if her life were over! And, at any rate, he had taken her hint, and she had been able to spare her sensitiveness and his. The next year, when he came to Florence to see her, they met again in the old friendly way; and that till now had continued to be the tenor of their intimacy.

And now, suddenly and unexpectedly, he had brought up the question again, directly this time, and in such a form that she could not evade it: putting the renewal of his plea, after so long an interval, on the ground that, on her own showing, her chief argument against it no longer existed.

"You tell me Leila 's happy. If she 's happy, she does n't need you—need you, that is, in the same way as before. You wanted then, I know, to be always in reach, always free and available if she should suddenly call you to her or take refuge with you. I understood that—I respected it. I did n't urge my case because I saw it was useless. You could n't, I understood well enough, have felt free to take such happiness as life with me

might have given you while she was unhappy, and, as you imagined, with no hope of release. Even then I did n't feel as you did about it; I understood better the trend of things here. But ten years ago the change had n't really come; and I had no way of convincing you that it was coming. Still, I always fancied that Leila might not think her case was closed, and so I chose to think that ours was n't either. Let me go on thinking so, at any rate, till you 've seen her, and confirmed with your own eyes what Susy Suffern tells you."

III

ALL through what Susy Suffern told and retold her during their four-hours' flight to the hills this plea of Ide's kept coming back to Mrs. Lidcote. She did not yet know what she felt as to its ultimate bearing on her own fate, but it was something on which her confused thoughts could stay themselves amid the welter of new impressions, and she was inexpressibly glad that he had said what he had, and said it at that particular moment. It helped her to hold fast to her identity in the rush of strange names and new categories that her cousin's talk poured out on her.

With the progress of the journey Miss Suffern's communications grew more and more amazing. She was like a cicerone preparing the mind of an inexperienced traveler for the marvels about to burst on it.

"You won't know Leila. She 's had her pearls reset. Sargent 's to paint her. Oh, and I was to tell you that she hopes you won't mind being the least bit squeezed over Sunday. The house was built by Wilbour's father, you know, and it 's rather old-fashioned—only ten spare bedrooms. Of course that 's small for what they mean to do, and she 'll show you the new plans they 've had made. Their idea is to keep the present house as a wing. She told me to explain she 's so dreadfully sorry not to be able to give you a sitting-room just at first. They 're thinking of Egypt for next winter, unless, of course, Wilbour gets his appointment. Oh, did n't she write you about that? Why, he wants Rome, you know—the second secretaryship. Or, rather, he wanted England; but Leila insisted that if they went abroad, she must be near you. And

of course what she says is law. Oh, they quite hope they 'll get it. You see Horace's uncle is in the Cabinet,—one of the assistant secretaries,—and I believe he has a good deal of pull—"

"Horace's uncle? You mean Wilbour's, I suppose," Mrs. Lidcote interjected, with a gasp of which a fraction was given to Miss Suffern's flippant use of the language.

"Wilbour's? No, I don't. I mean Horace's. Oh, there 's no bad feeling between them, I assure you. Since Horace's engagement was announced—you did n't know Horace was engaged? Why, he 's marrying one of Bishop Thorbury's girls: the red-haired one who wrote the novel that every one 's talking about, 'This Flesh of Mine.' They 're to be married in the cathedral. Of course Horace *can*, because it was Leila who—but, as I say, there 's not the *least* feeling, and Horace wrote himself to his uncle about Wilbour."

Mrs. Lidcote's thoughts fled back to what she had said to Ide the day before on the deck of the *Utopia*. "I did n't take up much room before, but now where is there a corner for me?" Where indeed in this crowded, topsyturvy world, with its headlong changes and helter-skelter readjustments, its new tolerances and indifferences and accommodations, was there room for a character fashioned by slower, sterner processes and a life broken under their inexorable pressure? And then, in a flash, she viewed the chaos from a new angle, and order seemed to move upon the void. If the old processes were changed, her case was changed with them; she, too, was a part of the general readjustment, a tiny fragment of the new pattern worked out in bolder, freer harmonies. Since her daughter had no penalty to pay, was not she herself, by the same stroke, released from the long toll that life had taken of her? The rich arrears of youth and joy were gone irrevocably; but was there not enough left to accumulate new stores of happiness? That, of course, was what Franklin Ide had felt and had meant her to feel. He had seen at once what the change in her daughter's situation would make in her view of her own. It was almost—wondrously enough!—as if Leila's folly had been the means of vindicating hers.

else for the moment faded
 in the glow of her daugh-

It was unnatural, it was
 ng, to find herself suddenly
 strange threshold, under an
 , in a big hall full of pic-
 firelight, and hurrying ser-
 this spacious, unfamiliar
 discover Leila, bareheaded,
 horitative, with a strange
 vially echoing her welcome
 ing her orders; but once
 had her child on her breast,
 s, "It 's all right, you old
 er ears, every other feeling
 e deep sense of well-being
 s hug could give.

vas still with her, warming
 l pleasantly fluttering her
 went up to her room after
 little constrained by the pres-
 s, and not altogether sorry
 few hours the "long talk"
 hter for which she somehow
 emulously unready, she had
 the plea of fatigue, to the
 ious bedroom into which
 in and again apologized for
 obliged to "squeeze" her.
 s bigger and finer than any
 apartment in Florence; but
 e standard of affluence im-
 aughter's tone about it that
 her, nor yet the finish and
 its appointments. It was
 iared with the rest of the
 ith the trim perspective of
 neath its windows, of being
 tablishment"—of something
 founded on sacraments and
 d principles. There was
 : the place, or about Leila
 that suggested either pas-
 heir relation seemed as com-
 fir furniture and as respecta-
 lance at the bank.

in the whole confusing ex-
 thing that confused Mrs.
 that gave her at once the
 g of security for Leila and
 sense of apprehension for
 there was something op-
 : completeness and compact-
 s well-being. Ide had been
 aughter did not need her.
 r first embrace, had uncon-
 d the fact in the same phrase

as Ide himself, as the two young women
 with the hats. "It 's all right, you old
 darling!" she had said; and her mother
 sat alone, trying to fit herself into the new
 scheme of things which such a certainty
 betokened.

Her first distinct feeling was one of
 irrational resentment. If such a change
 was to come, why had it not come sooner?
 Here was she, a woman not yet old, who
 had paid with the best years of her life
 for the theft of the happiness that her
 daughter's contemporaries took as their
 due. There was no sense, no sequence, in
 it. She had had what she wanted, but she
 had had to pay too much for it. She had
 had to pay the last bitterest price of learn-
 ing that love has a price: that it is worth
 so much and no more. She had known
 the anguish of watching the man she loved
 discover this first, and of reading the dis-
 covery in his eyes. It was a part of her
 history that she had not trusted herself to
 think of for a long time past: she always
 took a big turn about that haunted corner
 of her conscience. But now, at the sight
 of the young man down-stairs, so openly
 and jovially Leila's, she was overwhelmed
 at the senseless waste of her own adven-
 ture, and wrung with the irony of perceiv-
 ing that the success or failure of the deep-
 est human experiences may hang on a mat-
 ter of chronology.

Then gradually the thought of Ide re-
 turned to her. "I chose to think that our
 case was n't closed," he had said. She had
 been deeply touched by that. To every
 one else her case had been closed so long!
Finis was scrawled all over her. But
 here was one man who had believed and
 waited, and what if what he believed in
 and waited for were coming true? If
 Leila's "all right" should really fore-
 shadow hers?

As yet, of course, it was impossible to
 tell. She had fancied, indeed, when she
 entered the drawing-room before lunch-
 eon, that a too-sudden hush had fallen on
 the assembled group of Leila's friends, on
 the slender, vociferous young women and
 the lounging, golf-stockinged young men.
 They had all received her politely, with
 the kind of petrified politeness that may
 be either a tribute to age or a protest at
 laxity; but to them, of course, she must
 be an old woman because she was Leila's
 mother, and in a society so dominated by

youth the mere presence of maturity was a constraint.

One of the young girls, however, had presently emerged from the group, and, attaching herself to Mrs. Lidcote's side, had listened to her with a blue gaze of admiration which gave the older woman a sudden happy consciousness of her long-forgotten social graces. It was agreeable to find herself attracting this young Charlotte Wynn, whose mother had been among her closest friends, and in whom something of the soberness and softness of the earlier manners had survived. But the little colloquy, broken up by the announcement of luncheon, could of course result in nothing more definite than this reminiscent emotion.

No, she could not yet tell how her own case was to be fitted into the new order of things; but there were more people—"older people" Leila had put it—arriving by the afternoon train, and that evening at dinner she would doubtless be able to judge. She began to wonder nervously

who the new-comers might be. Probably she would be spared the embarrassment of finding old acquaintances among them; but it was odd that her daughter had mentioned no names.

Leila had proposed that, later in the afternoon, Wilbour should take her mother for a drive: she said she wanted them to have a "nice, quiet talk." But Mrs. Lidcote wished her talk with Leila to come first, and had, moreover, at luncheon, caught stray allusions to an impending tennis-match in which her son-in-law was engaged. Her fatigue had been a sufficient pretext for declining the drive, and she had begged Leila to think of her as peacefully reposing in her room till such time as they could snatch their quiet moment.

"Before tea, then, you duck!" Leila with a last kiss had decided; and presently Mrs. Lidcote, through her open window, had heard the fresh, loud voices of her daughter's visitors chiming across the gardens from the tennis-court.

(To be concluded)



SONG

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

OUT of the dusky midnight,
Over the silver dew,
A spirit came
With a heart of flame,
Singing of you, of you.

Dawn rose over the mountains,
Gold on the farthest height;
And the robins sang
Till the wildwood rang
Only of Love's delight.

Midnight and dawn and sunset,—
Rose of the East and West,—
Again I wait
At your garden-gate,
And the thorn is in my breast!

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

THE FIRST PAPER: HE IS CONDEMNED AT WORMS AND HIDDEN
IN THE WARTBURG, WHERE HE TRANSLATES
THE NEW TESTAMENT

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

PRECEDED by the imperial herald Caspar Sturm and accompanied by his nephew Nicholas Amsdorf, an Augustinian brother, John Petzensteiner, and of his students, a young Pomeranian man, Peter Swaben, Luther left Wittenberg on April 2, 1521, riding in state with his companions in a covered wagon. The city magistrates provided the conveyance and the university added funds for the journey. Condemned heretic though he was, town after town showed distinguished honor as he passed through. The papal legate Alexander read that his entire journey was nothing but a triumphal procession. At Leipzig the city council sent him a gift of a robe. At Erfurt, where his old friend Johann was rector of the university, he was met outside the walls by an imposing retinue, and was greeted with an oration by the rector and a poem by Eoban Esch, the most celebrated poet of the day. Early in his journey he was unpleasantly surprised to learn of the imperial edict requiring the sequestration of his person. He was alarmed, he says, and shocked at the news, for it showed that the emperor was against him and he could rely for little from his own appearance at Worms. But his resolution to proceed remained unshaken.

According to his friend Myconius, Luther warned that he would be burned at the stake by the cardinals and bishops at Worms, and reminded of the fate that befell Hus at Constance, he replied, "Even if they kindled a fire as high as the tower from Wittenberg to Worms, I

would appear in the name of the Lord, in obedience to the imperial summons, and would walk into behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth, and confess Christ." Though Myconius is not a very trustworthy reporter, the words have a genuine ring.

From Frankfort, where he stopped over the night, Luther wrote Spalatin, who was already at Worms with the elector:

"We are coming, my Spalatin, although Satan has tried to stop me with more than one sickness. The whole way from Eisenach here I have been miserable and am still in a way not before experienced. Charles's mandate I know has been published to frighten me. But Christ lives, and we will enter Worms in spite of all the gates of hell and powers of the air. I send a copy of the imperial letter. I have thought it well to write no more letters until I arrive and see what is to be done, that Satan may not be puffed up, whom I am minded rather to terrify and despise. Arrange a lodging for me therefore. Farewell."

A year later, in a letter to the elector he remarked: "The devil saw clearly the mood I was in when I went to Worms. Had I known as many devils would set upon me as there were tiles on the roofs, I should have sprung into the midst of them with joy." Long afterward, in talking about his journey, he repeated the same words, and added: "For I was undismayed and feared nothing, so foolish can God make a man! I am not sure I should now be so joyful."



From the painting by Koenigler in the Rathaus, Erfurt

LUTHER AT ERFURT ON HIS WAY TO WORMS

He was greeted by a delegation of burghers, and professors and students of the university. One of the town dignitaries is on horseback, and in the background is seen the imperial herald, waving the crowd back with uplifted staff.

He reached his journey's end about ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the sixteenth of April. His coming was announced by a trumpeter, and though it was the hour of the midday meal, the whole town poured out to see him. Alexander sent one of his attendants to witness the great heretic's arrival, and afterward wrote the papal vice-chancellor: "About a hundred horsemen, presumably Sickingen's, accompanied him to the city gate. Sitting in a wagon with three companions, he entered the city, surrounded by some eight riders, and took up his lodging in the neighborhood of his Saxon prince.

When he alighted, a priest threw his arms about him, touched his garments three times, and went away exulting, as if he

had handled a relic of the greatest of saints. I suspect it will soon be said he works miracles. This Luther, as he stepped from the wagon, looked about with his demoniac eyes and said, 'God will be with me.' Then he entered a chamber where many gentlemen visited him, with ten or twelve of whom he dined, and after dinner everybody ran in to see him."

In spite of the pressure he was under, he took the time the next morning to visit a sick nobleman who had expressed the desire to see him. After offering him spiritual consolation, he heard him confess, and administered the sacrament. It was a thoroughly characteristic act, for he was never too busy to heed such calls. Always to the end of his days he remained a de-

and self-sacrificing pastor and spirit-
ide.

four in the afternoon he appeared
the diet, sitting at the time in the
palace, where the Emperor Charles
brother Ferdinand were staying.
all was filled with a large and dis-
bed company of princes, noblemen,
ecclesiastics, representatives of the
states and free cities of Germany,
ambassadors of foreign powers, in-
g two from England. It was an
ive occasion, fraught with conse-
not only for Luther himself, but for
pire and the world as well. The

the condemned monk was only one
ry items of business to engage the
on of the diet, and doubtless most
members were far more interested
r matters of local or national con-
Few realized the seriousness of the
m, and fewer still appreciated the
wide significance of the monk's ap-
ce before the German emperor and
But all were curious to see and
re man who had made such a stir,
is not surprising that the hall was
ed, as well as the streets outside.
under was scandalized to see the
berg monk enter the hall with a
g face and let his eyes rove over the
led company instead of exhibiting
mility and fear appropriate to one

in his situation. The humanist Peutinger,
a delegate from the city of Augsburg,
where he had entertained Luther at the
time of his appearance before Cajetan,
happened to be standing near and was
greeted cheerily with the words, "What,
you here, too, Herr Doctor?" Peutinger
afterward saw him frequently during his
stay in Worms, and reported to the Augs-
burg authorities that he found him always
in excellent spirits.

As soon as he had reached his place, Lu-
ther was peremptorily required to say
whether he acknowledged as his own a
pile of some twenty books collected by the
diligence of Aleander and arranged upon
a table before him, and whether he would
retract the whole or any part of their con-
tents. He wondered, as he later remarked,
where so many of his writings had been
picked up; but when their titles had been
read, he promptly acknowledged them as
his own, adding that he had written many
others besides. In reply to the second
question, he asked for time to consider the
matter, since faith and salvation and the
divine word were involved, and to answer
without premeditation might work injury
to the word and endanger his own soul.
The papal legates and imperial counselors
were surprised and annoyed, but after some
hesitation he was granted a delay of
twenty-four hours.



THE CATHEDRAL AT WORMS, WHICH WAS STANDING IN LUTHER'S TIME.



THE LUTHER MEMORIAL AT WORMS

About Luther, the central figure, are seated four precursors of the Reformation: Hus, Savonarola, Wyclif, and Peter Waldo; the standing figure at the right of Luther is Melancthon, and a figure of Reuchlin, at the left, is hidden by the statue of Frederick the Wise, at the corner, with uplifted sword; the outside figure, at the right, is Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the reason for this request. In one of the many extant reports of the occasion from the pen of the Frankfort representative, Fürstenberg, Luther is said to have spoken in a low voice, as if he were frightened and confused. This has led to the common assumption that he was overawed by the august assembly and too much upset to take a firm stand such as might ordinarily have been expected of him. It would perhaps not be surprising if he were. For the first time face to face with the leading princes of the empire and the greatest sovereign of the world, almost any man might be pardoned if he were dazzled by the spectacle and disconcerted by the hostility shown in the abrupt demand for a retraction. But the evidence is insufficient to support the conclusion. No one else, so far as we are aware, shared Fürstenberg's opinion that Luther was frightened, though many who have left reports of the occasion had a much better opportunity than he to observe the monk's attitude.

We must not be misled by the dramatic contrasts of the scene—a poor monk of peasant birth standing alone against the world. If he had been standing alone, the emperor and diet would never have wasted their time with him. He was no mere individual, on trial for his life, but the champion of a great and growing party, of political, as well as religious, importance. Nor was he a simple-minded, inexperienced monk, thrust suddenly into the lime-light

of publicity, but a seasoned warrior, long aware of the national significance of the battle he was engaged in. At Worms he had a host of influential supporters, and was surrounded by sage counselors. It is impossible to suppose he entered the hall ignorant of what he had to expect and without a carefully arranged plan of procedure. Apparently the plan did not altogether please Luther himself, for he later complained that under the influence of his friends he was milder at Worms than he would have liked to be. Doubtless his supporters were greatly divided as to the best way to meet the situation, and many of them must have hoped some compromise could be reached whereby the crushing of the whole movement might be prevented. Very likely he was induced to ask for delay until there was time for further discussion, in the light of the impression made by his first appearance. During the following night we are told he was in constant consultation with his friends, so that he got no sleep at all. And when he appeared before the diet the next day, firm as his final answer was, it was phrased very carefully, and in such a way as to give as little offense as possible.

Speaking in a louder voice than at his first appearance, so as to be heard by everybody in the hall, he apologized for any lack of respect he might have shown the members of the diet the previous day, through ignorance of the forms and customs of the great world, and then gave his answer to the crucial question at con-

siderable length, first in German and afterward in Latin.

His writings he divided into three groups. Some of them, he said, concerned faith and morals, and were so simple and evangelical that even his enemies confessed them harmless and worthy to be read by Christian people. Others attacked the pope, and these he could not retract without giving support and encouragement to his abominable tyrannies. Still others were directed against individuals who opposed his gospel and defended the papacy. In these he confessed he had often been more violent than was seemly, for he did not claim to be a saint; but if he withdrew them, impiety under his protection would prevail more widely than ever. At the same time, repeating the words of Christ, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," he professed himself ready to submit and recant provided he were proved wrong. If his teachings were out of harmony with the Bible, he would be the first to throw his books into the fire.

When reproved for not speaking to the point, and asked to give a categorical answer without horns, whether he would recant or not, he replied:

Since, then, your Majesty and Lordships demand a simple response, I will give one with neither horns nor teeth to this effect. Unless convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by clear reason—for I believe neither pope nor counsels alone, since it is certain they have often erred and contradicted themselves,—having been conquered by the Scrip-

tures referred to and my conscience taken captive by the word of God, I cannot and will not revoke anything, for it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience. God help me. Amen.

A discussion ensued touching the authority of councils, when the emperor, as it was already growing late, interrupted the colloquy and abruptly closed the session.

Arrived at his lodgings, Luther threw up his hands, according to the report of an eye-witness, and cried with joy, "I am through, I am through!" The strain must have been tremendous even for him, and his relief that it was all over and he had held his ground without finching was proportionately great. A few days later, in a letter to his friend Lucas Cranach, he made the following characteristic comment upon the whole affair: "In my opinion the emperor ought to have gathered a number of doctors and conquered the monk by argument. Instead of that, I was simply asked, 'Are the books yours?' 'Yes.' 'Will you recant them?' 'No.' 'Then begone.' Oh, we blind Germans, how childish we act and how contemptible we are to allow the Romans to make such fools of us!"

The impression made by Luther upon the members of the diet was very diverse. According to Aleander's report, written at the close of the first day, many even of those friendly to him, after seeing him, thought him crazy or possessed, while others considered him a pious man, full of the Holy Spirit. Later the legate wrote



BAS-RELIEF ON THE LUTHER MEMORIAL AT WORMS



From the photograph by Handstaedt of the painting by J. S. von Carlsfeld

LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AND THE GERMAN PRINCES, AT THE DIET OF WORMS, IN 1521

coming had had excellent results. The emperor saw in him only a dissolute, dissipated man, and exclaimed disdainfully: "He will never make a heretic of us." In fact, his appearance and conduct destroyed altogether the reputation he had so long enjoyed.

On the contrary, according to another view, Luther conducted himself so bravely, Christianly, and honorably that the Catholics would have been very thankful if he had not come.

Electoral Frederick was delighted with him, and said privately to Spalatin, his secretary, Dr. Martin, spoke well before the emperor and all the princes and prelates of the realm in Latin and German. "I am much too bold for me."

The assurance of the agreement reached, the emperor summoned, the emperor ordered him to have sentence at once passed on the refractory heretic; but some of the influential members of the diet, fearing it possible, in view of his promise, not to do so if he were convinced of his error, urged that he might yield to instruction or to reason. At any rate, to condemn him without making an effort to show him that he was wrong, would lead the populace to think him unfairly treated. There were many who hoped his great influence could be used to promote the reformation and to suppress ecclesiastical abuses. As at previous times, the emperor's impatience with the exactions of the papacy and frequent expression at Worms, that he was so good a Catholic as Duke George of Saxony presented a long list of grievances. A committee appointed to consider the matter drew up a document containing a hundred and two gravamina against the papacy and clergy, and, though presented upon by the diet, it showed enough the temper of many of the princes. With Luther's doctrinal innovations, a few of them were in sympathy. They had little enough idea of what they were doing, but they feared their unsettling efforts would be sure they ought not to be so. Hus and the Bohemian uprising had recently troubled their minds, and the similar trouble in Germany acted powerfully as a check. With Luther himself the situation was reversed. He was ordered to yield in the matter of ecclesiastical abuses, and keep silent for the sake of the peace of the church, but he would not let his doctrinal beliefs. He had

attacked the pope, he said, not because of his bad life, but of his false teaching. The word of God, he insisted, must not be bound, and preach it he would as he understood it, whatever the consequences might be. With such convictions it was quite impossible for him to enter into the sort of compromise many of the princes wished. Matters in their opinion of minor concern he considered of fundamental importance, and they ultimately discovered, to their great disgust, that he was quite intractable. So long as there was hope that he could be controlled and made use of, they were anxious to protect him, but when it became evident that he would go his own independent way and bring about changes they did not like, they dropped him altogether.

But, in the meantime, the emperor having finally consented, in spite of Alexander's protests, to grant a brief delay, negotiations with Luther were carried on under the lead of the Archbishop of Treves, a liberal and fair-minded prelate and a personal friend of the Electoral Frederick. A series of interviews was held, which must have proved more trying to Luther than his appearance before the diet. Every form of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. His patriotism, his loyalty to the emperor, and his love for the church were appealed to. Theological argument was tried and Biblical scholarship invoked, but all to no purpose. At one time it was believed he was about to yield, and the archbishop was much encouraged; but the belief was due to a misunderstanding, and it was soon discovered that nothing could be done.

From the pen of John Cochläus, a Frankfort theologian, later one of Luther's principal opponents and author of the first unfriendly biography of the Reformer, we have a long and interesting account of a protracted discussion he had with Luther and his friends. Visiting them in their lodgings, he attempted single-handed to meet the whole company in debate, and he was obliged to submit to considerable banter and to suffer some hard knocks from those present. The interview was enlivened by a tilt between Cochläus and the Wittenberg Augustinian Petzensteiner. When Cochläus addressed him contemptuously as "Little Brother," and asked him disdainfully if he thought there were no wise men except in Wittenberg, Luther,

who happened to enter the room at the moment, quieted the threatened disturbance with the jocose remark, "My brother thinks he is wiser than all of us, especially when he has been drinking hard." The words brought a laugh and restored the company's good humor.

At another point Cochläus asked Luther whether he had received a revelation, and after some hesitation the Reformer replied in the affirmative, to the no small scandal of the Frankfort theologian, who accused him of contradicting himself and asserting at one moment what he denied at another. As a matter of fact, the question was not an easy one to answer. Luther firmly believed his gospel came from God, and yet he naturally hesitated to claim supernatural illumination, and as a rule was careful not to do so. But all his conduct was that of a man believing in divine inspiration and aware of his own divine call. The two disputants finally separated in a friendly spirit, but Cochläus assured Luther of his intention to write against him, and the latter promised to answer him to the best of his ability.

After a week of futile effort on the part of the Archbishop of Treves and others called in to assist him, the Reformer begged to be allowed to depart, and on Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, left Worms with an imperial safe-conduct good for twenty days. He was ordered not to preach on the way home, but refused to be bound by the prohibition.

After his departure, Aleander was intrusted by the emperor with the task of preparing an edict of condemnation. That the papal legate should be called upon to do this was an interesting indication of Charles's attitude. He was a devout Catholic, and though in political matters he might deal with the pope as with any other civil ruler, when legal effect was to be given the papal condemnation, he recognized the pope's representative as the proper person to formulate the decision. The result was not a brief and summary state document, but an elaborate account of Luther's errors and of the means employed to bring him to reason. Particular stress was laid upon his alleged anarchical principles and his incitement of the masses to uproar, bloodshed, and war. Evidently the need was felt, as in the bull *Exurge Domine*, of justifying the action before the people of

Germany, whose devotion to Luther had been the chief obstacle in the way of condemnation.

The edict put Luther unconditionally under the ban of the empire, and thenceforth to the end of his life he remained outlaw. He was to be seized wherever found and sent to the emperor, or held in safe-keeping until his fate was decided upon. All his books were ordered burned and to publish, sell, buy, or read any of his writings was strictly forbidden. To support or follow him was to involve oneself in his guilt, and to befriend or communicate with him openly or secretly was to commit the crime of majesty. The document was approved by the emperor on the eighth of May and received his signature on the twenty-sixth of the month. It was not submitted to the diet, but it had the assent of the leading princes still on the ground, the Elector of Saxony having left Worms some time before, and in view of the earlier decision to condemn Luther if he did not recant, its proclamation was entirely in order.

Aleander was overjoyed at the outcome of the difficult and complicated affair. He had spent many anxious months over it, and when it was finally brought to successful completion, his exultation knew no bounds. He even broke into poetry in a despatch announcing the final decision. His satisfaction with the emperor was expressed in glowing terms. "I cannot refrain," he exclaimed, "from adding a few words about this most glorious emperor, whom I have always spoken of in my despatches as the best man in the world. He appears more clearly day by day, he is superior to every one else in wisdom as well as in goodness. Daily can be seen in his acts a judgment more than human. Though Charles had purposely postponed the adoption of the edict and had acted as if opposed to the wishes of the pope, Aleander declared it was simply in order to secure the assent of the princes on other matters of the utmost importance. The delay, he thought, had really proved of great benefit, and the effect of the edict was far better than if it had been proclaimed at the opening of the diet.

THUS Luther's appearance at Worms, to which he had looked forward as a

did opportunity to proclaim his gospel before the princes and lords of Germany, and from which, in his faith in the power of the spoken word, he had expected great things, apparently resulted in a complete victory for his enemies and in the destruction of the cause he had at heart. Condemned both by church and state, it seemed as if the end had come both for him and for his work. His only possible course, it would seem, was to flee the country and make his way to some land like Bohemia, where neither emperor nor pope held sway, and whence he might easily continue his agitation and scatter his writings over Germany. This Alexander and many others actually feared he would do; but the Elector Frederick, true to his policy of supporting his professor without too openly incurring blame for his heresies, formed other plans for him. According to Spalatin, while Frederick was fond of Luther, and would have been very sorry to see any harm befall him, he was at this time somewhat faint-hearted and unwilling to incur the anger of the emperor. He therefore conceived the idea of concealing his condemned professor for a time, and secured his assent before he left Worms, though Luther would much have preferred to remain in the open.

Writing from Frankfort on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-eighth of April, to his friend Lucas Cranach, Luther remarked, "I am allowing myself to be shut up and hidden; I don't know where. Though I should rather have suffered death at the hands of the tyrants, especially the raging Duke George of Saxony, I must not despise the advice of good people until the hour comes."

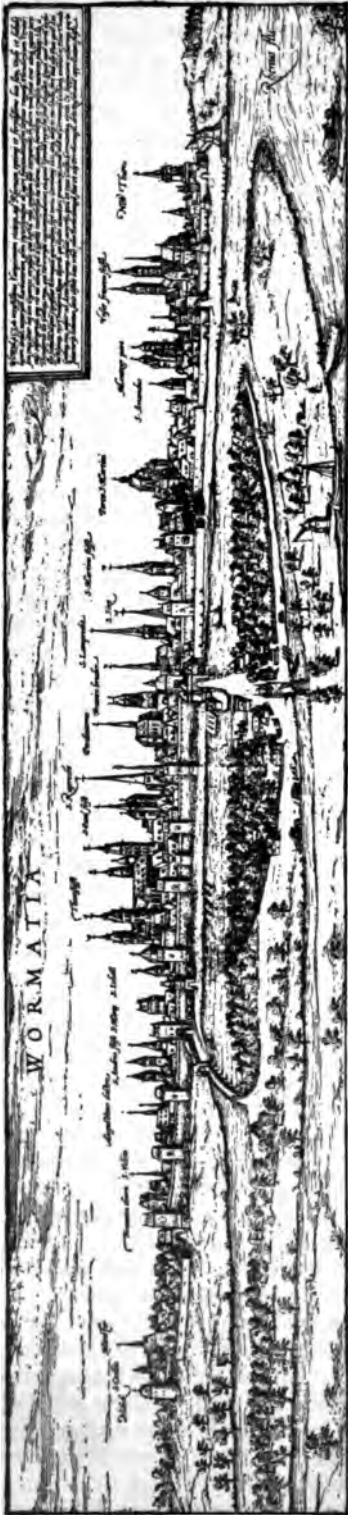
The same evening, after arriving at Friedberg, he wrote, at Spalatin's request, a long letter in Latin to the emperor and in German to the electors, princes, and estates of the realm, explaining and defending his course. As he had so often done, he asserted again his readiness to yield if he were convicted out of the Scriptures, and expressed in warmest terms his love for the Fatherland and his conviction that he was acting for its good. This conviction, indeed, did much to sustain him during all the troubles of these years. "I was born for my Germans," he once exclaimed, "and them I serve."

He was received by one after another of

the towns through which he passed as warmly as on his way to Worms. At Hersfeld he was welcomed by the city council and handsomely entertained by the Benedictine abbot, who insisted on his preaching in the convent, although Luther warned him it might cost him his position. He also preached at Eisenach, where the parish priest, fearing possible consequences to himself, went through the formality of filing a protest before a notary, privately excusing himself to Luther for doing so. After being hospitably treated in the little city where he had spent the happiest years of his boyhood, he left, on the third of May, to visit his relatives in the near-by village of Möhra, his father's birthplace, where many of his kindred still lived. The next afternoon he started on again, taking a road through the forest in the direction of Waltershausen and Gotha. Shortly before dark, not far from the castle of Altenstein, the travelers were suddenly set upon by a company of armed horsemen. Most of Luther's companions, including the imperial herald, had already been got rid of on one or another pretext, and only Amsdorf and Brother Petzensteiner were with him. The latter at once took to his heels and made his way on foot to Waltershausen. Amsdorf, who had been forewarned of what was to happen, was permitted to return with the driver to Eisenach. Luther himself was taken back through the forest by devious paths to the Wartburg, one of the strongholds of the Elector Frederick, where he arrived late at night, half dead from fatigue.

The large and imposing castle, already more than four hundred years old and crowded with historical memories and legendary tales, stood upon the wooded heights just outside the walls of Eisenach, commanding the town itself and the beautiful Thuringian country for many miles round. There, in honorable captivity, Luther made his home for nearly a year, while the great movement which owed so much to him went on without him.

His disappearance was the signal for a tremendous outcry in all parts of Germany. In the absence of accurate information, rumors flew thick and fast. Many believed he was held in confinement by his enemies. Some thought he had been carried off by Sickingen, others that he had been murdered, and circumstantial tales were told



After old print by Braun and Hogenberg

A VIEW OF WORMS IN 1572. FIFTY-ONE YEARS AFTER LUTHER'S CONDEMNATION
The episcopal palace, in which the imperial diet was held, stood near the cathedral, the church with four towers.

of the finding of his body in this or that. When the news reached Albrecht I who was traveling at the time in the Netherlands, he made a long entry in his diary pressing in impassioned terms his devotion to Luther and his sorrow at his death. "God, is Luther dead, who will henceforth proclaim the gospel so clearly to us? O what might he not still have written in ten or twenty years!"

Luther himself reports that a Roman wrote to the Archbishop of Mayence, "We are rid of Luther, as we wished to be; but the people are so stirred up that I suspect we shall scarcely escape with our lives. With lighted candles we seek him everywhere and bring him back."

Aleander, as well as many others, grasped the truth, but neither he nor any one else knew where the condemned monk was hidden. Even the elector remained in ignorance of his whereabouts, that he might be able to deny all knowledge of what had become of him. His identity was carefully concealed. He allowed his hair and beard to grow, put on the costume of a knight, wore a gold chain, carried a sword, and engaged occasionally in the sports and occupations of a young nobleman. He went by the name of Junker Jörg, and was generally supposed to be a knight living in temporary retirement. He had some difficulty in maintaining the character he had assumed, and in his private walks the attendant who always accompanied him frequently had much ado to keep from betraying himself by his interest in books, so foreign to one of his supposed associates, and by his tendency to enter into theological discussion with those he happened to meet.

His letters to his friends dated from "the region of the birds," from "the desert," from "the Island of Patmos," showed how lonely he was and how eager for news of the progress of events in Wittenberg and elsewhere. To be set aside as he was, and yet to go on with the great work, was a sore trial. He wrote to Melancthon, begging to be allowed what he thought of his retirement, and expressing the fear that it might be supposed he had fled from the conflict in cowardice. To his friend Agricola he wrote: "I am an extraordinary captive, sitting here willingly and unwilling at the same time. Willing, because the Lord wills thus; unwilling, because I should prefer to stand publicly for the truth, but not yet am I worthy." At first he was very impatient, but gradually, amazing

seems in one like him, he grew accustomed to his enforced confinement, and even felt relief at being once more by himself and apart from the strife and turmoil he had endured for three years. "What is going on in the world I care nothing for," he wrote Spalatin. "Here I sit in quiet."

The largeness and generosity of his nature were strikingly shown in his complete freedom from petty jealousy and from regard for his own importance. His letters reveal no trace of annoyance because the movement he had started was going on as prosperously under the lead of others. On the contrary, he was continually rejoicing to find himself unnecessary to it, and when his friends lamented his absence and longed for his return, he kept assuring them with unmistakable sincerity that the cause was better off without him. "I rejoice so greatly in your fullness," he wrote Amstdorf, "that I bear my absence most tranquilly. For I see it is not you who need me, but I who need you." To Spalatin he wrote, "I am pleased with the news from Wittenberg, and give thanks to Christ who has raised up others in my place so that I see they now have no need of me, though Philipp gives way too much to his affections and bears the cross more impatiently than becomes a disciple, still less such a master." And to Melanchthon himself:

You are already full, you reign without me, nor do I see why you desire me so greatly, or what need you have of my labors. You seem to invent difficulties, for your affairs go better in my absence than when I am present. Although I should most gladly be with you, since you have all you need, I should not be reluctant to go to Erfurt or Cologne or wherever else the Lord might think good to open a door for me to preach. How great is the harvest everywhere, and there are no laborers! But you are all laborers. We ought not to think of ourselves but of our brethren scattered everywhere, lest perchance we live for ourselves, that is, for the devil, and not for Christ.

Nevertheless, he began now to suffer a return of the mental depression of his earlier days. For some years he had apparently been almost free from it; but being again by himself and without absorbing

activities, he was once more plagued by what he called the assaults of Satan. His own references to the devil's nightly visitations were richly embellished by his early biographers, and a whole crop of legends has grown up about the chambers he occupied in the lonely castle. Creaking shutters, gnawing rats, howling winds, the thousand and one noises which hammer at the ears of the sleepless and make night hideous when the nerves are all awry, were interpreted as demoniacal attacks, and were met by Scriptural quotation or muttered prayer. Poor health, due to his unaccustomed mode of living, had something to do with his troubles; loneliness and loss of the engrossing occupations and responsibilities of recent years even more. He was plagued not only with physical manifestations of the enmity of the evil one, but also with excruciating doubts and fears. What if he were all wrong and were deceiving and leading to perdition the multitudes who were looking to him for leadership? "Are you alone wise, and has all the world gone wrong until you came to set it right?" was a taunt that caused him many an agonized hour. Struggle as he might, anxiety would overwhelm him at times, until he wished he were dead or had never been born.

Relief he found sometimes in prayer, sometimes in out-of-door excursions, in the course of which he now and then visited the surrounding towns and mingled unrecognized with the crowds in market-place and inn. On one occasion he even took part in a two-days' hunt. His description of it in a letter to Spalatin is beautifully characteristic:

Last week I followed the chase for two days that I might taste that bitter-sweet pleasure of heroes. We caught two hares and three poor little partridges—a worthy occupation indeed for men of leisure. Even there among the nets and dogs I reflected upon theology, and great as was the pleasure of the scene, I was made sorrowful and wretched by the thoughts it suggested. For what else did it signify than the devil; who pursues these innocent little beasts with his snares and impious dogs of teachers, the bishops and theologians? Only too sensible I was of this sad picture of simple and believing souls. A still more dreadful symbol followed. When by my exertions a little

hare had been preserved alive, and concealing him in my sleeve I had withdrawn to one side, the dogs found the poor beast and bit it through my coat, breaking its leg and strangling it. Thus the pope and Satan rage that they may destroy even saved souls regardless of my efforts. I have had enough of such hunting. It is sweeter, in my opinion, to slay with darts and arrows bears, wolves, wild boars, foxes, and impious teachers such as these. But I comfort myself with the thought that it is a symbol of salvation when hares and harmless beasts are caught by a man rather than by bears, wolves, rapacious hawks, and similar bishops and theologians. For in the latter case they are devoured, as it were, for hell, in the former for heaven. I have written you this pleasantry that you may know that you hunters at court will also be the hunted in paradise whom Christ, the best of hunters, shall scarcely with the greatest effort seize and save. When you are having sport in the chase, it is you who are sported with.

Relief from his mental distress Luther found still oftener in work. Though he was continually complaining of his indolence and lack of occupation, he really did an enormous amount of study and writing. "Here I sit with nothing to do, like a freeman among prisoners," he wrote Amsdorf; but for an idle man he accomplished extraordinary things. Though his place of concealment was kept a secret from the world at large, he did not hesitate to publish freely on all sorts of questions, and it was not long before enemies and friends alike knew the Reformer was still alive and in touch with all that was going on.

One of the most interesting incidents of his stay at the Wartburg was his tilt with Archbishop Albert of Mayence. Made bold by Luther's disappearance from the scene, the archbishop ventured to open a new sale of indulgences at Halle, where he had gathered an extraordinary collection of relics, beside which the treasures of the castle church at Wittenberg paled into insignificance. From the proceeds of this new traffic he hoped to replenish his exhausted exchequer and also to build a university at Halle to rival the one at Wittenberg. When the matter came to Luther's knowledge, he sat down in the first flush of indignation to write a severe tract "Against the Idol at Halle," informing

Spalatin of what he was doing. The elector promptly protested and ordered Luther to leave the Archbishop of Mayence alone. The one thing Frederick did not want was to have his professor get embroiled again with so prominent a prince of the realm. He was secretly defying the emperor and diet in protecting Luther, but he hoped the excitement would soon quiet down and the whole affair be forgotten. If the condemned monk were again to break the peace in such a fashion, Frederick's policy would be altogether shattered, and his position, he felt, would become intolerable. His command, communicated through Spalatin, drew from Luther the following fiery protest:

A more displeasing letter I have scarcely ever read than your last one, so that I not only put off answering it, but even determined not to reply at all. In the first place, I will not endure what you say, that the prince will not permit Mayence to be written against or the public peace disturbed. Rather I will lose you and the prince himself and every creature. For if I have withstood his creator the pope, why should I yield to his creature? Beautifully indeed you say that the public peace must not be disturbed while you suffer the eternal peace of God to be broken by the impious and sacrilegious acts of that son of perdition. Not so, Spalatin! Not so, Prince! For the sake of Christ's sheep, this most terrible wolf must be resisted with all one's powers, as an example to others. Therefore I send the little book against him, finished before your letter came. I have not been moved by what you write to make any alterations, although I have submitted it to the pen of Philipp that he may change it as he sees fit. Beware you do not return the book to Philipp, or dissuade him from publishing it. It is settled that you will not be listened to.

A few weeks later he took matters into his own hands and wrote Archbishop Albert one of his characteristic letters, threatening to pillory him before all the world if he did not at once put an end to his new indulgence campaign.

Your Electoral Grace perhaps thinks that, now I am off the scene, you are safe from me and the monk is smothered by his Imperial Majesty. That may be as it is, but

your Electoral Grace shall know that I will do what Christian love demands, regardless of the gates of hell, to say nothing of the unlearned, popes, cardinals, and bishops. It is so well known that indulgences are mere knavery and deception, and Christ alone ought to be preached to the people, that your Electoral Grace cannot excuse yourself on the ground of ignorance. Therefore your Electoral Grace is hereby informed in writing, if the idol is not done away with, I shall be unavoidably compelled, for the sake of divine doctrine and Christian salvation, to attack your Electoral Grace openly as well as the pope, to denounce the undertaking merrily, to lay at the door of the Bishop of Mayence all the old enormities of Tetzels, and to show the whole world the difference between a bishop and a wolf. I have no pleasure in your Electoral Grace's shame and humiliation, but if a stop is not put to the profaning and desecrating of God's truth, I and all Christians are in duty bound to maintain His honor, although the whole world, to say nothing of a poor man, a cardinal, be thereby disgraced. I shall not keep still, and even if I do not succeed, I hope you bishops will no longer sing your little song with joy. You have not yet got rid of all those whom Christ has awakened against your idolatrous tyranny. Within a fortnight I shall expect your Electoral Grace's favorable reply, for at the expiration of that time my little book "Against the Idol at Halle" will be issued if a public answer is not received.

The wholesome respect in which Luther's pen was held is shown by the complete submission of the frightened ecclesiastic. At the end of three weeks he wrote the irate monk an apologetic letter full of expressions of personal humility, assuring him that the traffic had been already stopped and that he would do nothing unbecoming a pious clergyman and Christian prince. The archbishop's prompt submission made the publication of the tract against him unnecessary, and it never saw the light.

FAR and away the most important fruit of Luther's stay at the Wartburg was his translation of the New Testament, begun at Melancthon's solicitation in December, and completed in less than three months. After a careful revision it was

hurried through the press, and in September appeared in its first edition in a large folio volume embellished with many woodcuts. It was soon followed by a translation of successive books of the Old Testament, until, in 1534, the whole Bible was issued together. Even then Luther did not stop, but went on revising and improving until his death, and no fewer than ten editions of the complete work were published during his lifetime.

He was not the first to put the Scriptures into the German language. Vernacular translations were very common and had a wide circulation among the people. During the previous half-century, eighteen German editions of the whole Bible had been published, and some of Luther's own acquaintances were engaged in the task of translating before he began. Writing to his friend Lang, who had recently issued a German version of the Gospel of Matthew, he urged him to go on with the work, and expressed the wish that every town might have its own translator, that the Bible might be the better understood by the people.

That he had many predecessors diminishes in no degree the importance of Luther's work. Though his was not the first German Bible, it soon won its way to general favor and crowded all others out of use.

The contrast with the earlier versions was very great. They were based on the Latin Vulgate, the official Bible of the Catholic Church, and smacked largely of their source. Written in a curious Latinized German, most of them were unattractive and sometimes almost unintelligible. Luther translated his New Testament direct from the Greek, and his Old Testament from the Hebrew. Besides getting nearer to the original, he was thus able to avoid the deleterious influence of the Latin, and produce a translation genuinely German in style and spirit.

His qualifications for the work were many. Though he was not one of the great philologists of the day, he had an excellent knowledge of both Hebrew and Greek, and a very unusual faculty, quite out of proportion to his grammatical attainments, for getting at the meaning of an author and divining the sense of obscure and difficult passages. He could also call upon Melancthon and other eminent lin-

guists in Wittenberg for assistance when needed.

His long and intimate acquaintance with the Bible likewise stood him in good stead. Ever since his Erfurt days he had been a diligent student of it and had fairly saturated himself with its spirit and contents. His profound religious experience gave him a sympathy with it he could have gained in no other way. He found his own innermost feelings expressed in it, and his translation of many a passage was as truly the free and spontaneous expression of his own heart as the reproduction of the words of another. He doubtless had this in mind when he wrote: "Translating is not everybody's gift. It demands a genuinely pious, true, industrious, reverent, Christian, learned, experienced, and practised heart. Therefore I hold that no false Christian or sectary can translate correctly, as appears, for instance, in the Worms edition of the prophets. Great labor was employed in its preparation, and my German was closely imitated; but the translators were Jews, with little loyalty to Christ, and so their art and industry were vain."

His intimate contact in the confessional with the religious emotions, aspirations, and weaknesses of his fellows had also thrown light upon his own experiences and sharpened his insight into the hearts of men. He had a profound knowledge of human nature, as his letters, sermons, and tracts abundantly show, and it enabled him to understand as few have understood the most widely and variously human of all the world's books.

Most important of all was his extraordinary command of the German language. It is not often a writer of the first rank gives himself to the translation of another's work. Such a writer Luther was, and his version remains one of the great classics of the world. He had a command of idiomatic, racy, colloquial German seldom equaled and never surpassed, and he undertook to make the Bible really a German book.

In a tract on the subject of translating, defending his work against the strictures of his enemies, he remarked, "I have tried to talk German, not Latin and Greek"; and again, "You must not get your German from the Latin, as these asses do, but you must get it from the mother in the

home, the child in the street, the common man in the market-place." The difficulties of the task he indicated in the words, "In translating I have always made the effort to write pure and clear German; and it has often happened that we have sought a fortnight or even three and four weeks for a single word, and then sometimes not found it." And in a letter to his friend Link: "How great and laborious a task it is to force Hebrew writers to talk German! How they strive against it and rebel at being compelled to forsake their native manner and follow the rough German style! It is just as if a nightingale were made to give up its own sweet melody and imitate the song of the cuckoo, though disliking it extremely."

He did not try to transport his readers back into Bible days, but to bring the Bible down to their own day. It was not a scholar's book he aimed to produce, done so literally that it might be retranslated into the original languages, but a people's book, so idiomatic and modern that its readers might forget it was written in a foreign tongue, in a distant land, and in an age long past. He therefore allowed himself many liberties with the text, often substituting the name of a more for a less familiar object, and adding words freely where needed to bring out the sense or to make the scene vivid and real. The result of his efforts was a Bible translation which, after the lapse of four centuries, still stands unapproached in its vital and compelling power.

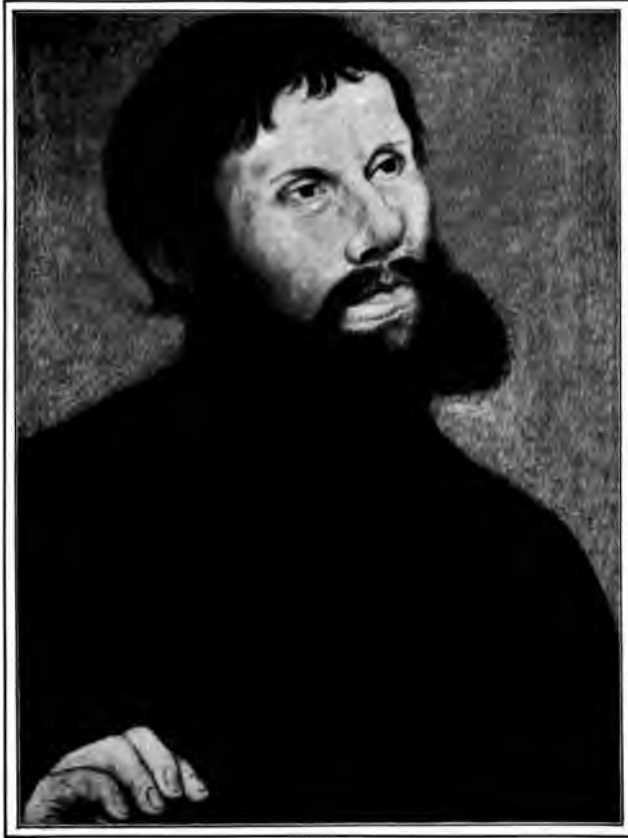
The German employed by him was not his own creation, but it owed him much. The dialects of the day were many and various, so that people living only a few score miles apart, as he once remarked, could scarcely understand each other. But a common diplomatic language had already developed, and become the medium of official communication between all the principalities of the land. This he made the basis of his written German. "I use no special dialect of my own," he once said, "but the common German language, that I may be understood by all alike. I use the speech of the Saxon chancery, which is followed by all the princes and kings of Germany."

Formal, stilted, and clumsy enough it was as employed in the state documents of the day, but Luther greatly modified and

enriched it, making it more flexible and colloquial, and enlarging its vocabulary from the language of the people, spoken and written. He had a wide knowledge of current literature, devotional and otherwise, and an enormous fund of popular saws and proverbs, and his style, as a rule,

the only agent in promoting this development, but he did more than any other single man, and above all books his German Bible contributed most.

But even more than the oneness of language promoted by it was the unity of sentiment to which it contributed. Di-



From a photograph by the Berlin Photographische Gesellschaft, of the painting by Lucas Cranach in the City Library at Leipsic

LUTHER'S APPEARANCE WHILE SECLUDED IN THE
WARTBURG, WHERE HE WAS KNOWN AS
JUNKER JÖRG (SIR GEORGE)

was not only simple and clear, but wonderfully vivid and picturesque. It was no exaggeration when a contemporary declared, "Dr. Martin is a real German Cicero. He has not only taught us the true religion, but has reformed the German tongue, and there is no writer on earth who equals him in it." His writings did much to promote the spread of the German he used and to give the whole country a common language. He was not

vided the land was still, and torn for many a day with conflicts more bitter than it had ever known, but the Luther Bible went on generation by generation nourishing similar ideals and serving as few other agencies to unify the spirit of the German-speaking race.

Thus the Reformer's enforced retirement bore rich fruit. Set aside from his active work as leader of the Reformation, he employed the quiet weeks of winter



From a photograph by the Berlin Photographische Gesellschaft, of the painting by Hugo Vogel

MARTIN LUTHER PREACHING IN THE WARTBURG

solitude in the lonely castle in a stupen- else, would alone have won for his
dous task, which, had he done nothing lasting gratitude of his native land.

(To be continued)



VIEW IN THE COURTYARD OF THE WARTBURG BEFORE ITS RESTORATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The room which is to-day shown as Luther's workroom, where, supposedly, he translated the New Testament, is in the large gable end and is lighted partly by the lower of the two windows

CHAVEZ

BY MILDRED McNEAL SWEENEY

(Georges Chavez, after crossing the Alps in his aéroplane, fell and was killed Sept. 23, 1910.)

SO hath he fallen, the Endymion of the air,
And so lies down, in slumber lapped for aye.
Diana, passing, found his youth too fair,
His soul too fleet and willing to obey.
She swung her golden moon before his eyes—
Dreaming he rose to follow—and ran—and was away.

His foot was winged as the mounting sun.
Earth he disdained—the dusty ways of men
Not yet had learned. His spirit longed to run
With the bright clouds, his brothers, to answer when
The airs were fleetest and could give him hand
Into the starry fields beyond our plodding ken.

All wittingly that glorious way he chose,
And loved the peril when it was most bright.
He tried anew the long forbidden snows
And like an eagle topped the dropping height
Of Nagenhorn, and still toward Italy
Past peak and cliff pressed on, in glad, unerring flight.

Oh when the bird lies low with golden wing
Bruised past healing by some bitter chance,
Still must its tireless spirit mount and sing
Of meadows green with morning, of the dance
On windy trees, the darting flight away,
And of that last, most blue, triumphant downward glance.

So murmuring of the snow: "*The snow, and more,
O God, more snow!*" on that last field he lay.
Despair and wonder spent their passionate store
In his great heart, through heaven gone astray,
And early lost. Too far the golden moon
Had swung upon that bright, that long, untraversed way.

Now to lie ended on the murmuring plain—
Ah, this for his bold heart was not the loss,
But that those windy fields he ne'er again
Might try, nor fleet and shimmering mountains cross,
Unfollowed, by a path none other knew:
His bitter woe had here its deep and piteous cause.

Dear toils of youth unfinished! And songs unwritten left
By young and passionate hearts! O melodies
Unheard, whereof we ever stand bereft!
Clear-singing Schubert, boyish Keats—with these
He roams henceforth, one with the starry band,
Still paying to fairy call and far command
His spirit heed, still winged with golden prophecies.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LA PENSÉE (THOUGHT)

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

BELOVED

THIS BEING THE STORY OF THE SCHISM AT THE LITTLE STONE CHURCH

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "Heart's Desire," "The Singing Mouse Stories," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

"IS thee ready, Cousin Mar' Ellen?" I asked Aunt Mary Alice. She paused for a moment at the door of a little house the brick front of which was well-nigh covered with morning-glories, and the short, straight walk of which gave directly upon the single street of Warrenford. "It is almost time, thee knows."

A gentle voice replied from somewhere among the morning-glories. A small bird chirped sweetly in its cage at the window, and a big bee buzzed almost as loudly among the phlox which grew along the brick walk. Such always were almost the only sounds on the single street of Warrenford on a day like this. The summits of the Blue Ridge seemed more than ever softened to-day, the wavering light of the kindly summer day tempered by some quality which left the landscape more than usually tender. All the world was gentle and quiet here. Rather, the world itself had passed by long ago, and left this little spot to tell, to such few as chanced or cared to see it, of another and different day, albeit also one of rest and quiet. Nothing but peace and calm had been known here from the old times of Lord Fairfax up to the days of the Civil War. Since that upheaval, some of the younger men of Warrenford had passed away beyond the mountains in search of other homes; but Warrenford itself, quaint and wholly old-fashioned, remained but little changed. Its one winding street still crawled at the edge of the hills; its bright and shallow stream still crossed the street as of old, unbridged; the old mill-wheel

hung silent, as it had for years. The names on the chance signs here and there were those known for a century or more. The garb of the two old ladies who now passed down Cousin Mary Ellen's brick walk to the little front gate was one that had remained unchanged in cut or color for a century or more. It was that once most commonly seen hereabout, the dull-colored habit of the Society of Friends, shaped as their mothers and grandmothers had worn it.

They made a quaint and unworldly picture, these two, as they stepped out upon the shaded street. They walked slowly, gently, fitting perfectly into the quiet picture which lay about them. At the post-office, far behind them up the street, there might have been half a dozen village loiterers, but on the street itself there was no commerce. If a slow figure passed here or there, it was that of an old man or old woman. Youth had almost wholly departed from the place.

"I hope that Lucy Maxwell will be ready, as thee always is, Cousin Mar' Ellen," commented Aunt Mary Alice, presently. "Tch! tch! It is not seemly to be late at the meeting-house. Does it seem to thee, Cousin Mar' Ellen, that it is harder to be prompt now than once it was?"

"But Lucy Maxwell is younger than we are, Aunt Mar' Alice," rejoined her companion, "and thee knows she is mostly very punctual."

When they arrived at the home of Miss Lucy Maxwell, the latter was dis-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE HOME OF MISS LUCY MAXWELL."

closed to be not unlike that of Cousin Mary Ellen. It also was of brick, with creeping and flowering vines. A short brick walk also led up from a little gate which opened upon the street. There was also a little bird in a cage at the screened window, and there were big bees among the quaint, old-fashioned flowers along the walk. As to Miss Lucy Maxwell herself, she fully bore out the reputation accorded her by Cousin Mary Ellen. Even as they touched the gate-latch she appeared at the door and greeted them. A quaint yet not unlovely picture she made as she stood there drawing on her mitts. Younger than either of the others, she was clad in the same colorless costume, cut with small grace of line. There remained in her face, pale though it was, something more of the color of life itself, and life beamed from her gentle brown eyes; yet naught of sprightliness remained in any word or gesture, and she blended perfectly

in the group which now passed down the shady street of Warrenford.

Like her two friends, Miss Lucy well dwelt alone in this abandoned town. None might say how Warrenford itself existed, still less how its lonely men got on in life. From some place in the encircling hills the ravens of Lord came down. Some said that Warrenford lived on its pension money, derived from the Civil War; for certainly even these unwarlike Quaker folk escaped the compelling militarism of a generation just gone by. Warrenford itself had lain directly in the path of contending armies, and first one, the other, again and again had swept clean and bare. Its few public buildings still bore the marks of shrapnel shell, its surviving population also scars, losses, griefs, handed down from the great contest. There were few eyes.

As to Miss Lucy Maxwell, however, quiet rumor accorded her certain means inherited from some ancestor who, though his house and barns were open to all the Society of Friends at the times of the quarterly meetings, nevertheless had been worldly enough to accumulate property in farming-lands. Miss Lucy Maxwell herself lived with two ancient negro serving-people, and had few activities in life beyond making book-marks. In her house were such pieces of mahogany as collectors covet, but rarely see on sale. She lived on, the last one of her family left in this little valley, where acres once princely had been divided and subdivided, enriched, impoverished, increased, lost, squandered, or abandoned, as chance has these matters in the history of families. She herself remained in Warrenford, one of the very few accepted figures remaining of the Society of Friends.

"Does thee think we shall be late at the meeting-house, Miss Lucy Maxwell?" asked Aunt Mary Alice, as she always did at precisely this hour of each Wednesday morning in the year. And Miss Lucy Maxwell, as she always did on each Wednesday morning of the year, replied to her gently: "No, I do not think we shall be late, Aunt Mar' Alice. It is but a short distance now, thee knows." And then, as they always did at this time, they unhastening bent their steps up the easy slope of the village street where it turned to ascend a gentle, tree-crowned hill.

Through the green of the foliage they could now see the modest and spireless edifice of the Little Stone Church of Warrenford. We must give this name in large letters, for although in the valley it was better known as the Quaker Meeting-house, and among the Friends themselves was called simply the meeting-house, it stands in the country's military records as the Little Stone Church of this certain county in old Virginia. No one seems to know when or by whom this little gray building was erected, except that the Friends built it some time in the far past. After the Civil War the Friends replaced the broken stones, repaired the roof, set all in order, to become gray and moss-grown again, as it had been so long. Carving or gilding it never knew. No bell ever has surmounted it to call worshippers thither. Its saints sat in the plain and un-

carved pews, and did not blossom in the stained glass of any lustered windows. Decoration it knew not in any feature, and not even a pulpit reared itself for the propounding of the faith. Colorless, gray, silent, wholly plain, patient, enduring, apparently unperishing, it stood, changed as little as any proud cathedral of the Old World. As it was, so it had been. As it had been, so now it seemed fit to remain, year after year, indefinitely.

Up to the gray door of this gray building came now these three gray figures, themselves not much more changed from the fashion of days gone by. If no bell summoned them thither, any such summons had been idle. They did not look about them to see whether others also came up the winding little road. They knew no one else would come. They were the last to keep the faith, and to open the meeting-house of the Society of Friends for the midday hour of Fourth-Day. It had been so for years and years. They three alone had not failed in the faith.

Once perhaps there had been larger congregations, at least on Fourth-Days. These hitching-racks, built of sturdy oak in another generation, had once been gnawed by many horses; and although the grass had now grown into most of the hollows, the ground beneath had been stamped out by long rows of waiting hoofs. Now hoof-marks and tooth-marks were toned down, weathered out, themselves bitten by the tooth of Time. Grass grew even up to the weathered boards of the little stoop—sweet, strong, almost purple blue grass of the sort which crossed the Blue Ridge more than one hundred and fifty years before this time.

The blue grass also grew thick and strong to the edge of the low, gray stone wall, which, beyond the hitching-racks, fenced off a green and well-shaded hillside. Out of the covering of green, which was little injured by the shade of the stately trees, there rose, on the summit and along the gentle slope of the hillside, many low gravestones of gray sandstone. They were uniform in height, none over two feet above the surface of the purple grass. There is not, even in old England itself, a calmer and more unchanged spot than the old Warrenford burying-ground of the Society of Friends. Here they lay,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

unpretentious, seemly, silent, the men and women of two centuries.

Line, color, the pomp of fretted stone, the voice of music, the sounds of ceremony and of form, may call others to the gatherings of this or that religion in different corners of the world; but these worshippers, silent and gray, came now to a silent, gray, unornamented household of spiritual appeal alone. Almost it seemed as if the old meeting-house must have grown quietly and gently, without sound of discordant hammer or scrape of trowel, certainly without accompaniment of song, later to be tenanted by those who worship in silence in a faith austere shorn of all formality.

As they entered, they found places upon that side of the meeting-house always accorded to their sex, which might not mingle with the men of the congregation, although no man had been seen here for many years. Empty as the little church was, it did not sound empty, as do certain other tenantless rooms.

Here, now, before the congregation of three, was no priest or minister, nor had there ever been. There was no lip service here. This spot demanded only the devotion of the heart. These three, following the custom of their creed, now sat with heads bowed slightly, each with her hands folded in her lap. There were no books of song or of prayer. Music had never been known to them. Worship was unsoftened in any way. Unsoftened, did we say? Could that be, when there were present these dove-colored figures, gentle, faithful, reverent? These being here, how softly radiant seemed all this calm interior!

At last, after an hour unbroken by any cough, shuffling, or movement due to unregulated nerves, Aunt Mary Alice arose, turned to Miss Lucy Maxwell, and shook her by the hand. They both shook Cousin Mary Ellen by the hand. Then without word, the services being thus concluded, they turned toward the door. Without much deviation, this had been their custom on Fourth-Day noon every week of the year for many years. They were old ladies now, only one of them less than fifty.

As they now turned their steps down the little stoop, they glanced across, as they often did, to catch the peaceful picture of the sun and the grass and the trees

of the burying-ground of the Friends. They hesitated for a time, then drew nearer to the old, gray wall of stone. They looked over into the plot where so long the Friends had buried their dead, an ancient greensward, scarce upheaved even by the more recent mounds. The letters of the small, gray sandstone slabs, unchanging monuments of the Society of Friends, were in some cases almost obliterated by the years. Close observation might have informed the curious that here lay dead, at this or that day, of this or that numbered month of the two centuries ago, Isaac or William or Joseph or Mary or Elizabeth or Rachel, born at such a numbered, not named, time of the calendar, long, long ago. Once in a while some one had cut the grass here. Against the trunks of one or two trees leaned certain gray headstones done in ancient, scrawling script, by accident detached from their proper places, and now never properly to be replaced.

In the soft harmony of this scene was one discordant note. Leaning against the angle at the corner of the wall, so highly polished that the rays of the sun were reflected from its spotless sides, there reclined a shaft of white marble, evidently the work of modern hands. In the inscriptions on the gravestones of the Friends the record of birth and death was held sufficient; and all folk were held even and alike in the eyes of the Lord. All these lay in a democracy of death. No gravestone taller than two feet above the grass had ever been erected here. But here was a pretentious monument four or five feet high at least. It was slender, and well executed in its way, done in the shape of a broken lily. At the base of the stone, well carved, was an inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of Henrietta, Beloved Wife of Hiram Farwell, who Departed this Life June 21, 19—. A Loving Wife, a Gentle Soul. This Shaft, Typical of Her Purity and Innocence, is Erected by Her Sorrowing Husband. Pity His Grief, and Model your Life upon Hers, thus Untimely Ended.

There were two dates, following the fashion of our calendar, not that of the Friends. The wife had been very young at the time of her death; but there had

gone with her one yet younger. Below the lettering of the main inscription was another, simple and impersonal. It bore no dates, but two dashes, and read, "Infant Son of Henrietta and Hiram Farwell." Below this was the supplication, "God be Merciful to Us All!"

"Thee knows," said Aunt Mary Alice, turning to her companions at length, "that I loved Henrietta as my own sister. But now look at this. Tch! tch! To think of such vanity and worldliness as this, here in the Friends' burying-ground!"

The others at first made no comment. It seemed understood that the subject was not altogether new. It was Miss Lucy Maxwell who at last ventured a word.

"But there was—thée very well knows, Aunt Mar' Alice—there was the baby." Her eyes, brown and gentle, sought the kindly face of Cousin Mary Ellen. The latter nodded slowly.

"Pride of the flesh," rejoined the elder woman, promptly, with a sniff, almost a snort. "Vanity. Yes, indeed; thee needs only go to Balt'mer or to Washington to see in the burying-grounds gravestones very much larger than any of these. But what of the reckoning before the Lord when the dead shall rise? I ask thee that, now, Lucy Maxwell; and I ask thee, Cousin Mar' Ellen."

"Does the Lord on high judge between the colors on gravestones, Aunt Mar' Alice?" demanded Miss Lucy Maxwell with rising courage. "This is so white and plain, it seems to have no pomp about it. 'Beloved!'"

"The Lord's face is set against vanity, that thee well knows, Lucy Maxwell," answered Aunt Mary Alice. "Henrietta Doane, either before or after her marriage, did not vaunt herself above her neighbors. Why should the husband vaunt for her? See now, if this marble were set up there in our burying-ground, it would show distinct from all the others. Such pridefulness has never been known in this valley. And that thee both knows very well."

Miss Lucy Maxwell spoke almost as though she had not heard when presently she resumed:

"That little babe—that little, little child! Thee sees, Aunt Mar' Alice, it never knew its mother. It could not vaunt itself overmuch."

"But the child's mother—look at inscription!"

"She died not having knowledge of child. Neither lived. They should be separated now. And, besides, I Henrietta Doane as well as any of She was white as the lily itself, as and sinless. What worldliness is thée calling her 'Beloved' before God? Besides, the Society of Friends is not once it was."

Aunt Mary Alice's ire arose. Hiram Farwell raise this monument own yard, if he likes, but not here, for two hundred years the brother sisters have lain down in peace. As lived plain, so they lie plain there; and will arise plain before the Lord."

But the soft voice of the other rejoined: "If Hiram Farwell forgot all the ways of the Friends, at least he has not forgotten the wife that he found here among Friends; and neither has he forgotten little child. He could have had a more worldly gravestone than this says, 'Beloved.'"

Her gentle protest did not convince the other sister in the church. "Lucy well, I say thee grieves me, that thee Such words of stubbornness—it is seemly in thee. Thee raises thyself against the ways of the Lord and against the custom of the Society of Friends. Thee must have more care, Lucy well."

The slender figure opposite her bowed into lines as rigid as her own. The pink in the face of the younger saint faded yet more, schooled though she was to meekness and consent.

"What does thee mean, then, Lucy Maxwell?" cried Aunt Mary Alice, who was now roused.

"Only this, Aunt Mar' Alice: if we do not agree, then how can we sit together in the meeting-house? There are some Friends, as thee knows, and some of the Orthodox Friends, as thee knows, both societies are sincere, and that I test. If I am sincere, how can I sit in company in the meeting-house, saying the time in my heart: 'Aunt Mar' Alice, thee is wrong. Thee is wrong?'"

"But it is *thee* that is wrong, Lucy Maxwell," broke out the other. "It would end the society here in Weymouth, that is what thee would do."

thee would come, Cousin Mar' Ellen; that I know, at least."

She was not prepared for the reply which met her. Cousin Mary Ellen, habitually silent even beyond the habit of the Friends, now surprised even herself.

"I feel to speak to thee, Aunt Mar' Alice," she began. "We should sit there only in harmony, as Friends."

"But thee knows I am right," interrupted the older woman.

"It may be, Aunt Mar' Alice. We have sat with thee many years. But I am thinking of that little child."

It was schism. After these many years, elements other than those of time were coming into these gray and quiet lives.

The older woman drew herself up, tall and stern, somber in her frowning rebuke.

The others faced her as stoutly as did ever Hicksite face Orthodox or Orthodox face Church of England. All were silent for a time, and silence lay all about them.

The bees droned on upon their errands, a robin chirped in the oak beyond; but that was all. The sun shone warm and kind, flecking the dark green of the grass in golden bars beneath the boughs of the oaks.

Slow, gray, sad, their heads bowed, the three passed, but spoke no more. Side by side they turned and walked slowly down the hill. Aunt Mary Alice did not extend her hand and say, in the fashion of the Friends, "Farewell," at Miss Lucy Maxwell's gate, but stalked on down the street, her face turned squarely away from the other two, who tarried. Cousin Mary Ellen, however, turned back even as she left the little gate.

"Thee sees Lucy Maxwell," she began. "It is a question of tongue. In many tongues, and in dialects of those tongues, as thee well knows, Lucy Maxwell, and as Aunt Mar' Alice should know also, I may say, 'Beloved.' If only Hiram Farwell had had it made in gray, I would agree with thee entirely, yes, Lucy Maxwell. But if we may not sit in harmony, I also agree with thee; then let us part and go our ways."

And so indeed it came to pass. On next Fourth-Day noon, the three doors failed to frame their plain-garbed figures. For the first time in nearly two hundred years, as best tradition has it, the weathered door of the Little Stone Church of Warrenford

knew no Fourth-Day opening. The robins and the bees were there, the sun lay as yellow on the purple mantle of the blue grass. The church itself, gray, silent, self-effacing, stood as of old, and in the corner of the old, gray wall there reclined the slender headstone with its white, broken lily. Warrenford was stunned, and for weeks remained so.

Now, as this pathetic confusion of faith had arisen by reason of argument over a little child, what more fitting than that a little child should in turn lead all these perturbed ones out of their confusion? Somewhere it was written thus, and by Some One that mission was given to Dorothy, child and grandchild of Quaker parents, almost the only child or grandchild in all Warrenford.

Dorothy made not wholly a Quaker portrait that evening in late summer when she escaped from her guardians and ran off up the curving road toward the top of the hill. Her frock was short, but sophisticated, her hat a bright red, her little coat also red. Dorothy was eight, and acted it. It would be well-nigh impossible for so bright a figure to pass on the deserted street unobserved, even were not Dorothy known to all Warrenford, observed by most who dwelt there, and loved as well. It was quite natural that Aunt Mary Alice, passing at the foot of the street, should catch sight of Dorothy as she ran off up the hill. Now, since there was once one automobile on that hill, Warrenford dwelt in fear that there might some day be another. If this should be while Dorothy was there alone! Aunt Mary Alice hurried her elderly steps.

But when she made the upper turn of the road and came in view of the open space about the meeting-house, Dorothy was not to be seen. From the interior of the meeting-house there came the sound of happy, childish song, the first, perhaps, ever heard within those gray walls. Dorothy, finding the door unlocked, had gone upon a journey of exploration. Aunt Mary Alice also passed within the door.

Now it chanced that Cousin Mary Ellen was headed for the grocery store to buy some allspice for the making of her watermelon-rind preserves, when all at once she saw Aunt Mary Alice passing along the curved road well toward the top of the hill where lay the meeting-

house. Not having seen Dorothy, Cousin Mary Ellen could assign only one reason for this act of Aunt Mary Alice: the latter was going alone to the meeting-house! Now, that must not be. Were they not sisters, after all?

It chanced also that Miss Lucy Maxwell, who was attending her flower-beds near the gate at the end of the little brick walk, looked down the street just as Cousin Mary Ellen turned out of sight at the entrance of the curving road. A sudden flush of hesitation, of resolution, came upon Miss Lucy Maxwell's face. Cousin Mary Ellen must be going alone to the meeting-house. Ah, were they not sisters, after all? Miss Lucy Maxwell turned into the house and emerged an instant later, tying the strings of her dove-colored bonnet. Her feet flew up the hill faster than ever they had before.

So this is how Cousin Mary Ellen found Aunt Mary Alice when she timidly

pushed open the door, and how Miss Maxwell found them both when she timidly pushed open the door. The looked at one another; and as they lo Dorothy ceased her prattle, and gaz turn from one to another of the S of Friends. Quietly, as of yore, the sank into seats. Silence remained them all for some time. At length o them rose, moved by the Spirit to some word.

But which one of the three it was rose, or what was said, I do not k All I know is that when they came o the door somewhat later their arms about one another and their eyes were The red hat and coat of Dorothy sh very plainly against their quiet, dov ored garb as they passed down the steps. When they turned into the cu road, each of them had a hand for I thy, Defender of the Faith. The S of Friends was quite at peace.

THE RED SENTRY

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE CHALLENGE:

RED sentry in my breast,
Sleep! for I have need of rest.
The morns and noons are fugitive;
I seek more peace than night can give.
Though like a lark thou singest,
The bird knows nesting-time;
Though like a bell thou ringest,
Bells, too, must halt their chime.
Why dost thou urge thy clamor
Within these walls of flesh?
It seems thy pauseless hammer
Destroys, then builds afresh.
Though thou throbbest like a drum,
Peace strikes e'en the tambour dumb.
Though sullen, hungry, wild
Be thy crying, like a child;
Yet when its mouth is filled,
It sleeps. Then be thou stilled.
Go rest thee, crimson sentinel;
The hour is come, and all is well.

THE REPLY:

The vigil that I keep
Knows no release in sleep.
And the crypt that I must shield
To one voice alone shall yield.
Birds drowse, yet they awaken
To quire through the land;
The bells in steeples shaken
Toll to the ringer's hand.
Faithful, unpausing, peaceless,
My fountain in the dark
Leaps high while I guard ceaseless
Life's throned and templed spark.
Let my stout drum, unafraid,
Beat until my hand be stayed;
If my cry be rash and wild,
Learn its meaning from the child—
Learn, though fierce the battle swell,
I must guard this citadel.
Patience! I have a trust to keep;
Then I shall rest—and thou shalt sle



The Rhododendrons.
Country Place of
Professor Charles S. Sargent, Brookline, Mass.
Painted for the Century
by Hobart Nichols.



THE WEDDING-GIFT

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "The Call of the Sea," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

"MY liddle hacienda iss very becoming to the Señora Pascala, *nicht wahr?*"

It was Schwartz who spoke. We had seated ourselves on the wide, tile-paved gallery, Schwartz, Passos, Barzilla, and I, ostensibly to watch the gorgeous passing of the day. The upper air was still luminous, and high in its white radiance a single vulture, like a tiny, black scroll, seemed painted on the sky; to the east, the violet peaks of the Andes rose as insubstantial as clouds: but the clumps of greenery below the house looked almost black, and in the hush of the twilight, as she moved about the lawn, the laugh of the Señora Pascala came up to us like the sound of a silver bell. She wore a crimson gown, with a black mantilla over her hair, and I fancy our interest in the twilight had paled before the charming picture she made.

Somewhere on the lawn below her, screened from us by the shrubbery, were seated her daughter and Captain Miranda, and it was with them that she talked as she moved from flower to flower. Two days before we had driven out from Pasaquimento with Schwartz, and it was vaguely understood to be our last holiday together before the marriage of Captain Miranda and the Señora Pascala, and their departure on his vessel for

his home in the Cape Verd Islands. It was the hour for sentiment.

We murmured a heartfelt assent to Schwartz's query, and he, nodding his head, went on:

"*Lieber Gott!* does she nodd make it to blossom like the rose? Dere iss no more the loneliness."

"But when she shall go backward to Pasaquimento, shall it not be of a loneliness the more sadder?" suggested Passos.

"I t'ink dat also," acquiesced Schwartz. "Yas, dat iss so. The hacienda shall be lonely; but dat picture I shall haf mit me."



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"AND THEN THEY WENT ON IN FULL CRY"

He moved his head toward the shadowed lawn, where, at that moment, the Señora Pascala was bending above a tall, white flower like a lily, her face, in the



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WITH AN UNERRING INSTINCT FOR LOST CAUSES"

dusk, like another lily there.

In upon our melancholy contemplation—three of us had been her lovers—a series of shrieks arose from the rear of the house, and into our view across the side lawn swept what must have been the entire staff of the kitchen. There was a huddle of flying skirts bunched together, and then they went on in full cry, disappearing in the dusk amid the shrubbery that screened the outbuildings from sight. Intermingled with the treble of feminine voices I fancied I caught the distracted cries of frightened fowl. For a moment Schwartz stood at gaze, then, with a guttural, "*Lieber Gott!*" ponderously took up the chase.

For twenty minutes we saw him no more, and then, as he came wearily up the slope and into the light of the open door, we saw dolor and wrath on his countenance. He paused before us.

"Mein frients," he said brokenly, "der supper haf run away!"

There came a smothered giggle from the Señora Pascala, from which I decorously tried to draw attention by remark-

ing that it must have been uncommonly scared; but Schwartz was past all levity.

"Dose lazy hussies in der kitchen haf kilt dose hens not till alretty joost now," he explained, "und now dey ledt dem slip from der box away. Dey are running alretty yet."

"*Caramba!* are they not some more hen' to the hacienda?" exclaimed the señora. "Possibly those shall not be so scare'."

"Efery one roosts in der trees," explained Schwartz, hopelessly, "und der poys haf gone to der *fiesta*."

"Aha!" cried the señora, delightedly, "we shall make the hunt for those supper. Tha' 's ver' great pleasure, yas."

Spurred on by her enthusiasm, we set forth, armed with sticks, and speedily came to the region that Schwartz assumed us was the roosting-place for his fowl. It was now dark, and we moved about under the trees, followed by a sort of hysterical Greek chorus from the maids, who seemed bent on convincing us that the supper had itself broken jail: the three hens had flown out of the box just as Maria Josefa had gone for a knife; and there was not a hole in the box that one could put his hand through.

"May St. Lawrence broil me on my own gridiron if that is not just as I say," piously declared Maria Josefa, with her hands under her apron.

We heard a smothered squawk, an exultant shout from Passos, and we hurried to meet that gentleman as he came toward us out of the dusk, waving a fluttering thing. We clustered about him, and I lighted a match. In the light it cast there came to view a huge cock with a battered comb.

Maria Josefa threw her apron over her head, laughing hysterically.

"It is Chito himself, the great-grandfather of all the flock," she explained in Spanish, and the señora obligingly translated for me. "Ah, Señores, he is older than I, who am no chicken. He would broil like a stone."

"It is the will of God that we kill not His creatures," piously exclaimed Carlota. "Is it not already proved?"

Schwartz turned fiercely upon the chattering maids.

"To the house go alretty!" he stormed. "You have scared all mit der tongue."

"I, too, shall go to help with those sup-

per," said the Señora Pascala, and hurried up the slope after the maids.

Barzilla, with the stout man's secret ambition for agility, had somehow mounted into a tree; but, with an unerring instinct for lost causes, had selected a thorny one. For twenty minutes the time of the entire party was consumed in extricating him, when he retired from the hunt, thoroughly convinced that Carlota was no mean prophet.

Passos meanwhile had again come upon his first quarry, and being convinced at last that it was indeed the aged Chito, was only restrained from stamping out the life of the creature by the dissuading hand and voice of Captain Miranda.

"Do nothing in the anger, Señor," Captain Miranda had gently chided. "Even to the old life is sweet."

It was growing darker, but coming to a bare tree at the edge of the plantation,

whispered, "each to select one. The far one shall be yours, the most nearer, mine. Try not for too much. The greedy hand sticks in the jar, you know, Señor."

We were successful, and with a shout came to earth, and with the now happy Schwartz set out for the house. At the door of the kitchen the smiling señora met us, the eager maids at her shoulders.

"*Caramba!* you have succeed!" she cried, and leaned forward eagerly. Then we saw her hands go up to her face; an unmistakable giggle escaped her. Captain Miranda and I glanced down quickly, and with a single impulse threw our captives from us. We had brought in two turkey buzzards.

"'T is the will of God, like Carlota declare'," the señora assured us, solemnly, though her eyes were dancing. "Yet shall you have the nice supper. 'T is prepare'. You all ver' hongry with so ver' hard working, yas?"

It was indeed a good supper, and though it began in silence, grew gay at the close. Only Schwartz would not be comforted, and when he, Barzilla, and I at last withdrew to the cool gallery, he turned to us gravely, saying:

"It iss not goot for man the house to keep, no. Of dat he knows noddings. But the Señora Pascala! *Himmel!* dat iss a voman! Alretty haf I said I shall to Chermany return; now I go. But der liddle hacienda shall I gif to the señora. Iss it not becoming to her? Herein shall she remain mit der captain."

"*Hola!* some wedding-gift!" murmured Barzilla.

"Dat iss it, dat iss it," cried Schwartz — "the vedding-gift! 'T iss petter than to sell for noddings."

"But she goes to the Cape Verd, you know," I suggested, amused at the absurdity of a fancy that so patently ignored the señora's future.

"When?" demanded Barzilla. "Tell me that, Señor; when? Does not the señor capitan bec-ome ver' tiresome bec-ause she manufac' so longly the delay? Does not his ship wait, so long ready to sail? Aha! I shall make the explain: the señora is scare' of those sea', yas. With so nice wedding-gift, she shall say: 'Señor Capitan, I will remain by the nice present. You going remain also?' Shall he not un'stand tha' 's ver' wise? Sure-lee. A



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WE HAD BROUGHT
IN TWO TURKEY
BUZZARDS"

Captain Miranda and I saw distinctly outlined against the starlighted sky a bough whereon half a dozen forms huddled together. The captain gripped my arm.

"Together we shall ascend," he



Drawn by Charles J. Post

“‘WHEN?’ DEMANDED BARZILLA. ‘TELL ME THAT, SEÑOR; WHEN?’”

hacienda is more better than a ship, yas. Those ship’ is ver’ lonesome and also ver’ seasick. *Caramba!* I know, who have sail’.”

Rising, Schwartz walked ponderously to the edge of the gallery and called to the señora.

“Come,” he said as she looked up. “Also der captain und der liddle daughter—all come quick.”

He ceremoniously placed chairs for them all, and, standing before the señora, smiled down upon her as he asked:

“You like my liddle hacienda, Señora?”

“Like!” she cried. “*Caramba!* Señor, I lofe it—so nice like that heaven, you un’stand? No noise and fight, like those Pasaquimento; no hot street; no hot house in the long row—no mens.” She giggled, looking at us under lowered eyelids.

“No mens, Maria Pascala?” said Pasosos. “How you—”

“Not *many* mens,” she corrected herself; “just small, lit’ *imperfection*.”

“They vill go, der men,” declared Schwartz; “but you, Señora—*you*—*main yet*. I gif it to you, dei

der vedding-gift. *Ach!* You t’ink dat iss goot?”

She sprang to her feet, wondering bewilderment in her wide eyes.

“To me—the hacienda!” she cried. “*Madre de Dios!* Señor, you going get crezzy?”

“Not *very* crazy,” he mimicked her. “I go to Chermany alretty, but der liddle place I leaf to you for der vedding-gift. *Gewiss*, it iss very becoming to you.”

“But, Señor—” she looked at Captain Miranda and cast down her eyes—“but—”

“Ah, Señor,” said Captain Miranda, gently, “you un’stand how the señora beholds that difficult? ‘T is ver’ much appreciate’, yas. *Hola!* I myself have the tear to my eye bec-ause of the ver’ gr-reat generousness; but, Señor, you behol’ how she shall depart in similar manner to you? Therefore shall that wedding-gift be left desert’.”

“Like the rice thrown after a bride,” I suggested.

Captain Miranda turned to me and

gravely; "and that is ver' impolite to leave present in such manner, you un'stand?"

"But why shall she be desert'?" eagerly demanded Barzilla. "'T is this manner, Señor. The Señor Schwartz he declare the hacienda is ver' becoming to the señora. We behol' the perfectness. Ver' well. But is the Cape Horn, the high sea, also perfectness? Señor, I shall display the truth: Maria Pascala is going get ver' scare' by them."

"I am scare' this ver' minute," confessed the Señora Pascala.

"Aha! did I not relate the truth?" cried Barzilla, triumphantly. "Ver' well, is not all smoothed by so fine present? You shall sell your ship, and return to the perfectness. We shall welcome you—all present inclusive—to be countrymens to us. Behol', Señor Capitan, how all is nicely manufac' by us to gr-reat perfectness."

The señora's face was alight with eager joy.

"*Caramba!* da' 's ver' nice!" she cried. She looked at Captain Miranda's thoughtful face, hesitated, sighed, and then said: "But, no; da' 's all some joke—fanny like that—to give so nice present. I become ver' much 'shamed to think in that manner. 'T is nonsent."

"I say I vill gif it, und I vill gif it," declared Schwartz. "'T iss petter than to sell for noddings; 't is gif from der heart."

The señora sighed in wondering happiness.

"Ah! da' 's ver' beautiful, I think, to live always in so lovely place, so near my lit' small daught' and my kind friends, and consider no more those sea! *Basta!* I think so much of those sea', my heart shall jump

like the cat—quick in those manner." She turned to Schwartz, her face beaming, her eyes pools of liquid gratitude. "Dear, kind friend, I think you so nice like some angel." She faced Captain Miranda, a new timidity in her voice as she asked: "You like, Señor? You consider those present beautiful like me?"

"The Señor Schwartz is ver' large to the heart," replied Captain Miranda; "yas, tha' 's so." He rose, wrung Schwartz's hand, then turned to the señora. "But, Señora," he said, "you are ver' much mistak' concerning this sea. She is ver' loving; spoil', perhaps, like some beautiful child, but yet loving, Señora. Do I not know, who have known her so lengthily? You are scare' of her

firstly, but lastly you love her. She shall rock you to sleep in my little sheep, and you shall laugh at the scare, Señora. You shall behol' all as I say."

The señora placed her hand lovingly on his shoulders as she said in a troubled voice:

"Tha' 's all correc' like you say, of co'se, Señor, but—but my heart is scare' all the same. Tha' 's ver' foolish,—yas, of co'se,—but that frightness is in my heart so much I think I going get crezzy off it. Tha' 's ver' sad business to get crezzy, I think, yas."

It was then that Barzilla spoke again, breaking in eagerly upon Captain Miranda's hesitation.

"Pardon, Señor," he began, "you were going say how? But firstly I may ask some question, perhaps? *Gracias*, Señor. 'T is only the lit' small question: you have loaded your vessel too deep, is it not so?"

Captain Miranda laughed and waved his



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"SHE IS VER' LOVING; SPOIL', PERHAPS, LIKE SOME BEAUTIFUL CHILDS"

hand lightly, in disparagement of Barzilla's serious tone.

"Perhaps, Señor," he replied. "Yas, 't is confess'; a little. But, *caramba!* I load always in such manner, and am I not here after many such loading'? Those lit' small vessel', are they not similar to the donkey, to be loaded much to make the pay? Otherwise the loss, yas."

"And she leaks, is it not so?" Barzilla went on relentlessly. "Each morning the crew is to the pumps; they become ver' tiresome."

"*Como no?* Why not?" demanded the captain. "A little leak,—a few hundred stroke',—what is that? *Basta!* It is trifle." He snapped his fingers.

"Ah, tha' 's all just like I hear to the landing," said Barzilla. "Some peop' they behol' your vessel, and they shake the head. 'Ha!' they declare, 'she is load' too deep. Oh, those reckless! They load too deep, yet they arrive; yet some day they shall not arrive.' Señor—" Barzilla leaned forward and solemnly laid his hand on Captain Miranda's knee—"consider if on that day you arrive not, the Señora Pascala arrive not also. Consider that, and also how she was ver' scare' to those sea and those vessel."

"But if that vessel is sell," broke in the Señora Pascala, eagerly, "is there not the hacienda yet, Señor? You want desert so nice present off the Señor Schwartz. You want make him ver' sawrry?"

"I want make nobuddy sawrry, Señora," replied Captain Miranda, humbly, "and leastly of all peop' you. Therefore shall it be like you desire. *Caramba!* what other shall I ask but your desire? You desire it so? *Hola!* it is so. You shall remain by that wedding-gift."

"And you also, Señor?" she asked; "of co'se. Tha' 's ver' foolish to ask. I think I get creazy."

"I shall go, but to return," he replied. "It is not possible to sell my lit' sheep here. *Caramba!* no. Therefore, 't is necessar' to go; but only to return, you un'-stand?"

She stooped and kissed him before us all.

"*¡Vaga con Dios!* Go with God, Señor!" she murmured. "He shall bring you back to me ver' quick."

He smiled up into her face.

"We shall burn some candle' to St. Anthony to watch on me," he said tenderly.

"They shall burn always before his shrine till you come," she declared.

"And if I come not bec-ause those sea'—"

She placed her hand quickly over his lips.

"'Sh!" she cried. "You going let St. Anthony think you think he cannot fix those sea nice—unbeliever?"

"Not unbeliever, Señora," he replied; "but when you desire the heaven ver' much, and think 't is ver' near, and, *caramba!* you find 't is ten thousand mile' off you, you think mebbe—you think—" Then he paused.

"You think how, Señor?" she asked almost sharply. Her brow was wrinkled with anxiety.

"Nothing, Señora."

"You think what, Señor?" she repeated. "You un'stand how I ask you some question?"

He bowed as he said:

"You think those ten thousand mile' is ver' far off those heaven, Señora—just that manner."

"Señor, you think more. Please to declare all," she said, and stood back, eying him sternly.

"Tha' 's all—almost all," he answered stoutly. "Of co'se you think long distance like that ver' lonesome; but, *caramba!* the more lonesomeness firstly, the greater gladness lastly, you un'stand?"

She still stood doubtful.

"Señor," she said slowly, "I ask you recollect' those ship too much load' and those leak' and those sea. Now,—you recollect' all?—now, did you not think mebbe those ten thous' mile' to bec-ome nevair—you nevair get back once more? Did you? Please to tell me."

He laughed light-heartedly as he cried:

"*Zut!* you try make me get scare' off those long ways, Señora? *Caramba!* I shall swim so far like that for such heaven." He looked up into her face and smiled, and she returned the look, gravely smiling.

"I shall pray to St. Anthony to make it not necessar' to swim," she cried.

Schwartz, rapidly walking to and fro on the gallery, now paused beside us. I think he had scarcely heard our talk.

"It grows dark," he said. "I t'ink ve shall enter der house, *nicht wahr?*"

We trooped into the great living-room, where lamps were already lighted, with something of new interest in it for all of

us, I think. It had belonged to Schwartz when we left it, and now it was to be the Señora Pascala's. The very thought changed the place, imbued it with a romantic glamour. I saw the señora's face glow as she paused in the middle of the

its wide, railed upper gallery, leaving the room in which we stood mainly uncovered to the roof. Near the window a parrot swung and screamed in its cage, and through an open door we could hear the maids chattering together as they craned



Drawn by Charles J. Post

“‘SEÑORA,’ HE SAID—‘SEÑORA, BE PLEASE’ TO RETURN A LITTLE’”

room and look about her. Schwartz paused at her side.

“You vill not change it, Señora?” he said. “I vill be glad to t’ink of der room like dis, mit you herein.”

“No, Señor,” she promised.

The night wind, blowing through, set candles flickering and shadows dancing on the walls. The spacious room looked very airy and cool, with its broad stairway and

their necks in unconventional and open curiosity in our doings.

So the señora stood in rapt joy, turning slowly on her heels, till suddenly, with a little cry, she darted across the tiled floor to the rear of the room, where, in a deep niche in the wall, a tall, red water-cooler stood. She took the water-cooler down, and, holding it in her arms, turned to Schwartz.

"This alone, Señor," she said—"this alone is it permit' to change? Here shall stand that image of St. Anthony; here shall burn those candle'. You forgive those lit', small change, Señor. You get sawrry for those?"

"*Gewiss!*" Schwartz cried, "I will myself place dot imache dere."

"St. Anthony of Padua, you un'stand, Señor?" warned Captain Miranda. "'T is he that watches on sailormens. You can procure him to the lit', small shop of the Señor Barca. Tha' 's behine those cathedral, you know—lit' yaller house."

"I will get him," Schwartz promised.

"I have the lit', small image to him in my cabin," said the captain.

"You have him to your cabin?" said the señora, delightedly.

"Always, Señora," he answered. "'T is he that bring me to you firstly; he shall return me back once more."

"Sure-lee," she agreed. "How any-buddy going trust him once more when he fail in such manner?"

"Nobuddy," he replied.

"Tha' 's how I think, yas. Also, Señor, twice the day, in the mornings by seven, in the nights by seven, I shall tell him to return you back. You going recollec' those hour'?"

"Yas; and ask him similar like you," he declared.

"Ah!" she cried triumphantly, and for the rest of the evening she was very gay and joyous.

We drank to the health and happiness of the new mistress of the house before we separated for the night, and when she finally left us, we stood together in the middle of the room and watched her go. But as she reached the turn in the stairs and glanced smilingly back, Captain Miranda took a step forward.

"Señora," he said—"Señora, be please' to return a little."

She laughed and obediently turned back, stepping down slowly, her hand on the rail.

The captain raised his hand.

"There!" he cried,— "remain there, Señora mia."

With a wondering little laugh she stood still as she said gently:

"Tha' 's ver' fonny, Señor. What you desire?"

For a moment he gazed at her without

speaking, then gently waved his hand in dismissal.

"'T is obtain' already—that do he replied. "You see, behol'ing you I recollec' ver' sudden how you sh up and down those stair' efery day, shall not behol' you; but now my shall behol' you far off where I am image, you un'stand?—similar lik are this minute. *Buenas noches, S* The pleasant dream." He turned q and went out of the door, to wa tile-paved gallery alone, the better the image in his mind, perhaps.

For a moment she stood and w him go, with a look on her face that never seen there before; for it held r joy nor fear, hope nor dread, but o abiding, resolute peace, like that aged nun who had put the world l her, and lived each hour as it came no backward or forward look. without a glance at us, she turne went slowly up the stairs again.

Early in the freshness of the mo when the dew was on the grass at hacienda was looking its best, we about the carriage that was to take u to Pasaquimento and waited for t ñora to appear. She came around t ner of the house at last, ready for th and holding in her hands a small mignonette. She held it out t Schwartz, saying timidly:

"Señor, is it permit' to take th small flower?"

He laughed.

"Señora," he said, "iss it not all —flower and garden, house and efes —der vedding-gift?"

"Señor," she replied, "I think yo nice like some angel—generous like but, Señor, this lit', small flower is wedding-gif'. I go in those lit' shiy my hoosban'."

In the face of the storm of prote only smiled and said:

"Yas, tha' 's all just like you sa ñores; but when he declare' last nigh his heart shall see the image to me up and down those stair', Señores, I I going die bec-ause of those lonesome Tha' 's ver' fonny wedding-gif', to se ever'buddy in those manner. This is gift—this lit', small flower, yas. 'T I ask; for then shall there be no heart to nobuddy."



Painted by Mr. Alex. C. Humphreys

AN ISLE OF THE SEA
FROM THE PAINTINGS BY PAUL
JAMES HUMPHREYS



MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

VIII. NUCKY'S BIG BROTHERS

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

FROM the beginning of the term in August, Miss Loring and the cottage boys at the Settlement School on Perilous heard large and frequent tales from Nucky Marrs about his two big brothers Blant and Ezry. With pardonable pride he recounted their deeds of valor, which had begun in their early teens, when, by reason of their father's health having been shattered by a gunshot-wound, they had been obliged to take upon themselves the defense of the family honor in the hereditary "war" with the Cheevers. By the time Blant was twenty-one and Ezry nineteen, the two had done much to enhance the reputation of Trigger Branch, Powderhorn Creek, and even of "Bloody Boyne," the county in which they lived. Needless to say, the other eleven cottage boys listened to these accounts with envy and jealousy. Not one of them had an active "war" going on in his family; not one lived in a neighborhood where, in favorable seasons, "they bring a dead man down the branch every week"; not one had big brothers as brave, as daring, as quick with the trigger, as Blant and Ezry. Nucky's one regret was that he had come along so many years after the big boys and had been unable to assist them materially in the family quarrel. Of course he had

helped in small ways, such as spying, keeping a lookout, and the like, and had lost no opportunity to "layway" and ambush infant Cheevers, and "tole" them into desperate encounters; but he longed for the day when he might emulate Blant and Ezry and rid the earth of some of the enemies.

Blant and Ezry had not only these social duties to perform for their family, but various others, some of an unusual character. It goes without saying that, since Mr. Marrs's lung had been punctured by a Cheever bullet, they were the bread-winners. They "tended the crop" on the steep mountain-sides in summer, and logged, cleared new-ground, and did other Herculean labors at other seasons; and, since the death of their mother a year before Nucky's arrival at the school, they had also sustained many of the cares of the household. Three or four days after the birth of her last child, Mrs. Marrs had gone out to hoe in the onion-patch one day when the boys were away, and had been overtaken by a sudden, drenching shower, catching cold, and dying within the week. She was intensely devoted to her eight children, and on her death-bed she had requested her husband never to put a "step-maw" over them, and had instructed Blant

and Ezry to assist their father in raising the younger ones, confiding to Blant's special care the week-old baby, "your paw being too puny to set up with it of nights." After the two big boys there was a gap in the family caused by the death of four children from typhoid; then followed Nucky, who was eleven, and the five younger children. Blant and Ezry accepted their trust with sincere devotion. Their father was able to do a good deal of the cooking and housework, but they assisted him even in this, and, when not at work outside, tirelessly and tenderly minded the children. At night "the babe" always slept at Blant's side,—or, rather, the first three colic months it did not sleep, and Blant patiently walked the floor with it, jolted it on his knees, toasted its little feet before the fire, warmed its bottle, gave it generous doses of corn liquor, and, as Nucky said, "made it sugar-teats and soot-tea as good as a woman."

During the latter part of this colic-time, Mr. Marrs became so desperate by reason of being constantly disturbed in his sleep that he concluded there was nothing for it but to get a woman in the house; and one evening he sadly and secretly started off across Elbow Mountain to propose to a capable widow over in Sassafras Hollow. On the very summit of the mountain, he was confronted by his wife's spirit, which, with denunciation and warning, turned him back, trembling and repentant, to renew his promise to the children that they should never have a stepmaw, and from that day to settle down to the lonely estate of a "widow-man."

From all accounts, Nucky's mother had been a woman of remarkable mind and heart, worthy of the rare affection her children cherished for her. Nucky was proud of telling that, although she had never seen the inside of a school-house, she had yet been a "scholar," and able to read, write, and figure, her great-grandfather, when a very old man of nearly a hundred, and unable to do anything but sit by the fire, having imparted to her a portion of his own learning. She had proved such an apt, eager pupil that, on his death, he had left her his most valued possessions—a few ancient books. One of these was a Bible, another a story-book, with pictures, "about a man by the name of Christian, that fit with devils, and come

near being et up by a jont ten times as big as him." The latter book had been the chief delight of Nucky's infancy. All this was most interesting to Miss Loring, as being another proof that the early settlers were men of an education which isolation and the hard struggle for existence made impossible to their descendants.

Nucky was continually expecting Blant and Ezry over to visit him at the school, and getting word from passers-by that they aimed to come soon; and Miss Loring and the cottage boys were most eager to see the heroes materialize. But it appeared that, although the babe was now more than a year old and done with colic, Blant was still unable to make up his mind to leave it overnight.

The autumn passed, and almost any story Miss Loring read or told Nucky would be able to match with performances of Blant and Ezry and their best friend Richard Tarrant, who always assisted them in their undertakings. Blant, however, was the star actor on every occasion. When, for instance, along in December, they were reading the story of *Ulysses*, and reached the place where the hero and his friends escape from the cave of Polyphemus, Nucky told of the last time Blant had been arrested for necessarily killing a Cheever (when a Cheever and a Marrs met it was only a question of the quickest trigger), and how, on the way to the county-seat afterward, the officers and prisoner were overtaken by darkness and compelled to stop all night at a wayside house. Blant went to bed in an upper room, handcuffed, between the sheriff and a deputy, each of whom retired with a loaded revolver in his hand. In the morning, when the officers awoke, the prisoner was gone, while the quilt that had covered the three swung from the window, and beneath it, on the ground, lay the two revolvers, placed neatly side by side.

Christmas came and went, and still no Blant and Ezry appeared. The children had returned from their holiday visits home, and the first Saturday evening thereafter, which happened to be the fifth of January, Miss Loring and her boys sat around the fire, again reading *Ulysses*. There was a violent interruption, however, when *Ulysses* permits Scylla to snatch six of his friends out of the ship for a meal. "Dad burn him! I'm

done with him!" "Why n't he grab his ax and chop off them six heads when he seed 'em a-coming?" "Any man can't fight for his friends better be dead!" "Ongrateful 's worse 'n pizen!" "Don't want to hear no more about no such puke-stocking as him!" "Better shet up the book!" were some of the sentiments. Miss Loring bowed to the storm and shut the book, and conversation finally simmered down to smoother levels, touching upon the adventures of the boys themselves during the holidays. These seemed to Miss Loring exciting enough; but nearly every boy was bewailing the fact that he had had to return to the school before Old Christmas.

"I've heard you boys speak of Old Christmas a number of times," said Miss Loring. "Now, what on earth is it?"

"Old Christmas is sure-enough Christmas," replied Taulbee, gravely. "You brought-on women thinks New Christmas is Christmas, but it ain't. Real Christmas comes to-morrow, on the sixth of January; and to-night is real Christmas eve."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, all the old folks says so, for one thing, and I think they knows better than young ones; and, for another, I think the beastes and plants knows better still. To-night 's the night when the elder blossoms out and the cattle kneels down and prays. You can hear 'em a-lowing and a-mowing at midnight if you stay awake and listen."

Miss Loring had some recollection of the English calendar having been set forward eleven days in the middle of the eighteenth century, and of the refusal of many of the people to accept the new dates, and specially the new-style Christmas. This survival in the mountain country seemed to her as wonderful as that of the old English ballads, and the good old Shaksperian words, obsolete elsewhere.

"What do people do on Old Christmas? Do they give presents?" she asked.

"No, indeed," said Taulbee. "They never heard tell of such a new-fangle thing. The old folks they cook up a week or two beforehand, and lay in a good stock of cider and liquor, for hospitality, so 's they can offer a-plenty to eat and drink, and then when Christmas comes they set around and hold their hands all day (it would be a sin to work then), and

tries to keep the young folks from antikin' around too much, for they claim it 's a solemn season. But the girls they mostly gets out and visits and sees what little fun they can (th' ain't no real fun no time, though, for women), and the boys they take their nags and pistols and jugs and rides up and down the road or the creek, hollering and shooting and making what noise they able to. It 's what you might call a dangerous time to be out in."

Miss Loring and the boys all agreed to wake up at midnight that night and hear the cattle "lowing and mowing"; but they failed to set the alarm-clock, and unfortunately slept through the miraculous hour.

On the Tuesday following, Miss Loring was passing through the school-yard on her way to dinner at noon when she saw a crowd rapidly gathering at the fence. A man on horseback outside was talking and gesticulating. As she joined the crowd, he was telling how, on Old Christmas morning, Blant and Ezry Marrs, Rich Tarrant, and a lot of the boys, were galloping up and down Powderhorn, drinking, shooting, and celebrating the day, when Rich recklessly and foolishly dashed out on Blant from behind a large rock, and Blant, with his ever-ready instinct for the Cheevers made more keen by liquor, fired on the instant, before he saw who it really was, killing Rich dead. Blant, said the news-bearer, was in a deplorable state of mind, first attempting to end his own life, and, foiled in this, sending word to the sheriff to come and arrest him. Though Blant lived in Boyne, the shooting had occurred on the lower reaches of Powderhorn, in Kent County, and the sheriff and deputies were now bringing both Blant and Ezry to the jail in the village near the school, Ezry having opposed Blant's surrender and fired into the posse when it arrived, and being arrested for "contempt."

All the rest of that day, with pale face and straining eyes, Nucky watched the road; and the other boys kept just as near the front fence as possible. A little before dark, the cavalcade came along. Between two armed men rode Blant, his face rigid with misery and horror; Ezry, sullen and defiant of aspect, was behind, between two others. Nucky leaped into Blant's stirrup and rode along with him to the jail, the

faces of both as white and unseeing as the dead.

Thereafter Nucky spent every possible moment with his brothers in the jail, and several times Miss Loring stopped in with him. Blant's anguish was terrible to see. In vain Nucky and Miss Loring, Ezry and the other prisoners, and even the jail-keeper, argued with him and tried to convince him he should not reproach himself so bitterly or give way to such utter despair and grief. His one reply was: "I have killed my best friend. My heart is broke'. Life has no more charms for me. I hope to God the law will kill me and put me out of my misery." The strange fact also developed that he had had a fore-warning of Rich's death. For three consecutive days before Old Christmas, once when he was riving boards for the roof, once when he was climbing the mountain in search of a lost cow, once when he was sitting with the babe in his arms before the fire, he had had visions of Rich standing beside him, headless; and so strong had been the impression that he had told Rich the first thing when they met Christmas morning, and had warned him to be specially careful what he did that day.

For weeks he was thus inconsolable and desperate. The first relief came one Saturday when Nucky and Miss Loring were at the jail. A neighbor from over on Trigger stopped his nag at the jail window, and told Blant, through the bars, that "the babe just whimped and cried day and night for him, and could n't be pacified noway." At this Blant laid his head on the table where the other prisoners were playing cards and wept, the first tears he had shed, and they seemed to wash away some of his burden. A day or two later, a message came from Powderhorn which should certainly have comforted him some: Mrs. Tarrant, Rich's mother, sent word to him that though he had "darkened the light of the sunball" for her, she freely forgave him.

The following Friday, Nucky asked and received permission to make a visit home over the week-end; and the next afternoon Miss Loring was surprised to see him out in the road in front of the cottage, on his paw's nag, with a small bundle carried very carefully on one arm. This he unwrapped to show Miss Loring.

It was the babe, a beautiful little girl, with big, gray eyes like Nucky's and Blant's, and such a tiny, white face, and so pathetic and patient a smile, that Miss Loring's heart was wrung within her.

"Seem' like it 'll pine to death if it don't get to see Blant," explained Nucky; "so I brung it over."

"Please bring it back to spend the night with me!" implored Miss Loring.

But Blant would by no means consent to this; not for an instant should it depart from his arms during the time it had to stay. Nucky reported afterward: "It just grabbed ahold of him the minute it seed him, and laid its head on his breast, and would n't turn him a-loose even to eat or sleep. All the other boys tried to get it to come to them, but it would n't go even to Ezry. And Blant he set up and held it in his arms all night."

The process of separating the babe from Blant next day was such a painful one that there was not a dry eye in the jail.

Court was not to sit until the middle of March, when the trial of Blant and Ezry would come off. Of course Ezry would be acquitted,—“contempt” was nothing,—and at first it was hoped that Blant would be acquitted, too, the absence of intention in his killing of Rich was so patent, and his grief so cruel and overwhelming a punishment in itself. But as the weeks passed on there was a growing sentiment among the solid men of the county that a short penitentiary sentence in his case would be a very good thing, and would make all the young men in the region more careful with their guns in the future. Of course if Blant had killed a Cheever, it would not be so imperative for the law to step in,—the Cheevers were perfectly able to attend to their own affairs,—but this thing of shooting wild and killing the wrong man was a menace to the whole community, and ought not to go unpunished. Also, Kent County was, and prided itself on being, more law-abiding than Boyne; and this chance to make an object-lesson of a Boyne boy was not to be overlooked.

These various rumors as to public opinion were carried to Blant by passers-by, callers, and the jail-keeper himself; while from Trigger came more and more distressing news every day. The Cheevers, taking advantage of the situation, were

marauding, shooting hogs, burning fodder-stacks, etc. Mr. Marrs was worn out and distracted in his mind by the unaccustomed load of cares, and as for the babe, its grief was working on it to a dangerous extent. "It's fairly pindling away," "Nothing but a pitiful little passel of bones," "Some days don't touch ary morsel of victuals," "Favors a little picked bird," "Aiming to die if he don't get back to it soon," were successive messages that reached the jail.

The situation was freely discussed by Blant and Ezry and the other prisoners, mostly nice boys, arrested for only slight offenses, such as moonshining and celebrating Christmas too enthusiastically, and by the jail-keeper; and one day Blant expressed his mind as follows:

"Yes, I don't know as I like the notion of going down there to Frankfort very well. If the law would just hang me, I'd feel better. But I reckon there ain't no hopes of that; I ought to have recollected the prejudice they got again' hanging in this country. The way I look at it, a life for a life is just common justice. But what good or justice it will do anybody to coop me up in Frankfort for a couple of year' or more when I'm so bad' needed at home, I fail to see. Here I am, with a living to make for the folks, and the outdacious manœuvres of the Cheevers to keep down, and the babe to raise,—you might say with my hands running-over full,—and now they aim to shut me up where I can't do none of it! It ain't reasonable. Now, if they was to send me off to the Philippynes or somewheres to *fight* for 'em, I could see some sense in that, because then I'd do 'em a heap of good. But just to shut me up where I can't never see no sunshine, or do nothing but set and think, why, seems like it's more than I want to face."

"You ought to have thought of that sooner," admonished the keeper. "You done a mighty near-sighted job when you sent for the sheriff; I would n't have believed it of you, Blant. Nobody would n't have thought of arrestin' you; they'd 'a' knowed you never meant no harm to Rich. But I reckon your mind was clean unhinged by misery. And now you've made your bed, you got to lay in it. Whatever you do, take warnin' and don't try no tricks here on me. Because, whatever

happens, and however well I like you, law is law, and I'm obligated by my oath, and aimin' to do my whole duty. I really think a heap of you, Blant, and I'd hate right smart to have to kill you."

One Tuesday morning early in March, Miss Loring started down to the village post-office. When she reached that place in the road where it was necessary to walk the fence some distance on account of the frightful mud-holes, she was surprised and delighted to see that a gang of men were working the road, and to recognize in them Blant and Ezry and the other prisoners. They were picking the shale from the mountain-side, and shoveling it into the bottomless holes. All appeared happy to feel the warm sunshine and breathe the fresh air again, and worked with a will, talking merrily with chance passers-by, the keeper, who leaned on his rifle, entering amiably into the conversation. Miss Loring was relieved to see Blant's face relaxed and almost cheerful, and to know that time was in a measure healing his sorrow. She hoped that the last news she had had from Trigger—that the babe was nothing but a feather and would soon blow away—had not reached him.

The two succeeding days the cottage boys made every excuse to go up the road and exchange words with the road-gang. By great good fortune, Nucky had the kitchen-job, and, running errands for the housekeeper to and from the village, had frequent chances to see his big brothers. Friday noon he brought word that the mud-holes were filled, and the boys were now preparing to blast out rock and widen the road at a point still nearer the school. All that afternoon heavy detonations rent the air, and puffs of smoke were visible from the school-garden, where it was almost impossible for Miss Loring to keep her boys at work.

Saturday, too, the blasting continued at intervals. About two in the afternoon the wash-girls had finished their labors and were out "passing the ball" in the school-yard, and the boys, under Miss Loring's supervision, were washing the last windows and scrubbing the last floor in the cottage. Joab, on his knees, plying a scrubbing-brush, with an occasional droll glance at Miss Loring, was chanting monotonously,

"Let the women do the work, do the work,
do the work,
Let the men do the laying around,"

when several loud, near-by gunshots sent everybody flying to the front yard. Up the steep mountain-side facing the cottage two men were leaping, while down in the road below ran a third, stopping only to aim and fire.

"It 's Blant and Ezry!" called out a dozen voices. "Go it, boys! Run! oh, run!"

All the school was by this time at the fence, breathlessly watching the hard ascent. The mountain was cleared half-way up, not a tree or a rock affording shelter. The keeper, selecting a vantage-ground just outside the cottage gate, took his stand there, and grimly proceeded to do his "whole duty," firing calmly, swiftly, and surely at the flying figures. In running accompaniment to the gunshots, Nucky's voice rang out sharp and clear. "Keep to the right a little grain!" "Drap down in the swag there, so 's he can't hit you so easy!" "Make for the timber!" Bullets raised tiny clouds of dust about the feet of the fugitives, and in the slope just ahead of them. The seconds seemed ages; the watchers' hearts stood still. Once Blant stopped short, clutching his left arm; then he ran on again more swiftly than ever, the arm dangling strangely. Nucky's voice, edged with agony, faltered no more than did the bullets. "Can't you move no quicker 'n that? Once you reach them trees, he 'll never hit you. Oh, hurry! hurry! Seems like I could crawl faster. You 're getting near now. The trees!

the trees! the trees! Oh, God, they 're to 'em! They 're safe!"

After a few parting shots into the timber, the keeper shook his head, philosophically shouldered his gun, and turned to the other prisoners, who had come down the road behind him. "Well, boys," he remarked, "I done my best, as the law required. But they got too good a start on me. It was right pycert of 'em to stand on the far side from me when that last blast went off, and gain that much of a start. That was as plucky a race for life as ever I see; and I hain't sorry I never killed 'em. I put Blant's arm out of business for a while, but I 'm free to say I 'm glad it was n't no vital. Yes, sir, I don't know when I ever made the acquaintance of two nicer, cleverer boys than them; and I think it was mighty sensible of 'em not to stay and stand trial. That 'ere Blant is as perfect a gentleman as ever I seed, and hain't got a criminal bone in him. To send him to Frankfort would be just plumb ridiculous and scandalous. He never ought to have give' himself up when he killed Rich; that was the dad-burn foolishhest thing ever I beheld. But of course he was momentarily distracted by grief and not accountable. Well, I hope it has learnt him a lesson to think twice in future. And now I reckon he 'll lay out in the woods a spell, though I 'm sure nobody would n't be low-down enough to hunt him, and it 's again' the law, anyhow, that a man's life shall be twice in jeopardy for the same offense, and then he 'll go home, and settle the Cheevers, and cheer up his pap, and raise what 's left of that pore little babe."

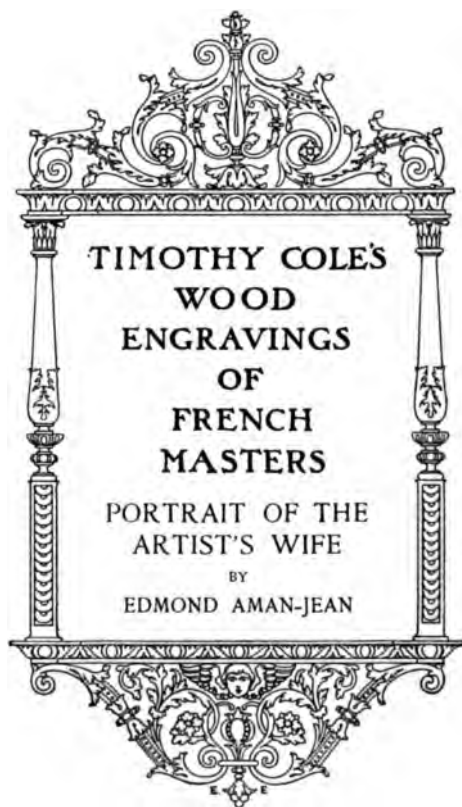




From the painting in the Luxembourg Palace, Paris

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE. BY EDMOND AMAN-JEAN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XXIII)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF
FRENCH
MASTERS

PORTRAIT OF THE
ARTIST'S WIFE

BY
EDMOND AMAN-JEAN

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

THIRD PAPER: THE DAUGHTERS OF AGRIPPA

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

NERIUS¹ had now broken with Augustus, he had lost the support of opinion, he was hated by the majority of the senate. At Rhodes he soon found himself, therefore, in the awkward position of one who through a false move had fallen into the hands of his enemies with no way of recovering his position. It had been easy to leave Rome; to reënter was difficult, and in all probability his life would have been forever compromised and he would never have become emperor, had it not been for the fact that in the midst of this general defection two remained faithful. They were his daughter, Livia, and his sister-in-law, Antonia, the widow of that brother Drusus who, dying in his youth, had carried to his grave the hopes of Rome.

Antonia was the daughter of the emperor's sister Octavia and of Mark Antony, a famous triumvir whose name remains linked in story with that of Cleopatra.

This daughter of Antony was certainly the noblest and the gentlest of all the women who appear in the lugubrious tragic history of the family of the Cæsars. Serious, modest, and even-tempered, she was likewise endowed with beauty and virtue, and she brought into the family and into its struggles a spirit of calm, serenity of mind, and sweet reasonableness, though they could not always prevail against the violent passions and selfish interests of those about her. As Drusus lived, Drusus and Antonia had been for the Romans the model devoted pair of lovers, and their affection had become proverbial; the Roman multitude, always given to

admiring the descendants of the great families, was even more deeply impressed by the beauty, the virtue, the sweetness, the modesty, and the reserve of Antonia. After the death of Drusus, she did not wish to marry again, even though the *lex de maritandis ordinibus* made it a duty. "Young and beautiful," wrote Valerius Maximus, "she withdrew to a life of retirement in the company of Livia, and the same bed which had seen the death of the youthful husband saw his faithful spouse grow old in an austere widowhood." Augustus and the people were so touched by this supreme proof of fidelity to the memory of the ever-cherished husband that by the common consent of public opinion she was relieved of the necessity of remarrying; and Augustus himself, who had always carefully watched over the observance of the marital law in his own family, did not dare insist. Whether living at her villa of Bauli, where she spent the larger part of her year, or at Rome, the beautiful widow gave her attention to the bringing up of her three children, Germanicus, Livilla, and Claudius. Ever since the death of Octavia, she had worshiped Livia as a mother and lived in the closest intimacy with her, and, withdrawn from public life, she attempted now to bring a spirit of peace into the torn and tragic family.

Antonia was very friendly with Tiberius, who, on his side, felt the deepest sympathy and respect for his beautiful and virtuous sister-in-law. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that in this crisis Antonia, who was bound to Livia by many ties, must have taken sides for Livia's son Tiberius. But Antonia was too gentle

¹ June paper on Tiberius's mother, Livia, and his step-sister, Julia (the daughter of Augustus by a former wife). Professor Ferrero described the intrigues of these two women, the first for the advancement of Tiberius to the place of heir of Augustus, and the second to secure the place for her son Caius Cæsar.



From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. ALMA TADOMA

Italienne plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ild to lead a faction in the struggle during these years began between ends and the enemies of Tiberius, and he was assumed by Livia, who possessed more strength and more authority. The situation grew worse and worse. His opinion steadily became more hostile to Tiberius and more favorable to his elder son, and it was not long before they wished to give to her younger son, Lucius, the same honors which had

been bestowed upon his elder son, Caius. Private interest soon mingled with itself with duty and regard against Tiberius, and scarcely had he departed from the senate in order to approach for public honors and public honors. All those who profited by the appropriation were naturally interested in maintaining the reputation of Tiberius, and this was notorious in opposition to useless expenses. Any one, however, who was not considered proper, proposed only it helped in Tiberius;

his enemies had recourse to every artifice, among other things actually accusing him of conspiracies against Augustus. Even for a woman as able and energetic as Livia it was an arduous task to struggle against the inclinations of Augustus, against public opinion, against the authority of the senate, against private influence and against Julia and her friends. For four years passed during which the opinion of Tiberius and his party grew steadily worse, while the party of Julia increased in power.

Finally the party of Tiberius resolved to attempt a startlingly bold move. They tried to cripple the opposition by means

of a terrible scandal in the very person of Julia. The *lex Julia de adulteriis*, framed by Augustus in the year 18, authorized any citizen to denounce an unfaithful wife before the judges, if the husband or father should refuse to make the accusation. This law, which was binding upon all Roman citizens, was therefore applicable even to the daughter of Augustus, the widow of Agrippa, the mother of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, those two youths in whom were

centered the hopes of the republic. She had violated the *lex Julia* and she had escaped the penalties which had been visited on many other ladies of the aristocracy only because no one had dared to call down this scandal upon the first family of the empire. The party of Tiberius, protected and guided by Livia, at last hazarded this step.

It is impossible to say what part Livia played in this terrible tragedy. It is certain that either she or some other influential personage succeeded in gaining possession of the proofs of Julia's guilt and

brought them to Augustus, threatening to lay them before the pretor and to institute proceedings if he did not discharge his duty. Augustus found himself constrained to apply to himself his own terrible law. He himself had decreed that if the husband, as was then the case of Tiberius, could not accuse a faithless woman, the father must do so. It was his law, and he had to bow to it in order to avoid scandals and worse consequences. He exiled Julia to the little island of Pandataria, and at the age of thirty-seven, the brilliant, pleasing, and voluptuous young woman who had dazzled Rome for many years was compelled to disappear from the me-



From the statue now in the Vatican, Rome

MARK ANTONY

tropolis forever and retire to an existence on a barren island. She was cut off by the implacable hatred of a hostile party and by the inexorable cruelty of a law framed by her own father!

The exile of Julia marks the moment when the fortunes of Tiberius and Livia, which had been steadily losing ground for four years, began to revive, though not so rapidly as Livia and Tiberius had probably expected. Julia preserved, even in her misfortune, many faithful friends and a great popularity.

For a long time popular demonstrations were held in her favor at Rome, and many busied themselves tenaciously to obtain her pardon from Augustus, all of which goes to prove that the horrible infamies which were spread about her were the inventions of enemies. Julia had broken the *lex Julia*,—so much is certain,—but even if she had been guilty of an unfortunate act, she was not a monster, as her enemies wished to have it believed. She was a beautiful woman, as there had been before, as there are now, and as there will be hereafter, touched with human vices and with human virtues.

As a matter of fact, her party, after it had recovered from the terrible shock of the scandal, quickly reorganized. Firm in its intention of having Julia pardoned, it took up the struggle again, and tried as far as it could to hinder Tiberius from returning to Rome and again taking part in political life, knowing well that if the husband once set foot in Rome, all hope of Julia's return would be lost. Only one of them could reënter Rome. It was either Tiberius or Julia; and more furiously than ever the struggle between the two parties was waged about Augustus.

Caius and Lucius Cæsar, Julia's two youthful sons, of whom Augustus was very fond, were the principal instruments with which the enemies of Tiberius fought against the influence of Livia over Augustus. Every effort was made to sow hatred and distrust between the two youths and Tiberius, to the end that it might become impossible to have them collaborate with him in the government of the empire, and that the presence of Julia's sons should of necessity exclude that of her husband. A

further ally was soon found in the person of another child of Julia and Agrippa, the daughter who has come down into history under the name of the Younger Julia. Augustus had conceived as great a love for her as for the two sons, and there was no doubt that she would aid with every means in her power the party averse to Tiberius; for her mother's instincts of liberty, luxury, and pleasure were also inherent in her. Married to L. Æmilius Paulus, the son of one of the greatest Roman families, she

had early assumed in Rome a position which made her, like her mother, the antithesis of Livia. She, too, gathered about her, as the elder Julia had done, a court of elegant youths, men of letters, and poets,—Ovid was of the number,—and with this group she hoped to be able to hold the balance of power in the government against that coterie of aged senators who paid court to Livia. She, too, took advantage of the good-will of her grandfather, just as her mother had done, and in the shadow of his protection she displayed an extravagance which the laws did not permit, but which, on this account, was all the more admired by the enemies of the old Roman puritanism. As though



From a photograph. Copyright by Anderson
BUST OF TIBERIUS IN THE MUSEO
NAZIONALE, NAPLES

openly to defy the sumptuary law of Augustus, she built herself a magnificent villa; and, if we dare believe tradition, it was not long before she, too, had violated the very law which had proved disastrous to her mother.

Thus, even after the departure of Julia,

mere permission that Tiberius might return to Rome, under the conditions, however, that he retire to private life, that he give himself up to the education of his son, and that he in no wise mingle in public affairs. The condition of the empire was growing worse on every side; the fi-



From a photograph. Copyright by Alicari

STATUE, SUPPOSED TO BE OF ANTONIA, DAUGHTER OF MARK ANTONY AND OCTAVIA, AND MOTHER OF GERMANICUS, IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

her three children, Caius, Lucius, and Julia the Younger, constituted in Rome an alliance which was sufficiently powerful to contest every inch of ground with the party of Livia; for they had public opinion in their favor, they enjoyed the support of the senate, and they played upon the weakness of Augustus. In the year 2 A.D., after four years of exhaustive efforts spent in struggle and intrigue, all that Livia had been able to obtain was the

nances were disordered, the army was disorganized, and the frontiers were threatened, for revolt was raising its head in Gaul, in Pannonia, and especially in Germany. Every day the situation seemed to demand the hand of Tiberius, who, now in the prime of life, was recognized as one of the leading administrators and the first general of the empire. But, for all Livia's insistence, Augustus refused to call Tiberius back into the government. The Julii



Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JULIA, THE DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS, IN EXILE AT PANDATARIA
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

were masters of the state, and held the Claudii at a distance.

Perhaps Tiberius would never have returned to power in Rome had not chance aided him in the sudden taking off, in a strange and unforeseen manner, of Caius and Lucius Cæsar. The latter died at Marseilles, following a brief illness, shortly after the return of Tiberius to Rome, August 29, in the year 2 A.D. It was a great grief to Augustus, and, twenty months after, was followed by another still more serious. In February of the year 4, Caius also died, in Lycia, of a wound received in a skirmish. These two deaths were so premature, so close to each other, and so opportune for Tiberius, that posterity has refused to see in them simply one of the many mischances of life. Later generations have tried to believe that Livia had a hand in these fatalities. Yet he who understands life at all knows that it is easier to imagine and suspect romantic poisonings of this sort than it is to carry them out. Even leaving the character of Livia out of consideration, it is difficult to imagine how she would have dared, or have been able, to poison the two youths at so great a distance from Rome, one in Asia, the other in Gaul, by means of a long train of accomplices, and this at a moment when the family of Augustus was divided by many hatreds and every member was suspected, spied upon, and watched by a hostile party. Furthermore, it would have been necessary to carry this out at a time when the example of Julia proved to all that relationship to Augustus was not a sufficient defense against the rigors of the law and the severity of public opinion when roused by any serious crime. Besides, it is a recognized fact that the people always incline to suspect a crime whenever a man prominent in the public eye dies before his time. At Turin, for example, there still lives a tradition among the people that Cavour was poisoned, some say by the order of Napoleon III, others by the Jesuits, simply because his life was suddenly cut off, at the age of fifty-two, at the moment when Italy had greatest need of him. Indeed, even to-day we are impressed when we see in the family of Augustus so many premature deaths of young men; but precisely because these untimely deaths are frequent we come to see in them the predestined ruin of a worn-out

race in history. All ancient families at a certain moment exhaust themselves. This is the reason why no aristocracy has been able to endure for long unless continually renewed, and why all those that have refused to take in new blood have failed from the face of the earth. There is no serious reason for attributing so horrible a crime to a woman who was venerated by the best men of her time; and the fables which the populace, always faithful to Julia, and therefore hostile to Livia, recounted on this score, and which the historians of the succeeding age collected, have no decisive value.

The death of Caius and Lucius Cæsar was therefore a great good fortune for Tiberius, because it determined his return to power. The situation of the empire was growing worse on every hand; Germany was in the midst of revolt, and it was necessary to turn the army over to vigorous hands. Augustus, old and irresolute, still hesitated, fearing the dislike which was brewing both in the senate and among the people against the too dictatorial Tiberius. At last, however, he was forced to yield.

The more serious, more authoritative, more ancient party of the senatorial nobility, in accord with Livia and headed by a nephew of Pompey, Cnæus Cornelius Cinna, forced him to recall Tiberius, threatening otherwise to have recourse to some violent measures the exact character of which we do not know. The unpopularity of Tiberius was a source of continual misgivings to the aging Augustus, and it was only through this threat of a yet greater danger that they finally overcame his hesitation. On June 26, in the fourth year of our era, Augustus adopted Tiberius as his son, and had conferred upon him for ten years the office of tribune, thus making him his colleague. Tiberius returned to power, and, in accordance with the wishes of Augustus, adopted as his son Germanicus, the elder son of Drusus and Antonia, his faithful friend. He was an intelligent, active lad of whom all entertained the highest hopes.

On his return to power, Tiberius, together with Augustus, took measures for reorganizing the army and the state, and sought to bring about by means of new marriages and acts of clemency a closer union between the Julian and Claudian

branches of the family, then bitterly divided by the violent struggles of recent years. The terms of Julia's exile were made easier; Germanicus married Agrippina, another daughter of Julia and

fondness for pleasure, gave evidence that he possessed the requisite qualities of a statesman—firmness, sound judgment, and energy. The policy which dictated these marriages was always the same—to make



From the statue in Naples

LIVIA, THE MOTHER OF TIBERIUS, IN THE COSTUME
OF A PRIESTESS

Agrippa, and a sister of Julia the Younger; the widow of Caius Cæsar, Livilla, sister of Germanicus and daughter of Antonia, was given to Drusus, the son of Tiberius, a young man born in the same year as Germanicus. Drusus, despite certain defects, such as irascibility and a marked

of the family of Augustus one formidable and united body, so that it might constitute the solid base of the entire government of the empire. But, alas! wise as were the intentions, the ferments of discord and the unhappiness of the times prevailed against them. Too much had been hoped for in recalling Tiberius to power. During the ten years of senile government, the empire had been reduced to a state of utter disorder. The measures planned by Tiberius for re-establishing the finances of the state roused the liveliest discontent among the wealthy classes in Italy, and again excited their hatred against him. In the year 6 A.D., the great revolt of Pannonia broke out and for a moment filled Italy with unspeakable terror. In an instant of mob fury, they even came to fear that the peninsula would be invaded and Rome besieged by the barbarians of the Danube. Tiberius came to the rescue, and with patience and coolness put down the insurrection, not by facing it in open conflict, but by drawing out the war to such a length as to weary the enemy, a method both safe and wise, considering the unreliable character of the troops at his command. But at Rome, once the fear had subsided, the long duration of the war became a new cause for dis-

satisfaction and anger, and offered to many a pretext for venting their long-cherished hatred against Tiberius, who was accused of being afraid, of not knowing how to end the war, and of drawing it out for motives of personal ambition. The party averse to Tiberius again

raised its head and resorted once more to its former policy—that of urging on Germanicus against Tiberius. The former was young, ambitious, bold, and would have preferred daring strokes and a war quickly concluded. It is certain that there would have risen then and there a Germanican and a Tiberian party, if Augustus, on this occasion, had not energetically sustained Tiberius from Rome. But the situation again became strained and full of uncertainty.

In the midst of these conflicts and these fears, a new scandal broke out in the family of Augustus. The Younger Julia, like her mother, allowed herself to be caught in violation of the *lex Julia de adulteriis*, and she also was compelled to take the road of exile. In what manner and at whose instance the scandal was disclosed we do not know; we do know, however, that Augustus was very fond of his granddaughter, whence we can assume that in this moment of turbid agitation, when so much hatred was directed against his family and his house, and when so many forces were uniting to overthrow Tiberius again, notwithstanding the fact that he had saved the empire, Augustus felt that he must a second time submit to his own law. He did not dare contend with the puritanical party, with the more conservative minority in the senate,—the friends of Tiberius,—over this second victim in his family. Without a doubt everything possible was done to hush up the scandal, and there would scarcely have come down to us even a summary notice of the exile of the second Julia had it not been that among those exiled with her was the poet Ovid, who was to fill twenty centuries with his laments and to bring them to the ears of the latest generations.

Ovid's exile is one of those mysteries of history which has most keenly excited the curiosity of the ages. Ovid himself, without knowing it, has rendered it more acute

by his prudence in not speaking more clearly of the cause of his exile, making only rare allusions to it, which may be summed up in his famous words, *carmen et error*. It is for this reason that poster-



From the statue in the Lateran Museum, Rome

OCTAVIA, THE SISTER OF AUGUSTUS

ity has for twenty centuries been asking itself what was this error which sent the exquisite poet away to die among the barbarous Getæ on the frozen banks of the Danube; and naturally they have never compassed his secret. But if, therefore, it is impossible to say exactly what the error was which cost Ovid so dearly, it is possi-

ble, on the other hand, to explain that unique and famous episode in the history of Rome to which, after all, Ovid owes a great part of his immortality. He was not the victim, as has been too often repeated, of a caprice of despotism; and therefore he cannot be compared with any of the many Russian writers whom the administration, through fear and hatred, deports to Siberia without definite reason. Certainly the error of Ovid lay in his

servative and puritanical part of Roman society to vent upon him a long-standing grudge the true motives of which lay much deeper.

What was the standing of this poet of the gay, frivolous, exquisite ladies whom they wished to send into exile? He was the author of that graceful, erotic poetry who, through the themes which he chose for his elegant verses, had encouraged the tendencies toward luxury, diversion, and



From a photograph. Copyright by Allnart

STATUE OF AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER, IN THE
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME

having violated some clause of the *lex Julia de adulteriis*, which, as we know, was so comprehensive in its provisions that it considered as accessories to the crime those guilty of various acts and deeds which, judged even with modern rigor and severity, would seem reprehensible, to be sure, but not deserving of such terrible punishment. Ovid was certainly involved under one of these clauses,—which one we do not, and never shall, know,—but his error, whether serious or light, was not the true cause of his condemnation. It was the pretext used by the more con-

the pleasures which had transformed the austere matron of a former day into an extravagant and undisciplined creature given to voluptuousness; the poet who had gained the admiration of women especially by flattering their most dangerous and perverse tendencies. The puritanical party hated and combatted this trend of the newer generations, and therefore, also, the poetry of Ovid on account of its disastrous effects upon the women, whom it weaned from the virtues most prized in former days—frugality, simplicity, family affection, and purity of life. The Roman ladies

of the aristocracy, as we have seen, received considerable instruction. They read the poets and philosophers, and precisely for this reason there was always at

focus upon it the attention of posterity. The greater liberty conceded to women thus placed upon society an even greater reserve in the case of its literature. This



From the cameo in the Cabinet des Médailles, Paris

THE GREAT PARIS CAMEO

This is the largest ancient cameo known, and is said to have been sent from Constantinople by Baldwin II to Louis IX. It represents the living members of the imperial family protected by the deified Augustus. In the center Tiberius is shown seated, as Jupiter, with his mother, Livia, at his left, as Ceres. In front of them stand Germanicus and his mother Antonia.

Rome a strong aversion to light and immoral literature. If books had circulated among men only, the poetry of Ovid would perhaps not have enjoyed the good fortune of a persecution which was to

Ovid learned to his cost when he was driven into exile because his books gave too much delight to too many ladies at Rome. By the order of Augustus these books were removed from the libraries,

which did not hinder their coming down to us entire, while many a more serious work—like Livy's history, for example—has been either entirely or in large part lost.

AFTER the fall of the second Julia up to the time of his death, which occurred August 23, in the year 14 A.D., Augustus had no further serious griefs over the ladies of his family. The great misfortune of the last years of his government was a public misfortune—the defeat of Varus and the loss of Germany. But with what sadness must he have looked back in the last weeks of his long life upon the history of his family! All those whom he had loved were torn from him before their time by a cruel destiny: Drusus, Caius, and Lucius Cæsar by death; the Julias by the cruelty of the law and by an infamy worse than death. The unique grandeur to which he had attained had not brought fortune to his family. He was old, almost alone, a weary survivor among the tombs of those dear to him who had been untimely lost through fate, and with the still sadder memories of those who had been buried in a living grave of infamy. His only associates were Tiberius, with whom he had become reconciled; Antonia, his sweet and highly respected daughter-in-law; and Livia, the woman whom destiny had placed at his side in one of the

most critical moments of his life, the faithful companion through fifty-two years of his varied and wonderful fortune. We can therefore understand why it was that, as the historians tell us, the last words of the old emperor should have been a tender

expression of gratitude to his faithful wife. "Farewell, farewell, Livia! Remember our long union!" With these words, rendering homage to the wife whom custom and the law had made the faithful and loving companion, and not the docile slave, of her husband, he ended his life like a true Roman.

If the family of Augustus had undergone grievous vicissitudes during his life, its situation became even more dangerous after his death. The historian who sets out with the preconceived notion that Augustus founded a monarchy, and imagines that his family was destined to enjoy the privileges which in all monarchies are accorded the sovereign's house, will never arrive at a complete understanding of the story of the first

empire. His family did, to be sure, always enjoy a privileged status, if not at law, at least in fact, and through the very force of circumstances; but it was not for naught that Rome had been for many centuries an aristocratic republic in which all the families of the nobility had considered themselves equal, and had been subject to the same laws. The aristocracy



STATUE OF A YOUNG ROMAN WOMAN

avenged itself upon the imperial family for the privileges which the lofty dignity of its head assured it by giving it hatred instead of respect. They suspected and calumniated all of its members, and with a malicious joy subjected them, whenever possible, to the common laws and even maltreated with particular ferocity those who by chance fell under the provisions of any statute. As a compensation for the privileges which the royal family enjoyed, they had to assume the risk of receiving the harshest penalties of the laws. If any of them, therefore, fell under the rigor of these laws, the senatorial aristocracy especially was ever eager to enjoy the atrocious satisfaction of seeing one of the favored tortured as much or more than the ordinary man. There is no doubt, for example, that the two Julias were more severely punished and disgraced than other ladies of the aristocracy guilty of the same crime. And Augustus was forced to waive his affection for them in order that it might not be said, particularly in the senate, that his relatives enjoyed special favors and that Augustus made laws only for others.

Yet as long as Augustus lived, he was a sufficient protection for his relatives. He was, especially in the last twenty years of his life, the object of an almost religious veneration. The great and stormy epoch out of which he had risen, the extraordinary fortune which had assisted him, his long reign, the services both real and imaginary which he had rendered the empire—all had conferred upon him such an authority that envy laid aside its most poisonous darts before him. Out of respect for him even his family was not particularly calumniated or maltreated, save now and then in moments of great irritation, as when the two Julias were condemned. But after his death the situation grew considerably worse; for Tiberius, although he was a man of great capacity and merit, a sagacious administrator and a valiant general, did not enjoy the sympathy and respect which had been accorded to Augustus. Rather was he hated by those who had for a long time sided with Caius and Lucius Cæsar and who formed a considerable portion of the senate and the aristocracy. It was not the spontaneous admiration of the senate and of the people, but the exigencies of the situation,

which had made him master of the government when Augustus died. The empire was at war with the Germans, and the Pannonico-Illyrian provinces were in revolt, and it was necessary to place at the head of the empire a man who would strike terror to the hearts of the barbarians and who on occasion would be able to combat them. Tiberius, furthermore, was so well aware that the majority of the senate and the Roman people would submit to his government only through force, that he had for a long time been in doubt whether to accept the empire or not, so completely did he understand that with so many enemies it would be difficult to rule.

Under the government of Tiberius, the imperial family was surrounded by a much more intense and open hatred than under Augustus. One couple only proved an exception, Germanicus and Agrippina, who were very sympathetic to the people. But right here began the first serious difficulties for Tiberius. Germanicus was twenty-nine years old when Tiberius took over the empire, and about him there began to form a party which by courting and flattering both him and his wife began to set him up against Tiberius. In this they were unconsciously aided by Agrippina. Unlike her sister Julia, she was a lady of blameless life; faithfully in love with her husband; a true Roman matron, such as tradition had loved; chaste and fruitful, who at the age of twenty-six had already borne nine children, of whom, however, six had died. But Agrippina was to show that in the house of Augustus, in those tumultuous, strange times, virtue was not less dangerous than vice, though in another way and for different reasons. She was so proud of her fidelity to her husband and of the admiration which she aroused at Rome that all the other defects of her character were exaggerated and increased by her excessive pride in her virtue. And among these defects should be counted a great ambition, a kind of *harum-scarum* and tumultuous activity, an irreflective impetuosity of passion, and a dangerous lack of balance and judgment. Agrippina was not evil; she was ambitious, violent, intriguing, imprudent, and thoughtless, and therefore could easily adapt her own feelings and interests to what seemed expedient. She had much influ-

ence over her husband, whom she accompanied upon all his journeys; and out of the great love she bore him, in which her own ambition had its part, she urged him on to support that hidden movement which was striving to oppose Germanicus to the emperor.

That two parties were not formed was due very largely to the fact that Germanicus was sufficiently reasonable not to allow himself to be carried too far by the current which favored him, and possibly also to the fact that during the entire reign of Tiberius his mother Antonia was the most faithful and devoted friend of the emperor. After his divorce from Julia, Tiberius had not married again, and the offices of tenderness which a wife should have given him were discharged in part by his mother, but largely by his sister-in-law. No one exercised so much influence as Antonia over the diffident and self-centered spirit of the emperor. Whoever wished to obtain a favor from him could do no better than to intrust his cause to Antonia. There is no doubt, therefore, that Antonia checked her son, and in his society counterbalanced the influence of his wife.

But even if two parties were not formed, it was not long before other difficulties arose. Discord soon made itself felt between Livia and Agrippina. More serious still was the fact that Germanicus, who, after the death of Augustus, had been sent as a legate to Gaul, initiated a German policy contrary to the instructions given him by Tiberius. This was due partly to his own impetuous temperament and partly to the goadings of his wife and the flatterers who surrounded him. Tiberius, whom the Germans knew from long experience, no longer wished to molest them. The revolt of Arminius proved that when their independence was threatened by Rome they were capable of uniting and becoming dangerous; when left to themselves they destroyed one another by continual wars. It was advisable, therefore, according to Tiberius, not to attack or molest them, but at the proper moment to fan the flames of their continual dissensions and wars in order that, while destroying themselves, they should leave the empire in peace. This wise and prudent policy might please a seasoned soldier like Tiberius, who had already won his laurels *in many wars and who had risen to the*

pinnacle of glory and power. It did not please the pushing and eager youth Germanicus, who was anxious to distinguish himself by great and brilliant exploits, and who had at his side, as a continual stimulus, an ambitious and passionate wife, surrounded by a court of flatterers. Germanicus, on his own initiative, crossed the Rhine and took up the offensive again all along the line, attacking the most powerful of the German tribes one after the other in important and successful expeditions. At Rome this bold move was naturally looked upon with pleasure, especially by the numerous enemies of Tiberius, either because boldness in politics rather than prudence always pleases those who have nothing to lose, or because it was felt that the glory which accrued to Germanicus might offend the emperor. And Tiberius, though he did disapprove, allowed his adopted son to continue for a time, doubtless in order that he might not have to shock public opinion and that it might not seem that he wished to deprive the youthful Germanicus of the glory which he was gaining for himself.

He was nevertheless resolved not to allow Germanicus to involve Rome too deeply in German affairs, and when it seemed to him that the youth had fittingly proved his prowess and had made the enemies of Rome feel its power sufficiently, he recalled him and in his stead sent Drusus, who was his real, and not his adopted, son. But this recall did not at all please the party of Germanicus, who were loud and bitter in their recriminations. They began to murmur that Tiberius was jealous of Germanicus and his popularity; that he had recalled him in order to prevent his winning glory by an immortal achievement. Tiberius so little thought of keeping Germanicus from using his brilliant qualities in the service of Rome that shortly after, in the year 18 A.D., he sent him into the Orient to introduce order into Armenia, which was shaken by internal dissensions, and he gave him a command there not less important than the one of which he had deprived him. At the same time he was unwilling to intrust things entirely to the judgment of Germanicus, in whom he recognized a young man of capacity and valor, but, nevertheless, a young man influenced by an imprudent wife and incited by an irresponsible

court of flatterers. For this reason he placed at his side an older and more experienced man in whom he had the fullest confidence—Cnæus Piso, a senator who belonged to one of the most illustrious families in Rome.

It was the duty of Cnæus Piso to counsel, to restrain, and to aid the young Germanicus, and doubtless also to keep Tiberius informed of all that Germanicus was doing in the East. When we remember that Tiberius was responsible for the empire, no one will deny him the right of setting a guard upon the young man of thirty-three, into whose hands had been intrusted many and serious interests. But though this idea was warrantable in itself, it became the source of great woe. Germanicus was offended, and driven on by his friends, he broke with Piso. The latter had brought with him his wife Plancina, who was a close friend of Livia, just as Germanicus had brought Agrippina. The two wives fell to quarreling no less furiously than their husbands, and two parties were formed in the Orient, one for Piso and one for Germanicus, who accused each other of illegality, extortion, and assuming unwarranted powers; and each thought only of undoing what the other had accomplished. It is difficult to tell which of the two was right or in how far either was right or wrong, for the documents are too few and the account of Tacitus, clouded by an undiscerning antipathy, sheds no light upon this dark secret. In any case, we are sure that Germanicus did not always respect the laws and that he occasionally acted with a supreme heedlessness which now and then forced Tiberius to intervene personally, as he did on the occasion when Germanicus left his province with Agrippina in order that, dressed like a Greek philosopher, he might make a tour of Egypt and see that country, which then, as now, attracted the attention of persons of culture. But at that time, unlike the present, there was an ordinance of Augustus which forbade Roman senators to set foot in Egypt without special permission. As he had paid no attention to this prohibition, we need not be astonished if we find that Germanicus did not respect as scrupulously as Tiberius wished all the laws which defined his powers and set limits to his authority.

However that may be, the dissension between Germanicus and Piso filled the entire Orient with confusion and disorder, and it was early echoed at Rome, where the party hostile to Tiberius continued to accuse him, out of motives of hatred and jealousy, of forever laying new obstacles in the way of his adopted son. Livia, too, now no longer protected by Augustus, became a target for the accusations of a malevolent public opinion. It was said that she persecuted Germanicus out of hatred for Agrippina. Tiberius was much embarrassed, being hampered by public opinion favorable to Germanicus and at the same time desiring that his sons should set an example of obedience to the laws.

A sudden catastrophe still further complicated the situation. In 19 A.D., Germanicus was taken ill at Antioch. The malady was long and marked by periods of convalescence and relapses, but finally, like his father and like his brothers-in-law, Germanicus, too, succumbed to his destiny in the fullness of youth. At thirty-four, when life with her most winning smiles seemed to be stretching out her arms to him, he died. This one more untimely death brought to an abrupt end a most dangerous political struggle. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the people, whose imagination had been aroused, should have begun to murmur about poison? The party of Germanicus was driven to desperation by this death, which virtually ended its existence, and destroyed at a single stroke all the hopes of those who had seen in Germanicus the instrument of their future fortune. They therefore eagerly collected, embellished, and spread these rumors. Had Agrippina been a woman of any judgment or reflection, she would have been the first to see the absurdity of this foolish gossip; but as a matter of fact no one placed more implicit faith in such reports than she, now that affliction had rendered her even more impetuous and violent.

It was not long before every one at Rome had heard it said that Germanicus had been poisoned by Piso, acting, so it was intimated in whispers, at the bidding of Tiberius and Livia. Piso had been the tool of Tiberius; Plancina, the tool of Livia. The accusation is absurd; it is even recognized as such by Tacitus, who

was actuated by a fierce hatred against Tiberius. We know from him how the accusers of Piso recounted that the poison had been drunk in a health at a banquet to which Piso had been invited by Germanicus and at which he was seated several places from his host; he was supposed to have poured the poison into his dishes in the presence of all the guests without any one having seen him! Tacitus himself says that every one thought this an absurd fable, and such every man of good sense will think it to-day. But hatred makes even intelligent persons believe fables even more absurd; the people favorable to Germanicus were embittered against Piso and would not listen to reason. All the enemies of Tiberius easily persuaded themselves that some atrocious mystery was hidden in this death and that, if they instituted proceedings against Piso, they might bring to light a scandal which would compromise the emperor himself. They even began to repeat that Piso possessed letters from Tiberius which contained the order to poison Germanicus.

At last Agrippina arrived at Rome with the ashes of her husband, and she began with her usual vehemence to fill the imperial house, the senate, and all Rome with protests, imprecations, and accusations against Piso. The populace, which admired her for her fidelity and love for her husband, was even more deeply stirred, and on every hand the cry was raised that an exemplary punishment ought to be meted out to so execrable a crime.

If at first Piso had treated these absurd charges with haughty disdain, he soon perceived that the danger was growing serious and that it was necessary for him to hasten his return to Rome, where a trial was now inevitable. One of Germanicus's friends had accused him; Agrippina, an unwitting tool in the hands of the emperor's enemies, every day stirred public opinion to still higher pitches of excitement through her grief and her laments;

the party of Germanicus worked upon the senate and the people, and when Piso arrived at Rome he found that he had been abandoned by all. His hope lay in Tiberius, who knew the truth and who certainly desired that these wild notions be driven out of the popular mind. But Tiberius was watched with the most painstaking malevolence. Any least action in favor of Piso would have been interpreted as a decisive proof that he had been the murderer's accomplice and therefore wished to save him. In fact, it was being reported at Rome with ever-increasing insistence that at the trial Piso would show the letters of Tiberius. When the trial began, Livia, in the background, cleverly directed her thoughts to the saving of Plancina; but Tiberius could do no more for Piso than to recommend to the senate that they exercise the most rigorous impartiality. His noble speech on this occasion has been preserved for us by Tacitus. "Let them judge," he said, "without regard either for the imperial family or for the family of Piso." The admonition was useless, for his condemnation was a foregone conclusion, despite the absurdity of the charges. The enemies of Tiberius wished to force matters to the uttermost limit in the hope that the famous letters would have to be produced; and they acted with such frenzied hatred and excited public opinion to such a pitch that Piso killed himself before the end of the trial.

The violence of Agrippina had sent an innocent victim to follow the shade of her young husband. Despite bitter opposition, the emperor, through personal intervention, succeeded in saving the wife, the son, and the fortune of Piso, whose enemies had wished to exterminate his house root and branch, and Tiberius thus offered a further proof that he was one of the few persons at Rome who were capable in that trying and troubled time of passing judgment and of reasoning with calm.

(To be continued)





EDISON ON INVENTION AND INVENTORS

CAN INVENTION BE TAUGHT?—HIS METHODS OF WORK—
VIEWS ON THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE—WAYS OF STIM-
ULATING THE IMAGINATION—HIS HUMILITY

AN INTERVIEW BY WALDO P. WARREN

WHEN I stepped into the library of Thomas A. Edison, in one of the group of buildings comprising the great plant at Orange, New Jersey, it was to meet and talk with a man whose many wonderful achievements had fired my imagination since my childhood days.

To talk with Edison, and ask him questions, and try to grasp some secret of the mental attitude which has kept his mind open to the reception of many great fundamental ideas—that was my desire. And the pleasure is doubly mine in being able to share some of those ideas with the world—that world every inhabitant of which in this and future ages is or will be a beneficiary of the genius and labor of one of the most prolific inventors the world has ever known.

The immediate object of my visit was to get Mr. Edison to express more at length his views in regard to the possibility of teaching men how to develop their latent inventive instinct. It was a subject that had long engaged my interest, and I had only recently read this statement:

"Edison regards the art of inventing very much in the light of a profession which may be 'learned' almost as successfully as soldiering or acting or even 'doctoring.' Thousands of men, he thinks, might have become inventors had they but cultivated their ideas, for the creative germ lies hidden in most minds."

This impressed me as being the germ of a great idea, and I wished to see it developed. Who knows, thought I, but the day may come when our educational systems will more adequately recognize the importance of the creative faculty, and will be keyed to develop the individual mind, instead of forcing the mind to lose much of its individual initiative by being passed through a mold of a dead-level average intelligence? If Edison, the acknowledged "king of inventors," declares that inventiveness can be learned and developed the same as any other faculty of the mind, what an interesting thing for our initial educators to ponder over! Perhaps, even, some of our moneyed men whose fortunes have been made from the ideas of the inventors might make endowments to further such instruction. At any rate, it was an interesting thing to think and talk about, and would afford an opportunity to meet Mr. Edison on a matter that already commanded his interest.

The Edison plant is composed of a number of large buildings, similar to those of hundreds of other factories, and, like them, filled with odd, intricate, and noisy machinery and busy workmen. The library building is at one corner of the grounds, a little apart from the factory buildings. Here, in a large room filled with books and statuary and various bits of paraphernalia which doubtless belong somewhere

else when not in use, I found Mr. Edison sitting at a flat-top mahogany desk, which was covered with the usual array of office papers.

After explaining more fully the object of my visit, I asked him a number of questions calculated to engage his thought upon matters of general interest. Having heard of his deafness, and not knowing how difficult it might be to talk with him, I had prepared a number of questions along the line of the intended interview. These I handed to him in type-written form.

He looked them over and remarked, "You have some hard ones here." Then he reached for my fountain-pen, which he saw sticking out of my coat-pocket, and, picking up a pad of yellow paper, began to write down numbered answers to my written questions.

The list of questions, and his answers, are as follows:

Q. Do you believe that inventiveness can be taught?

A. Yes, if the person has ambition, energy, and imagination.

Q. At what age is one most likely to respond to such instruction?

A. About twelve years.

Q. What method of instruction would be most valuable?

A. Problems to be solved.

Q. Should it be done through schools and books?

A. Books and actual demonstration.

Q. What of the advantage of ordinary shop experience?

A. Great advantage to have actual personal knowledge of how things are done.

Q. What do you think of instruction by correspondence?

A. The cheapest and best way for a poor man, if the college is reputable.

Q. What frame of mind helps to bring ideas?

A. Ambitious.

Q. Is it true that an inventor has to be more or less abnormal?

A. Abnormal persons are never commercial inventors.

Q. What of intuition and technical training? Which is the most prolific of ideas?

A. Imagination supplies the ideas, and technical knowledge helps to carry them out.

Q. Do you consider the end for which an instrument is designed or the immediate effect you wish to produce?

A. Consider always if the public wants the invention—its commercial value.

Q. What is an inventor's chief inspiration?

A. If he is a good inventor, it is to make his invention earn money to permit him to indulge in more inventions. If he is a one-idea inventor, the incentive is generally money only.

When he had finished writing these answers he leaned back in his chair and began to talk over the subject in general.

One of the first things he said was:

"Do you want to know my definition of a successful invention? It is something that is so practical that a Polish Jew will buy it."

This I found was to be a sort of keynote to his whole attitude—a consideration of the practical. He said that he just works along, feeling after results, to find the right tack, but is not much given to reducing his experiments to generalizations. He seemed at least to have attained a working hypothesis in the belief that the open mind was better than making broad generalizations from fragmentary experiments. This was not exactly the kind of psychological secret I had expected to find to account for his deep insight into things, but it explained more than the most cherished theory would have done.

But I was interested to know what kind of ideas he would have about big things—the laws of the universe and our relation to them. For surely a man whose life had been spent working with fundamental laws would have some interesting impressions about them. To open up the conversation on such things, I asked:

"Is a settled concept of the universe important as a background for deep thinking?" I had heard it said that a man needs to have his mind fairly at rest on the big points of life before he can do much sound creative work.

He waved the question aside with a gesture of head and hand, and smiled as he said: "No; I always keep within a few feet of the earth's surface all the time. At least I never let my thought run up higher than the Himalayas. All my work is rather earthy."

He soon contradicted this limitation,

; by showing that he could readily sell out when he wished. "We know very much," he said; "practically, when you think of it. There are infinitely large, and the infinitely small. The sun is a big ball of fire, and our earth is like the sun, and around them are planets like ours. They run into millions on millions. No man can imagine infinity and how big. Then everything is reduced to the infinitely small, and each of these things is as wonderful in its way as the bigger things. A man can't know anything about the universe except a few little things here on the sur-

face. Do you think of the universe as a whole?"

"It probably is, but we can't grasp it. It may be like cells in a great big organism. Everything is held together by natural laws."

"Do you think of the laws as inherent in matter or manifested through it?"

"The laws don't seem to be in matter. I don't think of a tree as having life. I think of it to me as if it was the abode of, or constructed by, a highly organized being as small as to be far beyond the limit of the microscope. We see only the outward aspect. Science cannot reach any conclusion than that there is a great power manifested everywhere." "Do you think of the relation of mind and matter?"

"I don't know," he replied in a hesitating way that this is beyond the possibilities of human knowledge. "As far as we know, we do not think with the brain; the brain is only a recording-office for things that come to it by our five senses. It's like a graph-record. I understand that there is a certain fold in the brain called the convolution, which is about the size of a short lead-pencil, and everything that comes to it is therein recorded for future use. Injuries to this convolution have proved that it is the seat of memory. The first impressions are recorded there, and as we advance in age the new record advances from the base. When the base is injured, we forget our mother and remember only things learned later in life. If the other end is injured, we remember only things recorded in early life. What makes us do things is that mysterious thing called the will."

"If a man has a powerful will, he can force an unwilling brain to record things that seem to be repellent to it, like acquiring Latin, etc. I can understand or imagine that the brain can record impressions, but I cannot understand the will that forces it to take records."

"Returning to Broca's convolution, I once made a calculation if it were possible to record in so small a space the whole record of a man's life, supposing him to have a perfect memory. And I found that if it were possible to make a cylinder of diamond three quarters of an inch in diameter and four inches long, by shaving off the records after each layer was made there could be recorded thereon all that a person could say in talking ten hours a day for thirty years, and none of it would be beyond the limits of the microscope. So this branch of the thing is not so wonderful."

"But the will of man, that is the mystery. Our body is highly organized and made up of cells, all symmetrical and beautifully arranged. Is it the combined intelligence of the whole of the cells which we call 'will-power,' or is our body only a building in which these cells are bricks without intelligence and the will resides in a highly organized unit which everywhere permeates our body, and which is beyond the range of vision even with the most powerful microscope, just as I imagined in the case of the tree?"

"When we consider that there is apparently no end to space, that every time we increase the power of our telescopes we see more unknown suns of gigantic size, then why should there not be the infinitely little?"

"Matter, as shown by radium, is a grain, fine enough to make a living aggregate or being as highly organized and as complicated as a man, and still be beyond recognition by the microscope. Of course these remarks are fanciful and remind one of the great physicist Clerk-Maxwell, who, when working out his theories, used a hypothetical little demon, which he said he sent in among the molecules to gather information."

Returning to activities he said:

"I have tried so many things I thought were true, and found I was mistaken, that I have quit being too sure about anything. All I can do is to try out what seems to be

the right thing, and be ready to give it up as soon as I am convinced that there is nothing in it."

"Do you find," I asked, "that you can force a solution by making yourself think hard along a given line?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I never think about a thing any longer than I want to. If I lose my interest in it, I turn to something else. I always keep six or eight things going at once, and turn from one to the other as I feel like it. Very often I will work at a thing and get where I can't see anything more in it, and just put it aside and go at something else; and the first thing I know the very idea I wanted will come to me. Then I drop the other and go back to it and work it out."

"Tell me more," I said, "about how the ideas come to you. Do you read much for mental culture or do you confine yourself chiefly to scientific works? Do you like poetry?"

"Oh, I read everything," he said. "Not merely scientific works, but anything that helps the imagination. But I can't stand jingle. Where the thought is twisted out of shape just to make it rime—I can't stand that. But I like 'Evangeline,' 'Enoch Arden,' and things like that. These I call true poetry."

Then, as if suddenly remembering the best point of all, he spoke in an enthusiastic way: "But, ah, Shakspeare! That's where you get the ideas! My, but that man did have ideas! He would have been an inventor, a wonderful inventor, if he had turned his mind to it. He seemed to see the inside of everything. Perfectly wonderful how many things he could think about. His originality in the way of expressing things has never been approached."

"Then you think, do you, that our ideas do not have to be closely connected with our work to be useful?"

"All kinds of ideas help to set the mind going. If a man has enough ideas to be an inventor, he can turn the same force in another direction, if he wishes to, and be a business man, an architect, or anything."

"Then in teaching inventiveness, it would not be necessary to confine it to men who expected to be inventors?"

"Oh, no. It's the same thing, *whatever a man does*. It's the creative fac-

ulty. The more it is developed, the more successful a man should be in any line of work."

Glancing at the notes he had written, which were then before me, I noticed where he had set down twelve years of age as the time when instruction would perhaps be the most effective. Reminding him of this point, he went on:

"Yes, at about that age a boy is interested in knowing how things are done, and you can build on that interest easily. It is hard to teach a man anything if he is n't interested in it. But if you can get him when he is, then everything you do to instruct him counts. His brain or recording department wants work and receives it with pleasure."

"Do you think toys could be made to perform a real service in developing inventiveness, even in a much younger child?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. That will come. There are great possibilities in starting the mind right with toys. Give them problems to work out that will make them think for themselves."

As a vision of the commercial and educational possibilities of an "Edison system" of instruction by means of toys flashed over me, I said, "Maybe you will get around to that some day—making scientific toys?"

He made a gesture with both hands, as much as to say that that was somewhat out of his usual line, and said: "That will come. It's a good thing, a scientific kindergarten. Somebody will work it out. Plenty of time yet."

Returning to the subject of education of boys, he went on:

"They take up too much time teaching things that don't count. Latin and Greek—what good are they? They say these train the mind. But I don't think they train the mind half so much as working out practical problems. Work is the best kind of school to train the mind. Books are good to show the theory of things, but doing the thing itself is what counts."

"Have you any suggestion to make about how boys should be taught?"

"Oh, it all depends. They'll work that out. That's a business by itself. It's working out."

Thinking of the possible effects of endowments to stimulate educational effort

in the direction of inventiveness, I asked for his views on that subject.

"Money can help, of course."

"Are experiments costly? Would it help much if there were endowments to promote experiment?"

"Some experiments don't cost much—hardly anything at all; just a little time and material. The working out or commercializing an invention costs money, but that is usually done by the company that expects to make money out of it. What they need is to do something so the inventor can make money out of his invention and not have it all go to the company that buys up his rights. If an inventor could make \$50,000 out of his first invention, he would turn right around and put that money into making other inventions—some that might be worth millions to the public. That is a characteristic of a true inventor. Inventors have insufficient means to fight a patent case with the present methods of procedure in the courts, and it amounts to a nullification of the patent as far as the inventor is concerned. There are many corporations that know this and make a business of appropriating every patent of value. Sometimes a competing company will give the inventor enough to pay a little on his debts and fight the pirating company, but the inventor gains nothing if they are successful. I think courts ought to protect the inventor against business men, for I never knew one that had the faintest idea of modern business methods. If the English court practice was adopted in this country, it would be a great thing for the inventor."

"Is it true," I asked, repeating one of my written questions for further elucidation,

"that inventors are abnormal people, doing their work in a sort of frenzy of illumination?"

"Nothing to it," he assured me. "Those long-haired fellows that act queer and figure out queer things, I don't call them real inventors. Once in a while they may hit something, but not often. There are perhaps five hundred real inventors in the world—men with scientific training, and imagination. They have made about ninety-five per cent. of all the good things in the way of inventions and improvements. They are usually connected with some big plant; you may not hear of them, but they are there, working out all kinds of machines and processes. They are the real inventors, not the long-haired kind."

"If you had any maxims or conclusions you could give to those men,—things you have found out, fundamental laws, you know,—what would they be?"

"Ah, these men know more about their own work than I could tell them. I have n't any conclusions to give; I am just learning about things myself. They are doing the same. They are working out their things, and I am working out mine."

"Do you ever speculate about the inventions we may have fifty or a hundred years from now?" I asked.

"No, not very much. Nobody can tell what the conditions will be. We may discover laws that will upset all our calculations. We discover what we think are fundamental laws, then they are upset by another discovery. The only thing to do is to work along and bring out every practical and useful fact we can."



THE STEPMOTHER

BY KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

Author of "A Lighted House"

I

CIRCUMSTANCES had so ordered Mildred Tremain's life that the experience of falling in love at what is usually conceived to be the susceptible age had been denied her. She had had other interesting, if more impersonal, experiences. In her nomad life on the Continent with her invalid father she had observed, thought, enjoyed, and had arrived at that expensive stage of development where her pleasures, if more completely realized, were rendered less in number by the process of discrimination and elimination. The chances of her falling in love at all had therefore become reduced as the likelihood of her finding an adequate object became less. Yet the miracle happened, after all, in her late twenties. In Gilbert Fleming she found a being apparently designed to meet every side of her rather complex nature.

Too essentially tactful to arouse antagonism, Mildred Tremain was admirably adapted to a companionable human existence. She was artistic in her appreciations, yet content to enjoy the fruits of art instead of mistaking her appreciation for creative talent and joining the army of dilettante amateurs and imitative producers.

Although Gilbert Fleming had given her her first experience in love, she felt no pang in the realization that, aside from those more or less superficial affairs that most men over thirty have had, Fleming himself had had the far more tangible and penetrating experience of matrimony. He had been married for nearly three years to a woman he had loved, and they had had one child, a boy whom Mildred had not seen before her engagement. That first love and marriage, she decided in her innermost communion with herself, could

not have contained such complete understanding as existed between Gilbert and herself. She had seen Amy's picture—an intense, delicate face with a high forehead and great eyes, a serious concentrated face. Amy had been a "college woman," one, Mildred felt, with a life dedicated to progressive movements and ideals and, she was convinced, with no sense of humor. She wondered sometimes how companionable Gilbert had found her—Gilbert with his gay, whimsical point of view, his sensitive, cultivated American mind, which met all discomforts, as well as deeper troubles, with a light, courageous philosophy. Yet she felt not the faintest pang of jealousy toward the dead wife or toward the child, to whom Fleming was unselfishly devoted.

Mildred was not a woman possessed of a wide and overflowing maternal instinct. That is to say, her heart did not go out toward every child she saw simply because it was a child. It is possible that she would not have suffered deeply if denied the experience of motherhood. At the same time she was far from being devoid of maternal instinct. She took children upon the same basis of selection as grown people, liking some, finding others unsympathetic; but her heart had gone out in advance to Fleming's son. She felt stirred at the thought of him. She hoped he was like Gilbert. She had seen a picture of him taken two years before,—he was six now,—a beautiful boy with a mass of curls and large eyes, a picturesque child of a type that lent itself to the photographer's art.

It happened that it was a bare month before the wedding when she first saw Arthur. His father, intensely alive to the significance of the meeting, brought him.

It was not surprising that the child should shrink from a stranger, Mildred reminded herself afterward; she had prepared herself beforehand for such a possibility. But Arthur had been too young when his mother died to remember her, and his grandmother, far from consciously or unconsciously seeking to prejudice him against his new mother, was sincerely pleased with Gilbert's choice. Yes, it was natural enough, yet something in the way the child turned his shoulder, in his fretful, inarticulate sound of repulse, gave a chill to Mildred. Wisely, she did not attempt effusive overtures.

"I believe in letting children alone when they are shy, instead of trying to force their interest," she said to Gilbert, who agreed as he passed his hands lovingly over the child's curls.

"He is a little out of sorts to-day. He is n't like himself," he apologized. The meeting was not quite as he had imagined it.

Arthur climbed up into his father's lap and regarded Mildred frowningly over his shoulder a minute, then buried his face in Fleming's arm.

"He does n't look like you." Mildred had searched the child's features in vain for any resemblance to Gilbert's strong, keen, responsive face.

Arthur, whimpering, began to try to attract his father's attention. "You must n't interrupt, dear," Fleming reproved him gently; but Arthur continued to keep up a fretful undertone of protest while they talked. In a way, he was a beautiful boy, Mildred reflected, observing the child without letting him become aware of it. Yet somehow the impression left her let down, chilled. There was something about Arthur's face—the large, cold, dark eyes, the long upper lip; the relaxed mouth, which dropped at the corners and was seldom closed—that was not pleasing. She caught the thought back half formulated. She would love Gilbert's child, of course, and he would love her; she would win his love.

II

A FEW days after they had returned from their honeymoon, and were settled in their new house on the Sound, Arthur was brought home by his grandmother. It was natural, Mildred told herself again, that

the child should cling to his grandmother, natural that he should cry in parting with her. She reproached herself for the reflection that Arthur's roars—of unexpected volume, for his speaking voice was low—seemed more suggestive of anger than of sorrow.

She set herself to work unobtrusively to win the little boy's love. She gave him books and toys, she read to him, she told him stories. He accepted these attentions impersonally, listening solemnly. He was an intelligent child with an excellent memory. She took him into town to the hippodrome, but he was afraid of the animals, and cried to be taken home. All attempts to amuse him that met with his approval he accepted; personal demonstration of any kind he instantly rejected. For the first time in her life Mildred worked to please, and without success. Arthur continued literally and figuratively to turn a cold shoulder upon her advances. He continued to regard her attempts with somber eyes and the relaxed lips that seemed to be part of his unfriendly stare. With his father he was always demonstrative, demanding of him his undivided attention. The moment Gilbert's interest was centered upon Mildred, Arthur would begin to whimper and pull at his hand. Indeed, the second day after the stepson's arrival, Mildred realized that he was jealous of his father's affection for her and that, child as he was, his interruptions to their conversations were intentional. Well, that was natural, too. She fought back any lack of sympathy in herself, willing to be patient; but Arthur did not become reconciled to the situation. Any demonstration between herself and her husband in his presence produced such a tempest of tears that it was abandoned by tacit consent. Gilbert, however, was disposed to take the child's attitude lightly.

"Poor little chap!" he exclaimed with a tender amusement. "I really believe he is jealous, he has always had me so absolutely to himself. We must deal gently with him. It will wear away in time."

And Mildred assented, smiling sympathetically. Indeed, she did not at this time admit her doubts to herself. But Arthur's feeling did not wear away, and at the end of four months Mildred was forced to admit that she had made no progress in his affections.

Arthur had a nurse over whom he tyrannized, ruling her by persistent fretting and by what Mildred could not but believe to be an organized system of tears, so that there was little real necessity for Mildred to deal with him. Yet all her attempts to assume little duties that the nurse or grandmother had performed for the motherless child were resisted by him. Gilbert, coming home late in the afternoon after Arthur's supper-time, remained unaware of the true nature of the situation. The hour before the child's bedtime he gave up to him, as his custom had been since the death of Arthur's mother. The intensity of his devotion to his son was obvious. Mildred felt no pang in this, neither did the relation between herself and Arthur in any way connect itself in her mind with Arthur's mother. The thing that was beginning to trouble her was her feeling toward the child himself.

Aside from his obvious unfriendliness toward her, Arthur was everything that she did not like in a child. She had tried in vain to find anything lovable about him. He was perfectly healthy, but he was cowardly. He was afraid of almost everything. If a dog came toward him with friendly wagging tail, he would run with his fretful cry to his nurse or father. She had given up her beloved little Boston bull on Arthur's account. Barkis, who was almost maudlin in his devotion to children, had persisted in his attentions to Arthur at their first introduction, and the child had stood clinging to his nurse, bawling—Mildred felt that no other word was adequate—with rage and terror. When Barkis, undiscouraged, had planted persuasive paws upon the boy's knickerbockers, Arthur, nerved to action in his panic, had struck out at him with a stick. Arthur was fond of carrying large sticks, which he would brandish to the danger of neighboring eyes. Barkis, bewildered, his doggish feelings as well as his humorous features wounded by the child's blows, had trotted off, and Mildred had sent him to a cousin who had long coveted him.

She tried to dwell upon the child's good points,—his affection for his father, his intelligence,—yet even in that there seemed a suspicion of the prig. She reminded herself that he was a truthful

child despite his timidity, and that was much. She must not let herself dislike him. It was serious enough that the child disliked her, and of that fact there was no longer any room for doubt. With that sense of shock with which we discover in young children characteristics that are associated in our minds with maturity, she began to realize the workings of an unmistakable malice in Arthur.

"You can't send a ball *half* as far as Aunt Eva can," he observed to Mildred at a golf game that he was permitted to follow. Such remarks were frequently upon his lips. When his aunt's excitable little fox terrier—viewed calmly by Arthur from the security of the motor—refused to come at Mildred's call, Arthur's face was radiant. "Dick does n't like you," he exclaimed gleefully.

Yet, fortunately, Mildred felt, Gilbert did not realize any serious significance in these things. To him Arthur's vagaries remained the idiosyncrasies of a beloved child.

One day Mildred sat watching Arthur as he played intently with a train of cars on the veranda, his loose mouth open. She observed that the child's habit, which, while it irritated her, she would not have ventured to correct, was due to a relaxation of the jaw rather than to the artless trick of early childhood. It had an unpleasant suggestion of weakness of character; yet, she reflected, Arthur was peculiarly persistent. At that moment he raised his eyes and glanced in her direction, his forehead—his mother's intellectual forehead—for the moment uncovered by his picturesque curls. Something shot through her sharply. She covered her face with her hands. Was it possible that she disliked Gilbert's child! It seemed an enormity to feel that way toward any child, most of all one bound to her by such a tie, the son of the man she loved.

Yes, it was true; but she must overcome it, for it was inescapable. Arthur would be a problem in her life for many years to come. It would be nine years at least before Gilbert would be willing to send him off to school. As she sat there thinking deeply, Gilbert himself came up and sat down beside her. Arthur paused in his play and ran up, claiming his father's knee. A servant came out on the porch, taking Mildred's attention for the mo-

ment. As she stood there beside her husband and his child, determined to resist her impulse of antagonism, she dropped her hand upon Arthur's curls; but he shook it off, frowning.

"Why, Arthur!" exclaimed Gilbert. "What is the matter! Apologize at once to your mother, and tell her you are sorry."

"I won't. I 'm not sorry," Arthur whimpered, beginning to cry.

With a grave face his father put him down and told him to go off and play by himself. Arthur remained immovable. "Arthur, did you hear me?"

Still Arthur did not obey.

"Arthur!" Gilbert's voice became stern. Arthur stared a moment in shocked unbelief; it was the first time he had heard such a tone from his father. Then very slowly he turned and began to walk away, his voice rising in a crescendo of sobs. Gilbert turned to his wife. Their eyes met.

"I am afraid he does n't feel quite at home with me yet," she said.

Gilbert's face was troubled. "He is a peculiar child. A little difficult at first, perhaps; but once you have him, he is yours." How far Gilbert was from understanding! She smiled. "You may have to work a little to win him," he concluded.

It was not a reproach. It may have been the irony of the suggestion or merely that the tension of her nerves had reached the cumulative point; but she made the confession she had never intended to make to him.

"I have tried, but I seem to have failed."

"Surely any woman can win the love of a little child, a baby!"

She turned and met his eyes again, and in that moment realized that it would be impossible for him to hold the child in any way responsible. For the first time since she had known him his expression seemed unsympathetic. For the first time it struck through her sharply, agonizingly that Gilbert's child might come between them.

One day toward spring Mildred and Gilbert, starting for a week-end, left Arthur screaming in the arms of his nurse. Gilbert listened with a worried face to the diminuendo of cries as they drove away.

"I don't know what 's come over Arthur. He can't be well," he said.

"I am afraid he has been a little bit spoiled," Mildred replied, and the next minute she was sorry for the speech.

"Possibly I have spoiled him, the little chap being left motherless so young. I must watch myself about that." Gilbert was plainly disturbed, and Mildred hastened to reassure him.

When they returned Monday, Arthur was pale and heavy-eyed. He had cried incessantly, his nurse said. Mildred coaxed him, picture-book in hand, and even tried to lift him up into her lap, a familiarity she had ventured upon only once before. But Arthur, wriggling violently from her clasp, burst again into noisy tears. His father, entering the room in time to see the whole episode, reproved him severely. Arthur, his sob caught half-way, stared a moment, then his tears broke out again with renewed violence. Gilbert, with a set face, carried him wailing dismally from the room and left him in solitary confinement in the nursery. But at tea-time the nurse came down with an anxious face.

"Please, sir, could you come up and see Master Arthur? He seems to have a fever."

Gilbert hurried up the stairs, to find his son tossing about with flushed cheeks. That night Arthur developed croup. The nurse was in a panic. The croup kettle was mislaid. She could not put her hands on the usual nursery remedies. She completely lost her head. Mildred moved noiselessly about, filling hot water bottles, making poultices. Unfamiliar with the geography of the nursery, she quickly discovered oil for rubbing, and all the other necessary paraphernalia of this distressing seizure of childhood. Gilbert sat beside the crib, the child's hand in his, his anxious eyes never leaving the boy's flushed face; and Mildred, watching him, realized as she never had before what his son was to him.

She felt in some vague way responsible. She wondered if Arthur was not one of those people who have that mysterious faculty of putting others in the wrong. She apprehended without personal bias that his mother had been like that—not a woman who nagged or criticized, but one whose very presence was a reproach to the shortcomings of others. Of course Arthur had not made himself ill on purpose, although

his continued crying had undoubtedly been the cause. Why was it that the whole thing seemed to her like the behavior of a hysterical woman? She must not let herself think such thoughts. She must guard herself against any possibility of being unjust to Gilbert's child. The shadow that she now fearfully glimpsed upon their clear horizon must not come nearer, wax larger.

She approached the bedside, poultice in hand. Arthur moved to push it away with feeble protest. "It won't hurt, dear; it will make you well," Gilbert explained with anxious tenderness.

"Papa! Papa!" Arthur attempted to indicate his wishes, but words and gesture were broken into by the dread wheezing cough.

Gilbert whitened. "We must have the doctor. He can hardly breathe."

"Meantime he must have this on." Mildred spoke quietly.

Gilbert's worried gaze went to the shapeless steaming mass in his wife's hand. "Dear little chap! he wants me to do everything for him. Perhaps—" But Mildred took the helm with the firmness of woman exercising her natural function. "I think I can do it better. We can't consider his preferences just now."

"Of course not." Gilbert held the writhing, coughing child while Mildred deftly placed the poultice.

The operation over, she stood at the foot of the bed apart from them, watching them. To Gilbert his son's wilfulness had been only the natural pettishness of a sick child; but Mildred knew. Suddenly the thing pierced her like a red-hot iron and left her shivering.

Had the cloud sent out a lightning flash, illuminating the darkest recesses of her soul? No, no, it was not that, not a wish, she assured herself passionately, an irresponsible thing from without, not born of her own feeling. It was the last thing she would have happen. A glance at her husband's face calmed her with the consciousness of her right feeling. She wished only for Gilbert's happiness. She would be incapable of wishing anything that could hurt him ever so little, least of all such a terrible thing as that loss would be to him. It was dreadful that such visions could come to one, that such a thought un-

bidden could enter the mind. She moved softly toward the door.

Gilbert glanced up. "Where are you going?"

"To telephone the doctor."

"He seems easier now. Perhaps it is unnecessary."

"Best to be on the safe side."

He heard her light step going down the stairs and later the half-audible sound of her voice at the telephone. He drew long sigh of relief and thankfulness. What a comfort to have a woman like that in one's home! How devoted she had been to his child!

III

THE Saturday following Arthur's attack of croup they had planned a sail to an island some distance up the Sound. It was the half-yearly celebration of their wedding, and they had promised themselves an entire Saturday and Sunday together, free from social obligations.

The day was perfect, and they made enthusiastic plans at breakfast, a meal at which Arthur was not present. Mildred had often reflected with satisfaction that it would be at least two years before Gilbert would expect to have the child with them for luncheon and breakfast, while the time for including him in the evening meal was agreeably remote.

On the veranda, however, they were immediately joined by Arthur. Although he did not know of the intended excursion his intuition, curiously quick in such matters, divined the situation from the first allusion.

"Papa, take me," he pleaded.

Gilbert glanced at Mildred, then back at the child, whose face had grown intense. "Why, I don't know, old man—do you want to go so much?"

He received no clue from Mildred's face, and was obliged to ask, "How about it, dear?"

She turned an instant. Yet civilized, disciplined as she was, he divined a reservation in her face. After all, Arthur was not her child, he reflected. "You would rather not, perhaps?" his tone was still that of question.

"Just as you feel about it." Her voice was even; only a corner of her face was visible.

Prompted by an anxious pull at his

Gilbert looked down again into the eager eyes. "It would be awfully the three of us, if you see it that

She noted the wistfulness in his out her answer came an instant late. "I want anything that will add pleasure."

Arthur's face fell. "You would rather have him," he said.

gripped her courage in both hands. As aware of Arthur's large, cold, hostile, apprehensive, but she smiled. On the contrary, I should rather have

He wanted to be convinced,—dear Gilbert!—she saw that. She added emphatic commands theatrically gay, to the preparations, and so with a keen not altogether artificial bore his perfunctory objections.

Alas! after all, the day was not a success. Arthur, making insistent, restless demands upon their attention, was not

Gilbert was worried with an inner sense of some lack of harmony. He was afraid of the water, and cried out as a big wave slapped the boat; to his relief, he was seasick, and in time even Arthur's courageous efforts to create the day of a joyous holiday were useless.

The little party walked in a subdued way from the boat-landing to the waiting car; Gilbert, at Arthur's request, carried the child, whose tear-wet lashes went to his father's heart.

Arthur was afraid it has spoiled your day," he said slowly. In planning it, he called it "our day," Mildred recalled; he was ashamed of her trivial introduction.

"No, indeed," she assured him quickly. "It would have spoiled yours if we left him." The last words slipped intentionally.

Arthur glanced at her, and in his turn denied.

"I mean you enjoy things more when they are included," Mildred replied. She had intended the formal coloring that had been realized in her tone after she had

"No, of course," Gilbert's tone also was not natural. "And it always seems a denial to a child the little things that add to his pleasure."

"I think so, too," Mildred agreed gently. "We must manage so that his

pleasure is not at the expense of yours," he concluded gently, yet gravely.

Mildred was essentially tactful, yet at that moment her effort to preserve impersonal ground and avoid the wounding did not prove healing. "It is only too bad that Arthur is afraid of the water, so that he did not enjoy it."

Gilbert had been a champion in athletics in his college days, and his face fell. "The child has been too much with women," he said. "He must play more with boys."

She forbore to remind him that Arthur did not like to play with boys, but preferred little girls, over whom he dominated exultingly. "He will grow up soon enough." It was not like Mildred to resort to formula. Fortunately at that moment they reached the motor. They made the swift journey home in a silence not unusual after an exhausting day's work in the pursuit of pleasure. Mildred was struggling against the conviction that what Arthur needed was an old-fashioned spanking, a thought that had occurred to her before. She glanced from time to time at Gilbert, aware of his preoccupation. Catching her eye once, he smiled. She had known that he was not unjust enough to misunderstand, but that he should understand was more than she could expect.

Before dinner he joined her on the veranda. She had put on his favorite pale violet muslin, but he did not comment upon the fact. She knew that he had just come from his bedtime talk with Arthur; but he did not arrive as usual with some amused, loving anecdote of the child. Instead, he remarked in an oppressed tone that he must "get at" certain long-delayed papers after dinner. Mildred's heart sank, but she smiled, commiserating him. "Poor old Gilbert! What a horrid way to spend your evening!" There must not be any sense of constraint between them about Arthur. She put the question at once, striving to exclude from her tone any suggestion of the perfunctory:

"Did Arthur seem tired after his day?"

"No, indeed, but—" He turned something less than his profile toward her—"it was a mistake to take him."

That statement, although punctiliously denied on her part, marked, she felt, the end of Gilbert's unconsciousness. So long as realization lay with her alone, their har-

mony was not threatened. Now it lay naked, admitted, between them, the discordant, irreconcilable element.

So it had come at last, the edge of the shadow had touched her.

IV

THE shadow did not deepen, neither did it advance, but it remained definitely threatening upon the outskirts of their consciousness. They had in effect accepted a ground upon which they could not meet. In Arthur's presence they were self-conscious. In referring to the boy, Gilbert's manner became tinged with an unintentional formality. His small requests concerning the child's welfare were invariably accompanied by such phrases as, "If you will be so kind," "If it is not too much trouble." And Mildred, after her first hurried protestations denying the implication of effort, accepted the significant formula, replying in kind. There were moments when it seemed to have made no difference in their relation, yet, she felt, there was a difference.

It was a week or ten days after the sail, when the courteous formality had become a habit, that Gilbert's sister sailed for Europe. They had planned to go into town to see her off. Eva was one of those who highly value such attentions. She not only successfully maintained a large correspondence, but kept a record of friends' birthdays, which she celebrated by the writing of congratulatory letters. Christmas and Easter she recognized by carefully selected cards of remembrance. Steamer letters were, therefore, a rigorous part of her social system. Such being the case, the necessity to commemorate her departure was obvious. Accordingly they had all planned to be present. At the last minute, however, it happened that Gilbert was unable to get away; so the party was composed of Mildred and Arthur, accompanied, at his own request, by his nurse. Arthur behaved himself beautifully upon the ship, and received much adulation from admiring ladies. It was in the confusion of leaving the boat that Mildred got separated from the nurse and the child, and when she found herself upon the pier among the laughing and weeping crowd she could not find them. She was not worried, for the nurse, in spite of the fact that she was

wax in Arthur's hands, was a competent girl in routine attendance. It was as the boat seemed about to depart, and the sailors were standing in attitudes by the gang-plank, that Mildred, scanning the crowd, discovered the nurse. The girl hurried toward her—alone!

"Why, where is Arthur!" both exclaimed simultaneously, with the same reply, "I thought he was with you."

"He must be on the boat still!" Mildred exclaimed. "We must go back at once." She started forward as she spoke, the frightened girl following her. She had not lost a minute, yet the thought had shot through her with a fierce sensation of joy. It was scarcely framed in words—just a vision of the bliss of life for a time without Arthur! If he were on the boat, and should be carried to the other side of the ocean with his Aunt Eva! It was unthinkable; Gilbert would be horribly worried. It could not happen, anyway; the child would be sent back in the pilot-boat. She stood a second motionless. A few days, weeks, alone with Gilbert, free from that small, pale interfering presence! There was a sound in her ears. Her blood seemed to beat audibly in her veins. She was roused by an uncouth sound at her side.

"He has been kidnapped," the Irish girl said, and burst into noisy tears. "Sure, the Black Hand has him! I seen two Eyetalians lookin' after him on the pier. We 'll never see him again."

"Nonsense!" Mildred retorted sharply. "He could n't have been stolen from your side in broad daylight." She was walking swiftly through the crowd. "He 's on the boat still. We shall find him."

Mildred had reached the gang-plank by this time; but it was not even necessary for her to explain herself to the haughty official who stood guarding the way; a little boy with dark curls was even then being led weeping down the narrow incline by a pleasant, reassuring steward.

That was all there was to the incident. The tears of nurse and child were soon dried, and the trio returned unharmed to Tilbury; but the day's experience had consequences.

V

THE Flemings' place, which had been a farm in the days before that part of the country became suburban, had a pond at



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ONE DAY MILDRED SAT WATCHING ARTHUR AS HE PLAYED INTENTLY
WITH A TRAIN OF CARS" (SEE PAGE 422)

the back, which had been made by the damming-up of a little brook. Over this dam in the middle the water flowed in a swift stream, forming a strong current as it reached the edge. Although constituting no danger for the adult navigator, it was unsafe for one not expert with oars. Arthur of course was forbidden to go upon the water at all, although it was his habit to play upon the banks. This seemed to be entirely safe, since his nurse was always with him. Mildred often reflected that although most boys of Arthur's age were scornful of a nurse, he was as dependent upon Carrie as a baby, and he was naturally a careful child, who seemed instinctively to keep out of dangerous situations.

The afternoon after his Aunt Eva's departure, however, it happened that it was Carrie's afternoon out, and Mildred was left in charge of Arthur. He chose to play by the pond, and she sat under a tree close by to read, with, nevertheless, a conscientious eye upon him. A heavy, flat-bottomed scow lay by the little wharf beside a canoe with which she occasionally amused herself and a light rowboat. Arthur, working hard at his play, after the manner of children, had taken one of the loose seats from the boat, and planting it against the scow in imitation of a gang-plank, was playing steamer. It made Mildred a little nervous and she called out to him:

"I should rather you did not play that game, dear." Arthur acted as if he had not heard. She rose and went down to the edge of the pond. "I am afraid you will fall into the water. Then you would get all cold, and you would n't like that."

"Yes, I would," was Arthur's reply, and he kept on walking to and fro upon his improvised gang-plank. Then she spoke more decisively: "I want you to come on the shore right away, Arthur. Your father would n't like you to do that."

Again Arthur acted as if he had not heard.

"Arthur, come here at once."

Arthur did not move. Then Mildred reached out her hand to take him forcibly. Her action was without anger, but it was the action of superior force, and it increased the child's wilfulness. He dodged away from her hand, calling out a familiar

defiance of childhood, "You can't get me; you can't get me." In that moment, looking into Arthur's face, Mildred felt that she hated him.

Suddenly she became aware that his motion had loosened the boat, which had evidently not been moored securely, and, to her horror, she saw it floating out into the stream. It must not get into the current. Once there, it might be drawn over the falls; besides, Arthur might capsize the boat before that. Already he was frightened. After a moment of standing immovably staring at the water, he burst into tears, for, unlike most children, he seemed to receive quickly the sense of danger. In a flash Mildred took in the situation: the canoe paddle and the oars were in the stable; the canoe was useless for rescuing purposes; the rowboat was tied by some amateur hand into a hard knot. There was only one way—to swim. She cast an agonized glance about. There was no one in sight. There was not a minute to lose; already the scow approached the current. She was a fair, though not an expert, swimmer. She pulled off her shoes and waded in. The current had seized the boat now; it began to draw it. She hesitated an infinitesimal instant. The terrified child might easily tax her beyond her resources, making rescue impossible. There was the chance of losing all,—Gilbert, life, happiness. Then horror roused her. Arthur, stamping in his terror, screamed piercingly and rushed to the edge of the boat; he was over in the water, he sank from sight! Aware of no process between that catastrophe and her own action, Mildred swam toward him with all her strength. She reached him as he rose the second time, caught him by his long hair, contrived to get her hand under his chin despite his blind, terrified efforts to fight against her, his vise-like clutch of her arm. In a moment he became heavier. It was hard for her to swim with one arm and support his weight with the other, but the distance was not great. She seemed to become an embodied will. Somehow she reached shallow water, touched bottom, lifted Arthur, now limp, in her arms, and walked the rest of the distance. He was not unconscious, for she felt the instinctive clasp of his arms around her neck. She put him down, detaching his arms with difficulty. She had an indistinct

vision of Gilbert running toward her, then came oblivion.

She came to consciousness out of a nightmare of remorse—the steamer carrying Arthur away, the small figure with outstretched hands pleading with her, the water widening between them, Arthur defying her with his childish malice, and she looking into his eyes and hating him—hating one moment, the next in an agony of terror seeing him struggling in the water, sinking, sinking, while she stood upon the shore, mute, dumb, powerless to save, to atone—she, Mildred, the silent, willing cause of his death, and a whole long lifetime of torment, of remorse, stretching out before her.

She heard Gilbert's voice, her name.

She opened her eyes to see him bending over her.

"Arthur?" she said faintly.

"He is safe," Gilbert answered.

Her eyes closed again, but the tears gathered thickly under the lids. She heard Gilbert's voice again, "My dearest, I 'd no idea you cared so much."

She nodded, wordless. It was true. She did care. Somehow the miracle had happened. There was a bond now binding her to Gilbert's child—the bond of that vision of temptation, the shock of her discovery of her own smothered hatred. She could love him now that she had saved him. She could wait and work against his childish antagonism, now that her own was dead forever.

THE RETURN

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WALKING in the garden
At the heart of noon,
In my hand a flower,
On my lips a tune,

I saw a face before me,
Dim eyes—dim eyes I knew!
I saw a shadow-woman;
The garden glanced her through.

She hid no branch behind her;
Through her the rose-bough ran;
She was a ghostly woman,
To meet a living man.

"What change—what change, my lover!
Ah, heedless God!" she cried,
"If love or prayer could help thee,
Dear lad, thou hadst not died!"

"T is *thou* art dead," I faltered;
"The futile prayers are mine;
My foot still marks the garden-walk;
No print nor sound from thine."

"Lie soft," she cried, "vext spirit
That once wert true and brave!"
Her dim eyes sorrowed on me
As though they watched my grave.

"Wouldst sell me as the living sell—
An old love for a new?
Dream not so wild! Thou hast no choice—
Lie soft! The dead are true.

"From their life-molded passions
Didst dream the dead were free?
The rose thou comest bringing
Thou bringest still to me.

"Wouldst sing to another bosom
Love-rhythms phantom-fine?
Still, still thou comest singing
Thy heart-beats set to mine.

"Yea, though her magic call thee
To rise and put death by,
Though thy body walk to meet her,
Thy perished heart have I.

"For the lure the maiden fashions
To snare the ghost of thee,
Ere thou wert dead, my lover,
Was what thou lovedst in me."



BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin

IN China to-day one may observe a state of society which has not been seen in the West since the Middle Ages, and which will probably never recur on this planet. For many generations the Chinese, loath to abandon to the careless plow of the stranger the graves that dot the ancestral fields, and reluctant to exile themselves from the lighted circle of civilization into the twilight of barbarism, have stayed at home, multiplying until reproduction and destruction have struck a balance, and society has entered upon the stationary stage. To Americans, who have had the good fortune to develop their life and standards in the cheerful presence of unlimited free land, the life and standards of a people that for centuries have been crowding upon the subsistence possibilities of their environment cannot but seem strange and eccentric.

The most arresting feature of Chinese life is the ruthless way in which the available natural resources have been made to minister to man's lower needs. It is true that childish superstitions have held back the Chinese from freely exploiting their mineral treasures. It is also true that from five to ten per cent., in some cases even twenty per cent., of the farms is given up to the grave-mounds of ancestors. But, aside from these reservations, the earth is utilized as perhaps it never has been elsewhere. Little land lies waste in highways. Throughout the rice zone the roads are from foot-paths one to three feet wide, yet the greedy farmers nibble away at the roads on both sides until the undermined paving-stones sink dismally into the

paddy-fields. Pasture or meadow there is none, for land is too precious to be used in growing food for animals. Even on the boulder-strewn steeps there is no grazing save for goats, for where a cow can crop herbage, a man can grow a hill of corn. The cows and the water-buffaloes never taste grass except when they are taken out on a tether by an old granny and allowed to browse by the roadside and the ditches, or along the terraces of the rice-fields.

The traveler who, in dismay at stories of the dirt and vermin of native inns, plans to camp in the cleanly open is incredulous when he is told that there is no room to pitch a tent. Yet such is the case in two thirds of China. He will find no roadside, no commons, no waste land, no pasture, no groves or orchards, not even a dooryard or a cow-pen. Save the threshing-floor, every outdoor spot fit to spread a blanket on is growing something. But, if he will pay, he may pitch his tent on a submerged rice-field, in the midst of a bean-patch, or among the hills of sweet potatoes.

In one sense it is true that China is cultivated "like a garden," for every lump is broken up, every weed is destroyed, and every plant is tended like a baby. So far, however, as the word "garden" calls up visions of beauty and delight, it does not apply. In county after county you will not see altogether a rood of land reserved for recreation or pleasure—no village green, no lawns, no flower-beds or ornamental shrubbery, no parks, and very few shade-trees. To be sure, there are men of

in inner China, but they are relatively few. I doubt, indeed, if one in two thousand boasts a garden fern-crowned rockery and its lotos erhung by drooping willows and bamboos. One is struck, too, by the rarity of grape-arbors, vineyards, and orange-groves. In the markets one sees mountains of apples, but only a few paltry baskets of fruit. The demand for luxuries that appeal to the palate is too slight, for sustaining food is too imperative to withdraw much land from its main use, which is to grow rice and beans and eat and garlic to keep the people

in new plots for tillage, human blood has been poured out like water. On the top the foot-hills have been leveled into terraced fields. On a single slope counted forty-seven such fields rise up like the steps of a Brobdingnagian staircase. And the river-bed between the thin streams that wander until the autumn rains cover it with turbid flood, has been smoothed and leveled into hundreds of gemlike terraces green with the young rice. In the mountains, where the mantle of brown soil eroding the rocks is too thin to be leveled into level fields, the patches of level corn follow the natural slope, and hoe must be used instead of the plow. Two such plots have I seen at an angle of forty-five degrees, and another tilted at least forty degrees from the horizontal. Of course the wash on these deforested and tilled mountains is appalling. A thousand feet above the Heilung, the Han, or the Kiating, the land is tawny when it should be green, and prophecies of the time when all the soil will be useless bars in the hands of the mountain will lie stripped of humus slowly formed through time. Indeed, one hears with a shudder of districts where the thing has come to the bitter end. Mountains, gray skeletons; the rich valley buried under silt and gravel; one dwindled to one family in four miles!

Where can the student of man's struggle with his environment find a more awful spectacle than meets the eye in this certain seven-thousand-foot pass

amid the great tangle of mountains in west China that give birth to the Han, the Wei, and the rivers that make famed Szechuen the "Four-river province." Save where steepness or rock-outcropping forbids, the slopes are cultivated from the valley of the Tung-ho right up to the summits, five thousand feet above. In this vertical mile there are different crops for different altitudes—vegetables below, then corn, lastly wheat. Sometimes the very apex of the mountain wears a green-peaked cap of rye. The aerial farms are crumpled into the giant folds of the mountains, and their borders follow with a poetic grace the outthrust or incurve of the slopes. In this colossal amphitheater one beholds a thousand fields, but only two houses. Here and there, however, one detects in a distant yellow bank a row of dark, arched openings like gopher-holes. It is a rural village, for most of these highlanders carve their habitations out of the dry, tenacious loess.

The heart-breaking labor of redeeming and tilling these upper slopes that require a climb of some thousands of feet from one's cave home is a sure sign of population pressure. It calls up a picture of a swelling human lake, somehow without egress from the valley, rising and rising until it fairly lifts cultivation over the summits of the mountains. In June these circling tiers of undulating sky-farms are an impressive, even a beautiful sight; yet one cannot help thinking of the grim, ever-present menace of hunger that alone could have forced people to such prodigies of toil.

Rice will thrive only under a thin sheet of water. A rice-field, therefore, must be level and inclosed by a low dike. Where the climate is friendly, the amount of labor that will be spent in digging a slope into rice-fields and carrying a stream through them is beyond belief. In one case I noticed how a deep-notched, rocky ravine in the flank of a rugged mountain had been completely transformed. The peasants had brought down countless basketfuls of soil from certain pockets at the foot of the cliffs. With this they had filled the bottom of the V, floated it into a series of levels, banked them, set them out with rice, and led the water over them. So that now, instead of a barren gulch, there is a staircase of curving fields, perhaps four



I. FOREST OF MASTS,
KINGKIANG

II. CAVE-DWELLING
OF A CHINESE COAL-
MINER

IV. CHINESE CASH
THE EQUIVALENT OF
\$3.15. WEIGHT, FIFTY
POUNDS



III. WATERFRONT
HOMES AT CHUNG-
KING

Which may be swept away
by the summer rise of
the Yang-tse.

V. A SLOW FREIGHT
ON THE GREAT
NORTHERN ROAD

Each carrier travels from
eight to fifteen miles a day.

VI. RIVER HOUSE-
BOATS, CAN-
TON

de, and differing in level by the of a man. I have also seen the a gully in which a child could not ndiscovered cut into shelves for a string of rice-plots no larger table-cloth, irrigated by a trickle r than a baby's finger. One of ots, duly banked and set out with rice-plants at the regulation eight ould be covered by a dinner nap-

it not for an agriculture of in-painstaking, the fertility of the dd have been spent ages ago. In ing region like Kiang-su, for ex-he farmer digs an oblong settling to which every part of his farm

In the spring, from its bottom ps for fertilizer the rich muck from his fields. It is true the r from his pond carries away some elements, but these he recovers by g the private canal that connects h the main artery of the district. loess belt of north China the simply digs a pit in the midst of l and scatters the yellow earth as a manure. A Chinese city has rs nor does it greatly need them. efore sunrise, tank-boats from the ave crept through the city by a : of canals, and by the time the r has finished his morning coffee, a f scavengers have collected for the gement of the crops that which we our sewers. After a rain, coun-with buckets prowl about the cooping black mud out of hollows ters or dipping liquid filth from side sinks. A highway traversed hundred carts a day is as free th as a garden path, for the neigh-farmers patrol it with basket and

atural resource is too trifling to be to account by the teeming popula- The sea is raked and strained for lunder. Seaweed and kelp have in the larder. Great quantities -fish, no bigger than one's finger-e opened and made to yield a at finds its way far inland. The that springs up in the grass after s eaten. Fried sweet potato-vines the poor man's table. The road-ches are bailed out for the sake s no longer than one's finger.

Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel-gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice-kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log. Bundles of brush, carried miles on the human back, heat the brick-kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken, the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with ax and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that, if left alone, would reclothe the devastated ridges. We asked a Szechuenese if he did not admire a certain craggy peak with gnarled pines clinging to it. "No," he replied; "how can it be beautiful when it is so steep that we cannot get at the trees to cut them down?"

The cuisine of China is one of the great toothsome cuisines of the world; but for the common people the stomach and not the palate decides what shall be food. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done, horses, donkeys, mules, and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained. A missionary who had always let his cook dispose of a dead calf noticed that his calves always died. Finally he saturated the carcass of the calf with carbolic acid and made the cook bury it. Thereafter his calves lived. In Canton dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatmen cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the governor of Hong-Kong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as "marine delicacy" and sold among the Chinese. Another time he was on the point of ordering the extermination of the mangy curs that infest the villages in the Kowloon district because they harassed the Sikh policemen in the performance of their duties. He found just in time that such an act would "interfere with the



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A FAMILY BREAKFAST IN CHINA

the people," something a British governor must never do.

gh the farmer thriftily combs his field, every foot of the short stubble over again by poor women and , who are content if in a day's ; they can gather a handful of eads to keep them alive the mor- n the Hong-Kong water-front the the coolies carrying produce be- warehouse and junk is lined with women, most of them with a baby sack. Where bags of beans or rice transit, a dozen wait with basket sh to sweep up the grains dropped e sacks. On a wharf where crude being repacked squat sixty women ; the inside of the discarded sacks, thers run by the bearer, if his sack little, to catch the particles as they hen sugar is being unloaded, a mob aers swarm upon the lighter the ; the last sack leaves and eagerly rom the gang-plank and the deck ar mixed with dirt, that for two as been trampled into a muck by e feet of twoseore coolies trotting d forth across a dusty road.

ited by the fear of starving, men themselves recklessly for the sake of

It is true that the Chinese are the handicrafts stage, and the ar- ne sees busy on their own account ittle workshops along the street go vn pace. The smiths in iron, tin, brass, and silver, the carvers of mber, tortoise-shell, onyx, and jade, kers in wood, rattan, lacquer, wax, thers, the weavers of linen, cotton, k—all seem, despite their long ss breathless and driven, less prod- heir expenditure of life energy, than f the operatives in our machine in- , who feel the spur of piece wage, ork, and "speeding up." Still, it is that those in certain occupations rally *killing* themselves by their is. The treadmill coolies who the stern-wheelers on the West admittedly shorten their lives. all the lumber used in China is wed, and the sawyers are exhausted The planers of boards, the marble s, the brass filers, the cotton fluff- treaders who work the big rice- g pestles, are building their coffins. uns agree that carrying coolies

rarely live beyond forty-five or fifty. The term of a chair-bearer is eight years, that of a rickshaw-runner four years; for the rest of his life he is an invalid. Moreover, carriers and chair-bearers are afflicted with varicose veins and aneurisms because the constant tension of the muscles interferes with the return circulation of the blood. A woman physician in Fuhkien who had examined some scores of carrying coolies told me she found only two who were free from the heart trouble caused by burden-bearing.

In Canton, city of a million without a wheel or a beast of burden, even the care- less eye marks in the porters that throng the streets the plain signs of overstrain: faces pale and haggard, with the drawn and flat look of utter exhaustion; eyes pain-pinched, or astare and unseeing with supreme effort; jaw sagging; mouth open from weariness. The dog-trot, the whis- tling breath, the clenched teeth, the streaming face of those under a burden of from one to two hundredweight that *must* be borne, are as eloquent of ebbing life as a jetting artery. At rest the porter often leans or droops with a corpse-like sag that betrays utter depletion of vital energy. In a few years the face becomes a wrinkled, pain-stiffened mask, the veins of the upper leg stand out like great cords, a frightful net of varicose veins blemishes the calf, lumps appear at the back of the neck or down the spine, and the shoulders are covered with thick pads of callous under a livid skin. Inevitably the children of the people are drawn into these cogs at the age of ten or twelve, and not one boy in eight can be spared till he has learned to read.

There are a number of miscellaneous facts that hint how close the masses live to the edge of subsistence. The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth the twentieth of a cent; but as this has been found too valuable to meet all the needs of the people, oblong bits of bamboo circulate in some provinces at the value of half a cash. A Western firm that wishes to entice the masses with its wares must make a grade of extra cheapness for the China trade. The British-American Tobacco Company puts up a package of twenty cigarettes that sells for two cents. The Standard Oil Company sells by the million a lamp that costs eleven cents and retails,

chimney and all, for eight and a half cents. Incredibly small are the portions prepared for sale by the huckster. Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans, twenty melon-seeds, make a portion. The melon-vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl, and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. In Anhwei the query corresponding to "How do you make your living?" is "How do you get through the day?" On taking leave of his host, it is manners for the guest to thank him expressly for the food he has provided. Careful observers say that four fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food.

Comfort is scarce as well as food. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel on a filthy lane with a block for a pillow and a quilt for a cover. When in a south China hospital the beds were provided with springs and mattresses, supplied by a philanthropic American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to a board covered with a mat, they could not get their proper slumber on a soft bed.

Necessity makes the wits fertile in devising new ways of earning a living. In some localities people place about the floors of their chambers and living-rooms flea-traps, tiny joints of bamboo with a bit of aromatic glue at the bottom which attracts and holds fast the vermin. Recently in Szechuen—where there is a proverb, "The sooner you get a son, the sooner you get happiness"—some wight has been enterprising enough to begin going about from house to house cleaning the dead fleas and dried glue from the traps and rebaiting them with fresh glue. For this service he charges each house one twentieth of a cent!

The great number hanging on to existence "by the eyelashes" and dropping into the abyss at a gossamer's touch cheapens life. "Yan to meng ping" ("Many men life cheap"), reply the West River watermen when reproached for leaving a sick comrade on the shore to die. In a thronged six-foot street I beheld a shriveled, horribly twisted leper on his back, hitching himself along sidewise inch by

inch and imploring the by-passers to drop alms into his basket. It held four cash! In Canton the Government furnishes lepers two cents a day, which will buy two bowls of cooked rice; for other needs the lepers must beg. Ax and bamboo are retained in punishment, and prison reform is halted by the consideration that unless the way of the transgressor is made flinty, there are people miserable enough to commit crime for the bare sake of prison fare. Not long ago the commissioner of customs at a great south China port—a foreigner, of course,—impressed by the fact that every summer the bubonic plague there carried off about ten thousand Chinese, planned a rigid quarantine against those ports from which the plague was liable to be brought. When he sought the coöperation of the Chinese authorities, the *taotai* objected on the ground that there were too many Chinese anyway, and that, by thinning them out and making room for the rest, the plague was a blessing in disguise. The project was dropped, and last summer again the plague ravaged the city like a fire. But the *taotai* was not unreasonable. After all, it is better to die quickly by plague than slowly by starvation; and, as things now are, if fewer Chinese perished by disease, more would be swept away by famine.

In a press so desperate, if a man stumbles, he is not likely to get up again. I have heard of several cases where an employee, dismissed for incompetence or fault, returned starving again and again, because nowhere could he find work. In China you should move slowly in getting rid of an incompetent. Ruthless dismissal, such as we tolerate, is bitterly resented and leads to extreme unpopularity. Again, no one attempts to stand alone, seeing the lone man is almost sure to go under. The son of Han dares not cut himself off from his family, his clan, or his gild, for they throw him the life-line by which he can pull himself up if his foot slips. Students in the schools are strong in mass action, strikes, walkouts, etc., for their action, however silly or perverse, is always unanimous. The sensible lad never thinks of holding out against the folly of his fellows. The whole bidding of his experience has been "Conform or starve." Likewise no duty is impressed like that of standing by your kinsmen. The official, the arsenal

superintendent, or the business manager of a college, when he divides the jobs within his gift among his poor relatives is obeying the most imperative ethics he knows.

It is an axiom with the Chinese that anything is better than a fight. They urge compromise even upon the wronged man and blame him who contends stubbornly for all his rights. This dread of having trouble is reasonable in their circumstances. When a boat is so crowded that the gunwale is scarce a hand's-breadth above the water, a scuffle must be avoided at all costs, and each is expected to put up with a great deal before breaking the peace.

In their outlook on life most Chinese are rank materialists. They ply the stranger with questions as to his income, his means, the cost of his belongings. They cannily offer paper money instead of real money at the graves of their dead, and sacrifice paper images of the valuables that once were burned in the funeral-pyre. They pray only for material benefits, never for spiritual blessings; and they compare shrewdly the luck-bringing powers of different josses and altars. Some sorry little backwoods shrine will get a reputation for answering prayer, and presently there will be half a cord of tablets heaped about it, testimonials to its success. If a drouth continues after fervent prayers for rain, the resentful cultivators smash the idol. Yet no one who comes into close touch with the Chinese deems this utilitarianism a race trait. They are, in fact, capable of the highest idealism. Among the few who have come near to the thought of Buddha or Jesus one finds faces saintlike in their depth of spirituality. The materialism is imposed by hard economic conditions. It is the product of an age-long anxiety about to-morrow's rice and is not to be counteracted by the influence of the petty proportion the circumstances of which lift them above sordid anxieties.

Most of the stock explanations of national poverty throw no light on the condition of the Chinese. They are not impoverished by the niggardliness of the soil, for China is one of the most bountiful seats occupied by man. Their state is not the just recompense of sloth, for no people is better broken to heavy, unremitting toil. The trouble is not lack of intelligence in their work, for they are skilful farmers

and clever in the arts and crafts. Nor have they been dragged down into their pit of wolfish competition by wasteful vices. Opium-smoking and gambling do, indeed, ruin many a home, but it is certain that, even for untainted families and communities, the plane of living is far lower than in Western countries. They are not victims of the rapacity of their rulers, for if their Government does little for them, it exacts little. In good times its fiscal claims are far from crushing. The basic conditions of prosperity, liberty of person and security of property, are well established. There is, to be sure, no security for industrial investments; but property in land and in goods is reasonably well protected. Nor is the lot of the masses due to exploitation. In the cities there is a sprinkling of rich, but out in the province one may travel for weeks and see no sign of a wealthy class—no mansion or fine country place, no costume or equipage befitting the rich. There are great stretches of fertile agricultural country where the struggle for subsistence is stern, and yet the cultivator owns his land and implements and pays tribute to no man.

For a grinding mass-poverty that cannot be matched in the Occident there remains but one general cause, namely, the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence. Why this people should so behave more than other peoples, why this gifted race should so recklessly multiply as to condemn itself to a sordid struggle for a bare existence, can be understood only when one understands the constitution of the Chinese family.

It is believed that unless twice a year certain rites are performed and paper money is burned at a man's grave by a male descendant, his spirit and the spirits of his fathers will wander forlorn in the spirit world, "begging rice" of other spirits. Hence Mencius taught "there are three things which are unfilial; and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." It is a man's first concern, therefore, to assure the succession in the male line. He not only wants a number of sons, but, since life is not long in China and the making of a suitable match for a son is the parent's prerogative, he wants to see his sons settled as soon as possible. Before his son is twenty-one he provides him with a wife as a matter of course, and the young

couple live with him till the son can fend for himself. There is none of our feeling that a young man should not marry till he can support a family. This wholesome pecuniary check on reproduction seems wholly wanting. The son's marriage is the parents' affair, not his; for they pick the girl and provide the home. In the colleges one out of twenty or ten, but sometimes even one out of five, of the students is married, and not infrequently there are fathers among the members of the graduating class.

As the bride should be younger than the groom, early marriage for sons makes early marriage for daughters. The average age of Chinese girls at marriage appears to be sixteen or seventeen years, although some put it at fifteen. In the cities reached by foreign influence the age has advanced. In Peking it is said to be eighteen, in Shanghai twenty, in Wu-chau twenty, in Swatow sixteen or eighteen, in Chungking seventeen or eighteen, where formerly it was fourteen or fifteen. Schooling, too, postpones marriage to about twenty, but not one girl in two thousand is in a grammar school. About two years ago the board of education at Peking ruled that students in the government schools should not marry under twenty in the case of girls and twenty-two in the case of boys.

At twenty virtually all girls save prostitutes are wives, and nine tenths of the young men are husbands. This means that in the Orient the generations come at least a third closer together than they do in the Occident. Even if their average family were no larger than ours, they can outbreed us, for they get in four generations while we are rearing three. But their families are larger because their production of children is not affected by certain considerations which weigh with us. Clan ties are so strong that if a poor man cannot feed his children, he can get fellow-clansmen to adopt some of them. Thanks to ancestor-worship, there is a great deal more adopting than we can imagine. In fact, the demand for boys to be adopted by couples who have no son has been eager enough to call into being a brisk kidnapping trade that is giving trouble to the Shanghai authorities. Then there are funds left by bygone clansmen for the relief of necessitous members. These stimulate procreative recklessness precisely as

did the parish relief guaranteed under the old poor law of England.

The burden of the child on the parent is lighter than with us, while the benefit expected from the male child is much greater. Lacking our opportunities for saving and investment, the Chinese rely upon the earnings of their sons to keep them in their old age. A man looks upon his sons as his old-age pension. A girl baby may be drowned or sold, a boy never. In a society so patriarchal that a teacher forty years old with a family still turns over his monthly salary to his father as a matter of common duty, the parents of one son are pitied, while the parents of many sons are congratulated.

Moreover, the very atmosphere of China is charged with appreciation of progeny. From time immemorial, the things considered most worth while have been posterity, learning, and riches, in the order named. This judgment of a remote epoch when there was room for all survives into a time when the land groans under its burden of population. So a man is still envied for the number of descendants in the male line who will walk in his funeral train. Grandchildren and, still more, great-grandchildren are counted the special blessing of Heaven.

Hence a veritable passion to have offspring, more offspring—as many as possible. I am told that in Kwangtung the women are so eager for many children that a mother places her suckling with a wet-nurse so as to shorten the interval between births. In the Occident there are plenty of parents willing to unload their superfluous children upon an institution, whereas a Chinese parent never gives up a male child until he is in sore straits, and he reclaims it the moment he is able. The boy is a partly paid-up old-age-endowment-policy that will not lapse if he can help it. What children's home with us would dare undertake, as does the *Asile de la Sainte-Enfance* among 320,000 Chinese in Hong-Kong, to care for all children offered, and to give them back at the parents' convenience?

With us a rich man may not lawfully beget and rear more children than one wife can bear him. In China the concubine has a legal status, her issue is legitimate, and a man may contribute to the population his children by as many women

as he cares to take to himself. With us one sixth of the women between thirty and thirty-five are unmarried. In China not one woman in a thousand remains a spinster, so that nearly all the female reproductive capacity of each generation is utilized in child-bearing.

Thus all things conspire to encourage the Chinese to multiply freely without paying heed to the economic prospect. The domestic system is a snare, and no Malthus has ever startled China out of her deep satisfaction with her domestic system. She believes that whatever may be wrong with her, her family is all right, and dreams of teaching the anarchic West filial piety and true propriety in the relations of the sexes. It has never occurred to the thinkers of the yellow race that the rate of multiplication is one of the great factors in determining the plane on which the masses live. Point out this axiom of political economy to a scholar, and he meets it with such saws as "One more bowlful out of a big rice-tub makes no difference," "There is always food for a chicken," "The only son will starve" (i.e., will be a ne'er-do-well). Or he may argue that there can be no relation between density and poverty by citing big villages in which people are better off than in neighboring little villages!

If people will blindly breed when there is no longer room to raise more food, the penalty must fall somewhere. The deaths will somehow contrive to balance the births. It is a mercy that in China the strain comes in the years of infancy, instead of later on dragging down great numbers of adults into a state of semi-starvation in order to thin them out sufficiently. The mortality among infants is well-nigh incredible. This woman has borne eleven children, and all are dead; that one is the mother of seven, all dying young; another has only two left out of eleven; another four left out of twelve. Such were the cases that occurred offhand to my informants. One missionary canvassed his district and found that nine children out of ten never grew up. Dr. McCartney of Chungking, after twenty years of practice, estimates that from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the children born there die before the end of the second year. The returns from Hong-Kong for 1909 show that the number of children dying under one year of age is eighty-seven

per cent. of the number of births within the year. The first census of Formosa seems to show that nearly half of the children born to the Chinese there die within six months.

Not all this appalling loss is the result of poverty. The proportion of weakly infants is large, probably owing to the immaturity of the mothers. The use of milk is unknown in China, and so the babe that cannot be suckled is doomed. Even when it can, the ignorant mother starts it too early on adult food. In some parts they stuff the mouth of the week-old infant with a certain indigestible cake. The slaughter of the innocents by mothers who know nothing of how to care for the child is ghastly. About the sixth and seventh years there is an unusual mortality among girls, owing to the practice of foot-binding.

Still, much of the child mortality is the direct consequence of economic pressure. A girl is only a burden, for she marries before she is of use to her parents and is lost into her husband's family. Small wonder, then, that probably one female infant in ten is done away with at birth. Again, when the family is already large, the parents despair of raising the child, and it perishes from neglect. In Hu-peh a man explaining that two of his children have died will say: "Tiu lio liang ko hai tsi" ("I have been relieved of two children"). Another factor is lack of sufficient good food, which also makes many children very small for their age. The heavy losses from measles, scarlet fever, and smallpox are closely connected with overcrowding.

For adults over-population not only spells privation and drudgery, but it means a life averaging about fifteen years shorter than ours. Small wonder, indeed, for in some places human beings are so thick that the earth is literally foul from them. Unwittingly they poison the ground, they poison the water, they poison the air, they poison the growing crops. And while most of them have enough to eat, little has been reserved from the sordid food quest. Here are people with standards, unquestionably civilized, peaceable, industrious, filial, polite, faithful to their contracts, heedful of the rights of others; yet their lives are dreary and squalid, for most of their margins have been swept into the hopper for the production of population. Two coarse, blue cotton garments clothe them. ㄩ

er the children go naked, and the strip to the waist. Thatched mud no chimney, smoke-blackened walls, ized windows, rude, unpainted stools, imy table, dirt floors, where the pig the fowls dispute for scraps, and for bed ud kang with a frazzled mat on it. No ds, grass, or flowers; no wood floors, pets, curtains, wall-paper, table-cloths, ornaments; no books, pictures, newspapers, or musical instruments; no sports amusements, few festivals or social gatherings: but everywhere children, naked, prawling, squirming, crawling, tumbling n the dust—the one possession of which he poorest family has an abundance, and to which other possessions and interests are fanatically sacrificed.

A newspaper paragraph notes that the herdmen for a country district of eleven square miles in Anhwei return 14,000 souls, nearly 1300 to the square mile, or two to the acre! Yet it would be an error to assume that at any given moment all parts of China are saturated with people. In Shansi thirty-odd years ago seven tenths of the inhabitants perished from famine, and the vacant spaces and the crumbling walls that often meet the eye there show that the gaps have never been quite filled. Since the opening of the railroad to Tai-yuan, the capital, wanderers from man-stifled Shan-tung are filtering into the province. The same is true of Shen-si, which, besides losing five million of its people in the Mohammedan uprising of the seventies, lost three tenths of its people by famine in 1900. Kan-su, Yunnan, and Kwangsi have never fully recovered from the massacres following great rebellions, and one often comes on land, once cultivated, that has reverted to wilderness. The slaughters of the Taipings left an abiding mark on Kiang-su and Che-kiang. Kwangtung and Fuhkien, the maritime provinces of the South, have been relieved by emigration. The tide first set in to Formosa and California, later it turned to the Dutch Indies, Malay, Indo-China, Singapore, the Philippines, Burma, Siam, Borneo, and Australia. About ten millions are settled outside of China, with the result of greatly mitigating the struggle for existence in these provinces. Within recent years \$9,000,000 has flowed into the Sanning district, from which the first Kwangtung men went out

to California and to Singapore. It has all been brought back or sent back by emigrants. An equal amount is remitted annually through Amoy by Fuhkien men. The fine burnt-brick farm-houses with stone foundations, the paved threshing-floors, and the stately ancestral halls that astonish one in the rural villages along the coast of Fuhkien, are due to remittances from emigrants. In the tiger-haunted, wooded hills thirty miles from Fu-chau one comes on terraces proving former cultivation of soils which it is no longer necessary to till.

The near future of population in China may be predicted with some confidence. Within our time the Chinese will be served by a government on the Western model. Rebellions will cease, for grievances will be redressed in time, or else the standing army will nip uprisings in the bud. When a net of railways enables a paternal government to rush the surplus of one province to feed the starving in another, famines will end. The opium demon is already well-nigh throttled. The confining walls of the city will be razed to allow the pent-up people to spread. Wide streets, parks, and sewers will be provided. Filtered water will be within reach of all. A university-trained medical profession will grapple with disease. Everywhere health officers will make war on rats and mosquitos, as to-day in Hong-Kong. Epidemics will be fought with quarantine and serum and isolation hospitals. Milk will be available, and mothers will be instructed how to care for their infants. In response to such life-saving activities, the death-rate in China ought to decline from the present height of fifty or sixty per thousand to a point it has already reached in a moderately Japan, namely, twenty per thousand.

But to lower the birth-rate in equal degree, that, alas! is quite another matter. The factors responsible for the present fecundity of fifty-five or sixty per thousand—three times that of the American, and nowhere matched in the white world, unless it be in certain districts of Russia and certain parishes in French Flanders—will not yield so readily. It is easily taken for granted that this century will see the end of ancestor-worship, early marriage, passion for big families, and the position of the wife. For at least a generation or two China will produce

rapidly, in the Oriental way, who will die off slowly in the Occidental way. When the death-rate has been planed down to twenty, the birth-rate will still be more than double, and the total will be growing at the rate of over two per cent. a year. Even with the aid of scientific agriculture it is of course impossible to make the crops of China feed such an increase. It must emigrate or starve. It is the outward thrust of surplus Japanese that is to-day producing dramatic political results in Korea and Manchuria. In forty or fifty years there will come a powerful out-

ward thrust of surplus Chinese on ten times this scale. With a third of the adults able to read, with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two. To Mexico, Central and South America, Southeastern Asia, Asia-Minor, Africa, and even Europe, the black-haired bread-seekers will stream; and then "What shall we do with the Chinese?" from being in turn a Californian, an Australian, a Canadian, and a South African question, will become a world question.



THE MYSTIC

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THERE is a quest that calls me
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The Known from the Unknown.
I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the Seen grows dim
And the Sightless hides its face.

*I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Through the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod,
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"*

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of
Dust!"
It bids, and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
Where there is Gulf alone;
And through a vast that was never passed
I listen for life's tone.

*I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling
breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to the brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"*

It calls me and ever calls me,
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What Is from the Whence and Why."
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame,
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

*I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent through the firmament,
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod,
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.*

THE STORK OF THE WOODS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

WITH PICTURE BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IF we should visit a collection of living birds and watch the daily life of a wood-ibis, he would not be likely to occupy a high place in our estimation as regards beauty or intelligence. Poor fellow, even his names are awry or meaningless, for he is more of a stork than an ibis, and as to his scientific name (*Tantalus loculator*), it signifies nothing.

Few birds appear more stupid in captivity than a wood-ibis. His bald pate, his staring eyes, and his awkward motions perhaps prejudice one against him, but it gives one a feeling of irritation to see him fall over his own feet, and, through lack of wit, stand in a cement-lined pool and for hours patiently tap the bottom with his foot, trembling with eagerness the while as he watches for impossible worms to come to the surface. Even when he takes to wing, the effort is such that his head and legs rack back and forth until it seems as though they would part from his body.

Yet he is happy in captivity, for his meals of fish are regular and abundant, and to eat is his greatest joy. Simply inordinate is the bulk of fish which he can consume. Nature has been kind to him in this respect at least, for if any sharp fins or spines irritate his distended digestive system, it is no trouble at all for him to unload, and reswallow his meal, taking care this time that it is more comfortably packed. His coat of feathers often waxes dingy in confinement, his inner man, or, rather, bird, demanding so much of his attention.

But it is unfair to judge him thus. Nature did not adapt all creatures for display in a cage, even though it be of generous proportions. Before condemning the wood-

ibis altogether, we should visit him in his native home, some cypress-shadowed bayou in Florida.

High up in the dead cypresses, half hidden by the swaying moss, we may see many nests—large loosely built platforms. As we approach the dismal solitudes, moccasin-snakes, blacker even than the water through which they undulate, move sluggishly away. We hear the loud reveille of a pileated woodpecker, and as we noisily splash over a hidden, sunken log, a loud flapping of wings is heard, and the woodpecker's roll is drowned in a confused clatter of beaks—the only voice of the wood-ibis. A flock of snow-white forms passes out from the cypress darkness into the bright sunlight.

And now if we retrace our steps to the pine-land prairie, we shall see the wood-ibis at his best. Here the moccasin gives place to the rattler, the green scum and the reeds to bright flowers, the drumming of the woodpecker to the scream of the eagle. High above all, awkwardness shaken off, neck and legs no longer clumsily apparent, the ibis looks down and shames us. His black pinions, contrasting with the snowy white of his body, are set and motionless. As gracefully as a swallow he swings round and upward; as lightly as a feather he drifts with the breeze or turns in a beautiful curve, soaring back over his aerial path. Perfect master of his art, we realize that he is one of the finest flyers among the birds.

Higher and higher he goes, circle upon circle, flapping or sailing at will, until our sight marks him as a speck against the blue. He disappears, comes into view again as the sunlight glints from his back, and vanishes from our straining eyes.



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE STORK OF THE WOODS, OR WOOD-IBIS

THE WINDS

BY SARA TEASDALE

"Four winds blowing through the sky,
You have seen poor maidens die;
Tell me, then, what I shall do
That my lover may be true."
Said the wind from out the south,
"Lay no kiss upon his mouth."
And the wind from out the west,
"Wound the heart within his breast."
And the wind from out the east,
"Send him empty from the feast."
And the wind from out the north,
"In the tempest thrust him forth;
When thou art more cruel than he,
Then will Love be kind to thee."



FARTHEST NORTH BY MOTOR-CAR

A JOURNEY ON WHEELS BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

BY HOWARD S. HAMILTON

AS befitting true pioneers, we had only a vague idea as to how we were to accomplish our object of making a record in motoring toward the Farthest North. Our program was to go to Stockholm by way of Denmark, and then to skirt the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, and, having penetrated Lapland as far north as possible, to return south through Finland. We had arranged for a guide familiar with the tongues of the people we should encounter; the rest was to be very much a matter of good fortune.

Our easy passage through the Swedish customs tended to encourage this irresponsibility. The entrance duty amounted to fifteen per cent. on the value of the car,—about \$650,—a deposit to be returned to us on leaving the country. In addition, there was a charge of twenty-six kroner (seven dollars), of which ten kroner covered the official examination of the car, which we were amused to find consisted of a perfunctory inquiry as to the number of brakes we had and whether the car was safe on the road. After its four years of good and faithful service in out-of-the-way parts of Europe, we were able to give our car a clean bill of health. The other sixteen kroner were for the license proper and two number-plates—red letters on a white background.

We must have tempted the fates sorely from the very first. At the Stockholm Automobile Club, people looked askance at us, and shook their heads dubiously when they saw the big, high-powered car of long wheel-base with which we intended to penetrate the North, and which had to carry a dead weight of more than two tons along roads that were not of the best and over bridges and ferries that were not likely to prove equal to the task. At

first the news dismayed us, but our courage straggled back when we discovered that there would be roads awaiting us miles beyond the 67th parallel of latitude. We learned, too, that the best objective point into Lapland was the mining settlement of Malmberget, a few kilometers north of Gellivare. Thus we constructed an itinerary, and on a favorable day in June, 1910, much refreshed in spirit, we two and our polyglot guide set out from Stockholm on our novel trip.

Happily our confidence had not been misplaced so far as the roads were concerned, because, as the sequel showed, we had good, hard, and comparatively level surfaces nearly all the way. Of course there were exceptions. The first stretch of the journey, for instance, between the capital and Upsala, and thence to Gefle, was none too good. The roadway was small, flat, and very dusty, the deep ruts giving us no end of steering trouble, as the narrow tread of the country carts permitted us to keep only one wheel in the worn groove, while the other labored through the loose sand.

We arrived in Gefle on the occasion of the great midsummer holiday of the 21st of June, encountering the usual holiday concomitant, the maximum of inconvenience to the stranger. As the town was enjoying a three-days festival, it was extremely difficult to procure gasoline. After rummaging about, we finally found an obliging paint-shopkeeper who provided a supply put up in twenty-liter cans, at fifty cents a gallon. Thus fortified, we started northward along the coast.

The coast was a blessing to us. In sight of the sea, we managed to keep reasonably cool, but the moment we headed inland and lost the fan of the sea-breeze



A COMMON SIGHT ALONG THE SWEDISH ROADS WHERE THE
SNOW-PLOWS ARE SEEN PROPPED AGAINST THE FIRS
AND PINES READY FOR WINTER SERVICE



"WE GAVE A FARMER'S CART TOO MUCH ROOM"

we found ourselves cloaked in a heat which even the motion of the car made it difficult for us to endure. Sometimes we were actually compelled to stop to cool off both ourselves and the tires.

Sweden has had a method of road maintenance which, aside from being unique, doubtless works out better in theory than in practice. The care of the highway is supposed to devolve upon the owner of the adjacent land. He is required to erect a

set at about eleven o'clock. From here we still had a long run to make before we should reach the northern shore of the Gulf of Bothnia, and we therefore took the wise precaution of providing our car the first extra supply of gasoline and oil. We purchased a sixty-five-liter can, and we also filled up with an extra 210 liters.

Figured out on the basis of two and a half miles to the liter, some idea may be gained of the amount we carried. But the



ROWED ACROSS THE PITSUND FERRY AT NINE-THIRTY AT NIGHT, WHILE STILL LIGHT

Small wooden sign or a stone bearing his name in plain letters, so that he may be easily reported in case of dereliction. But it was evident to us that few reports, if any, are ever sent in. Perhaps one of the best descriptions of Swedish roads is that they are "wavy," a condition we found very disagreeable, owing to the bouncing motion given to the tonneau, which was certainly an imposition upon the springs.

As we fared into the Northland there was a noticeable difference in the length of the days. In Sundsvall, which we reached in one day from Gefle, it was still dusk at midnight, although the sun had

precautionary measures of the trip had not really begun there. Knowing that the success of most expeditions depends as much upon careful preparation as upon moral "sand," we had given directions in Stockholm to have an extra supply of shoes and inner tubes shipped northward, and these we eventually picked up at Lulea, which we made in four days from Sundsvall, after many an adventure and mishap. It is difficult to be much of a stoic when a new spring-hanger does not fit and threatens a mechanical collapse; and we confess to a bad quarter of an hour when we caught sight of the pocket edition of the



POSTING-STATION OF HEDEN, NEAR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

steam-ferry at Högsjö, which threatened to go to the bottom of the river if ever our trusty car was placed upon it. But a friendly barge, in tow of the toy steamer, relieved our despair, and after three hours of waiting, necessitated by unloading the barge of its original freight, we ran aboard and went on our way rejoicing. We had

the satisfaction of knowing that this operation had saved us a detour of at least 150 miles. Everybody spoke English from the captain down, and we still retain vividly a picture of his pretty, blonde daughter offering us her welcome sympathy in our own tongue.

The next day was one of ill fortune and



ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE WITH NATIONAL AND CLUB FLAGS FLYING

dismay. First there was water in the engine; then, as if this were not enough, the perverse day took it into its head to deluge us with rain. But this was only a beginning, bless you! We gave a farmer's cart too much room. The road was soft, and caved in, and down we went, helplessly

in an incredibly short time both the cripple and the sofa were lying in the ditch. It was with a sense of the keenest relief that we saw the cripple crawl out of his difficulty uninjured, but clamoring for moral and physical damages, which we paid him to the extent of about one fourth



"THE FINNISH PEASANT WE FOUND TO BE UNPICTURESQUE"

stalled until, with the aid of some stout timbers and several willing natives, we were able to work the car out of the mire. After that the loss of forty-five minutes by taking the wrong road did not improve our tempers, already sorely tried by the seemingly interminable days of the North. But the climax was not yet. It came when we met a man leading a horse attached to a wagon in which was a cripple seated upon a sofa. The horse shied, and

of his original demand. It was only upon arriving at Umea at half-past ten that night that we at last felt ourselves in anything like sanctuary, though not, however, without having to bend once more to fate by building our own bridge before we could cross a bad, open space in the road. Otherwise the roads had been from fair to good, and we had managed to cover 180 miles.

There was another ferry in store for us at Pitsund, and nine o'clock on Friday



IN FINLAND A MOTOR-CYCLIST WAS OF GREAT ASSISTANCE AS PATHFINDER

morning, July 1, saw us at Lulea, with a watery crossing before us.

Our route now lay far to the east of the Swedish state railway to Gellivare. This line, over which runs the Lapland express, is the northernmost railroad in the world and traverses a monotonous forest-land in order to reach the iron-ore mountains of the district. There is much uninviting swamp and lake country hereabout, and farther to the north the conditions of transport are such that the region is left almost exclusively to the nomad Lapp and the government agent. Few travelers, indeed, have penetrated these inhospitable, untracked wastes.

We now bade farewell to the friendly shore of the Gulf of Bothnia as we set our faces toward Morjarv. From Stockholm had come the new tires and inner tubes, and these had lightened our hearts, because tires and inner tubes and gasoline were the only things which now counted.

After six hours on the road (it was then Friday, July 1), we accomplished about eighty miles, which ran through cultivated land and stretches of wooded country, and at eight o'clock in the evening we drew up at the wooden posting-station of Heden. Only thirty kilometers lay between us and the Arctic Circle! A long line of dark green marked the background of forest; the foreground was occupied by a primitive derrick well, which we welcomed as an old friend. There was no prodigality of comfort in the plain hostelry of this Northland region, but the clean beds and the simple fare were indeed wel-

come to us. The good folk of the place were much interested and unquestionably curious about our adventuring.

When the morrow came, we arose wondering what the day would bring forth. We trusted it might be "gas," although we had been told that the only supply-station north of us was Malmberget. However, we started away hopefully at a quarter after eight, undaunted by the cloudy sky. We had been assured that the road was "all right all the way," but after nine miles it ended abruptly at a stream the bridge over which had broken down. There was nothing for us to do but to build another, so we gathered what we could of timber and native help, and in record time our bridge was built, and we fared across. Then came more trouble. There was an evident drop in the road beyond, and several men at work there held up their arms and gesticulated excitedly. We crept on, and found a frail-looking, temporary causeway which had to accommodate all traffic until the erection of a stone bridge was completed. The descent to the causeway was bad enough, but the ascent was through deep sand, with a gradient of twenty degrees. The rear wheels spun round ominously and sank deeper and deeper, but the sturdy workmen, recovered from their astonishment, came to our rescue, and the danger was passed.

In a few minutes we were due to cross the Arctic Circle and leave behind the native and more congenial atmosphere of the temperate zone. We looked out for some

evidence of the circle. We apprehend that anything would serve—a path, a cairn, or, maybe, a substantial-line of metal, with polar rampant in high relief, set up by enthusiastic arctic club. We began that, without some such index to us, we should cross the line without being aware. We argued that there, or at least should be, a finger to the Arctic Circle is a geographical sign of sufficient romance to make them proud to own a share of it and likely to indicate that share. But there was nothing, and it was our odometer which told us when our roller-coasters had carried us across the line. We were disappointed with it, and took our photographs of the sign indifferently. We were not half as enthusiastic as we had expected to be. But Peary, by the way, take his picture of the pole with a sense of the commonplaceness of the scene? As we crossed, we fell to musing about the world. Therein was something worthwhile. We had come to the end of civilization—such civilization as, in that region, the railroad alone had left. But the road must soon end—the last northern road in Europe, perhaps in the whole world. Beyond it lay what? We gazed and wondered.

A few hours later we crossed into Lapland. Here at last was something for which nations have a wholesome respect—the boundary-line. It was a well-defined, sharp line cut through the forest, completely cleared of trees and undergrowth and as distinct as a cañon of our West. Half an hour later we made camp, impromptu luncheon of ham and butter, and the Lapp village of Schroeven. We were now nearly a hundred miles beyond the Arctic Circle, and our destination, Gellivare, was almost in sight. Our road was rough and deserted and much in need of repair. The houses along the road were scarcely less than twenty miles apart, and between these habitations the electric wire which ran above us was the sole reminder of civilization.

So at last we came to Gellivare. Telephone, the modern touch of these Northern people, had given notice of our coming, and the entire town seemed to be up outside the hotel as we sprang

from our car almost into the arms of our beaming host. The natives pressed about us as we alighted, and, as a kind of sop to their curiosity, we photographed the car and them. It was amusing to see them posing and "looking pleasant" as they awaited the snap of the shutter. There were bicycles and all other kinds of conveyances gathered about, for some had evidently ridden far to see "the lions of the hour." That night, just as midnight was striking, we took several more pictures, the old Lapp chapel and its graveyard standing out sharply in the light, which was that of our late afternoon.

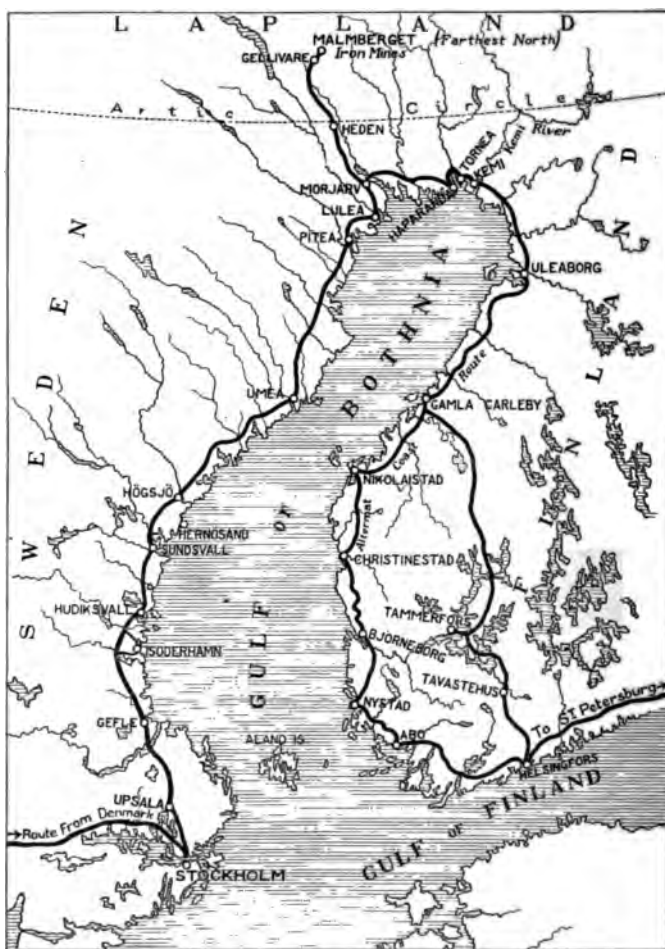
On the following day we decided to run a few kilometers farther north to the mines of Malmberget, which for many generations has proved a lodestone to those desiring to make a home in this otherwise desolate region. Our route through the town was a veritable *via triumphalis*, the inhabitants lining the wayside in their Sunday clothes, waving handkerchiefs, aprons, and caps, and giving us many a hearty cheer. It made us curious to know in just what fashion we had been described to these folk of the mining town by the telephone operator at Gellivare. It must have been glowing, to say the least of it.

On arriving at the mines, we met the manager, and were delighted to find in him a sort of English-speaking compatriot. He had been in America more than four years, and, in his view, "nothing was too good for an American." We needed gasoline, and an abundance of it was placed at our disposal. When we mentioned payment, we were met with a prompt, "No, sircree!" The only thing that would please our good-natured host was for us to help ourselves. And we accepted it—200 precious liters, be it known—with a gratitude that we did not attempt to conceal. A profusion of gasoline so far north was easily explained. It was used to operate a twenty-five horse-power truck that was in daily service at the mines. It is probably the only car in use beyond the Arctic Circle, and we were told that it was chiefly employed in conveying tools to the workings.

We estimated the population of Malmberget at about seven thousand. The town presented something of an American appearance, with its churches, schools, banks, and stores, and in many instances the origi-

nal wooden structures had been replaced by those of stone. The iron mountain, which consists of gneiss, the ore being embedded in nearly vertical veins, is overgrown with pines and birches almost to its peaks, although human labor has been employed here since the eighteenth century.

ooze and treacherous morass and swamp, to find nothing save the foundations of some peasant houses cluttered with the charcoal of roof-tree and wall, and all about them a fire-swept forest. Had we cared to venture on foot, we might have come across the Lapps, with their wander-



MAP OF THE JOURNEY "FARTHEST NORTH BY MOTOR-CAR"

It was here that the Northern road came to an end. Beyond lay the wilderness, across which, when the sun is beating down, even the nomad Lapp would be hard put to it to find a path. All bird life has perished or fled. The winged creatures which hold possession are the horse-fly and the mosquito. Farther our car could not have gone, for we had heard of travelers venturing afoot into those wilds, scrambling for days through the slimy

ing herds of reindeer feeding on the yellow mosses of the dreary earth-patches of the Lapp mark. Also we might have seen something of those battered, shaggy semi-wrecks of men and sallow, pigeon-chested women of that far Northland, the victims of generations of inbreeding, existing in veritable wallows, amid toil and starvation, the strain of the wilderness, and the fever from insect bites and wretched food.

But we preferred civilization, and so

returned to Gellivare, with that pleasant sense of relaxation which comes of a deed accomplished. We had broken away from only a few of the things associated with the complex fabric of highly organized society, but as before going southward we halted there at the frontier of human industry and habitation, we could look ahead and see where the trail, leaving the bounds of exact ownership, frayed like a rope's-end and fluttered across the wastes of the frozen North.

It was in the evening that we reached Heden, and six hours after leaving Malmberget we again put up at the posting-station. From Heden our route took us back to Morjarv, and there the road forked to the left for Haparanda and the land of the Finns. We were rapidly forgetting our Northern experiences and the belated exhilaration over our accomplishment in the eagerness with which we contemplated making the acquaintance of the race which, though subject to a Russian yoke, has strange kinship with the Magyar of Hungary. At first the roads were none of the best, but after six hours of continuous running we managed to make the frontier at Haparanda and once more to catch a glimpse of the Gulf of Bothnia. There we stopped and recovered the money which we had deposited as duty upon entering Sweden. The Russian duty we paid at the neighboring Finnish town of Tornea, where we enjoyed the rare spectacle of a beautiful sunset at half-past eleven at night. The following day we had the unique experience of crossing from one town to the other by sail-ferry. There were several more ferries to be crossed in that long run down the superb Finnish coast and through the country, over a good post-road at twenty-five miles an hour all the way to Helsingfors. Occasionally we saw two-wheeled carioles taking the steep pitches in the roads at full gallop behind the sturdy Finnish horses.

As we drew near our Southern goal, the Finnish capital, the days became perceptibly shorter; but there was no cessation of the heat, and our enemies, the mosquitos and flies, were still with us, so that we had to take refuge beneath veils. At all hours the insects swarmed about us, eagerly seeking the slightest opening in our veils. We were told that the only fortification against these thirsty enemies of man in the Northern summer is to saturate the head in the smoke of young twigs, very much as a ham is cured; but, needless to say, we preferred hand-to-hand conflict to a procedure which savored of suicide.

The Finnish peasant we found to be unpicturesque, a figure in strong contrast to his country, which, in its alternation of lake and stream and hillside, was a rare delight to the eye. The deep green of boundless forests accorded a sharp but not unpleasant note to the red which dominates Finnish architecture and is the official color of the country. It was in these Northern forests that we obtained a lively conception of the old Norse gods' habitation—Vidar's impenetrable, primeval woods, where reigned deep silence and solitude. We saw stretching before us boundless expanses of lofty trees, almost without a path among them, regions of monstrous shadows and cloistered gloom, and we felt the grandeur of the idea which forms the basis of Vidar's essence. It seemed as though we were amid the beginning of all things, in the very presence of the Norseman's All-father.

And as we look back now upon the days we passed deep in the solitudes of the North, we feel that it was a wonderful world the fringe of which we crossed. We had come into touch with strange and wonderful people, living in days that had no end—a people whose minds have conceived of a world created from a strange admixture of fire and ice, wherein the forces of nature, the good and the bad, are ceaselessly struggling.

NOTE: Readers will recall two unique records of motor-experiences which have appeared in *THE CENTURY*: "Motoring in a Cactus Forest" in March, 1910, and "A Motor Invasion of Norway" in December, 1909. The present paper will soon be followed by others on trips by automobile in Tunis and in Algiers, and we shall take pleasure in giving consideration to accounts that may be offered of similarly novel trips in out-of-the-way regions.—THE EDITOR.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

I. WILLING TO DIE FOR A FRIEND

BY HENRY WATTERSON

A YOUNG fellow of two and twenty, Andrew Wake Holman, was a private in Company C, of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's Regiment of Kentucky Riflemen, which reached the scene of hostilities upon the Rio Grande in the midsummer of 1846. He had enlisted from Owen County,—“Sweet Owen,” as it used to be called,—and came of good stock, his father, Colonel Harry Holman, a frontier celebrity in the days of aboriginal fighting and journalism. Company C, out “on a scout,” was picked off by the Mexicans, and the distinction between United States soldiers and Texan rebels not being clearly established, a drum-head court-martial ordered “the decimation.”

This was a decree that one of every ten of the Yankee captives should be shot. There being a hundred of Marshall's men, one hundred beans, ninety white and ten black, were put in a hat. Then the company was mustered as on dress-parade. Whoever drew a white bean was to be held prisoner of war; whoever drew a black bean was to die.

In the early part of the drawing Andrew Wake Holman—we always called him “Wake”—drew a white bean. Toward the close came the turn of a neighbor and comrade from Owen County who had left a wife and baby at home. He and “Wake” were standing together. Holman brushed him aside, walked out in his place, and drew his bean. It turned out to be a white one. Twice within the half-hour death had looked him in the eye and found no blinking there.

I have seen a deal of hardihood, endurance, suffering both in women and men, splendid courage on the field of action, perfect self-possession in the face of danger; but I rather think that Wake Holman's exploit that day—next to actually

dying for a friend, what can be nobler than being willing to die for him?—is the bravest thing I know, or have ever been told of mortal man.

Wake Holman went to Cuba in the Lopez Rebellion of 1851, and fought under Pickett at the battle of Cardenas. In 1855–56, he was in Nicaragua, with Walker. He commanded a Kentucky regiment of cavalry on the Union side in our War of Secession. After the war, he lived the life of a hunter and fisher at his home in Kentucky, a cheery, unambitious, big-brained, and big-hearted cherub, whom it would not do to “projeck” with, albeit, with entire safety you could pick his pocket; the soul of simplicity and amiability. To have known him was an education in primal manhood. To sit at his hospitable board, with him at the head of the table, was an inspiration in the love of life and the art of living. Yet was there a reserve, not to say a reticence, touching himself. During all my intimacy with him, extending over thirty years, I never heard him refer to any of his adventures as a soldier.

It was not possible that such a man should provide for his old age. He had little forecast. He knew not the value of money. He had humor, common sense, and courage. I held him in real affection and honor. When the Mexican War Pension Act was passed by Congress, I took his papers to General Black, the Commissioner of Pensions, and related this story. “I have promised General Cerro Gordo Williams,” said General Black, referring to the then senior United States Senator from Kentucky, “that his name shall go first on the roll of these Mexican pensioners. But,” said the General as he looked beamingly into my face, “Wake Holman's name shall come next.” And there it is.

II. A BRAVE RESCUE FROM DROWNING

BY C. S. REX

I WAS a boy fourteen years of age when I witnessed the following deed of rare courage and bravery.

The winter of 1878-79 was severely cold for two months prior to February, when several days of unsettled rainy weather caused a tremendous rise in the Maumee River. The breaking up of the two-foot ice in the river was the source of much damage for miles up and down the valley. Among other disasters was the demolishment of a half-mile wooden bridge across the stream at Napoleon, Ohio.

As the rainy weather cleared the Maumee of ice, steps were taken for the building of a ferry over the river, which divides the town into two parts. A cable was firmly anchored on each shore, and by means of pulleys a flat-bottomed boat, capable of carrying a considerable load, was put in use for the transportation of man and beast. This was in use only in the daytime.

The waters continuing to rise, the river became a mass of mad, swirling, muddy water. In the middle of the stream the water overflowed the ferry-cable for a distance of a hundred feet or more. The swiftly running current would carry the cable to its utmost tension, and, when released, it would spring up-stream with a wicked swish, like the snapping of a bowstring.

About nine o'clock on the night of February 15, word came to Duncan Dore, an uncanny Scot, who resided on the south side of the river, that his mother, over on the north side, was seriously ill. Scotch stubbornness must have had something to do with his determination to attempt a crossing of the turbulent stream.

An intimate friend of Dore's, one Ortez Randall, being the owner of a small skiff, Dore secured it and determined to cross alone. Randall, however, begged so hard to accompany him that Dore finally yielded, and the two men launched their boat. Being extremely anxious to reach the other side as quickly as possible, they ignored the advice of several men who went with them to the bank, and launched their boat up-stream from the ferry-cable,

but without taking into calculation the swiftness of the current in midstream.

Less than fifteen minutes after they had left the shore the men, who were waiting to hear the cry; "All's well," were startled by agonizing shouts for help. It was surmised that Dore and Randall had been caught by the bowstring ferry-cable and their boat overturned. The cries continuing to come out of the blackness of the night, the men on shore reasoned that the two men had caught the cable as their boat was wrecked, and were clinging to it.

This was exactly what had happened, and the swiftly running water carried the two men to the limit of tension in the rope and then rebounded through icy water to the place of starting. Men could not long endure that experience.

Among the men who had heard the cries for help was a herculean woodsman by the name of Allen Mann. Calling to the others to help him launch another boat below the ferry-cable, he quickly divested himself of superfluous clothing and pushed out into the stream.

For half an hour he bravely battled with the current before his efforts were of any avail and he was in a position to help the men, whose cries were becoming fainter.

Finally reaching a point just below the spot where the cable left the water on its rebound, he turned his boat up-stream and rowed as man never rowed before.

In the meantime Dore and Randall had worked their way along the rope until they were near together, and as they were swept downward toward the waiting rescuer, Mann yelled, "Let go!"

The two men heard him and, realizing that help was below, obeyed his command. Mann ceased rowing, reached over the side, seized the two men, worked them around to the stern of the boat, and by a tremendous effort of strength pulled both in, where they sank exhausted. They landed a mile below, but were quickly conveyed to anxious friends and relatives.

This was before the day of Carnegie medals, and no special attention was given to the bravery of Allen Mann.

APOSTLES OF REASONABLENESS

THE LEIBNITZ-BOSSUET EFFORT TO REUNITE CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM—SPINOLA, THE CATHOLIC "MARTYR OF MODERATION"—THE ENGLISH LATITUDE-MEN—FALKLAND AND HALES—EXAMPLES OF TOLERANCE FOR OUR DAY—THE ACCELERATED MOVEMENT TOWARD CHURCH UNITY

BY THE REV. NEWMAN SMYTH, D.D.

READING history is much like traveling through a picturesque country: every one is expected to see the striking features, which the guide-books will not fail to point out. But of the quiet places by the wayside, the hidden valleys, and the mountain springs—of these the tourist, hurrying through history, will know but little.

There are not a few such unfamiliar but interesting side paths in religious history. The great leaders and reformers we know; but besides the conspicuous actors, there have been from time to time men of moderation, fashioned in a gentler mold and of lucid reasonableness, characters once of much attractiveness in the circles of those who felt their influence, whose names have been almost forgotten, and whose writings are preserved, but rarely read, in unfrequented recesses of old libraries. Yet we owe much that is best and fairest in the life and ideals of our time to this succession of men of large-minded charity in ages of intolerance, a truly apostolic succession, although uncanonized, after the order of that great Apostle who left to his followers this injunction, "Let your moderation"—or, as the word may be read—"Let your reasonableness be known unto all men."

One of these byways of history well worth our following is disclosed in the letters of Leibnitz, Mme. de Brinon, and others who in the latter part of the seventeenth century were engaged in serious efforts to restore the lost unity between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches. Though our histories scarcely

notice this episode, it was a scene in which were interested princes and princesses; theologians and statesmen; the Protestant Leibnitz, at that time the greatest philosophical mind of Europe; the Roman Catholic Bossuet, the most famous orator of France; the Emperor Leopold, ruler of the Holy Roman Empire; the French King Louis XIV; and two popes, Innocent XI and his successor. Some of the most notable women of the time were likewise so deeply interested in it that, it is said, they did not find the long epistles of learned scholars and divines dry reading. One of them, Mme. de Brinon, through whose hands many of the letters passed, was indefatigable in her zeal to bring the matter to successful issue, giving the correspondents little rest in her endeavors to keep up the negotiations. It was of her that Pellisson, a French Catholic, who was engaged in the correspondence, wrote to Leibnitz: "Madame de Brinon finds fault with me on your account. She says, and I believe she is right, that we think of nothing else but your dynamics, and not at all of your conversion, which is the one object of her desire, as of mine."

This movement, though carried on for thirty years, made little noise. The letters were purposely not printed, and remained for many years afterward unpublished. The whole narrative of it might well be recalled now because it contains much of suggestive value in relation to present questions concerning the reconciliation of the unhappy divisions of the church.

To this object at that time, a Roman

Catholic bishop of Spanish descent, Royas de Spinola, literally devoted his life. As early as the year 1661 the Emperor Leopold entered into a project for the pacification of the troubles of religion which desolated Germany, and with all the zeal, it was said, that could be desired of a Christian prince. He commissioned Spinola with full power to treat with the princes of Germany, charging him to make all practicable efforts of conciliation. Spinola, having later been empowered, though with some secrecy, to represent Pope Innocent XI, entered into correspondence with leading Protestant theologians, and succeeded in formulating twenty-five propositions, drawn up with great moderation, setting forth the views of Protestant divines, which were gravely considered, so Leibnitz states, and received sanction at Rome. So near, and yet so far, came the two main currents of modern religious history toward meeting at that point in one broad stream.

Spinola, as we are told in the preface of an early account of these endeavors, was well fitted for this by his "character of sweetness, of piety, and of moderation seldom found among controversialists, especially in the heat of their disputes." He maintained, on his part, that the "difference between the Roman Church and the Protestants does not consist in the fundamentals of salvation, but only in matters that have been added." Unwearied in his labors, and always pursuing his ever-receding hope, Spinola spent his days in ceaseless travels from court to court; nor did he rest even when suffering excruciating pains, laying down his life at last, without receiving the blessing promised to the makers of peace, but worthy to be remembered as "a martyr of moderation." As this instructive episode of religious history drew toward its close, it lost its earlier hopefulness, and passed into a more sharply defined debate between Bossuet the orator and Leibnitz the philosopher. Leibnitz's description of his method commends itself as the method to be pursued in any discussion the object of which is not to change opinions so much as to reconcile them. "In important matters," he wrote to Mme. de Brinon, "I like reasoning to be clear and brief, with no beauty or ornament—such reasoning as accountants and surveyors use

in treating of lines and numbers." Of his correspondents on the other side he wrote: "The force and beauty of their expressions charm me so far as to rob me of my judgment; but when I come to examine the reasoning as a logician and calculator, it escapes my grasp." Yet afterward this same dispassionate thinker, when all his logic failed to reach terms of agreement, wrote to Bossuet, "I believe an overture of the heart is necessary to advance these good designs."

Bossuet's biographer, Cardinal Bausset, cannot understand why these negotiations, which had opened so hopefully and in which so much talent, learning, and goodwill had been engaged, came, as by some fatality, to no results. A later editor of the correspondence said "the union failed through the fault of men and things." Leibnitz himself said it failed because of "reigning passions." He had entered into the effort for religious pacification because he believed it to be right and that there was nothing in the nature of things to prevent it; but, besides the theological differences which he deemed not irreconcilable, were "men and things," especially the French king, with his ambition to assume the same authority in the church that Henry VIII had in England. Moreover, the Protestant world, still filled with bitter resentments on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and apprehensive for the future, was in no temper for the mediation of these makers of peace. Leibnitz and those pacific theologians could not foresee how the alliance of church and state, the union of religious and temporal powers, has rendered it impossible for the church to rise above all political fortunes and to realize its own spiritual unity, as over two centuries of inheritance of religious divisions is at length teaching the Christianity of the present age to understand it. Though the hope then entertained of the reunion of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism may still seem to be only a Christian sentiment and a philosopher's dream, at least the political causes of strife in religion are being done away with now that Italy celebrates the jubilee of Cavour's achievement of a free church in a free state and the American Catholic Church flourishes in a land of democracy.

When Leibnitz was disappointed in the

project of reunion, he wrote to one of his friends: "I, too, have worked hard to settle religious controversies, but I soon discovered that reconciling doctrines was a vain work. Then I planned a kind of truce of God, and brought in the idea of toleration." This is a thought to be laid to the heart of our common Christianity, that toleration is indeed a means to a higher unity, but that a "kind of truce of God" among the churches is not the full measure of peace and catholicity.

One other reflection of Leibnitz, as he reluctantly abandoned his futile correspondence with Bossuet, seems to anticipate by two centuries the laymen's movement, which is becoming significant and powerful in the modern church. "That the business may progress with greater justice and agreement," he said, "and be less liable to failure, I think it ought not to pass through the hands of the clergy, who have their own special views, which sometimes are more allied to their own prejudices and passions than to the good of the church. Not that this is the case from any evil intent on their part, but from a kind of necessary consequence." So he urged that "associating laymen in the enterprise might give it a character likely to insure success." The lay power to which Leibnitz appealed failed him; but now, if the theologians and ecclesiastics fail, the Christian laymen may take the matter of church unity into their own hands, and make a success of it.

In England, likewise, ever since the time of the Reformation there has been an almost unbroken succession of men of irenic spirit and largeness of view even during times of civil and ecclesiastical strife. Toward the end of this same seventeenth century in which Leibnitz and his correspondents labored and failed, a company of "Men of Latitude" were gathered at the University of Cambridge. A pamphleteer of the times describes them in this passage, well worth quoting, for it serves to characterize cleverly a partizan use of names still employed in current conversation, both political and religious:

I can come into no company of late but I find the chief discourse to be about a new sect of Latitude-men. On the one side I hear them represented as a party very dan-

gerous both to the King and Church, seeking to undermine them both; on the other side I cannot hear what their particular opinions or practices are that bear such dangerous aspect. The name of Latitude-men is daily agitated amongst us both in taverns and pulpits, and very tragical representations made of them. A Latitude-man therefore (according to the best definition I can collect) is an image of Clouts, that men set up to encounter with for want of a real enemy; it is a convenient name to reproach a man with; 't is what you will, and you may fix it on whom you will.

These men so named were the Cambridge Platonists, the highest-minded and most spiritual teachers of their age, of whom Bishop Burnet in his "History of his own Time" thus speaks:

Men who studied to examine further into the nature of things than had been done formerly. They loved the constitution of the church, and the liturgy, and could well live under them; but they did not think it unlawful to live under another form. They wished that things might have been carried with more moderation. And they continued to keep a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom both in philosophy and divinity, from whence they are called men of latitude.

Without dwelling upon their opinions, we select from a somewhat earlier group in this succession of apostolic reasonableness two men of whom in their ideals and efforts Matthew Arnold's words are true: "They kept open their communication with the future. Their battle is ours too; and that we pursue it with fairer hopes than they did, we owe to their having waged it and fallen." One of these, who is best known from Lord Clarendon's incomparable portraiture of him, was Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. We recall him to grateful memory because he was among the foremost in an age of mutually intolerant Puritanism and Episcopalianism to see with clearer vision what the peaceable unity of the church in liberty might be; and his conception of it, which his time could not understand, was as the dawning of that ideal of the one comprehensive church which, in the beginning of this

twentieth century, has risen full before all the churches.

In the earlier period of his too brief life Lord Falkland was one of Ben Jonson's friends, much sought after and admired in that company of poets and wits in the "Apollo," in London, who were known "as sealed after the tribe of Ben." In 1631 he retired to a country-seat in the village of Tew, not far from Oxford, where his house, with its large library, was the resort of a choice company of scholars and "men of the most eminent parts"—a "University bound in a less volume," as Clarendon describes it. There Falkland, forsaking poetry for divinity, was engaged in studies and discussions with his friends concerning the "what" and the "wherefore" of the problems of thought and life, being, we are told, of a very open and pleasant conversation. The times, however, were growing urgent, and the first alarms of the civil war called Lord Falkland away from "this happy and delightful conversation and restraint." In the Long Parliament he became the leader of the small party of conciliation. In political affairs a constitutionalist, supporting Hampden in resisting the ship-money, yet raising his voice against vindictive haste in the impeachment of Strafford; in ecclesiastical matters agreeing with the Puritans in their demands for the reform of the church, yet refusing to follow the "Root and Branch" party in destroying the established order of the church; opposing what, from its severity, was called the "Thorough" policy of Archbishop Laud in dealing with dissenters, yet reluctant to consent to his impeachment; and when at last the stress of the times compelled him to make his choice, being neither a Roundhead nor a Cavalier, accepting high office, yet contradicting the king, says Clarendon, "with bluntness and sharp sentences," going to the war broken-hearted and with the word, "Peace, peace," upon his lips, yet riding forth with a cheerful countenance to meet death—Lord Falkland stands forth against the background of a tempestuous age as an example of large and hospitable open-mindedness, possessing in a rare degree that virtue of intellectual charity—the wisdom both pure and peaceable—which above all is needed in the religious statesmanship of the present, if

the church of the future is to compose the unhappy divisions which are its heritage from the past.

A pathetic interest invests the last scene of Lord Falkland's life. When his friends would have snatched him from the peril of the battle-field, he answered from the trenches "that his case was different from other men's; that he was so much taken notice of for an impatient love of peace that he should likewise make it appear that it was not out of fear of the utmost hazard of war." At the head of a regiment advancing between hedges lined by the enemy's musketeers, in his thirty-fourth year he fell mortally wounded by a musket-shot.

Alike in church and state the partizan who succeeds is the hero of the hour, the champion who wins the fight is crowned; but the peacemaker who fails may wait until history shall call him blessed. His influence is not lost, though his reward lingers. Macaulay was too partizan in his history to appreciate so "severe a lover of justice and so precise a lover of truth" as Clarendon says Lord Falkland was; Carlyle dismisses him from the hall of his heroes with this single line of contempt, "Poor Lord Falkland in his clean shirt was killed here." But in 1878 a monument in his memory was erected on the spot where he fell, and Matthew Arnold restored him to his rightful place in history when he wrote, "He was the martyr of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal."

A few of Falkland's utterances are worth repeating, as they have some point and pertinency in relation to current religious questions. Thus, in his first speech on episcopacy in the Long Parliament, he said of the bishops, "Maister Speaker, a little search will serve to find them to have been the destruction of Unity under the pretense of Uniformity." That charge could not be answered when it was made in 1641; the only sufficient answer to it was made in 1908, when from the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster the Anglican bishops, gathered in convention from all the world, sent forth this noble message to all other communions: "We must constantly desire not compromise, but comprehension, not uniformity, but unity." But what Lord Falkland so long ago saw

clearly ought to be, still waits in this twentieth century to be made accomplished fact.

While the separated churches are now reconsidering their divisions, some other words of Falkland may be serviceable; as, for instance, this happy characterization of that type of churchmen "who seek to deduce themselves from Rome." We may also recall a simple but quite fundamental principle of good government if we repeat concerning politicians a remark which he made concerning certain ecclesiastics: "I doubt not the bishops may be good men; and give but good men good rules, and we shall have good government and good times."

Concerning the two opposing forms of church government, the episcopal and the presbyterial, he denied the claim of either to a divine right, while maintaining the established order on the ground of its antiquity and utility. "I neither consider them as necessary nor as unlawful, but as convenient and inconvenient." Again, he said, "Where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." So this reasonable visionary made a hopeless stand against conflicting extremes, which were hastening toward disruption, himself a prototype and herald of the church statesmanship the immediate practical task of which now is to gather together and to lead as one power the religious forces of the people.

Another attractive character in this group of men of religious reasonableness is to be known by a small book which a friend gathered up from his few extant writings, and published three years after his death under the title, "The Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton College." His life was uneventful save for the misfortune and loss which befell him in the revolutions of his times; but his quiet influence has entered into the purest and best religious thought of England. At one time Hales, like Falkland, was occasionally one of that company of wits in the "Apollo," among whom

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,

To see them about nothing keep such a coil.

He had been a good listener, and a reporter in his letters, at the theological debate between the Calvinists and the Ar-

minians in the Synod of Dort, where, as he wrote at one of the sessions, "I bade good night to John Calvin," although, as Principal Tullock observes, "he did not say good morning to Arminius." In his earlier life he wrote a short essay on "Schism and Schismatics," intended only for private circulation among his friends, which, however, attained much notoriety, and was called to the notice of Archbishop Laud, that "rigid surveyor," as Clarendon characterizes him, "of all things which bordered never so little upon schism." To his credit however it should be remembered that after a long interview with Hales in his garden, Laud let him go with some offer of preferment which Hales did not care to accept. This single-minded lover of truth was not so fortunate when the "Thorough" method of Laud was followed by the success of the "Root and Branch" work of the Puritan commonwealth; for the storm of the revolution which uprooted the church and swept over the universities broke up the circle of his friends, and left him dispossessed and in poverty, compelled to seek refuge in the cottage of an old servant, and to part with the library of choice books among which he had lived. It is indeed a pathetic picture, this man of "prodigious learning, excellent judgment, and unbounded charity," who in his better days had said of himself that he thought he "should never die a martyr," suffering in his old age the loss of all things, but still "gravely cheerful," as the solitary friend, who had found him in his last loneliness, has described him—the friend who buried him, as directed in his will, not in the church at Eton, to which as benefactor he might give nothing, but in the churchyard without, "in plain and simple manner, without any sermon or ringing of the bell, or calling the people together." But his thought lingers as the ringing of a sweet-toned bell, and his ideas prevail to call Christian people together.

The following sentences are taken from his "Golden Remains," and a few other writings of his which were subsequently found and printed. He saw, as few before him had seen, that differences of theological opinions are not religious differences when he wrote: "It is not the variety of opinions, but our perverse wills, who think it meet that all should be conceited as

yes are, which hath so inconvenienced the church. Were we not so to anathematize each other, we in heart be united, though in our eyes we were divided, and that with equal profit to both sides." It is the universal recognition of this simple principle of theological charity that renders it possible now for the Episcopal Church in America to summon with ready response from all sides a world conference of questions of faith and order to consider differences as well as agreements as the first step toward unity. John Hales the same just discernment placed the possibility for schisms in many cases both parties to it, as he pithily said of the first great schism—that between the East and the Roman Church. "I cannot say but that all the world were schismatics," he said. If all the Christians to-day, both Greek, Roman Catholic and Protestant, should confess their common share in the moral iniquity, as well as the economic waste, of continued division, the feast of reconciliation would not seem so far distant. While, on the one hand, Hales rejected any "superiority title" of the bishops, he raised an objection-point against the continuance of denominational divisions when he described schism as "an unnecessary separation of Christians from that part of the visible Church of which they were once members." There is also still need, although diminishing one, of recalling this bit of counsel concerning heresy-hunting:

Heresy and schism are two theological monsters, which they who uphold a party religion use to fight away such as, making use of it, are ready to oppose it if it be either erroneous or suspicious. For a Dutchman reports of a painter who, having unskillfully painted a cock, chased away the chickens and hens, so that the imperfection of the part might not appear by comparison with nature; so men willing for ends to themselves of no fancy but their own, endeavor to make an inquiry into it by way of common sense of somewhat with it, peradventure so that the deformity of their own heresy might not appear.

Those prelates and teachers who fear to give wise men "to search into the reasons and grounds of religion lest it might breed

disquiet" he did not hesitate to compare to the "Sybarites, who for their own ease banished the smiths because their trade was full of noise." Hales struck a clear note, unheeded amid the civil strife and religious discords of the time, which is now become the key-note to which our common Christianity responds, when he said, "To carry marks and devices may well become the world which is led by fancy and show; but the church is like Amphiarus, she hath no device, no word in her shield, mark and essence with her are all one, and she hath no other note than to be." Not our sectarian devices, not our denominational names, mark the essence of the church: "mark and essence with her are all one, and she hath no other note than to be."

From the rich anthology of these forgotten books of the past one other passage must suffice. In a sermon which Hales left on "Christ's Legacy of Peace to his Church" there is a prayer otherwise of rare liturgical feeling and beauty, in which occurs this quite unliturgical and quaint petition, an outburst of Hales's pent-up hatred of "the brawls which have grown from religion": "Look down, O Lord, upon thy church torn with discord. . . . Be with those we beseech Thee, to whom the prosecution of church controversies is committed, and like a good Lazarus drop one cooling drop into their tongues and pens, too much exasperated against each other."

These apostles of reasonableness, of whom their world was not worthy, have not failed. Once understood only by the few, the multitude now would go forth to hear them. The warfare of other days for liberty is accomplished; the once irrepressible conflict between opposing doctrines has given place to an age of church reconstruction. The welcome word among all denominations is, "Let us have peace." The higher life of the whole country demands a united Christianity. A whole church is needed to do the work of the church throughout the world. Modern civilization cannot be saved by a Christianity divided against itself. And the sign of this coming time—is it not already to be discerned in the notable call, sounded for all the Christian world to hear, by the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America? In the

simultaneous action, looking toward the same end, of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, and in the readiness of other denominations to fall into line as this forward movement becomes organized and sweeps on? Its momentum no man can stop, and no sect can withstand. It means that something is being done to render the vision of church unity real. The work so auspiciously undertaken will require several years of preparation; it will involve a campaign of mutual educa-

tion before it can be brought to successful issue. But it means that unity is henceforth to be made the *business* of the church. It is not longer to be tolerated that the several denominations shall remain side by side like so many disconnected and ineffectual cells; they are to be bound together as in a live battery; they are to gain dynamic unity, so that their full energy may be transmitted wherever moral and religious power and light are needed.



TAKING AMBITION OUT OF THE WORKING-MAN

IT has been the crowning boast of the American system of government that whatever may be its defects, it offers, by its freedom of play, to the citizen of humblest means and station an opportunity to acquire any reward of honor or fortune to which his deserts, his labor, or his public services may entitle him. The history of our country is full of examples of those who have risen from the ranks to positions of legislative, executive, or financial eminence, and, with all our increase of wealth, it is still a point in favor of a man that he should have made his initial successes against the handicap of poverty or despite intellectual disadvantages. Twenty-five years ago there were no limits to the ambition of the working-man. Strangely enough, the limits which it is now sought to place to his ambition are made by some of those of his own class who profess to lead him to a better day.

However selfish, greedy, and oppressive individual employers may be, there is, in the main, in the United States nothing but good-will toward the laboring classes, and it is deeply to be regretted that some of their leaders have hastily put themselves into antagonism to one recent movement which not only promises to do much for the health and prosperity of the working-man,—by promoting his efficiency through

the scientific management of certain businesses,—but also promises to do much to civilize certain employers of large numbers of men and women.

We have already set forth in *THE CENTURY* the achievement of Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth in economizing the motions of bricklayers. This system, reducing these motions from eighteen to five or six, enables a first-class workman to lay 350 bricks an hour with less effort than he formerly expended in laying one third that number. The benefits of the system are shared by employer and employed, since it enables Mr. Gilbreth to pay, and his men to earn, \$6.50 per day instead of the old rate of \$4.50. Demonstrably productive though it was of economic gain and advantage to all the parties to the contract, Mr. Gilbreth's men refused to permit its introduction. They went on strike virtually against a raise of wages! The strike was ordered by the Glens Falls (New York) local union on the representations of some of the less efficient of Mr. Gilbreth's men who were unable to earn more than the minimum wage of fifty-five cents an hour, while the competent men earned seventy-five cents. They feared that the new system would lead to the dismissal of the men who could not do an average day's work.

This appears to be the view quite generally taken by organized labor. In the discussion of the scientific management of

industrial plants that followed a recent dinner of the Economic Club, a representative of the unions, Mr. James Duncan, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, declared that it meant simply "speeding up"; that the extra wage earned at first would be blood-money; that the system would turn normal laborers into specialists, condemned to monotonous tasks month after month, until they were driven to the verge of insanity. They would be worn out, health and strength would fail, discharge would follow, and new men would take their places.

This view, as must appear from any intelligent study of the system itself, is wrong as to facts, and wholly erroneous in its assumption of the effect of scientific management on the workmen. The error is exposed, too, by the testimony of those by whom it has been applied. In saving motion,—useless motion,—the system saves backaches, sore muscles, strain, fatigue, and exhaustion. Saving labor cannot exhaust the laborer any more than saving money can exhaust the purse. Glaring as is labor's error in respect to the facts, its blunder in theory is yet more deplorable. What it amounts to is that organized labor puts its veto on the general introduction of better methods of work, which, as Mr. Brandeis puts it, by "removing the obstacles which annoy and exhaust the workman" would result in larger production with less expenditure of labor and money. Here is a reform that, if its apostles may be believed, would save in the industries of this country hundreds of millions annually. Labor forbids its adoption. It means real economic gain. Labor decrees that economic waste shall continue. Why? Avowedly because of labor's fear that fewer men will be employed, or only the best, the most efficient men, the unskilful and the incompetent thereby being doomed to unemployment.

In that way and for that reason, more than half a century ago, labor set its veto on the introduction of labor-saving machinery. In English factories hand operatives smashed the machines. In Ohio the men of the sickle and the grain-cradle destroyed the wheat-harvesting machine. All the work would be done by the machines, they said, and they would be left to starve. Was their prediction true? Have their fears been realized? On the

contrary, were not these destroyers of machines egregiously wrong?

What they failed to see and understand is precisely the truth to which labor is now blind in its opposition to motion-saving systems, namely, that increase in product means increase in demand for labor. Commodities produced cheaply through economies, through labor- and cost-saving processes, find a ready market, for they can be sold at prices within the consumer's reach. Agricultural machinery brought our prairies under cultivation, made us among all the nations first in exports of food-stuffs, and more than quintupled the number of men engaged in tilling the soil. Would labor have been the gainer if, under its ukase, we had stuck to the hand-loom and put a ban on spinning-machinery? In 1905 our textile industries employed 1,156,305 operatives and the wages paid amounted to \$419,841,630.

There is another fundamental truth that labor altogether ignores. Merit, ability, and efficiency will not long continue to be unequally yoked with mediocrity and incompetence. The strike was caused by the men who could not "keep up" with Mr. Gilbreth's best bricklayers. Is it the policy of the unions to safeguard the interests of the men only who cannot "keep up"? Is the pace of the marching column to be the pace of the slowest man in the ranks? This policy must eternally be at war with the inborn ambition of the better man, with his desire to rise in the world, to earn more money, to enjoy new comforts and higher conditions. It introduces an element of division in the unions themselves, a sundering force that tends inevitably to break the iron yoke of uniformity on the lower level. The capable, the industrious, and the thrifty will not forever submit to that self-denying ordinance. There will be two kinds of labor-unions. The higher wage always in view of those who know that they can earn it will powerfully move them to break the thrall laid upon them by this short-sighted policy of organized labor.

In general, what the working-men most need at the present time is to bring forward as leaders their conservative, intelligent, law-abiding men—leaders who will set their faces against violence, men with apostolic devotion to their fellows, and with clearness of vision to see that their

cause cannot be advanced by injustice to others, whether working-men or capitalists, or by flying in the face of human nature.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BANANA PEEL

MR. HENEY, the distinguished San Francisco attorney, recently criticized severely the lack of patriotism of a man whom he overheard saying that he "would like to leave this country and move to England, where 'Keep off the Grass' means keep off the grass,"—a significance, he said, that does not attach to the phrase in America. We sympathize with Mr. Heney: the discontented American ought to remain here and fight for the grass,—even against Mr. Heney's willingness to destroy Hetch Hetchy Valley. But we regret that Mr. Heney did not also say that the man had hit the target exactly: that the fundamental difficulty we have is to obtain respect for law as a principle. Nor is this an academic question. In all our cities it is one of great practical importance. Take, for instance, the unrestrained littering of the streets with paper and banana peels. To object to this, while, every day burglaries and murders are being committed, seems to many an undue anxiety about the anise and cummin of good government. They do not see the value of enforcing public cleanliness not only for itself but as a discipline in obedience to law.

But what is the effect, present and remote, upon the newly arrived immigrant—to say nothing of the more settled population—of seeing that laws are not made to be enforced?

PUTTING THINGS THROUGH IN CONGRESS

WE once heard of a man of business whose main principle was never to trust the judgment of the moment. Procrastination was to him the chief of virtues. To-morrow's opinion was always better than to-day's. Present to him a letter or a memorandum on a matter of importance, and he would say, "Yes, I'll give it careful consideration," and straightway would put aside the document, actually believing that something had been accomplished by the process of filing it. When the necessity of dealing with the

topic became necessary, he would take the document out of the pigeonhole of his desk and say, "Yes, I've been thinking that over," and he actually thought he *had* been thinking. But he was no better qualified then to give his decision than at the moment it was first called for. He had simply indulged himself in a timid habit of mind.

It is refreshing to see how promptly the House of Representatives has carried out its proposed program of legislation, and whatever may be done by the Senate, there is no reason it should not be done as promptly. It is not to the interest of anybody that days and weeks and months should pass in an inertia of neglect of public business. Institutions are only men, and that any legislation is accomplished is due to the determination of a few members. It is of course surprising to see a body of legislators at work in the prompt and orderly methods of a board of railway or bank directors, but when this occurs, it does not behove a coordinate branch to "plead surprise," as the lawyers say. The questions at issue have not been sprung upon anybody. Both representatives and senators have been considering them for years. Elaborate committee hearings are not for the purpose of satisfying the legislator so much as satisfying the public, and permitting those concerned to "blow off steam."

The lawmaker, if he is wide-awake and a man of affairs, has been considering the leading questions in many ways,—in reading, in conversation, in investigation,—and while he must keep himself open-minded to the last, he should have large sources of judgment on all current topics.

Sometimes dilatory tactics for the defeat of an obnoxious measure are allowable, and, moreover, with regard to unobnoxious measures there is safety in a multitude of counselors. What we are speaking of is the pigeonholing of measures for sheer lack of willingness to make prompt decisions, such as one has a right to expect from mature minds. What is certain is that the postponement of many questions till the very close of a session has given us not well-considered, but really hasty legislation. If *Raw Haste* be half-sister to *Delay*, then *Delay* may be assumed to be half-brother to *Raw Haste*.

Within little more than six weeks of the extra session the House of Representatives

sed five measures of importance: Canadian Reciprocity Resolution, the List Bill, the Publicity of Campaigns Bill, the Bill to submit the Constitutional Amendment for the Dissection of Senators, and the resolution to admit New Mexico and Arizona to the Union. Whatever may be the arguments of the Senate on these measures, the country has a right to expect that they will be made with no unnecessary

of administration since the Civil War as there has been so nearly a continuation of Congress as in Mr. Taft's. It is a source of enormous expenditure, and we believe the country would welcome long periods of legislative work, and that it can be brought about only by more like methods.

The watchword of our commercial to-day is Efficiency; before long it will come that of our law-makers.

THE THREEFOLD POWER OF THACKERAY

The centenary of Thackeray, which occurs July 12, has attracted comparatively little attention—nothing like the popular interest already aroused by the centenary of his great contemporary, Dickens, half a year away. This is natural in harmony with the kind of publicity attained by each of these men.

We may find a parallel in the United States, where the centenary of Hawthorne was celebrated everywhere, the hundredth birthday of Hawthorne passed almost unobserved. To be sure, Hawthorne had the bad luck to be born on the fourth of July.

It is rather curious how often great writers appear in pairs, and are forced by the public into the false position of rivals. This is true not only of Thackeray and Dickens, but of Richardson and Goldsmith, Goethe and Schiller, Tennyson and Browning, Hardy and Meredith, Lowell and Whittier, Hauptmann and Ibsen, Zola and Maupassant, Björnson and Ibsen, Melville and Tolstoi. There is, however, no advantage to such double stars in the intellectual firmament in the stimulus of a general discussion and analysis of their respective claims to immortality. Though Thackeray's achievements

with pen and pencil were many and various, the five pillars in Thackeray's hall of fame are "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians"; and they seem built of indestructible material—material that laughs at the capricious winds and storms of public applause and public scorn, that defies even those more dangerous foes, the boring moth of neglect and the corrupting rust of years. The supply of this building material seems exceedingly limited, though it is diligently sought for by all literary architects except those who cater for a short summer season, and whose reputation is like breath on a mirror. Of the dozen names, from DeFoe to DeMorgan, that have made English fiction illustrious, he would be a bold critic that should place any above Thackeray. For he excelled in both the great divisions of the novel—realism and romanticism. In "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" he gave us permanent and truthful pictures of English life and English character; in "Esmond" he wrote what is probably the greatest historical romance in our tongue. In the last analysis, the highest distinction of Thackeray is not found in his "fable," or in his style, or in his thought, but in the persons of his imagination into whom he has breathed the breath of life. These people, immense in variety, are all real people, and they are real because they exhibit the marvel and the curse of humanity, the astonishing mixture of good and evil. To know them intimately is to know life.

Besides the divine power of creation which inspired Thackeray, he enjoyed to a high degree the less rare faculty of criticism—the criticism of men and the criticism of books. This was developed early in his life by his skill and practice with the crayon, for he was a born artist in caricature. A large amount of his thirteen solid volumes consists of critical work, sometimes in the shape of formal literary essays, sometimes in the more charming manner of firelight conversation, reminiscence, and speculation. His lectures, which delighted American audiences on two memorable journeys, naturally exhibit some of the range of his reading and the extent of his sympathies. But the real charm of these disquisitions on Swift, Sterne, and the four Georges, lies almost wholly in the revelation of their maker's

personality. It was the author of "Vanity Fair" that filled the halls in New York, Boston, Savannah, and St. Louis; but as the crowd passed into the night, they carried away to their homes the memory of a big, lovable man. He closed the first series in New York by saying, "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world."

Thackeray was not only a great creative artist and a notable critic; he was a tremendous moral force. He was not content with finding sermons in stones; he thrust them into all his books. He was always on the side of the angels, and

struck redoubtable blows at sin, whether it appeared in uniform or in disguise. He cheerfully sacrifices the canons of art to drive home a moral idea. Never was a man more ineptly called a cynic; for his nature was the exact opposite: he was an arch-sentimentalist. His life was filled with

. . . little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Some one has said that the function of religion is to add zest to life. Perhaps there never lived a man who got more fun out of good deeds. In 1853, a writer in "Putnam's Magazine" said that the popular notion of Thackeray before his arrival was that of a scoffer and sneerer; but that, after he was known, he convinced all of his intellectual integrity; "there is no man more humble, none more simple." Whatever in the future may be thought of his work, no matter how high his genius may be rated, it is now abundantly clear that his character was as great as his mind.



ON A CERTAIN KIND OF TABLE-TALK

*Being a Remonstrance Offered by Miss Agatha Reynolds to her Unoffending
Friend Mrs. Felix Mackenzie*

No, Sara dear, I am not going to dine with you, nor with any one else, until I am robustly capable of dining. I know that you are ready to soften the brilliant iniquities of your table to meet my limitations, and I know that you are able to surround me with fellow-sufferers; but a dinner-party is one thing, and a clinic is another, and the combination does n't suit my taste. You see, I was brought up in an age which talked a great deal about food until it was eaten, and about drink until it was drunk, but which preserved a decent silence as to what happened afterward. Our personal



relations with our nourishment was held to be a topic unfit for polite conversation. The nearest approach to it I can remember was when dear old Dick Chisholm (who died of gout like a gentleman thirty years ago) gave me the menu of a supper he had eaten

at Wallace Rendle's two weeks before. "Now, that was n't a heaven-defying supper, was it?" he asked, with his queer, twisted smile, made up of fun and pain. "Yet I have n't crawled into the sunshine since."

But in these well-informed days my neigh-

bors at table seem to know just what effect each and every article of food will have upon each and every part of their anatomy, and they enlighten me concerning their most intimate processes of digestion. Their organs, specially their organs which happen to be out of order, are discussed with the unseemly freedom of a patent-medicine advertisement. Last week I lunched with Amy Middleton. Alice Alison opened the ball by asking Mrs. Tom Butcher if Dr. Phillips allowed her to eat grape-fruit. You see, we made an early start. Mrs. Butcher might have said yes or no, and closed the subject; instead of which she plunged rapturously into her diet, and her chalky deposits, and other things too disagreeable to mention. That started Miss Sedgewick (you know her—Tom Sedgewick's aunt, and fearfully stout), and she told us about three separate dietaries which had been made out for her in a year, one by her Philadelphia doctor, one by her doctor in Carlsbad, and one by a Viennese gout specialist, and which apparently did not have a single item in common. I thought that rather funny, but the humor of the situation was marred by Miss Sedgewick's pathetic endeavor to recall which of the three doctors had said she might eat potatoes. She was still struggling over that point when Katharine Kenyon swept the ground from under her faltering feet by announcing that a wonderful new man in New York—somebody who treated gout and rheumatism, and nothing else—had told her she might eat anything she pleased, provided that she touched no stimulant. Alcohol in any form was fuel to the flame, and it arrested, instead of hastening, as we used to think, the process of absorption. Katharine rather wanted to explain to us just what the process of absorption meant, and had gotten as far as the solvent action of her gastric juice

when Mrs. Butcher, who felt that her chalky deposits had been slighted, said she did not care what any New York doctor said; she *knew* that uncooked food was bad for gout. Why, if she ate an apple, which was the least acid of fruits, she was sure to feel it in her fingers the next day. Whereupon Amy, thinking perhaps that it was her duty as hostess to fall in with the humor of her guests, suddenly remarked that apples were the most indigestible things the earth produced. If she ate the smallest piece of one, it went nowhere at all, at least nowhere that it should have gone. It hung, like Mohammed's coffin, in space, and she felt the pressure for hours.

Now, Sara, I give you my word of honor that I am not exaggerating. And I do think such conversations odious. Have we outgrown the false shame we used to feel at being ill at all, only to wallow unreservedly in our symptoms? Sometimes the wallowing is really comic. I mean when people who do it are quick-witted enough to see the comedy. The other afternoon I asked my niece to hand a cup of tea to an elderly visitor, and the child said reproachfully: "Oh, Aunt Agatha, *don't* interrupt me! I have just found somebody new to whom I can tell my diet." This is the blessed gaiety of youth which gilds even the doctor's pill; but if the rising generation begins dieting at nineteen, I shall be glad to be spared the conversations of the future. Meanwhile I'll sip my gruel at home, and confide my ailments to my physician, whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it ought to be, to hear them. I am like the old grumbler in "Robert Elsmere" who said, "In my youth, people talked about Ruskin; now they talk about drains."

Your affectionate friend,
Agatha Reynolds.

TO A SENIOR IN A QUANDARY

Being a Sympathetic Consideration of a Common and Depressing Experience

My dear Nephew:

I am not surprised to hear from you in the vein of your letter of May 20. I am only surprised that you should have left the writing of it so late in your academic course.

The fact is that this is the fourth letter which I have received from a member of your class asking my advice as to his life-work. I think you need not consider yourself singular in the fact that although you have devoted yourself to your university work, as I believe, with fair, if not too blame-worthy, conscientiousness, you find yourself no nearer to a decision on this subject in

your senior year than you were as a sophomore. I doubt if two thirds of your class, or of any other university class, have made up their minds. The tendencies of college at the present time are not calculated to awaken in a man a distinct desire to go into this or that profession, and one must have a very decided bent early in the course to lead him to shape his work and studies to a definite purpose. So far from taking a conceited view of his position as a graduate, the average man is usually hamstrung by humility, and has his moments of desperate wandering by the canal, considering whether, after all, it has not been a

terrible mistake, this going to college. He finds himself, in Emerson's words,

Amid the Muses . . . deaf and dumb;
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.

But I think you should not consider your time thrown away by reason of the fact that after four years you are no nearer to what is conventionally required of a man of twenty-two. You may well be without a decided leaning toward the law or literature or medicine or even finance without being on that account any the less a cultivated man, since you have a mind capable of adjustment to any work it may have to do. Don't make a mistake: a college education—presuming you have n't forgot to get one—will make you fitter for any sort of work.

It is n't perhaps the fault of the university that you find yourself in this situation,—though it might well give fuller consideration to the subject,—and the fact that you are not in robust health makes it all the more desirable that you should have the assistance of your friends in working out something practical at this time. How sympathetically and how wisely your father would have dealt with your dilemma! I remember how he loved and helped young people. He was very different from a woman I knew who, during Jack Llewellyn's apprentice-time, when he was hard at work at his writing and needed all the encouragement of family and friends, kept saying, "Why does n't he take a salaried position and earn a living?" I hope she has forgotten this, now that Jack has made his "hit" and more than a competence.

Well, I have a suggestion for you. No, it is n't that you should "take to ink." When you've something to say, you'll have plenty of opportunity to be heard. And even if you were ready for the literary life, you could pursue that with the smallest material equipment—only pen, ink, and paper. Unless you have to, don't rush into that crowd. Usually the weeks about commencement-time are busy ones for the editors and publishers of this country by reason of the large number of applications which they re-

ceive from recently graduated young men, a very small proportion of whom could be provided for in these lines of business, even if every position were made vacant for them.

My suggestion may prove more practicable than at first appears. It is this: You have formed very strong friendships in college, as I judge from the fact of your election to two societies and from the number of fine fellows whom I have met at your mother's house during vacations. Should you find among these friends two or three others who are in a similar quandary, would it not be worth while for you to consider the organization of a joint-stock company for the purpose of helping one another to a firmer foothold in life? In other things besides hunting burglars, two or three timidities may make a total of boldness. Could you not undertake something together, not exactly as purse-companions, but as partners? For example, could you not raise enough money to buy or lease land in the Northwest for a fruit ranch? Whatever might be your individual weakness or strength, it would be supplemented or utilized by some quality in your comrades. And your pride and your mutual obligations would spur you to your best. If the experiment should not prove a great success during the first year, you would all have had at least a twelvemonth of vigorous outdoor life, a touch of reality and experience in dealing with various kinds of men, a better knowledge of the resources of your country, and the time and opportunity to work out something else for yourselves. This last may seem to you rather poor consolation, but sometimes the pause before the active work of life is as important as an interval in music.

I've spoken of the fruit ranch, almost at random; no doubt you could hit upon something else. The point is, to give reality to comradeship. What is the value of all the four years of college intimacies—to the cultivation of which so much of scholarship is sacrificed—if in such an emergency it cannot be drawn upon to advantage you all?

Affectionately yours,

Walter Cripplegate.



IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by C. F. Peters

HOMESICKNESS

BEAUTY: Don't you sailors get dreadfully homesick at times?
BO'SUN: Bless yer heart, Miss, we ain't never home hardly long enough.

THE FATE OF THE "BUZZARD QUEEN"

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Twas Benjamin Bejoram sailed
The airship *Buzzard Queen*;
Its run was 'Frisco and New York;
Its color, clover green.

The boldest man was Skipper Ben,
Who such vocation dares;
But though he cruised the atmosphere,
It never gave him airs.

Now westward bound, o'er Kansas State,
The good ship swept along;
The skipper smoked a stogie stout
And hummed a little song.

When right ahead a frightful cloud
Came rolling into view.
Oh, let us luff our steering-vane!"
Besought the startled crew.

But Skipper Ben rebuked with: "Fie!
Ye chicken-hearts, avaunt!
There lifts not any cloud in sky
The *Buzzard Queen* can daunt."

So slickers donned now every man,
As drove the vessel on;

The skipper not one jot he veered
From that dread portent yon.

Till suddenly they saw too late
With what that portent swarmed:
This mighty cloud which spread before
Of grasshoppers was formed!

The *Buzzard Queen* enveloped was
In less time than I tell,
As thick upon her green expanse
Those hungry 'hoppers fell!

And by a hundred thousand jaws
Thus greedily beset,
The *Buzzard Queen*, and crew, and all,
Here in mid-air were et!

The mangled remnants dropped to earth,
A shower of steel and bones
(And killed a yellow Kansas dog
Belonging to one Jones).

And this the end encountered by
The airship *Buzzard Queen*;
Remember, skippers, and avoid
That fatal color, green.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SAIL

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE

WITHIN the shadow of the sail,
 I and my love sit nigh.
 "Dear one, O dearest one," I say—
 "Duck!" comes the captain's cry.

A moment more, I feel secure,
 I will my heart speak out:
 "Dear one, O dearest one," I say—
 "Duck!" comes the captain's shout.

I try a thousand times and one
 My heart's true love to tell;
 Each time, oh, curses on that sail—
 "Duck!" comes the captain's yell.

TO A CHILD

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY

I HAVE stolen a look
 In the sibyl's book,
 I have seen the back of a star,
 The panther sleek
 I have heard her speak,
 I have slept in the jinnée's jar,
 In the sweet-pea's snood
 I have honey brewed,
 On the python ridden to war,
 I have fetched the spring
 On the blue-bird's wing—
 Oh, my magic goes long and far;
 But I'm all o'erthrown
 By the charm you own
 And the magical thing you are!

A FEW WORDS AT PARTING

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

(Scene: A suburban parlor. The visitor rises.)

"AND now I must go, for I have n't forgotten that you have a sewing-woman this morning, which means that you have n't a minute to spare; for my experience is that they are all alike and liable to make the most ridiculous mistakes if you leave them alone for a second, and even if you don't, which I never do myself in any circumstances. As for cutting every single, solitary trouser leg for the same side, they make a practice of it, which is a comparatively small matter if you can match the goods—though of course it's always as provoking as it can be; but once I had the sweetest flowered organdie ruined that way—pink moss-roses climbing on sort of porch pillars in gray and green on a white background—perfectly lovely, and it was a remnant, and not another scrap to be found, though I looked everywhere.

"What? Oh, for myself, of course, though I don't often have my dresses made at home;

A BALLADE OF BUILDING

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

A NEW house seemed the natural thing
 When John had made his modest pile.
 So first we wrote an endless string
 Of "must haves." Then we studied style.
 John favored shingles. I love tile
 For roofs, but John thinks plaster's cold,
 And brick's too stubborn. So I smile.
 "I think we'd better stand the old."

Nan likes colonial, with a wing,
 Tom saw a villa on the Nile—
 "A corker!" he declares. I cling
 To baths and sleeping porches, while
 John's firm for fireplaces. Oh, I'll
 Be bound no house will ever hold
 The things we want! Though we revile,
 I think we'd better stand the old.

Our lot's unbought; we're balancing
 'Twixt hill and valley sites. "A mile
 From town," rules John, "where birds will
 sing;
 A pool, a pergola, a dial."
 For me the city has its wile.
 Who'd think such problems would unfold!
 Well, though it is a daily trial,
 I think we'd better stand the old.

ENVOY

Friend, do not trust (put this on file)
 Your dream to wood or stone; untold
 The snares that builders' steps beguile:
 You'd far, far better stand the old.

but this time I thought I would, and the consequence was that it was a perfect botch. I did succeed, it is true, in getting a piece for the sleeve that was remarkably like, considering it was entirely different,—plain roses instead of moss, and another background altogether—so much so that everybody that I apologized to for it said they had n't noticed it, which was very gratifying, of course; but I never could bear the dress myself, and neither could my husband, though I'm sure I don't know why, and I doubt if he did.

"You know how men are; they take such unreasonable likes and dislikes! It certainly was n't the sleeve with him, for if the whole dress had been different he would n't have thought it mattered a particle; and he probably considered the sleeve an improvement even, for he never could bear moss-roses, though they are a perfect passion with me, and I never will be satisfied until I have a bush of my own. I have set out fully half

zen, and they have all died. He says look like cheap china, but I believe it ally an excuse because he hates so to r with planting things out, and I never lig myself, I'm so desperately afraid of worms—fishing-worms, the children



Mark Fenderson

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

"I'M SO DESPERATELY AFRAID OF
EARTHWORMS!"

hem. One of the very first things my Wellington learned to say was 'fishing-1.' He always said it when he wanted very bad, and my husband said it was m of profanity, and I ought to whip for such language. But I did n't know her you could really consider it lan- e, and, anyhow, I had n't the heart to him, and as for my husband, he simply ed at him; you know men never will any responsibility. I often say I have hole management; and as for choosing e we will go in the summer—where ou going, by the way? Oh, are you? r there was a very motley crowd there year. Mrs. Baker says so; but then s so motley herself I don't think she talk about anybody else. But that's ys the way. Do you know, she actually the impudence to tell Mrs. Sykes that

my family were worthy people or respectable people or good, honest people, Mrs. Sykes did n't remember which; but, anyhow, it was perfectly horrid, and not true at all. Why, my father—

"Oh, I expect to go back where we were last summer. My husband always leaves me the burden of choosing,—he says one place is about as bad as another,—but he does say that we might as well go to the Browns' again as fly to ills we know not of; that 's what Shakspeare says, you know, and I think it 's very sensible, particularly in the case of children. They are a nice, quiet old couple: two souls with not a single thought, my husband says, but that is not so at all; I never saw better vegetables, and—

"Yes, indeed—just as busy as I can be getting ready; but all next week I expect to have a sewing-woman myself, and then—

"No, indeed; no time for anything. Mrs. Tompkins says supervising them is too much like Egyptian bondage for her, and she is n't going to have any more sewing done in the house except what she does herself. Her experience has been worse than mine. Miss Jinks cut an entire dress wrong side out for her and utterly—

"Yes, Miss Jinks. You don't mean to say you've got her! Why—

"Oh, they would have tried turning it, of course, if turning had been any use, but it was n't, not the least in the world; she just had to make two waists of it; identically alike, which was the greatest pity, because her things are always longer wearing out than anybody's I ever saw, and those two looked liked one that was simply going to last forever; though all clothes are mortal, of course, as I know to my cost, particularly children's stocking knees.

"What? Oh, the most careless I ever saw! I do wish I could have warned you, though I would n't injure Miss Jinks for the world. It is n't that she does n't know, you understand; it is just that she does n't put her mind on what she is doing. Even if you sit right by her and give her the most minute directions, she has a kind of dazed look, as if she was n't half taking it in. I would n't trust her myself with anything I was particular about any sooner than I would my little Elizabeth; in fact, she has n't half as much common sense: but then, if I do say it that should n't, that child is really remarkable—so practical, so judicious! For instance, whenever I give her a little money to spend for herself when she is out with me, instead of squandering it perfectly at random as most children do, she always says to the man at the counter, or the woman, if it is a woman, 'What is the price of your ten-cent dolls?' or 'What is

the price of your five-cent candy?' just that way, and so—

"It is very lovely of you to say so, but to tell the truth, I *do* think she gets her cast of mind from me; for her father is n't that way at all. I would be the last person in



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

"I AM GETTING ALMOST DISCOURAGED ABOUT FLYING-MACHINES!"

the world to run him down, but, still, I must say he and I are very different. Now, I can't bear to waste *anything*—though, by the way, they do say nothing in the world is really wasted. I've just been reading the most charming piece in the 'Ladies' Companion'—

"Time? Oh, I don't know; I suppose that's included, but the piece was about rags and bones and old bottles and cigar-ends and peanut shells and tin cans, and things like that—perfectly fascinating, showing how clever people are getting about disposing of *everything*.

"Yes, that is what I think—one of the most valuable of *all* arts; for all of us do sometimes have things on our hands—

"Yes, indeed! I must bring you that piece; you would be just charmed with it. Not, of course, that it shows how we ourselves can turn peanut shells and things to account, which must be done on a large scale and in regular factories; but it is so interesting and full of information about the way people do things now, so different from old times. Progress is a wonderful thing, is n't it? And so rapid! Oh, not always, of course, and not in every case—I am getting almost discouraged about flying-machines—

"Do you really? Rapid transportation is a very important thing, of course, but I can't agree with you that it is the *most* important. There's education, now. Only yesterday, my little Gladys came to me and asked me to hear her say her Presidents, which I thought astonishing in a child not eight years old until the twenty-sixth of next month. It is true she said Washington, Adams, Cleveland, Indigo, and Violet, but it shows—

"Oh, I don't mean at all to undervalue rapid transportation, you understand. I never lose an opportunity of riding in an automobile, though I'm always literally scared to death, and, as I was saying, I'm always wishing they would hurry up with the flying-machine, which, of course, would be more perfectly charming still; but there are so many lovely inventions nowadays, and I'm so interested in everything new—

"A new latch? On the front gate? Yes, I must see it. I did n't notice it as I came in. What sort is it? *That* kind! Why, I got one like that *ages* ago! If the agent told you it was new—

"No, nothing under the sun, of course, as Solomon says; for they say the Chinese know all about everything and always have; though of all the stupid-looking people! The simplest plan, it seems to me, would be to go straight to them for anything anybody wants to invent, and get it ready-made. Think what a lot of time it would save, and how—

"Can't bear to think of *time*! Why, how strange! Though we all realize, of course, how quickly it is passing and—

"Oh, yes, I do—*often*! Though I can't say I ever get *wild* about it.

"Yes, indeed, I understand how *that* is. Sometimes it seems that you *positively* can't stand things that at other times you don't mind at all. There's everything in a person's mood—and the weather. I myself am as sensitive as a flower; the least hint or suggestion of a thunder-storm, for example—

"Why, *no*, indeed! Did you? But you think it might have been thunder? And

there is n't a cloud in the sky, which makes it so much worse! You know, they say there 's nothing so bad as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I never saw one, but I've always had the greatest horror— *Don't* think I mean to be abrupt, but I always get

between two feather-beds; I keep them for the purpose. Good-by, good-by; so glad to have found you at home. Come to see me really soon; any time but next week, when the sewing-woman will be there. You know what *that* is!"

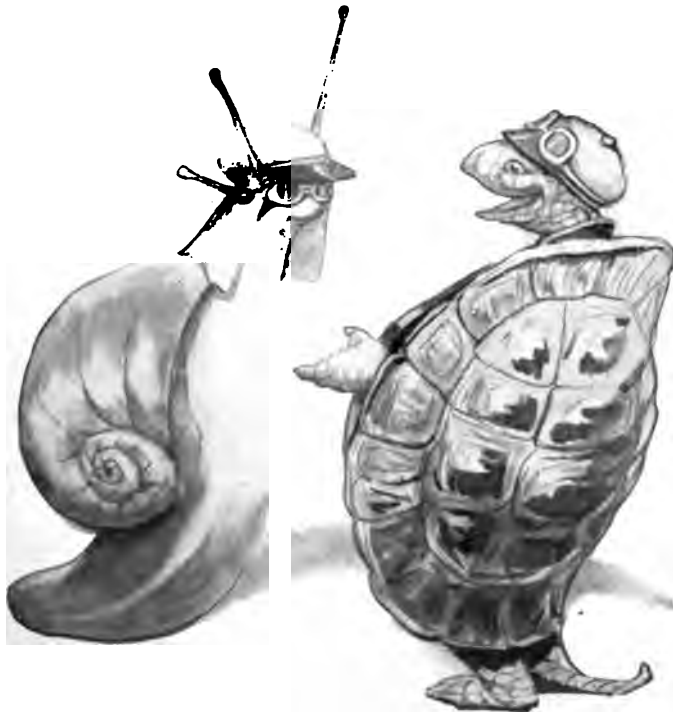


THE BOASTERS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

SAID the Snail to the Tortoise : " You may
Find it hard to believe what I say ;
You will think it absurd,
But I give you my word,
They fined me for speeding to-day."

" Well, well!" said the Tortoise. " Dear me !
How defective your motor must be !
Though I speed every day,
Not a fine do I pay :
The police cannot catch me, you see."



" 'WELL, WELL!' SAID THE TORTOISE "

Belinda.



TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

V

It happened that, one Saturday, Belinda
went to spend
A week-end in the country with a little
school-girl friend.

The next-door neighbors, when they saw
Belinda drive away,
Dropped in that evening, "quite by chance,"
a game of bridge to play.

It pleased Belinda's parents to see the
neighbors throng;
They had n't had a game of cards for
goodness knows how long.

Now, just as luck would have it, Belinda's
friend that day
Had caught the measles; so of course
Belinda could n't stay.

The time was speeding merrily, the game
was at its height,
When suddenly Pa dropped his cards and
Mother's face turned white.

The neighbors rose without a word, and
melted from the place,
Leaving the wretched parents with Belinda
face to face.



"THE TIME WAS SPEEDING MERRILY, THE GAME WAS AT ITS HEIGHT"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



BAR HARBOR FROM THE CLUB FLOAT
PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY W. J. AYWARD

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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UNIQUE MOUNT DESERT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THREE things make the island of Mount Desert unique—its beauty, its altruism, and its variety.

"This is the most beautiful place in the world," a well-known artist assured me last summer. "I've been all round,—Italy, Greece, Syria,—but I've never found anything to equal it."

This beauty impresses the stranger from afar. As he coasts eastward along the Maine shore, thirteen mountains that seem to rise directly out of the sea compose themselves into three main masses, standing out in noble relief in the clear atmosphere. The morning I first saw them the westernmost mass was heavy, black, and solemn. The others, divided by those delightful little twins, the Bubbles, were more friendly, with fleecy clouds stooping over them and letting through a few splashes of sunlight here and there to gild their peaks and sides.

By the opposite approach, through Frenchman's Bay, the effect, though wholly different, is no less striking; for Mount Desert is the one spot in the whole sweep of the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Mexico where the mountains go down to the sea. Coming from this side on a

day of sunshine when the atmosphere is softened by a little haze, one sails into view of a fairy-land bubbling up from the water in a heap of misty, delicate, softly rounded domes. Presently appear smooth, bright lawns sloping back from the red crags of the shore-line to tree-embowered villas. And from the heights peep out the towers and gables of Bar Harbor's foliage-veiled cottages, many of which are so in love with the trees that one often has a better view of them from the water than ashore.

By some happy chance one of my first experiences after landing was of a concert by the Kneisel Quartet in one of the most charming spots ever dedicated in any land to the spirit of beauty, and certainly the fittest conceivable setting for chamber-music. Here, in the Building of Arts, the American has made the Greek temple his own and set it in natural, wild scenery as fair as that of an Ægean isle. In fact, this building, seen from the summit of Newport Mountain, is strongly reminiscent of the temple of Theseus as it shows from the Acropolis, only that, with its lovely background, the modern temple stands out more strikingly than the ancient one,

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seen against the ugliness of modern Athens.

The Building of Arts stood open, so that we might look out upon sward and wood and the changing lights and shadows on the mountains while hearing an ideal organization interpret Beethoven under ideal conditions. The audience seemed as far removed in spirit from the light mood of the usual watering-place as was the building itself. The musicians responded at once to that almost telepathic sympathy of their hearers which is so essential a factor of a successful performance anywhere. And when one of the cottagers came forward, playing with them his own splendidly conceived quintet, players and audience seemed one in their enthusiasm.

After the concert, while tea was being served on the lawn, it was a memorable thing to watch from the slopes of the grassy amphitheater about the building the groups of charming costumes and the faces flushed with music and the spirit of the moment, outlined against the tender, creamy tones of that home of loveliness, framed in its turn by the strength of the hills.

It seemed too good to be true that such a thing should come to pass in an American summer resort. The experience was a strange introduction indeed to a spot which I had vaguely expected to find a center of fashion and summer gaiety, and little more. But it was soon evident that this concert was nothing sporadic, that it actually stood for a love of beauty almost Greek in its sincerity, and one in harmony with the constant tradition of the place. For Mount Desert, the summer resort, was discovered about the middle of the last century by that famous group of American artists headed by Church and Cole, who thus proved themselves pioneers in more than landscape-painting. So the public first came to learn the spell of this Northern landscape through the eyes of artists before they sought the Maine coast to enjoy it with their own eyes.

Many another watering-place has been discovered by the appreciative, only to be completely spoiled by the sudden inrush of popularity and wealth. Through the boarding-house period, through the time of enormous wooden hotels, and into the present day, when, in Bar Harbor, at least, the transient guest has given way to

the home-making cottager, the beauty-loving spirit of its painter-pioneers has never ceased to dominate the island.

As the desire for artistic expression grew in Bar Harbor, and a series of chamber-concerts in private cottages developed musical taste, the question arose: If Germany might have its Bayreuth for such a hybrid thing as music-drama, why should not America find at least as fit a setting for the simpler, purer art of chamber-music? Half a dozen years ago this idea was taken up by five enthusiastic and devoted summer residents, and grew in scope until out of it there came not a building for music only, but the Building of Arts. For, besides concerts, dramatic performances are given both there and in the adjoining open amphitheater, modeled on old Greek lines. And every summer the building glows with a pageant of flowers which, according to competent critics, is of unique wealth and rarity.

This horticultural exhibition is the direct outcome of Bar Harbor's well-known development of the art of gardening. Due, first of all, to the esthetic spirit of the place, this art has had other stimuli as well. For because the island is a meeting-ground for the vegetation of the arctic and the temperate zones, and because the hardy herbaceous plants grow here as luxuriantly as in Switzerland, it is a paradise for the gardener. Nowhere else in the land does the procession of the flowers move from month to month with such legato grace, with such abundant, unbroken consistency. Another boon to gardeners is the rapid recuperative power of nature. A certain gravel-pit near Newport Mountain, for example, has been almost completely reclothed in green since it was excavated twelve years ago. And this quality of youthful vitality keeps the wild land fresh and interesting.

The chief impression one receives among the gardens of Mount Desert is that their owners have a strong feeling for wild nature. Thirty years ago, when President Eliot built at Northeast, he said to his guest Frederick Law Olmsted, "Olmsted, you 've been here a week now and have n't told me what to do to my place."

"Do to it?" cried the landscape-architect, "For Heaven's sake, leave it alone!"

Since that day "Leave it alone!" has become a sort of watchword, and has



W. J. A.

Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OCEAN DRIVE, MOUNT DESERT

borne fruit in a cult of wild gardens all the more winning in a village wealthy enough to have "improved" nature out of the island. It is a pleasant and encouraging experience to find in America, near a palatial villa, a tangled coppice or a piece of rough meadow worth twelve thousand dollars an acre.

The "return to nature" movement is equally responsible for the growing interest in the so-called "naturalistic" garden.

There are many in Bar Harbor. One comes suddenly into an irregular lake of lawn surrounded by wavy banks of flowers that spill over here and there into the grass. On one side there opens out a real wild waterlead, and the surrounding trees, consummately composed, seem no more inevitable a part of the picture than the gables of the house showing above them at the farther end.

The formal garden would seem out of

place in Bar Harbor if it were of the artificial, ostentatious kind often seen in the grounds of the wealthy. But here it is sometimes a little gem of landscape-architecture at once formal and natural, breaking perhaps into wildness and running down to the rugged shore, or set for a surprise beside a sweep of rocky meadow, or held in the heart of a tangled thicket, like a polished nut inside its bur. While the purpose of this formalism is evidently to intensify by contrast the wild naturalness of the place, it has also resulted in lending the formal gardens here an unusual vividness and charm.

Certain vignettes persist in the memory, such as a Japanese bronze dragon, seen from above, writhing amid floral color harmonies that modulate subtly toward a pergola smothered in scarlet woodbine. Another is of a brook dammed into a charming wood-girdled pond into which runs a smaller stream, musically inclined, overarched by high-stepping miniature bridges, guarded by tiny fences of tied bamboo, and with the stone shrines and the gnarled dwarf trees of Japan standing here and there. Up by a straw-thatched pagoda that is artistically held together with ropes, a brazen Buddha presides on a ledge of rocks, and a single fern issues from a cranny beneath, in the accepted Japanese manner. Between the tree-trunks one spies over the streamlet a jut of red crag, a sheet of blue-gray ocean, and a distant peak that one feels must be Fuji Yama.

The existence of the largest and most formal of Bar Harbor's gardens might be unsuspected from the steps of its villa. You adventure through a narrow, winding way in a wild copse, and glimpse first a spread of velvety turf; then suddenly, beyond a round plot of snapdragon and a sun-dial, you discover a small marble fountain surrounded by phlox and heliotrope, while the whole is backed by a semi-circular bed of white snapdragon and a big, crescent loggia covered with vines.

But this is merely looking across the transept of this chapel of flowers. You move up the nave and turn for the full effect. Over the high side walls, studded with dwarf evergreens, the tree-columns of the inclosing wood look down on a dense fringe of high-growing flowers, colored as richly and delicately as aisle-win-

dows of old stained glass. The central space is dedicated to a few formal trees and shrine-like vases of bloom, and beyond them two marble lions preside over the approach to the lofty choir, a stately loggia no more envined than to allow from below a glorious view of Newport Mountain.

There is space merely for these few memories of the island's gardens. It is good to know that the passion for flowers has observed no class distinctions, and that many of the fishermen's houses may now be seen blossoming like the hovels of a French village.

The beauty of the outlook from those fortunate verandas that look seaward from high places is unique. From the northwestern part of Bar Harbor, where the houses are as exquisitely conformed to the configuration of their steep grounds as Rhenish castles, one may look out over a slope of great, rough evergreens to the harbor filled with vivacious pleasure-craft, Bar Island and the Little Porcupine coming dreamily out of the haze, and, beyond, the mainland faintly penciled.

Or passing down the Ocean Drive, which can be compared only to that enchanted way winding above the Mediterranean from Amalfi to Sorrento, one discovers from the height of Seal Harbor as charming a group of pleasure-boats and a more interesting panorama of islands than are to be seen from Bar Harbor, with only the distant coast-line lacking to make this the crowning view of all.

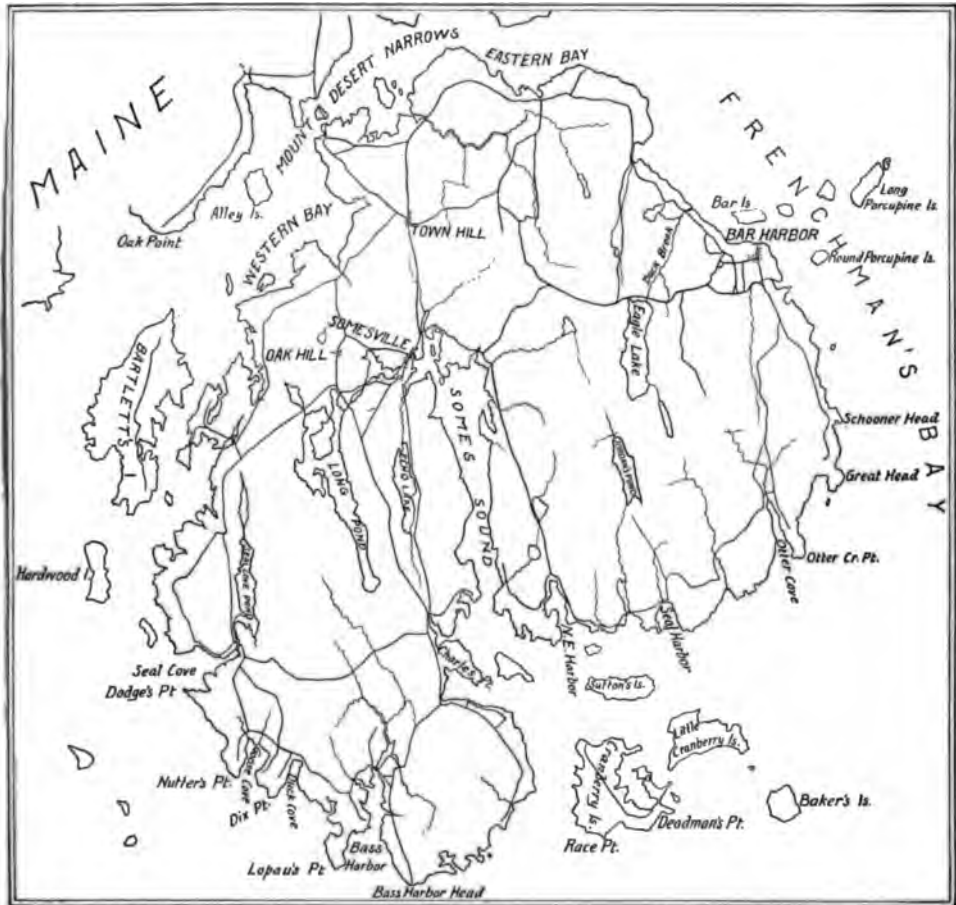
There is not space enough to touch on the charm of Northeast Harbor and Southwest Harbor nestling by the mouth of Somes Sound, our only authentic Norwegian fjord. An eloquent tradition declares that the stranger, no matter where he first may land on Mount Desert, forever after prefers that particular spot, and returns to it every season and hotly champions its claims against all rivals. Woe betide the rash writer who should presume to decide which of the harbors is the most beautiful. As for me, I had as lief decide between Chartres Cathedral, the Winged Victory, Leonardo's Last Supper, and the Seventh Symphony.

Not alone beauty and a spirit of beauty, but a unique spirit of altruism as well has helped to unify the people of Mount Desert, much as the recession of the waters once unified a group of storm-swept moun-

tain peaks nine or ten leagues out at sea into this one lovely island.

Unlike many summer colonists, the Mount Deserters do not spend much on self and little *pro bono publico*. For the island is rich in public-spirited institutions and organizations. Even the claims

Bar Harbor became interested in the woodland walks and was inspired to naturalize here the Tyrolean foot-paths, which are shaded woodways winding picturesquely along a rod or two from the dusty road. He built such a path for half a mile along a highway running through his



MAP OF MOUNT DESERT

of the distant future are not neglected. A far-seeing group of summer residents have formed a committee known as the Trustees of Public Reservations for Hancock County, and have gradually acquired valuable lands, including several mountain peaks and ponds, as perpetual public reservations. It is hoped in the end to encircle each of the harbors from the rear with a zone of public land, and to forest the whole island on a scientific basis.

Some years ago a generous cottager at

own land and gave it to the public. The novel idea proved so great a delight that others, and at last the town, extended this path as far as Schooner Head, winding it under the noble crags of Newport. Later the plan will doubtless be widely carried out here and elsewhere.

A like spirit of service has been applied to the system of mountain paths which have nowhere been more highly developed on this side of the Atlantic than at Mount Desert.

At Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor the summer residents, in proportion to their numbers, are quite as active in the public interest as their Bar Harbor friends. And all work together efficiently. For example, Captain Macdonald, minister and navigator, may stand on the summit of Green and see half of his hundred-mile-long parish of isle-studded coast. Some of his islands are uncharted, without laws, and beyond the pale of any government; yet not beyond the reach of the larger island's good-will. For the Maine Sea Coast Mission, supported by Mount Desert, has for five years been giving them the sort of assistance, mental, physical, and spiritual, that Dr. Grenfell brings to the fishermen of Labrador.

Not long ago a winter resident of Bar Harbor, a house-painter working at one of the cottages, was found studying a photograph, and presently he asked the mistress of the house whether it was a Perugino or a Raphael. The lady grew interested, and found, after some conversation, that the house-painter and his wife had been making a serious study of Italian art for five years. Further inquiry revealed that association with the summer people and with the artists who had built the cottages had not only trained up a body of exceptionally skilled artisans, but had also roused among the winter residents a vigorous appetite for artistic knowledge. In a community so altruistic an arts and crafts movement naturally followed, and now, under the direction of a well-known sculptor, a sort of local William Morris, the residents are learning how to cast beautiful garden decorations in cement, to model, to hammer iron, to dye fabrics, to make Italian point-lace, and so on.

When one realizes that Mount Desert is still in its infancy as a summer resort, and realizes its brilliant possibilities and the determined public spirit of the men who have set out to fulfil them, one cannot avoid the conclusion that this region is destined to be one of the important recreation centers of America.

For the island is already as unique in its variety as it is in beauty and altruism. It is a world in little. Each settlement has managed to keep its own strong individuality intact.

It is only at the height of the summer

that the prevailing note of Bar Harbor is given by the so-called "smart set." To those whose ideas of this resort have been gathered from hearsay and the newspapers, its subdued refinement of tone, its lack of "yellow streaks," will come as a surprise. "There 's little heavy drinking or gambling here," Dr. Weir Mitchell remarked, "and less of the Newport ostentation. It is more like the dear old Newport I used to know in the days of Agassiz." Both before and after the butterfly season, Mount Desert is a quiet, delightful place, with an atmosphere favorable to the arts and even to philosophy. It is the home of a colony of distinguished writers and other artists. In fact, the whole island fairly teems with temperament and intellect.

It is interesting to notice the different evolutionary stages in the relation between cottagers and transients as shown by the four summer colonies. Southwest Harbor, the eldest, has kept most conservatively to the old democratic régime. There are comparatively few cottagers, the hotels are simple, and the life still keeps much of the spontaneous friendliness and camaraderie of the early days.

The hotels at Northeast are more elaborate and exclusive, and a perfect equilibrium seems to exist just now between the hotel and the cottage life. But though the relations between the two are most cordial, the friendless transient is not made welcome at these reserved hostleries. President Eliot jokingly remarked to me, "Bar Harbor considers Northeast respectable, but impecunious." Then he added, "We have no persons of very great wealth here, although they are beginning to settle at Seal Harbor."

The term "very great wealth" is both relative and somewhat vague, but there can be no difficulty in recognizing the highly individual and aristocratic quality of Northeast. Founded by Bishop Doane and President Eliot, it has held consistently to its original tone, and has known in one season no fewer than five bishops and nine college presidents.

Seal Harbor's hotel life goes far toward combining the democracy of Southwest with the elegant comfort of Northeast. But this is a more homelike harbor than its neighbors, and the colony of residents is beginning to be sufficient unto itself. The cottagers and the hotel guests form



From a photograph by Alfred Holmes Lewis
AN ITALIAN GARDEN



From a photograph by
Herbert W. Gleason
LOOKING EAST OVER
FRENCHMAN'S BAY

From a photograph by
Herbert W. Gleason
JORDAN POND



From a photograph by
Herbert W. Gleason
GREAT HEAD



From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason
VIEW OF BAR HARBOR FROM NEWPORT
MOUNTAIN



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

KEBO VALLEY COUNTY CLUB

two agreeable, but swiftly diverging, worlds, and both worlds are growing rapidly. Perhaps it is owing to the accident of having found Seal Harbor first that it is to me the most satisfying of the settlements. In its central location it can easily draw on all the special advantages of its neighbors. It is the most convenient base for the lover of mountain-climbing; its coast is more rugged. It commands a

more interesting group of islands, and has none of that city flavor which is beginning to be felt at Bar Harbor. It—but, there, this is exactly the sort of talk that any Mount Deserter will give you by the hour about his favorite harbor.

Bar Harbor has reached a later stage of this evolution, where the hotel life is growing less and less significant. The village is so large and so representative of

all phases of our American culture that it can hardly be said to have an individual tone. It is many-sided, like the island itself.

"Everybody comes to Mount Desert, and you can do anything here," an enthusiastic poet exclaimed not long ago.

So far as pleasure is concerned, he was not far wrong about the possibility of doing anything; for the island's resources are ample enough to provide fresh recreation for almost every day of the season.

The sailing is superb. The harbors, filled with varied craft, from the tiniest launch to the ocean-going yacht, are often

see tennis of a quality seldom found outside of the important tournaments. There are good tennis clubs at three of the harbors, and interesting golf-links at two.

Mount Desert is one of the best places in America for driving, not only because one may look down upon the sea from splendid mountain roads, but because it is, as well, the one place from which the automobile and the trolley have been excluded. Southwest alone voted, by a small majority, in favor of admitting motors; but its limited territory is too small to encourage their use. Nearly all of the summer residents are dwellers in cities,



THE SWIMMING-POOL AT BAR HARBOR

visited by the larger yacht-clubs on their cruises, and a squadron of war-ships may sometimes be seen riding at anchor in the lee of the Porcupines.

Mount Desert seems to do everything well. Though the climate is usually too cool for comfortable ocean bathing, there are two swimming-pools where the water is warmed in the sun over several tides. Every morning in the elaborate house of the Bar Harbor Swimming-Club a part of the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays a class of music so excellent that it would be declared "impossible" at most summer resorts. Outside, about the tennis-courts, the gaily colored crowd of young people, with their brilliance and animation, take one back to Smollett's word-pictures of the season at Bath. Here one may often

and they have tried hard to keep the island quiet, simple, un-urban. The exclusion of the motor is only another instance of the beauty-loving, altruistic spirit of the people. For many of those who are most opposed to automobiles here are people to whom they have become a necessity in town. In banning them, the residents considered not only the comfort in driving and walking, the element of danger, and the unsuitability of the roads, but also the eternal fitness of things. These are the sort of folk who built the Building of Arts at the foot of Newport Mountain. Most of them would as willingly set up a steam-piano on that quiet stage as invite a car to invade the safety and peace of the Ocean Drive. Recently, however, the "motor-men" have been alarmingly active,



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A CAMP-FIRE ON THE CLIFF

and one begins to fear that the island's idyllic days are numbered.

There is scarcely any end to the variety of local recreations. No fewer than four places, including Jordan Pond and Somesville, are the objective points of luncheons and dinner-parties, with wholesome and simple food, of which the *pièce de résistance* is fried chicken with corn and sweet potatoes, and nothing stronger to drink

than ginger-ale. Picnics are popular on the Cranberry Islands, on the rocky beach amphitheatres of Baker's and Gott's, near the high surf from the open sea, among the thousand screaming gulls of the remarkable Duck Islands, or inland on the course of mountain-climbs. One may haul two dozen varieties of flapping, wriggling creatures out of the sea with a hand-line. One may float in a canoe on one of the

island lakes and entice trout and land-locked salmon with a four-ounce rod and a leaderful of dainty flies.

There are wild-fowl to shoot in season, and an occasional glimpse of larger game. Two summers ago a couple of moose, pursuing a hereditary tradition, swam from the mainland, a distance of nine miles, and landed in Bar Harbor, near the mouth of Duck Brook. One of them sauntered about an elaborate formal garden, went through a tennis-net, scared the servants, and made off toward Young's Mountain, carrying everything before him. In the old days big game in large numbers used to take this trip to escape the annual hunt. And the Indians followed them over, and continued to do so as long as they were allowed.

Mount Desert, being one of the most ancient regions in the world, has a special lure for the geologist. For the mountains were formed not by foldings of the earth's crust, but by having their valleys gouged out by the icy power-shovels of the glacial period. "This range," as Professor Davis writes, "is one of the most stubborn survivors of the ancient highlands."

The island is the joy of the botanist, too, and of all seekers after hidden treasure. About the year 1840 a heap of old French coin and a pot of gold were found at different places not far from Castine, on the neighboring mainland. This, taken with a tradition that Captain Kidd's *real* cache was at Mount Desert, brought on an epidemic of treasure-hunting which has never wholly died out. The spirit of the quest still remains, and for most of us adds distinctly to the lure of the island.

"If a man has never been on a quest for hidden treasure, it can be demonstrated that he has never been a child," said Stevenson once in reproach to Henry James.

But the surest way to find the greatest treasure of all is to abandon yourself to the chief recreation of Mount Desert and climb for it along one of the many mountain ways. That critic would be brave indeed who dared settle on the most rewarding path and peak, for these are rivals as dear as the harbors themselves. Green is the highest mountain, and from its more than fifteen hundred feet one has the most comprehensive sweep of range and lake-filled valley, of encircling sea and main-

land, with old Katahdin looming on the horizon, if the day be clear. One even finds on its southern slope the glamour of legend in a tradition that the famous sea-serpent, which made its summer home in Eagle Lake and fattened on the lambs of the neighboring farm, was overtaken there by a forest fire and left for souvenirs forty joints of his backbone, each a foot thick. In proof whereof the scene of the episode is known to this day as Great Snake Flat.

Farther down the mountain, past a place called the Old Leopard, one reaches the Pot Holes, which were worn deep into the bed-rock by glacial and chemical action. Two particular pairs of twin holes so resemble two gigantic footprints that if Europe possessed them they would by this time be thickly incrustated with legends of how the giant who lurked in Feather-bed Hollow pursued the beautiful princess of Resting Rock, and how she was saved by the fairy of Eagle's Crag, who, with a wave of her magic wand, embedded his great feet in the rock, where they slowly moldered away, but left their marks for all time.

After a hard day's climb, I know of no more charming mountain walk than the gentle descent from here to the Black Woods. One goes delicately on moss or pine-needles, on clean white gravel or turf, or the smooth face of the living rock. As in a park, rare varieties of trees border the way, and one comes to many a natural clearing, with its vistas of mountain and sea. More than any other American spot this south ridge brings back to me the atmosphere of the Lake Country immortalized by Wordsworth.

There are, however, certain drawbacks to Green. The carriage-road takes something from its charm. It is too far inland to give that sense of hanging over the sea which makes the ascent of Newport memorable, and one misses the noble outline of Green itself, which is a feature of the views from Pemetic and Sargent.

In these mountains one is forever coming upon original and surprising effects, like that natural stone sidewalk up Jordan called the Bluffs, the fairy theater on Pemetic, the sacred grove between Newport and Pickett, or the witchery of Jordan Brook, another such little stream as Stevenson immortalized in "Prince Otto."

The theater is molded out of the living rock, and is no more than six feet across. Here, when the moon rides high, the Little People (whose real home, fable declares, is over on Brown) hold their outdoor plays. There is a royal box for the king and even a specially private one with a canopy for the modest author.

One enters the sacred grove suddenly on the slippery descent to the Gorge. The brilliance of noon is lowered in a breath to late twilight. Nothing is visible but the great boles of fir and spruce, bearing their dense canopy above an immaculate forest flooring of brown needles. But there is a magic in that sudden transformation that fills one, as no other grove I know, with the spirit of the Greek religion.

One of my pleasantest island memories is of a quiet stroll to Fawn Pond with Dr. Weir Mitchell, a devoted lover of Mount Desert, who has perhaps done more than any one else except the late Waldon Bates toward perfecting the splendid system of foot-paths. As we walked the woods, he recalled how he had run across Bar Harbor twenty-nine years before, in taking a trip down the coast with Phillips Brooks; and how ever since these paths had been his special care and joy. Now and again he would break off to point out some special beauty: how the bark of the moose-wood showed in the undergrowth like the body of some beautiful snake; how certain heavy, slender-stemmed leaves seemed floating in air; how the splendid old pines of the first growth had been saved from destruction only because they could not be "got out"; how peculiarly opaque the shadows were in Fawn Pond. As we sat smoking on the rocks above the water, he repeated some lines which he had not long before dedicated to this spot:

Among the hills I know a dreaming lake
No wind disturbs, and drowsily it seems
The pictured stillness to itself to take.
All day it sleeps, and then at evening dreams
Brown twilight shadows, till it dreams at dark
A silver dream, the pale moon's crescent
bark.

There is space here for only a hint of the variety of the paths. One of the most

romantic of them picks its way adroitly for half a mile beneath the crumbling face of Cadillac Cliffs. Under the firs, in the shadow of great, mossy red boulders, within sound of the surf of Thunder Hole, a needle-carpeted way leads up craggy, fern-covered stairways to the country of kobolds and nixies and all sorts of beneficent spirits of earth and air.

On Bracy Point, at Seal Harbor, near the rock called old Meenahga, which Mr. W. D. Howells once likened to an old Indian with a tuft of red feathers and white ear-rings—near old Meenahga is a wonderful little fir grove which would be a fit stage for one of the dream-dramas of Maeterlinck, with its romantic noonday moonlight, as it were, that should be neighbor to

magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

And from its verge, at dusk, beyond a rock-bound cove of racing surf, one sees darkly silhouetted against the sunset glow a pile akin to some hoary Romanesque castle on guard above the Rhine.

But one must end somewhere, when scores of rival memories clamor for expression. This island is such a varied thing that it seems as if composed by a poet fond of antithesis, who had determined to display his whole repertory of effects in a single effort. No one has described this range of contrasts more effectively than Clara Barnes Martin described it more than thirty years ago:

Bleak mountain-side and sunny nook in sheltered cove; frowning precipice and gentle smiling meadow; broad, heaving ocean and placid mountain lake; clashing sea-foam and glistening trout brook; the deep thunder of the ground-swell, and the solemn stillness of the mountain gorge; the impetuous rush and splash of the surf and the musical cadence of far-off waterfalls, all mingle and blend in the memory of this wonderland.

The air offers contrasts as wide as do the water and the land. Marion Crawford would not admit this element of variety, but complained, in "Love in Idleness," that earth, sky, and water were "hard, bright, and cold"; that the picture had neither depth nor "atmosphere."



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A FAVORITE PASTIME

Ambassador Bryce once told me that he preferred the clear, sharp days, when the Northern character of the island is more boldly defined, to the misty, romantic effects, when its rounded, gentle mountains remind one more of the Mediterranean.

Indeed, the clear, sharp October of Mount Desert has a special charm. For then, in all rare reds from orange to ruby and from pink to crimson, the blueberry

bushes burst into their autumnal glory high on the mountains, mellowed by the waning remnant of their more conservative leaves. One of the island's most unique effects comes when the sun abruptly deluges a whole mountain peak, shining through the blueberry clumps in a riot of color, intensified by the solid effects of the soberer hard-wood foliage below, by the darks of the stunted woodline ever-

greens, and the varied blues of the distant sea.

It is on such days as these that one most appreciates the bracing, crystalline air, the bold, vigorous colors, the sharp outlines that have, I fear, come to be identified far too rigidly with this island.

For there is another side to the story.

Mount Desert is not pure Norway: it is Norway and Italy combined. Days come when the atmosphere, in the words of a landscape-painter who knows it well, "has infinite color and softness—has a spongy and velvety feeling to your fingers." (Often it is quite too spongy and velvety, for the island is notorious for its fogs.) Marion Crawford was sadly mistaken. There is atmosphere at Mount Desert; only one must watch and be patient. As for me, I prefer my landscape not fully revealed in a brilliant light, but slightly veiled in a film of suggestion, where more is meant than meets the eye. And it was an experience worth months of waiting to stand on the summit of Sargent one September afternoon, breathing in the ozone of Scandinavia and feasting my eyes on a vision filled with the dreamy poetry of the South.

I have never seen from any high place in the Old World a sight comparable in its melting beauty to that first view. The hard, bold Northern landscape had needed

merely an hour of mellow sunlight and a little soft haze to become tender, mystical, almost Mediterranean in quality. North-eastward the Burnt Bubble cut into the irregular blue-gray of Eagle Lake. Above it the spurs of Green Mountain disclosed the pale lavender of the yacht-studded sea beyond Bar Harbor and little Bald Porcupine Island, decently covered with a wig of woolly cloud. On the far mainland gleamed scattered white settlements, magnified in the uncertain atmosphere into strange, far-off cities of another clime. And behind them rose, in a bulwark, the mysterious mainland peaks.

There was something inexpressibly appealing in such a gracious mood of this austere land of the Desert mountains. But as the eye ranged north and west over the groups of islands at the head of Somes Sound, the scene became by imperceptible degrees bolder and more brilliant, until at length the western sun, striking the waters of the sound into a sheet of burnished steel, lowered its light gradually in Echo Lake and Long Lake, until it turned to reddish gold far out upon the waters of Blue Hill Bay. And immediately to the south this vision of panoplied splendor was presided over by mountains rising tier upon tier, their loftiest peak waving a banner of smoky cloud, like some benign Vesuvius of the New World.



"BUNKER HILL," ONE OF THE DIFFICULT HOLES ON THE KEBO VALLEY GOLF-LINKS AT BAR HARBOR

RECOLLECTIONS OF MILLET

BY CHARLES JACQUE

of his wide popularity as painter and etcher, any reference to Charles Jacque's capacity of artist is unnecessary. That he was a very keen and successful business man, however, not generally known. He turned money out of everything he touched, engaged in almost every sort of enterprise connected with art. He was a master of the commercial intricacies of picture-selling, gaining advantage in this way to the day of his death, even preparing for his after-death sale.

He went to Barbison in 1849 with Millet, who loaned him half the money received in advance for a picture. No sooner was he there than he began to buy and speculate in land, and with such success that he tried to "run" the hamlet. He introduced the culture of asparagus, since become of much value to its inhabitants. He was also one of the first to publish a book on the history of the hen from the egg to maturity. This book was thoroughly and excellently illustrated with his own drawings. He painted and manufactured old furniture, all with success. But his energy was too dissipated for the inhabitants of the hamlet, and they determined to get rid of him, and, as they said, "They did." He kept his breeds of hens in separate yards, divided by picket fences, and when he went to Paris, his enemies made holes in the fences, so that the fowls ran together, thus destroying all certainty of purity of blood. This was one of the means employed. Jacque thoroughly enjoyed relating his long and varied experiences, and his recollections of Millet as well as of many other artists. His memory was a vast storehouse of personal and general art history. At the time of our interviews he was seventy-eight years of age, had stopped painting, and was preparing for his after-death sale. As will be seen, he spoke with almost brutal frankness of himself, as he did of others.

He was most contemptuous of picture-buyers generally, and concerning writers on art organizations he was quite as bitter. He was a very agreeable man to meet, and a very active talker. He had, he said, "got rid of illusions; life is like a caricature."

TRUMAN H. BARTLETT.

MILLET was so self-conscious and sensitive that he thought every one was looking at and thinking of him. As in many instances, take the incident that he happened to hear a thoughtless man say that he painted only the nude, and see how much he and others made of it. No healthy mind would have paid the slightest attention to the remark, but he must run home and make a scene of domestic misery with Mrs. Millet. The artist dwells on this trivial incident as a fatal turning-point in the painter's

life. He need not have been ashamed of painting the nude, for he has done it as well as any other modern artist, and as no one is to do until another like him comes, he will be in the next century. I say this with eyes that can really see the nude

form, can really divine its peculiar character, come only about once in a century. It is only a great master who can see the subtle movement of the nude, see that the human figure is never still, though it appears so to the common artist. Millet's nudes are among the very best things he ever made, and what has become of them is one of the mysteries of art commerce, for very rarely is one seen in public sales. I say they are among the best, because to make a good nude is the very greatest thing in art, and Millet had an immense sense of the nude; he saw right through a living figure. His nude work seems to be more spontaneous in many respects than almost anything else he ever did, though, as a matter of construction, all of his figures are dominated by this sense, no matter how thick and rude were the garments



Engraving plate engraved by H. C. Merdell

THE HAY-CROP
— THE HAY-CROP —

ng them. This surpassing merit of t's work is almost entirely overl, though it is a basic quality of the t importance. It explains somewhat he simplified costume, why he kept to what is fundamental, the human itself. I have often wondered if the of necessity—need of bread—had not hing to do with the freshness and character of these little affairs. If t had devoted himself to the nude and solely as an expression of art highest phase, he would have been nly the greatest artist of his time, is fame would have escaped the vul- otoriety which the ignorant public attached to it—that of a peasant r.

llet's work is occasionally heavy or d, cottony in execution, too austere ny ways. He needed more joy, less rman sanctitude. Yet, as it was, he wide swath. Corot was all joy. I hat Millet's sense of the nude was e, since it is the embodiment of ciousness, the sum of congruity in movement, and action. Many of his figures are quiet, except the first er." That picture is a symbol of elaration of the supremacy of the dual, the right of himself. In it he all bonds. Restraint was thrown to rinds. It was a pearl thrown to . It went to the color-dealer to pay ints, was kicked about and sneered is shop for years, and finally bought American from Boston. Occur- of this kind happen every day in I used to sell for francs pictures rints such as I now get thousands In some of Millet's early work, like Hay-Binders," there was an ex-

of action,—too much for the actual —but in another picture of some men g a fallen log there was really a de- c purpose shown, in perfect keeping the subject. That picture, "Wood- rs," is a masterpiece in every re-

Enough of itself to insure fame, nany others, it was buried in some e collection or stowed away in the room of a patient and wise picture-. Soon after these works were there was less action, then a repose was silence itself. In the "Woman g" you can hear a pin drop.

er all, what I think should be spe-

cially emphasized in a study of Millet is his sense, knowledge, and comprehension of the human figure as the basis of his greatest accomplishment. Note that his best things, however clothed, are in deep reality nudes standing or sitting. All this is of much greater importance than any attention to mere detail. Millet had a surpassing impression of the large aspect of things, of their just combination to make a whole, either of landscape or figures; and he could carry his impressions a long way. In this he was really great. There are few who can do this, and it is a quality never seen by most people. Not one critic in a hundred knows what it is. Millet was just as sensitive of these qualities as he was of haphazard events or mere incidents. Men of this stamp are not born for peace.

Millet was an out-of-door man, a piece of nature, and city life, as it is generally lived, was not for him. The fields were his home, and he found it in Barbison. Everything there was wild—rudely so—and barbarous. The place itself was hidden in trees and bushes; we had much difficulty in finding it when we sought it from Fontainebleau through the forest. Outside of the life he found there he floundered like a fish out of water. He would have gone to Barbison despite the nude incident, for I had heard of the place when I was a soldier in Fontainebleau, and we had constantly talked the matter over long before we left Paris. Everything about Millet was antagonistic to the cheap and hypocritical ways of the world, and suffering was as inevitable as fate. One can see this in his work, and in it is the place to look for him. He ought to have had a quiet life, instead of a turbulent one.

At heart, as a man, Millet was sympathetic, and he desired sympathy from the very few who could understand his aim; but he was brought up by a Jesuit who was himself under a ban, and he acquired a shy, uncertain, and secretive manner toward others from which he never became wholly free. Such a bringing-up would spoil a saint as well as a pig. He was a Norman, and that race has always been notorious for bickering and lawsuits. He was a difficult man to get along with. He was an intelligent man and a great artist—much greater than I. He had a fearful time in Barbison for the first few years,

would have nothing to do with the peasants, though he stood up for their rights in both church and local matters. He successfully opposed my schemes when I wanted to close up some of the many paths to the forest through the plain, and that is why we ceased to be friends. In painting he used the peasants merely as manikins on which to express himself. Nor would he have anything to do with the crowd of artists who swarmed to Barbison every summer, and brought bedlam with them. Art life there, as everywhere else, was a cheap affair, and Barbison, with its gossip, noise, and wrangles, has always been a notorious example. I am glad I left the place.

Simply as delineations, I began to draw peasants long before Millet, though in Barbison we both painted them, and I quickly sold all I could make, though not by any means for high prices; but Millet painted them like a genius. He posed as a pontiff, a patriarch. He knew he was superior to most of us, and he showed it. He would walk out into the fields, with arms folded and head down, and, to the astonishment of the peasants, all at once he would start up in ecstasy and exclaim, with rolling eyes, "What nature!" Then he would run to his studio as if possessed, and *pretend* to paint what he had seen. His sensitiveness to impressions could not be overrated: a cowslip would make his heart beat, he prostrated himself before a daisy, and looked at a tulip as if it were a goddess.

I used to advise him how to sell his things, but he would never listen. He wanted to have his own way. He had it, and he paid for it; but he will have fame when we are all forgotten. One could do nothing with him after he became successful.

He was very particular about making friends, and his diseased sensitiveness made it difficult to get on with him without friction. Rousseau was a fine and generous man, but it took him some time to get close to Millet, and even then they had a slight misunderstanding. Millet was a beautiful talker,—like an archangel,—and in his art understood himself and trusted himself. In his dealings with men and things in and outside of his art he had no moral courage, no sensitiveness whatever; but in art he was a giant. Outside of his

art he was utterly defenseless, though in it no one knew so well as he what his own interests were. Every one who was so disposed took advantage of him. If Millet had been strong, he would have had nothing to do with an agent who paid the greatest attention to the newspapers. Every good and favorable word was preserved, and copies were made and sent wherever that man thought they would do needed service. Friendly editors and writers were encouraged to continue the beginning of good-will. Every person who bought a sketch, drawing, or picture was kept track of, and carefully nursed for possible future purchases. In fact, it would tax the liveliest imagination to conceive of any means to make money out of Millet not tried by his tireless collaborator, the painter continually helping him to write his articles for the press. Poor Millet! Not only did he work like a galley-slave to get his things ready to sell, but he was obliged to help advertise them and explain their merits, as well as to point out why they were not of the common herd. And this not only to an ignorant public, but to critics, men who *pose* as knowing all about art. One needs to think awhile in order to appreciate what all this means, and then one may get some idea of what art intelligence was in Paris from 1850 onward. The hourly repeated antics of the itinerant Saltimbanques were his life and joy, but what Millet had to go through to keep out of the poorhouse was a saltimbanque martyrdom. I said that his sensitiveness as an artist and what he believed was due him as such was extreme; I ought to say it and what he had to live through are incredible facts.

If any art-dealer or amateur, in Paris or out of it, wanted to buy directly from the painter, his agent objected. He had a gold-mine in Millet, as he knew; and he worked it successfully. Then he wrote a book in which he exploited his own self-sacrificing efforts and the sufferings of Millet, taking good care, however, not to mention what remuneration he had gained for all that he had done. His sale, mostly of Millet's things, did not surprise any of us who knew the facts concerning his relations with the artist. It is one of the many strange anomalies of gullible human nature that such a story should be believed.

I sold Sensier a quantity of Millet's

sketches, and this is how I got them. I went into his studio one morning and found the servant making a fire with pieces of paper that looked as if they had pencil-marks on them. I examined them more closely and, seeing that they were the painter's sketches, began to upbraid her for what she was doing; but she very coolly told me that her master had told her to burn up the papers. I could hardly contain myself with astonishment, when in came Millet, and I began to reproach him for the destruction of what I knew would sooner or later bring money. To all of which he calmly replied:

"Oh, they are good for nothing. I have got out of them all I want." Just then I noticed a pile of paper in the corner, and I looked it over and found that it consisted of sketches.

"What will you take for the lot?" I asked.

"Anything you have a mind to give," said Millet.

"Will 300 francs be enough?"

"Oh, yes."

I handed him the money, and took the sketches home, and counted 800! Soon after I sold them to Sensier, who mounted them carefully, and set to work to sell them. From this one can get some idea of the endless preliminary study Millet gave to the preparation of a picture.

I think Sensier's zeal injured Millet at first with a certain class of buyers who won't be instructed, men of good judgment who feel more than they know and have an instinct for a genuine work of art. These men seem to know in advance the eventual worth and fame of a serious mind. This is the class that are on the lookout for such men as Barye, Millet, and Corot, and it is they who buy on their own judgment, quite regardless of any exterior influence. We have a few of that class in Paris, and it is one of our distinctions as art-lovers. Curiously enough, they are by no means all people of wealth or station, but often are middle-class and humble working-people. One of the first to buy Barye's paper-weights was a tailor in a small way, and as he became well off, he bought the sculptor's best things. This leads me to say that our art riches are not all housed in museums. I know a stone-mason who has the best collection of Daumier's lithographs and Corot's early pic-

tures; a plaster-molder who owns a large number of Flamand's original terra-cotta models of babies.

Of the men about Millet, Diaz was also not averse to business dicker or to using friends for what he could make out of them; but he usually evened up by kindly and generous actions. He tried it on Millet.

I do not pretend to sum up Millet; he had a strange nature. I never quite understood him, and I doubt if any one did. Perhaps he did not understand himself; few men do. Such men do not live in our world. He will never get justice. No one gets it, nor any give it. In the first place, Millet's work was of a kind that the mass of men, who are so many fools, could not like and ought not to like. I used to think that the people were the correct judges of what was good, but I soon learned better. I could sell my work at fair prices when Millet could hardly sell at all. The writers were but little clearer-sighted, for they spoke of Jules Breton and the like in the same breath and with the same words that they did of Millet. Yet there is a world between them. When Breton saw Millet for the first time, he ingratiatingly said, "M. Millet, I paint in your style."

"Not by a blank sight!" replied the Norman. "I paint in my style, and *you* paint in *yours*."

No writer as far as I know has showed any discrimination between an ant-hill and a mountain. It took many years before even Castagnary, a real art-lover, could begin to see and understand the Barbison recluse, and even then Millet helped him out through Sensier. Our critics use fine words and speak with authority, but not one of them, not even my good friend Claretie, has ever seriously studied art, nor are they likely to. It's too hard work, and words are easy. Gautier put on no end of airs, but he was so near-sighted that he used his nose more than he did his eyes. Imagine him fumbling over one of Millet's moonlight effects—"The Gleaners," and so on! Yet this is the kind of intelligence that dared to pronounce upon men like Corot and Millet, and the crowd followed. But time is always on the side of masterpieces, and the scribblers are forgotten. My plan was to help the critics to be happy by judicious attention. An artist who must have their favor must nod

familiarly, must see them often. But Millet had no capacity for such conciliation. His conciliation was with nature.

Those who adore Millet because they believe he was engaged in elevating the dirty peasant—and they are mostly sentimental old women—show that they do not understand him any better than those who hated him at first; but they insult him by regarding him as no more than a commonplace illustrator like Breton. It was not the dirtiness or the cleanliness of the peasant that fertilized the mind of Millet, but the movements and attitudes of these creatures in their debased relation with the earth; and these movements and attitudes he transcribed, as they struck him, into a dignity, and often a pathos and a grace, never before approached. Yet how few see it! He added something to them that they did not have. If Millet had lived among American savages or with the Greeks, he would have treated them in his own way. His individuality was obstinate to blindness; his instinct, like an animal's, direct and spontaneous. People forget this in trying to make him a pretty man, a peasant missionary. In fact, some of his figures are purely savage: the "Man with a Hoe" and "Peasant at Rest," are examples. These subjects as such are beneath savagery; but the style of executing

them is great art, and that is the point to be kept in mind. Dirty people see dirt everywhere. Not all peasants are dirty, and some of Millet's representations of them are not only spotlessly clean, but they stand or sit with most beautiful ease, dignity, and simplicity. See the "Woman Spinning" and some of the shepherdesses.

One needs to consider the material that Millet was obliged to work with in order to gage the degree of taste, judgment, and general comprehension he displayed. He dug jewels out of the deepest earth. You need to see and know the stiff, awkward, and lumbering movements of the peasant in order to realize how uninspiring they are to the ordinary eye.

After all, Millet is best in his relation to pure nature, and you can see that in his expression of an incomparable, luminous sense. Note the "Shepherd Driving his Sheep into their Fold by Moonlight," as well as many of his pictures of early evening. No one has used more wisely than Millet purely natural effects to help out the framing of a picture. Furthermore, he had, like Daumier, a great style of constructive drawing and a wonderful breadth of treatment. The uncomplaining, hard-working life he led is one of the greatest things you can say of him. He came of a great race. Yes, he was a great artist.





THE LITTLE GRAY DOVE

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

ANNE EASTAND had sat through the earlier evening with the photograph in her lap; but as the shadows of the room increased, she rose, and carried it to the western windows, where over the ledge-boxes of daffodils the light still slanted. She pushed back the straight folds of the curtains, her gaze dwelling with endearment on the small, dark face of the picture, with its full, tranquil mouth, and its heapy hair.

In the quiet eyes of the photograph there was no concealment, but a look of extraordinary lucidity. Yet they were not empty, those candid eyes. Rather, or so Anne Eastand thought, they were like the eyes of one who is not fully awake.

"O Elizabeth! Elizabeth, you are dead when you have never lived!" she cried; and dropping the picture among the daffodils, she leaned against the casement, blinking at the western sky, which spread like a royal banderole beyond the city's roofs and chimney-tops.

A cablegram had just announced her friend's sudden death in Sicily, where she had been for the winter. Elizabeth Norbury dead! Blooming, full-blooded, even-pulsed Elizabeth, who, passing beyond her first girlhood, had not yet passed into life.

"You might have had your happiness,

if you'd only have taken it. Why did n't you?" she demanded, speaking with outworn patience, as she had so often done to the girl herself.

And as plainly as if it came from the shadows she heard Elizabeth's whimsical retort: "It never hurts a healthy heart to hibernate. Mine will rouse, like a dormouse, when summer comes."

Ah, but death had come before summer!

To Anne, whose one great star shone ever faithfully, the empty sky of the other girl had always been a mystery. Elizabeth's emotional nonage had puzzled and provoked her. Experiences, adventures, conquests, happinesses, were every woman's due, she argued, were essentially Elizabeth's, by right of her delicious autocracy; yet she had only the staleness of a workaday existence, the unilluminated, uneventful round of the most ordinary woman—she who might so easily have established her court and ruled in such charming suzerainty.

A classroom, incoming and outgoing tides of girls, Latin and Greek all the winter through, and the summer spent as unexcitingly, so far as any one knew, in quiet, unheard-of corners of the world. This, when she might have had *life*! What unquickened pulse was answerable?

A bell rang softly through the apart-

ment at the moment, and Anne made a little sound of pity in the throat.

"John Kibbie come for comfort from me, when Elizabeth left him not a crumb of it!" she exclaimed, lifting the picture from the flowers and brushing it with her quivering lips. "You little gray dove, you!" she whispered, "you poor little gray dove!"

The man who entered dropped down in silence before her hearth, shivering as he did so.

"Wait!" she cried, and kneeling on the hearth, she lighted the piñon branches there, though the breeze blew warm over the daffodils.

John Kibbie was a grave, unemotional man, quiet in times of happiness, quieter in sorrow. He did not speak now, and she, continuing to kneel, fanned the fire in silence, and warmed herself by it.

"Anne," he brought forth at last, "I'm not wholly bereft."

Her amazed eyes questioned him.

"She loved me," he said.

"She told you so?" she asked in her direct fashion.

"Not in words; in ways—Elizabeth's ways." His mouth quivered. "For a year she has been letting me see it."

"I never saw it," she exclaimed.

He looked at her with a smile that went to her heart. "You were not watching for it as I was. Oh, I was n't mistaken! A man always knows. I've that, at least—that year to relive to the end of time."

He went on to speak extenuatingly, tenderly of Elizabeth's caprices, of her dalliance, her apparent coldness. But he was glad, he said, for her very indecision, since it made him the more certain of her. She was like a wilful child that has been overtaken as it runs away—half sorry, still half defiant, but wholly tired, and ready to be carried home.

"If she had lived, she would have been my wife," he ended with simple conviction.

Anne bent and threw another bough upon the fire.

"How are we to do without her?" he asked, turning upon her with sweeping bitterness.

"She was mine, so much, no more," she paraphrased.

"You're blaming her for her concealment! O Anne!"

"I'm blaming her for nothing," she declared honestly. It is a bewildering thing to find that, instead of having lived in communion with your friend, you have lived in muteness.

When he had gone, she sat with heavy brows before the piñon ash. Who had failed in the relationship? Had the fault been all Elizabeth's? What was friendship, if it were not intuition? She should have divined. Small wonder Elizabeth had not pried open her blind and stupid eyes. Small wonder she had not proclaimed the happiness which should have needed no telling.

She did not dwell long on that part of it, however. The fact that Elizabeth had come into her happiness, after all, filled her.

She was rejoicing over it when young Kent appeared. He was a boy whom she and Elizabeth had known for years. He sat down in the chair John Kibbie had sat in, and he looked at her with the same eyes of sorrow that John Kibbie had turned upon her, and her heart tightened with startling premonition.

"I had to come," he said brokenly. "You can't bear a thing like this alone."

He became suddenly aware of her startled eyes.

"You must have seen how things were between us, Anne," he cried. "She was so elusive, so whimsical, there was n't any pinning her down; but—she loved me. I'm sure of that."

His head dropped to his hands and he sobbed wretchedly, while she waited numb and cold.

"She would n't take the attentions other girls took, you know," he went on presently, when the first storm of his grief was over. "She would n't let a fellow do any of the things he wanted to do for her. It seemed to suit her better to slip along in her quiet little way by herself. I think she hated the clatter of tongues, maybe—hated anything that bound her. But she showed me, for all her seeming indifference, that she cared. She showed it in so many little ways, as a girl can, you know."

His eyes entreated her to believe.

He rose presently and threshed nervously about the room, his hands deep in his pockets, his boyish face drawn and white. He talked on and on, while she

lered at his grief—whether it really the right to exist, and that it could allay itself with vocables.

"You 'll let me come often, won't you," he begged as they said good night. "No one else could understand."

He did not tell him how little *she* understood.

In parting, he held her hands in a grip that hurt her. He looked down at her, trying himself, and said exactly as John had said:

"If she had lived, she would have been *like* me."

When he had gone, she sat down and grieved.

A few days later, hurrying home through the sunshine of a late afternoon, he overtook Max Farwel, and they fell step with each other and presently into talk of Elizabeth Norbury. What he said was commonplace enough, but when he glanced suddenly at him, she felt him off guard: there was no mistaking the misery of his eyes.

His own fell in wretched confusion.

"Never mind," he said gently; "I don't think you should n't know."

He was a young physician just coming from a dazzlingly into his own, an energetic, overworked fellow whom one saw rarely out of his electric brougham. He knew that he had always been upon a level of more or less friendliness with Elizabeth, but that he had cared seriously for her she had never guessed.

Elizabeth had not known, she was sure, and said so to him.

"Oh, yes, she knew," he replied; "she has known for two years. She never forgave me to go on caring, and I believe—" His eyes were fixed on the distance, as if Elizabeth were there, and he searched her quiet, immobile face, which had meant so little to him—"I believe in time she will have—she has been very kind lately, dear. You know how impossible it is to persuade her into anything binding."

She liked to give herself when and where he pleased. But while our relationship did not yield her the delight it did, she can't feel that it irked her. I am not I do not deceive myself in believing that her pleasure increased in it rather than otherwise."

He walked blindly beside him, a wave of heart-sickness sweeping her.

Then her loyalty to Elizabeth aroused itself, incredulous and defensive. Elizabeth was gracious to many, she suggested, and prodigal with her kindness when she chose to be. Would n't it have been easy to mistake that kindness for—

"Do you think it probable a man would blunder when there was so much at stake?" he questioned, a strange smile lighting his grave face. "No," he went on argumentatively, as if to himself as well as to her, "his ego disciplines itself at such a time, let it have been ever so rampant before. He does n't take the flash of an eye for a tribute, a smile for veiled seriousness. He is n't easily assurable. He has to make everlastingly certain." There was no mistaking the strength of his certitude in regard to Elizabeth. "Besides," he urged, "who could be mistaken in her? She was as limpid as clear, unhurrying water."

Anne did not look at him. She did not speak. Neither her lips nor her eyes were to be trusted in that sick, bewildered moment. She moved her head, making a sound that must pass for the words he had a right to expect of her.

"No, I can't believe that I deceived myself," he said. "My hope built itself up month after month, meeting after meeting, letter after letter. I have n't been hasty in grasping the thing I coveted; I did n't want it to tear in my hands. So I waited. And now—" He ceased poignantly.

They walked the rest of the way in silence, for what had she to say to him? she asked herself bitterly. In parting they shook hands, and he begged her not to pity him too much. For years, he said, he had lived with the thought of Elizabeth, and now he had his memory to bear him company.

She went stumbling blindly on to her own door.

She had thought she knew Elizabeth's book of life. Page by page she had known it, or so she had believed, and a dull enough tale she had called it, impatient with her friend for her disrelish of what she herself considered healthy thrill and interest and climax. But now, by the addendum, she understood that she had erred in the translation, that she had misread every line and phrase of it.

As she reached home, a man arose from

her hearth and came to meet her, greeting her by name.

"Senator Parrish!" she exclaimed.

He was as old as Kent was young, a man whose life had been spent in the thick of things. He had a thin, tenuous body, which you felt instinctively to be like his conscience. His voice had much cadence, but little depth. His eyes were almost offensively familiar.

Anne loathed the type, disliked the man, and wondered what brought him to her door.

Grasping her hand, he began exactly as young Kent had begun: he had come because she was Elizabeth Norbury's friend.

A cold, blank horror settled over her.

"And I loved Elizabeth," he declared quite as simply as the boy had done. A woman so baffling, so fugitive, so charmingly elusive, could not be expected to give a man immediate answer to his wooing, he observed, but he had not been without hope, without plans. Indeed, he had grown increasingly confident of her regard, increasingly sure that some day she would consent to be his wife. He had been in Palermo in February, and had spent a wonderful week with her and her chaperon. Was ever a woman so vividly, so breathlessly alive as she? Great God, that she should be dead!

He let his gray head droop for a moment to his hands; a not unhandsome head it was, with its width of dome.

"She loved Sicily," he said presently. "We could have lived there if she had wished it, or in England, in France--anywhere that she had been happiest. Foreign skies delighted her. She bloomed incredibly beneath them. I had meant to make

up to her for all the drabness of her life in the classroom; and *now!*"

It was the echo of young Kent's cry, of John Kibbie's, of Farwel's. It seemed to crowd the room, and go clamoring out into the spring world, and she had the instinct to close the windows and shut it in. It was not a cry for the world to hear.

That it would reverberate forever in her own heart she knew, not because they had uttered it, but because Elizabeth had evoked it.

For the man before her she had small sympathy. She was rather glad than otherwise that Elizabeth's last jest had been at his expense.

"We know, you and I, that there was nothing unstable about her," he was saying, turning his lean, white hand this way and that, studying it as intently as if it were his emotion itself. "Elizabeth inconstant! The very thought is monstrous. Bewildering, hesitant, capricious, she would have been unalterably constant once she knew her mind, her dream—a woman into whose keeping a man might heartily put all his trust."

Anne Eastand did not speak.

"No," he continued, "it was not caprice which made her hesitate to commit herself. Nor was it that she shrank from the ordeal of selection, but rather that she feared to find 'within the very flame of love a kind of wick or snuff that would abate it.' Do you not agree with me?"

She looked beyond him, across the room to where she had placed Elizabeth Norbury's picture. A tremor swept her heart. Her soul ached. In her cheeks a dusky flush burned slowly.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she cried. "How can I tell?"





Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BLUEFISHING

SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

FOURTH PAPER: OTHELLO

BY WILLIAM WINTER

VIEWED exclusively as a dramatic fabric, "Othello" is not only the best of Shakspeare's plays, but the best play in the English language. The action of it begins with the first word that is spoken, steadily increases and broadens, culminates at a tremendous crisis, and terminates in a complete tragic fulfilment. The element of pantomime,—that element which is the basis of all drama,—is so abundant, pervasive, and distinct in it that the movement could be carried on and made intelligible to an audience almost without words. Among its many astonishing attributes the one that first particularly impresses the reader or the spectator of it is simplicity; and the dominant prevalence of that attribute points to the first requisite in a representation of the play.

Look for a moment at the facts of the story. The Shakspeare scholar is aware that the poet derived the materials for his tragedy from a tale contained in the "Hecatommithi," by Giraldi Cinthio, Italian novelist, 1504–1573, the details of which are barbarous, and that, according to his custom, he greatly elevated a borrowed subject, by his imaginative, poetical treatment of it. The scene is Venice; the time 1570. The beautiful *Desdemona*, a motherless girl, is fascinated by the manly *Othello*, a picturesque, eloquent soldier, and she encourages him to become her lover. Both of them abuse the confidence of the girl's father, *Brabantio*, and *Desdemona* elopes with *Othello* and is married to him. *Brabantio* is compelled to submit to the union of the lovers, since it has already occurred, and subsequently he dies of a broken heart because of his daughter's conduct,—described by her as "downright violence and scorn of fortune."

Othello, commander-in-chief of a Venetian army, appoints *Cassio* to the position

of his lieutenant, a position which had been, and continues to be, coveted by *Iago*, another officer, who is assigned to a subordinate place. *Roderigo*, a rich Venetian youth, has long been infatuated with *Desdemona*, and desirous to win her love. *Cassio* is smitten by the beauty of *Desdemona*, but his regard for her is that of a chivalrous admirer. *Iago*, who knows these persons and this posture of circumstance, determines to displace and ruin *Cassio*, whom he hates, and to obtain for himself the position of *Othello's* lieutenant. Pursuant to that determination he contrives to make *Cassio* drunk, to have him dismissed for inebriety and brawling, to make him the object of *Othello's* deadly jealousy and hatred, to supersede him in his military office, and to cause *Othello* to kill *Desdemona*,—the end of all his scheming being *Othello's* suicide and his own frightful death, by torture.

No story could be more simple, direct, fluent, and elementally tragic; but with what marvelous skill the poet has told it, with what ingenuity of invention, with what vibrant vitality of continuous action, with what ample and superb drawing of character, what prodigious volume of feeling, what tumult of surging and conflicting passion, and what perfection of poetic style!

The date of the composition of "Othello" has not been precisely determined and, apparently, it is indeterminable. The play was published in quarto form in 1622 and it is included in the Folio of 1623. The first mentioned presentment of it occurred in the autumn of 1604, at the palace of Whitehall, London, in the presence of King James the First and his court, and the first representative of *Othello* was Richard Burbage. All that is known about his performance is, that according to an inti-

in the Elegy on his death,—a common, anonymous, alleged to have been immediately subsequent to the sad—it was accounted supremely good. are the words of the Elegy, relating subject:

gone, and with him what a world are
 ad,
 he reviv'd, to be reviv'd so
 ore:—young *Hamlet*, old *Hieronymo*,
Leir, the cruel
 or, and more
 le,
 ived in him,
 : now forever

ntion is made
 prior to the
 : of Burbage,
 lo was repre-
 by John
 wood, rela-
 o whom the
 cles afford
 parse infor-
 1. He had
 t member of
 company of
 Children of
 Chapel," he
 pated in the
 performance
 en Jonson's
 Alchemist,"
 and he died

24. *Othello*
 so been acted
 thaniel Field,
 641, another
 ite from the

ny of "The Children of the Chapel,"
 r Eylæward Swanston. The death
 rbage occurred in 1629, the fourth
 of the reign of King Charles the
 It seems probable that Joseph Tay-
 lceceeded to the parts which had been
 by Burbage. There is authentic
 that Joseph Taylor played *Hamlet*
Iago. He was "Yeoman of the Rev-
 n 1639, and he died, aged eighty-
 1658, at Richmond, Surrey.

the successors of Burbage in *Othello*,
 ; the period of the generation which
 ended between his death and the re-

vival of the theater, at the Restoration,
 1660, scarcely anything is known. Among
 the leading actors of the English stage in
 that period,—actors who were contempo-
 raneously esteemed for brilliancy of talent
 and achievement,—were, not only Bur-
 bage's associates John Lowin and Joseph
 Taylor, but also Michael Mohun, Charles
 Hart (grandnephew of Shakspeare), John
 Lacy, — Clun, and Henry Harris.
 Most of those players had deteriorated or

passed away by
 the time Betterton
 reached middleage,
 and long before he
 reached middle age
 that extraordinary
 actor had taken
 precedence of his
 competitors and ap-
 propriated to him-
 self most of the
 greater dramatic
 parts. The date of
 his first assumption
 of *Othello* is not
 recorded, but prob-
 ably he added that
 part to his reper-
 tory after the
 union, in 1682, of
 the two prominent
 dramatic compa-
 nies, Killigrew's
 and Davenant's, the
 former known as
 "The King's," and
 the latter, because
 patronized by the
 Duke of York, the
 king's brother, as
 "The Duke's."



From an old print

SPRANGER BARRY AS *OTHELLO*

On February 6, 1669, sometime be-
 fore the union of those two companies,
 "Othello" was performed by Killigrew's
 actors, with a cast which contained —
 Burt, as *Othello*, Michael Mohun, as
Iago, and Margaret Hughes, as *Desde-
 mona*. No account of Burt's acting has
 been found. He seems to have been
 eclipsed, in *Othello*, by Charles Hart. On
 January 28, 1707, the tragedy was per-
 formed at the Haymarket Theater, with
 Betterton as *Othello*, and from that time
 onward the chronicle of its fortunes is
 reasonably continuous and clear. On

¹ The name was, inadvertently, printed *Robert* Taylor, in an earlier paper of this series.

the occasion when Betterton acted at the Haymarket as *Othello* the cast included the shining names of Barton Booth, as *Cassio*, John Verbruggen, as *Iago*, and Anne Oldfield (1683-1730),—an exceptionally delicious and bewitching woman, if all accounts be true,—as *Desdemona*. Betterton's impersonation of *Othello*, according to Steele's incomplete yet informative description of it, in "The Tatler," must have been exceedingly noble, powerful, and pathetic. One citation from that account tells much:

"The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief, the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers *Desdemona* makes, betrayed in his gestures such a variety and vicissitude of passion as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy."

A supreme merit of that actor is indicated in one particularly significant

sentence by Cibber: "He could vary his *spirit* to the different characters he acted." Betterton made *Othello* black, and, probably, he wore a court-dress, of his period.

The unprovided or wrongly provided condition of the British theater, in the matter of scenery, and the slovenly or grotesque heedlessness, as to suitability of costume, which generally prevailed on the British stage prior to John Philip Kemble's assumption of the management of Drury Lane Theater, which occurred in 1788-'89, can be deduced from these expressive sentences concerning that subject, written by Kemble's biographer, James Boaden, in 1825: "The memory of no very aged person may present, if closely

urged, some not very brilliant impressions of the miserable pairs of flats that used to clap together on even the stage trod by Mr. Garrick; architecture without selection or propriety; a hall, a castle, or a chamber, or a cut-wood of which the verdure seemed to have been washed away. Unquestionably all the truth, all the uniformity, all the splendor, and the retinue of the stage came in with Mr. Kemble." The same historian records that Thomas King, on relinquishing the man-

agement of Drury Lane, to which Kemble succeeded, significantly remarked that, while he had been manager of the theater, he "had not even the liberty to command the cleaning of a coat, or adding, by way of decoration, a yard of copper lace, both of which, it must be allowed, were often much wanted." As illustrative of the habitual indifference to fitness of dress which had long prevailed before Kemble's time, mention may be made that, in 1787, when James Fennell, making his first appearance on



From an old print

JOHN HENDERSON AS *IAGO*

the stage, acted at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, as *Othello*, the garb that he wore, furnished by the manager, John Jackson (author of "The History of the Scottish Stage," 1793), consisted of a coat, waistcoat, and trousers of white cloth,—the coat and waistcoat being profusely decorated with silver lace,—a black "ramillies," that is, a wig, made of black hair, with a tail attached to it, about a yard long, white silk stockings, and dancing pumps.

After Betterton's time the first decisively important performer of *Othello* was Barton Booth, who must have been exceptionally well qualified to play that part, his natural demeanor being charac-

terized by great dignity, his temperament being emotional,—beneath an habitually calm exterior,—and his countenance, in which the muscles were prominent and flexible, being well adapted to express the incessant and continually changing play of

“In all the distressful passages of heart-breaking anguish and jealousy I have frequently seen all the men, susceptible to the tender passion, in tears.” Booth, unquestionably a man of genius, was unequal in his acting, sometimes superb, sometimes



From an old print

GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE AS *IAGO*

varied feeling,—a facility much required in the terrible situations contrived in the tremendous third act of the tragedy. Cibber, a good judge, notwithstanding his demonstrable bias in some cases, declares that *Othello* was Booth's masterpiece; and Benjamin Victor, the careful theatrical recorder, bears significant testimony to the effect of his acting, in these words:

languid, careless, and indifferent. He vitalized the formal rhetoric of Addison's *Cato*, and he gave a profoundly pathetic impersonation of *King Lear*. He was an athletic man, five feet eight inches in height, of a comely aspect, and possessed of a voice of wide compass and peculiar sweetness. Aaron Hill wrote of him, as an actor, that “the blind might have seen

him in his voice and the deaf have heard him in his visage." Accessible though incomplete analysis of his presentment of *Othello* indicates that his personality was solid, his demeanor grave, his elocution notable for variety and significant pauses, and his transitions of feeling effected with consummate skill. Like Betterton, he made *Othello* black. Booth was utterly indifferent to suitability of costume, on the stage. As the Roman *Cato*, for example, he wore a long gown, figured all over with flowers, and a huge powdered wig. As *Othello* he probably followed the example of Betterton, with whom he had acted and whom he venerated, and wore a court-dress of his time (1681-1733). There is no known description of the costumes used by either of those actors, in that part.

James Quin (1693-1766), the most renowned *Falstaff* of his time, who followed Booth as *Othello*, 1738, gave a performance of the part which was recognized by contemporaneous critics as dignified, correct, and respectable, but nothing more. Quin was a man of strong intellect and formidable character. It is not credible that he actually failed in *Othello*, but it is not likely, judging from what is known of his acting in other parts in which he was distinguished,—notably the *Ghost* of *King Hamlet*, *Brutus*, *Cato*, *Angelo*, *Melantius*, *Bejazzet*, *Pinchwife*, *Sir John Brute*, and *King Henry the*

Eighth,—that he achieved any considerable success in it. He made up his face and hands black, for *Othello*, and wore an English military uniform, a large, powdered wig, and white gloves. When he removed the gloves the sudden disclosure

of his sable hands seemed to accentuate the fact that he was showing *Othello* as a negro. One authority declares that Quin's *Othello* was positively "bad," and condemns by use of the same epithet his *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *King Richard the Third*. On the occasion when Quin first appeared as *Othello*, John Mills exerted his conventional, experienced professional talent in the part of *Iago* and Mrs. Cibber—not a beauty, but undoubtedly a woman of dramatic genius, all feeling and fire, with mind to lead and taste to guide,—was the representative of *Desdemona*, and it is doubtful if the part ever had better one.

Colley Cibber to whom the student of theatrical history is indebted for valuable in-

formation concerning some of his contemporaries on the stage, and also for information, apparently not always reliable, as to a few of their immediate predecessors, did not attempt to play *Othello*, but he played *Iago*, and he gave a poor performance of that exacting part. Davies says that he acted *Iago* in a drawling, hypocritical style, and made him such a transparent villain that *Othello*, "who is not drawn a fool, must have seen through



From an old print

EDMUND KEAN AS *IAGO*

disguises." He seems to have been
ed, not esteemed, in tragedy, to
indeed, he was not fitted, either by
re of emotion, sensibility of tempera-
dignity of person, or quality of
He could, and did, act old men
ps, and he acted them well. He
ot beyond that level. Cibber was

Iago is incarnate evil, but like every
other character in the tragedy, he should
be viewed as a poetic type, not as a prosy
miscreant,—such as, evidently, Cibber
made him. He is part of a system of dra-
matic machinery that operates within the
realm of imagination. He was not drawn
for the commonplace purpose of showing



EDMUND KEAN AS *OTHELLO*

This picture, from an old print, would seem to be ridiculous as a portrayal of Kean in the character of the *Moor*, but it has some interest as possibly indicating his costume.

talent, the utterly contemptible per-
at Pope represents him to have been,
ere is evidence that he was a man of
nature, flimsy character, superfi-
tainments, and dissolute life. Suc-
the impersonation of the more lofty,
and splendid characters drawn by
ere is not possible to persons of friv-
constituence. Simulation can, to
tent, beguile, but personality shows
and it is decisive in its impartment
impression.

merely unmitigated depravity. The trag-
edy of "Othello" tells an awful and ago-
nizing story, of which that ruthless, terri-
ble, but highly intellectual villain is the
mainspring of action. The tragedy is
made unfit for representation when it is
acted in a manner that reduces it to
the level of common life. It has been
so acted by many players, domestic as
well as foreign, whose names it is not
essential to mention. Indeed, a complete
list of the persons who are known to

have appeared as *Othello* and as *Iago* would be almost as prolix and tiresome as the catalogue of ships in the "Iliad."

The representation of *Othello* given by Robert Wilks, who was more a comedian than a tragedian, seems to have been cred-

as *Hamlet*, so imaginative and weird as *Macbeth*, and so piteous and affecting as *Lear* (in Tate's perversion), made no significant impression as *Othello*. He acted the part for the first time on May 7, 1745, at Drury Lane. Macklin played *Iago*, and



* From an old print, after the original painting by Tracey

MACREADY AS *OTHELLO*

itable, but not extraordinary,—that fine actor of gallant lovers lacking the essential quality of repose. Steele intimates that he succeeded in parts of *Othello*, only failing when he tried to imitate Betterton. He made *Othello* black, and he dressed him in a British military uniform, and wore a large wig.

The brilliant Garrick, so sympathetic

Mrs. Cibber played *Desdemona*. Quin who did not approve of Garrick's innovating style, attended one of the representations and openly sneered at it, as also did the clever, piquant, satirical, coarse Kitty Clive, an actress of fine ability, a woman of sturdy common sense, and one who was accustomed to speak her mind freely, on all occasions. To those observers Gar-

Othello seemed to be a "little nigger." The judgment of Victor was, to the contrary, favorable to Garrick's delineation, and particularly he extolled the actor's treatment of the piteous scene of *Othello's* epileptic trance,—a scene which, in almost all modern presentations of the tragedy, on the English-speaking stage, has been omitted. Henry Irving, in his production of "*Othello*," February 1876, restored it. Garrick's costume of *Othello* is not particularly described. In the opinion of his biographers, Arthur Murphy, that "he chose to appear in a Venetian dress"—in which case he chose aright. The earlier recorder, of later date, affirms that he wore Moorish garments. It was not his habit to consider correctness of dress, nor was it the stage custom of his time to be fastidious as to congruity of costume. His venture as *Othello* was as successful as Cooke's venture in *Othello*, and he discarded the part, after only three performances of it.

Samuel Johnson, with his fine, manly features, handsome face, melodious voice, sympathetic temperament, made the part of *Othello* so much his own that, in the time of his popularity, 1747 to 1758, he was a competitor for the public favor undervalued by him in it. Colley Cibber, speaking from personal observation, considered him superior, as *Othello*, to Betterton or Booth. He dressed the part in a suit of scarlet cloth, decorated with gold lace, and wore a small black hat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, the better to display his shapely legs, which he was vain,—as men usually who possess those accidental advantages.

He had profited much by the opinion that he received from Macklin, if not always able to exemplify his teaching, was unquestionably an actor of extraordinary intellectual resource and power. Macklin never acted *Othello*, but he acted *Iago*, not only to the satisfaction of Garrick but to that of Foote. In the opinion of Macklin, Barry's exhibition of untrammelled passions of love and jealous rage was finer than that accomplished by any other actor of *Othello* whom he had seen, and Macklin's mature and correct memory of the stage covered the whole period from the time of Betterton to that of Kemble. One enthusiast mentions when Barry uttered the words, "Rude

am I in my speech," his tones were "as soft as feathered snowflakes that melt as they fall." Barry made *Othello* a black man, but, as his person was tall,—more than five feet eleven inches,—and absolutely symmetrical, his countenance expressive, his smile winning, his voice rich and sweet, and as, being a remarkably expert dancer and fencer, his demeanor and motions were graceful, he was able to overcome that disadvantage. There is no reason for doubt that among all the performers of *Othello* who appeared on the English stage in the course of the eighteenth century, Spranger Barry was the best.

John Henderson, obviously, from the authentic records, an actor of various and copious ability, did not undertake *Othello*, but he played *Iago*, and he was the first among actors of that part to speak the rhymed lines with which *Iago* responds to *Desdemona's* inquiry concerning what would be his praise of "a deserving woman indeed" as if he were slowly and carefully composing them, and not speaking them as a composition which had been committed to memory. He dressed *Iago* in any military garb that chanced to please his fancy, for he was absolutely heedless of propriety of costume. Record is made of the fact that he prided himself on having, in the course of one London season, acted ten different parts in the same apparel.

Kemble, in accordance with his custom when performing in a work of imagination, acted *Othello* as a poetic character. "From his first entrance to his last," says Boaden, "he wrapped that great and ardent being in a mantle of mysterious solemnity, awfully predictive of his fate." The same conscientious authority declares that he was "grand, awful, and pathetic, but a European," and adds that he "never so completely worked himself into the character as to be identified with it." The fact that he was "a European" can scarcely be deemed surprising, when it is remembered that *Othello*, although called "a Moor," is, unequivocally, drawn as an Englishman, and whoever plays that part conformably to the text cannot avoid playing it in accordance with that delineation. Kemble's dress, as *Othello*, was strangely incorrect. At one time he wore a portion of the uniform of a British military officer and with that he combined Turkish trousers and a turban! At another time he

wore a Moorish costume, obviously inappropriate to a Venetian general. Macready, as a young actor, 1816, aged twenty-three, attended his performance of *Othello*, and saw him in Moorish attire. "His darkened complexion," says Macready, "detracted but little from the stern beauty of his commanding features, and the enfolding drapery of the Moorish mantle hung gracefully on his erect and noble form." The same observer mentions "the dreary dullness of his cold recitation," remarks that "his readings were faultless," and adds that in his acting "there was no spark of feeling." In 1784 William Dunlap (the historian of the early American Theater, then, as it chanced, a visitor in London), saw Kemble, as *Othello*, dressed in a scarlet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, white silk stockings, and a long military cue, and at the same time he saw Robert Bensley, as *Iago*, in which part that actor was esteemed very good, dressed in a military uniform of red and blue. When Kemble acted, at Drury Lane, March 8, 1785, as *Othello*, his sister, the wonderful Mrs. Siddons, appeared as *Desdemona*, greatly overweighting a part the predominant and essential characteristic of which is gentleness. Her expert use of the text, in point of inflection, emphasis, and shading of the meaning of words,—examples of which elocutionary felicity have been preserved,—was noted as particularly admirable.

The amplest and most superb impersonation of *Othello* that ever was exhibited, if the numerous and almost invariably enthusiastic accounts of it which exist can be credited, and perhaps the most decisively effective impersonation of the part shown in the course of the nineteenth century, was that of Edmund Kean. The store of superlatives with which the English language abounds has been well-nigh exhausted in the celebration of it. The address that *Othello* delivers to the Venetian Senate was, it appears, as spoken by Kean, a consummate achievement of natural eloquence. *Othello's* greeting to *Desdemona*, on his arrival in Cyprus, was beatific in its expression of love. His dismissal of *Cassio* was noble. His demeanor, while his mind was being poisoned by the artful insinuations of *Iago*, was such as to communicate to an audience all the afflicting perturbation of an agonized soul. His

utterance of the Farewell was the final, overwhelming, surpassingly pathetic impartment of a desolate spirit, a ruined life, and a broken heart. His delirium of jealousy struggling with love was prodigious and awful. His killing of *Desdemona* was sacrificial. His ultimate despair was that of a bleak agony that drowned his being in a sea of grief. His manner of death, making a futile attempt to kiss the face of his dead wife, was unspeakably piteous. Such is the purport of many narratives which, written by contemporary observers, have survived to the present day. Hazlitt designated Kean's *Othello* as "the finest piece of acting in the world."

An opinion generally prevalent among commentators on this subject is that *Othello*, like *Macbeth*, because he is a soldier, has had much experience in warfare, has performed feats of valor and endured many hardships, should be represented by a man of large size. He is called "the Moor"; the text seems to imply that he is a native of Mauritania; he declares himself to be of royal lineage. Moors are not, racially, large men. The point is not material. It does not signify whether the actor who appears as *Othello* is tall or short, if he truly is able to act the part. Barry was tall and of large frame; Kean was of low stature and slender figure; each was magnificent as *Othello*.

A question of practical and decisive importance, however, is that of *Othello's* color. All the actors who played *Othello* prior to Kean's assumption of the part, made him "black," and the text contains phrases which, by some judges, have been thought to justify that usage. Such phrases as "the sooty bosom" and "old black ram" are, it should be observed, spoken by persons hostile to *Othello* and intent on expressing their malicious antagonism toward him. There is no better reason for accepting "black" as literally descriptive of his color than there is for thinking him a four-footed beast because *Iago* calls him so. His own expression, "haply for I am black" occurs in a speech in which he is humbly depreciating himself, in comparison with the beautiful girl whom he has wedded, and it is figurative, not literal. A Moor is not necessarily black; he is tawny.

Othello is not a negro, and he should not be represented as one. Kean was the

first among actors of the part to recognize that fact, and to make that distinction as to color. Furthermore, it is essential that the actor should consider the imperative questions of facial expression and dramatic effect. The tragedy of "Othello" written mostly in blank verse, and, in general, sustained upon a high level of thought, feeling, invention, and style, if it is to be acted at all, should be acted in a poetical spirit. To take a cue from such expressions in the text as "thick lips" and "Barbary horse," and make *Othello* a negro, is, necessarily, to lower the tone of the interpretation. Kean made him light brown, and his example, in that respect, has been generally followed. It seems not possible fully to depict in words the image of desolation that Kean became, —according to contemporary testimony, —when he reached the climax of that agonizing scene which culminates with the pathetic Farewell. Records of his achievement dwell particularly on the quality of his voice,—the thrilling tones, unaffectedly melodious, flowing as if out of the depth of a broken heart and fraught with despair,—in which he uttered the mournful, hopeless lines beginning:

"O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind!"

and his coincident action, culminating in a complete physical as well as spiritual collapse, when, as he moaned forth "Othello's occupation's gone!" he raised his arms, clasped his hands, and sank back, in the abject misery of ruin. His voice, said Hazlitt, "struck on the heart like the swelling of some divine music." His manner of ejaculating, to *Desdemona*,—in the tempest of contention between love and fury that makes *Othello* almost a madman, in the terrible scene in which he accuses his wife of infidelity,—"Would thou had'st ne'er been born!" is said to have reached the uttermost of pathos. The exclamation, "O fool! fool! fool!" when *Desdemona* is dead and *Iago's* monstrous villainy has been revealed, came from his lips in a whisper of indescribable despair.

In our time only one actor whom I recall has caused a like effect with it; Gustavus Vaughan Brooke (1818-1867), a man of deep heart, splendid presence, and ripe artistic skill, whose performance of *Othello*

was noble, passionate, and true; put into the iterated utterance of that little word the whole vast volume of *Othello's* love and woe. The sob with which he accented the last word was irresistible in its excitation of sympathy and grief. Kean's frequent employment of a sob is remarked in several contemporary accounts: when his powers were failing he used it so frequently, indeed, that on one occasion he was hissed for it, and he is said to have remarked, "They have found me out." Brooke could not have been an imitator of Kean. He was only fifteen years old, and resident in Dublin, when Kean, whom he had never seen, died, 1833, at Richmond, near London. He had, however, acted with Forrest, who had learned much from Kean, and who, rightly and naturally, made use of what he had learned, and thus, no doubt, transmitted much to Brooke.

Macready seems neither to have satisfied himself (he was a judicious and stern critic of his art), nor deeply moved his auditors, in the acting of *Othello*, but he particularly excelled as *Iago*. That result might have been expected. It is not unjust to the memory of that great actor to say that his intellectuality exceeded his tenderness. Writing in 1835, Macready makes this comment on his *Othello*: "I do not find that I yet give that real pathos and terrible fury which belong to the character," and also he describes his personation as "elaborate but not abandoned." The part had then been included in his repertory for nineteen years. His make-up for *Othello* was Venetian and correct. *Othello* is not only an officer in the military service of the Venetian government, but he has abjured the religion of Mohammed and become a Christian. There can be no question as to the costume that he should wear, and Macready was too much a scholar and thinker and too scrupulous an executant to have made a mistake as to *Othello's* raiment. Hazlitt, generally a discriminative but sometimes a splenetic, censorious critic, tartly remarked, 1816, relative to Charles Mayne Young and Macready, who were then acting together, in this tragedy, and alternating the two great parts, that "Young, in *Othello*, was like a great humming-top, and Macready, in *Iago*, like a mischievous boy whipping him." The greatness of Macready's acting was

exhibited in the thrilling revelation of *Macbeth's* agonized and haunted soul, and in the full denotement of the terrific frenzy of *King Lear*, not in *Othello*,—his performance of which, nevertheless, gained praise for "condensation of vigorous utterance and masculine expression."

Macready's rival, Samuel Phelps, while he seems to have followed in a conventional track when acting *Othello*, seems likewise to have given a judicious, potent, and effective performance. He followed old stage traditions, in causing *Othello* to strangle *Desdemona* behind curtains in an alcove at the back of the closing scene. An English critic, of judgment and taste, F. G. Tomlins (died 1867), wrote, of Phelps's *Othello*: "The great and pathetic speech of the Farewell was given with consummate art and force; the images rose one after the other into a grand climax, till they were all scattered by the last, despairing line."

The elder Booth, terrible as *Sir Giles Overreach*, gave a performance of *Othello*, which, by some contemporary admirers of his acting, was esteemed kindred with that of Edmund Kean, in nobility and pathos. Those two actors while presenting various points of difference, resembled each other in important particulars, so that, in dramatic history, their names have become almost inseparable. As to Booth's impersonation of *Othello* there are many wild stories. One declares that he acted the part arrayed in an old dressing-gown; another that, on one occasion, having no black stockings, he blackened his legs as well as his face and hands, and thereby, in the course of the performance, soiled the white dress of the fair *Desdemona*. The fact is that he bronzed his face and hands for *Othello*, as Kean had done, and that he presented him, not as a Negro but as a Moor. Booth did not, at any time, give scrupulous heed to costume, and at all times he was more or less erratic; but he was a great actor,—greater, it seems to me, in *Sir Giles*, *Pescara*, and *Richard* than in either *Othello* or *Lear*. His practice of fitting the sound to the sense, in the delivery of a poetic text, was felicitously evinced in his speaking of *Othello's* address to the Senate, and contemporary celebration of his acting commends his utterance of the lovely passage,—so peculiarly illuminative of *Othello's* nature and

spirit,—beginning, "If it were now to die, 't were now to be most happy," as exceedingly beautiful. Clarity of articulation and careful distribution of accent were among his conspicuous merits,—as, indeed, they were among those of many actors of his period, such as James W. Wallack, William Warren, James E. Murdoch, John Gilbert, John E. Owens, Henry Placide, Joseph Jefferson, and William Rufus Blake. It is recorded as an excellence of his *Othello* that he dismissed *Cassio* without any denotement of wounded affection, whereas that was a manifest fault,—because *Othello* is deeply wounded. "Cassio, I love thee; but nevermore be officer of mine," is not the language of a mere military martinet. In uttering the Farewell, at "Othello's occupation's gone!" he stood erect, gazing into space, spellbound in misery. As usual with him, it was not until he had made a considerable progress into the play that his power and fire were fully liberated—the great surging outburst coming, in "Othello," at the terrible conflict of passion in the Temptation Scene in the dreadful third act. He spoke the passage beginning, "Like to the Pontic Sea,"—a passage always omitted by Edmund Kean, because his strength was not equal to it,—and he made it tremendously effective. When, at the last, he entered the chamber to do the killing of *Desdemona*, he carried a lighted lamp in one hand and a naked simitar in the other, and he maintained an aspect of deadly calm. The intention of the actor, obviously, from the first moment when *Othello's* jealousy had been awakened, was to allow an Oriental nature to show itself, slowly prevailing over the adopted customs of the Christian. Booth's final business, which was exceedingly artificial, was to throw a silken robe across his shoulders, and draw from a turban a dagger which had been concealed in it, with which he stabbed himself to the heart. His son Edwin wrote of him that his treatment of *Othello* was "eminently Shaksperian and profoundly affecting," and gave also this singular information: "If 'Othello' were billed for the evening, he would, perhaps, wear a crescent pin on his breast that day, or, disregarding the fact that Shakspeare's Moor was a Christian, he would mumble maxims of the Koran."

Among the performers of *Othello* on American stage, in early times, were first Upton, David Douglass, William Hallam, and John Henry. The first representation of the tragedy given in America occurred at the theater in Nassau Street, New York City, December 26, 1792. Upton played *Othello*. The performance given by John Henry, a handman, six feet in height, was thought more than ordinarily good. He wore uniform of a British military officer, of the period. His face was black and his hair woolly. He made *Othello* a negro. Thomas Fennell (1766-1816), long regarded as the part in his repertory, and his impersonation of it, when he acted in America, was highly extolled. "His appearance in the Moors, *Othello* and *Iago*," says Dunlap, "was noble. His appearance better and more expressive than his towering figure superb." Fennell had light-gray eyes and yellow eyebrows and eyelashes, and he needed "make-up" to produce facial effect, but he was one of the best tragedians of his day. John Hodgson, one of the most versatile actors of whom there is record, while better suited to comedy than tragedy, nevertheless attempted tragic parts, but his performance of *Othello* was neither authoritatively intended nor particularly described. He acted the part, February 6, 1793, at John Street Theater, New York, with the excellent actor Lewis Hallam, second in the name, nephew of William Hallam, first.

Cooper, whose career was brilliant and whose repertory comprised two hundred and sixty-four parts, seems to have won his rightest laurels in *Macbeth* and *Virginius*, but the veteran John Bernard, a careful observer not prone to effusive eulogism, records the opinion that Cooper's performance of *Othello* was equal to that of any actor, which, of course, he had seen, and S. C. Carpenter, writing in 1810, records that, in the last act of the tragedy, "Cooper's acting was 'superlatively good.'" Cooper, it should be borne in mind, was an actor remarkable for intrinsic dignity of bearing and deep tenderness of feeling, as well as lively imagination and artistic taste. He made *Othello's* complexion brown and he wore a Venetian mask. He also acted *Iago* and his performance is recorded as "insidious and pli-

ant in manner, the complete, smooth, varnished villain." Particular comment on the business and dress of all the numerous performers of *Othello* and *Iago* who have shone with more or less luster on the American stage since the time of Cooper would fill a large volume.

Edwin Forrest (1806-1872), who formed his style largely on that of Cooper and somewhat on that of Edmund Kean, with both of whom he had acted and both of whom he fervently admired, gave a potent performance of *Othello*, not, however, free from that animal coarseness which was, at all times, more or less apparent in his acting. To deprecate that coarseness was, in Forrest's time,—and, to some extent, is now,—to incur the reproach of being puny, or over-fastidious, or literary, or undemocratic, or prone to "silk-stocking" views of life and art. The principal biographer of the great actor,—for a great actor he was, in his peculiar field and within his obvious and specific limitations,—informs his readers that Forrest's portraiture of *Othello* was sometimes subjected to "censorious criticism" for the reason that "the scale and fervor of the passions bodied forth in it were so much beyond the experience of average natures; they were not exaggerated or false, but seemed so to the cold or petty souls who knew nothing of the lava-floods of bliss and avalanches of woe that ravage the sensibilities of the impassioned souls that find complete fulfillment and lose it."

Much fustian (of which that is a specimen) was written about Forrest, in his lifetime, and it has been occasionally written about him since his death. The fact is that he possessed no refinement, and that until late in life,—when he had greatly suffered, and when his *King Lear* became a royal and deeply pathetic impersonation,—his best acting was exhibited in parts that permitted a liberal assertion of the human animal. He lacked spirituality, and, as a general thing, he lacked poetry. His acting was far more literal than imaginative. He was a robust man, he possessed a magnificent voice, and always in *Spartacus*, *Jack Cade*, and *Metamora*, and often in parts of higher range, such as *Virginius*, *Damon*, and *Othello*, he acted with a tremendous vigor that stirred the multitude, more particularly the "average natures," much as a tempest stirs the waves of the sea. He

impressed his style on the acting and on the popular taste of his generation, he inspired numerous imitators, and, when at his meridian, he was the most widely and generally admired actor in America. Upon the part of *Othello* he bestowed exceptional attention, and his performance of it was the most symmetrical, rounded, and finished of his achievements,—unless that distinction should be awarded to his *Febro*, in "The Broker of Bogota." His appearance in *Othello* was imposing, notwithstanding the ridiculous attire with which he invested himself, and his acting was powerful and at times fraught with a certain barbaric splendor of distinction, all his own. He wore a tunic, cut low in the neck, dark tights, low shoes fastened with straps and adorned with buckles, an ample silk mantle spotted with large gilt leaves, a turban-like hat, resembling an inverted saucepan, and a dress sword. His face was clean-shaved, except for his usual mustache and tuft of hair under the lower lip, and his color was dark brown. In the opening scenes he bore himself with a fine, solid dignity, suitable to a massive person and a composed and deliberate mind. In the passion and agony of the third and fourth acts he put forth his powers with prodigious effect. His delivery of the Farewell was a sonorous, various, skilful achievement of elocution, and at that point his rich voice was heard with delight. The ensuing transition was made suddenly and with startling effect, when, with a sudden insane fury, he rushed upon *Iago*, clutching him by the throat, and in the speech beginning, "If thou dost slander her and torture me," he reached a supreme altitude of frenzy. In the last scene he so arranged the stage business that he was "discovered," *Desdemona*, meanwhile, being asleep in bed. The killing was done quickly, and with judicious, artistic avoidance of coarse and horrible literalism, an avoidance as effective as it was unusual in his acting. The subsequent action, on the revelation of *Iago's* treachery, was nobly tragic. No player could have spoken with more effect, "Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire." The suicide was accomplished with one blow of a dagger, and the death was immediate.

On the American stage the scepter that slipped from the hand of Edwin Forrest was grasped by the hand of Edwin Booth.

It was my fortune to see Booth many times in *Othello*. His performance varied greatly; it was often defective by reason of a certain element of unfitness,—the involuntary infusion into it of a mind too keenly perceptive and intuitive for the character; but that defect was not always present, and the performance was invariably a skilful, fascinating work of art. He especially excelled in the expression of *Othello's* love for *Desdemona*,—a love which contemplates its object as invested with sanctity; and also in the winning denotement of *Othello's* magnanimity. On one occasion, at Booth's Theater, it was my privilege to see him act the part to perfection. Nothing could have excelled it—I doubt if it has ever been equaled.

I talked with him after the performance had ended and told him that I had never seen him act the part as well. "I have never played *Othello* as well before," he said, "and I shall never play it as well again."

He had, though greatly agitated, succeeded in maintaining absolute control of himself and of the part and, at the same time, in creating an effect of complete spontaneity and abandonment. His feelings,—for he was a man of tender heart and acute sensibility, notwithstanding the exceptional dominance of intellect in his nature,—had been so completely aroused that, after the self-contained, majestic opening, he seemed to be swept along upon a veritable tempest of passion, and he carried his auditors with him as leaves are swept by the whirlwind.

In the killing of *Desdemona* which, terrible though it be, is, in her husband's belief, a righteous immolation, *Othello* is like a priest at the altar. There is no anger in his conduct, no fury, no ferocity. The man has passed through a hell of anguish and passionate conflict, has fallen in epileptic fits, has barely survived an ordeal of maddening torture, and at last he is calm, in the concentration of deadly despair. *Desdemona* must die, because, as he believes, it is necessary and right. He is not doing a murder; he is doing what he thinks to be an act of justice. He confidently supposes himself to be fulfilling a sacred duty of sacrifice. He is the wretched victim of a horrible delusion, but in that awful moment he is a sublime figure, an incarnation at once of rectitude and misery. That was the emi-

to which Edwin Booth attained, in personation of *Othello*, and his acting, at scene, has not been surpassed by performer of our time.

One of the most pathetic moments in that I have known, or that, as I remember, was ever known by anybody, was the moment when the German tragedian Emil Davison (1818-1872), playing *Othello*, raised the dead body of *Desdemona* in his arms, and swaying to and fro, uttering, abject, unspeakable, and indelible misery, with excruciating sobs, or four times, in accents of heart-rending lamentation, moaned out her name. Davison's performance of *Othello* was, on December 29, 1866, at the old Winter Garden Theater (which stood on the east side of Broadway, nearly opposite the end of Bond Street, New York), in connection with Edwin Booth, as *Iago*, and Madame Methua-Scheller, as *Desdemona*. Davison spoke German, Booth and the members of his company spoke English, and Madame Methua-Scheller spoke French. That was the first of the best representations of Shakspeare with which the local stage has been disfigured; and it discovered some remarkably fine qualities. Davison was, at that time, fulfilling an engagement at the old Stadt Theater in the Bowery.

The production of "*Othello*" which was made for him by Booth, at the Winter Garden, the colloquies that begin the first act,—comprehending *Othello's* epithet and *Cassio's* contemptuous reference to his mistress, *Bianca*, which *Othello* declares, supposing it to be allusive to *Desdemona*,—were restored. That part of the tragedy, containing the final and the stroke of *Iago's* infernal malignity, and also such foulness and such excess, only, that, commonly, it is omitted. The lines of this play, indeed, must be revised in order that it may be made suitable, not to say decent, in a public representation, and, matchless though it is, as a piece of dramatic construction, the unity, perhaps, would not suffer an irreparable loss if it were altogether relegated from the stage to the library. There is no doubt, however, that it exactly fulfills the purpose of tragedy as defined by Aristotle,—the excitement, namely, of pity and terror. No adequate presentment of it yet failed to provide a solemn warn-

ing against the passion of jealousy—always cruel in its operation, and often appalling in its consequences.

Edwin Booth made a fine production of "*Othello*," October, 1863, at the Winter Garden Theater,—burned down March 22, 1867,—and another, even more elaborate and splendid, at Booth's Theater, April 12, 1869. On the latter occasion *Iago* was acted by Edwin Adams, while Mary McVicker (she was married to Booth in the following June) appeared as *Desdemona*, and, in the fifth act, sang the Willow Song, the effect of which was strangely ominous and sadly beautiful. It had not, I believe, been heard on the dramatic stage of America before that time; it has not been heard there since.

Edwin Booth gave incomparably the best performance of *Iago* that has been seen in our day,—meaning in the period, about fifty years, since 1860. His *Iago*, when in company, was entirely frank and not only plausible but winning. The gay, light-hearted, good-humored soldier whom he thus presented would have deceived anybody, and did easily deceive *Othello*, who, as Kemble truly and shrewdly remarked, is "a slow man,"—meaning, of course, a man slow to those passions which shatter the judgment. Nothing could be more absolutely specious and convincingly sympathetic than Booth's voice, manner, and whole personality were, when he said, "There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry!" The duplicity of the character, when visible in association with others, was made evident to the audience by the subtle expedient of gesture and facial play, by perfect employment of the indefinable but instantly perceptible expedient of *transparency*—but it was only when alone that his *Iago* revealed his frightful wickedness and his fiendish joy in it, and there was in that revelation an icy malignity of exultation that caused a strange effect of mingled admiration, wonder, and fear.

Another exceptionally fine performance of *Iago* was that given by Edward L. Davenport. A reminiscent comment made by the experienced old journalist and critic John Taylor (1833), relative to Henderson's superb embodiment of *Iago*, exactly indicates the peculiar merit of that of Davenport: "He admirably mingled the subtlety of the character with its reputed honesty." As to the style of Booth

and Davenport, no competent judge of acting ever questioned its apparent spontaneity, flexibility, and absolute consonance with Nature. No actor of the present day has equaled either of those actors, in the matter of being "natural" without ceasing to be artistic and interesting—and they thus excelled, it should be remembered, in poetic tragedy, not by the employment of photographic copies of the surface aspects of vulgar life. If Davenport's personation of *Othello*,—for he also acted that part with abundant success,—had been as deep in feeling as it was symmetrical in form it would have been perfect.

Although we must detest *Iago* even while we admire and shudder at him, he not only supplies the motive and inspires the action of the tragedy, but also he is the most interesting figure in it, even if the interest be the fascinated loathing inspired by a deadly reptile. It is not, however, possible to consider that terrible character, and describe in detail its stage history, within this article.

Charles Fechter (1824–1879), within his appropriate professional field, was a remarkably fine actor, but Fechter, when performing in Shakspeare, was such an eccentricity as imposed a severe tax on critical patience. The Shaksperian parts that he assumed were *Hamlet*, *Iago*, and *Othello*, and of his performances of those parts *Iago* was undoubtedly the best. He failed as *Othello*. He lacked dignity: he was weak, fantastic, completely unimpressive. In his utterance of the Farewell he rose from a chair and declaimed the lines, as if delivering an address,—the bad effect of which proceeding was intensified by his sing-song delivery and execrable utterance of the English language. The business with which he began the last scene would, alone, suffice to prove his absolute lack of comprehension of the character. He went to a mirror and stared into it at his countenance and then spoke the words which *Othello* utters, relative to the necessity of killing *Desdemona*,—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste
stars!—
It is the cause,—"

to indicate that *Othello* ascribes *Desdemona's* (supposed) infidelity to the fact of

her husband's color and racial diff. In the killing of *Desdemona* Fechter's *Othello* pursued his terrified wife to her chamber door and dragged her back to bed, to smother and strangle her. The ensuing scene, after the treachery had been revealed, he forced *Iago* to his knees and made a show of stabbing him. His performance, though it deserved no attention, did not lack admirers. Foreign representations of Shakspeare's characters seldom suffer from lack of praise.

The question as to the representation of *Othello* is, after all, a simple one: the character and experience be introduced before the public as poetry or as drama. Discussion of that subject was mutilated when the eminent Italian actor Tommaso Salvini first made his appearance here, September 16, 1873, at the Academy of Music—acting *Othello* and presenting an Italian ideal of the character. The excellence of Salvini as an exponent in the practice of his art has never been doubted or denied. He is a great one of the greatest that have ever appeared on the stage. In the characters of *Conrad*, in *"La Morte Civile,"* and *Niger*, in *"The Moor of Venice,"* he surpassed competition. In *Saul*, a grand and terrible figure, as by Alfieri; from the old Hebrew drama, he was artistic perfection. His parts, and certain others which he has named, appertain to the dramatic culture of his native land, and they are within his comprehension. In the characters of Shakspeare, because they do not truly exist in the Italian language, he was always, and necessarily, obstructed by his lack of a full understanding of the conceptions of the English poet. His performance of *Othello* was tremulously effective as a piece of dramatic execution, but it was radically and ruinously faulty as an ideal. The love of *Othello* for *Desdemona* is devotional, not sensual. When they meet, at Cyprus, he hails her with expressive words, "O my soul's joy!" The key-note is struck in that greeting

"If it were now to die
'T were now to be most happy; for, I
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

The exquisite poetry of that speech has not been transmuted into the Italian

guage. Salvini did not express it, did not even indicate any knowledge of it. Already, in the first act, he had made it clearly manifest that his impersonation of *Othello* would be prose and not poetry, for when *Brabantio*, after the dispersal of the Senate, warned him, with the words

"Cassio, I love thee;
But nevermore be officer of mine,"

he shook his fist in the face of that officer, —his dearest friend, who had gone a-wooing with him,—and thus he disclosed an innate plebeian quality of character, com-



From an old print

EDWIN FORREST AS *OTHELLO*

"She has deceived her father and may thee," he introduced a denotement of coarseness and jealousy, giving a violent start, and looking from father to daughter with a quick, flickering, tigerish glare.—proceedings obviously unwarranted in a man "not easily jealous," and whose very next words are, "My life upon her faith!" Prose the impersonation was, and prose it continued to be. When, in the dismissal of his lieutenant from the command, he said,

pletely foreign to *Othello*, as drawn by Shakspeare. As the performance proceeded that quality became more and more conspicuous. In the furious assault on *Iago*, after the speech of Farewell,—which, as spoken by Salvini, was no more than a flourish of rhetoric,—he seized that dangerous man, hurled him to the floor, and lifted his right foot as if to stamp upon his head, a proceeding which Shakspeare's *Iago*, being what he is, and being armed, would

have endured for about two seconds. The whole conduct of that frightful scene was indisputably very striking, artfully planned to cause great excitement, and it nearly always produced the effect that the actor had intended. He became an incarna-

and when he should be, for a considerable period, self-controlled, deliberate, grandly solemn, Salvini was robed in a yellow gown, and he prowled to and fro like an enraged tiger about to spring upon his prey. The sustained, uniform, correct,



From an old print

EDWIN BOOTH AS *IAGO*

tion of animal fury, huge, wild, dangerous, and horrible, but he was consistently common and bestial. The innate grandeur of Shakspeare's *Othello*, which had been measurably suggested in the delivery of the speech to the Senate, had completely disappeared. In the last scene, when *Othello* came into *Desdemona's* chamber,

consummately artistic execution of his ideal could not be overlooked, and it could not be regarded as other than the admirably ample and exact fulfilment of a clearly formed design. The defect was in the design, and it was a fatal defect, pervading the entire performance. Salvini's *Othello*, however, has been extolled in all the epi-

thets of encomium, has been accepted with prodigious enthusiasm, and, only because of the excitement that it diffused throughout the nervous systems of the multitude, it possesses a world-wide renown.

"I *took* by the throat the circumcised dog,
And *smote* him—thus!"

No ingenuity can turn a *blow* into hacking open the throat, nor could a man



Drawn from life by Robert Blum

TOMMASO SALVINI AS *OTHELLO*

Offered as Shakspeare's *Othello* it was repugnant equally to judgment, scholarship, and taste.

Salvini's dressing of the part, throughout, was Moorish. His business, at the end, was to cause *Othello* to kill himself by hacking open his throat with a curved knife,—a proceeding totally at variance with Shakspeare's text:

with his throat chopped open utter the last words of *Othello*:

"I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but
this,
Killing myself to die upon a kiss."

There are characters and passages in the poetry of Shakspeare, relative to which a

reasonable ground exists for difference of opinion. There is no ground for difference of opinion as to certain qualities in the character of *Othello* and certain passages in the tragedy,—notably the scene at Cyprus and the last scene. Shakspeare's *Othello* is neither sensual, animal, nor ferocious: he is manly, magnanimous, fearless, confiding, noble, romantic, and tender, and at the culmination of his terrible experience he is an authentic type of woe-ful grandeur. The last scene of the tragedy might well be selected as a test scene. There stands the poetic text, and it cannot be evaded. *Othello* has been so ravaged by contending passions and by grief that he has twice fallen in epilepsy. "He looks gentler than he did." When he enters the chamber he comes as the minister of Fate. He is absolutely quiet. "It is the cause." The death of *Desdemona* has been ordained. She is lovely and greatly loved "yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men." The afflicted man stands gazing at his beautiful wife, quiescent in her slumber. He puts out the light, and as he does so he murmurs, uttering his heart in words of solemn beauty:

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy
light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
Which can thy light relume. When I have
plucked the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither."

Three times he kisses the sleeping *Desdemona*, but so gently that she knows it not and does not waken. The exquisite loveliness and innocence of *Desdemona*, in which he has believed, and a dreadful wickedness of her conduct, which he has been beguiled to credit, unite to overwhelm him, and he weeps:

"But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's
heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love."

Here is no fury, no tigerish convulsion. It is the soul that speaks. "Have you prayed to-night," he asks, when at length the poor child has wakened. "I would not kill thy unprepared spirit." It is not until, as he believes, she utters a falsehood, even in the presence of death, when he has bade her make her peace with Heaven, that *Othello's* wildness momentarily returns upon him:

"Thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice."

And even in the very commission of the dreadful deed there is mercy: "I would not have thee linger in thy pain." The student who can find in that awful and pathetic scene any warrant for such acting as Salvini and various other foreigners,—notably Rossi and Novelli,—have provided for its illustration, must be peculiar in the faculty of discernment.

Othello—not *Romeo*—is the supreme representative lover, unmatched, as such, in all Shakspeare and all fiction, and the play is the supreme dramatic exposition of all the tragedy that can be born of love.

Much might be written, if space permitted, of the many performers of *Desdemona*, and indeed of many players of distinction in several of the associate characters. All the parts are good ones for artistic representation. Many portraits exist of actors who have gained fame in this tragedy. The student finds difficulty, however, in reconciling conflicts of testimony relative to the players of the past; and the observer early learns that the portraits,—particularly those which are designated "old prints,"—are seldom authentic. As to some of them, indeed, the comment would be appropriate that was made by that once renowned lawyer and orator Rufus Choate concerning bad pictures: It would not be a sin to worship them—for they bear no likeness to anything that is in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the water under the earth.





WRITTEN BY DANA H. CARROLL

AN ACCOUNT OF MODEL COLLECTING, AND HOW IT DEVELOPED AN ARTIST INTO A CONTRIBUTOR TO HIS OWN COLLECTION

THE lover of the sea and of ships collects his ships in the only practicable form—the form of models, old and new. For the makers and the sailors of ships have always made models of their creations or sea homes.

While there are many models of ships in the world,—large numbers of them in government possession and others widely scattered,—the private collectors of models are comparatively few. Yet they are among the most devoted of collectors. One of these is an interesting personality in the New York art world, who enjoys an advantage over his brother virtuosos, the collectors of productions of the fine arts or of curios and relics, in that he is the only collector who not only collects the works of others for his delectation, but also himself constructs the objects of his collecting fad. He is the portrait-painter Irving R. Wiles.

One of the handsomest and most ship-shape of the models Mr. Wiles has made is a brilliant reproduction—made to scale within a total length of nineteen inches—of a British ship-of-the-line of the seventeenth century. The model is of a second-rate line-of-battle-ship, the date of the building of which would be approximately 1665. She stands in all her rigging, but without sails, a beautiful demonstration of the skill and patience of an artist turned artisan. The picturesque, the romantic, the majestic are all suggested in this elaborate and resplendent representation of a man-of-war in days when men went to

sea, as they went abroad by land, in bright colors and ornate patterns. Though the colors are lost in the accompanying illustration, with much of the elaboration of the ornamental detail, the fine lines of the ship and the intricacies of the rigging speak for themselves, even in black and white. What with the very short mizzen-mast and the rakish lateen yard, the towering mainmast, and the tall foremast, and especially the jaunty, cocky little sprit-sail-mast and yard putting up a bold front above the lion-figured bow, this effective little model presents a crisp and cutting nautical picture of the "oaken walls of England" of two or more centuries ago.

The masts are wound, as the split masts of those days were and as the masts of great ships are now, and the standing rigging is in place, as is about everything else that the old ships carried, save the innumerable flags and pennants that they flew, and these will probably go aboard yet. She has a white bottom, green sides, and red wales. The gunwale, top-timber-line, channel-wale, and main-wale are all defined in color and in relief. The lower ports are plain, but the upper ones are wreathed in gilt in floral forms. Gilded scrolls adorn the topsides of the quarter-deck, where trophies of a ship's prowess used to be represented in carvings in high relief. The outstanding quarter-galleries, whence the officers could look forward along the decks and see the men, and where, too, they could get cloistered ex-



Drawn by J. W. Hamill

A PHILIPPIAN SHIPYARD

The model in the foreground is from the collection of the late Stanford White. The upper middleground gives a stern view of a model of the *Santa Maria*, from the collection of Alexander W. Drake.

all put on with the most pains-care; and above the galleries at the end sits a modeled figure of a woman, possibly a British Venus risen high above the waves. An ornamental rudder-complements the figurehead of the ship which holds a shield under the little-mast far away forward. An elaborate group in plastic work, embodying the king and some of his suite, occupies a lunette-shaped space across the stern just below the taffrail. The three masts, minutely ornamented, which surmount the ships of the day, are projected, and even the stern, as in the model of old ships, on both sides, are port and starboard, which, although very small, projects through the hull a good-sized scale could pass.

Endless pains were taken in the making of such an example of model-maker's art. The ship leads to the question of a painter's portraits came to his hand with a task.

Truth is that the pleasures really fell upon his hobby, and he took it for recreation. His diversion was in music, particularly playing the piano, which was his companion in the evening when there was no light for the lamp.

But he found, as his duties as a sailor became more arduous, that the piano was no longer a recreation: it was a task, and all arts are exacting masters.

So for relief he turned his mind to ships and the sea, which had cheered him years before.

When he had sought the water-front in Manhattan to study and admire the riggers that came thither more often than they do to-day, and he had gone down to the Brooklyn navy-yard to see the Government's models, which have since been transferred to Annapolis. In

the navy-yard at Boston, too, there was a model made of beef-bones by a British sailor in prison in 1812—the miniature vessel even planked with bones—which had excited his interest. Subsequently, on a trip to Paris, he went through the Musée de Marine, in the Louvre, and under the spell of the tall rows of models of all times, strung high upon those walls, his future recreation was fixed. He came home and set to work to make a model.

The British second-rater already described is a recent production of Mr. Wiles. His first work on his return from

Paris was the model of an American twenty-gun brig of the 1812 type, which is shown in the illustration with all sail set. This model is two feet long, and represents a one-hundred-foot brig; but it is not made to scale, as he had then only pictures to go by, and no working-plans to guide him. Yet the model is good, and the rigging correct; it was perfected on later information. But the hull would not satisfy him now.

Model collectors progress, like the collectors of paintings and porcelains, with the continued cultivation of the critical eye. One of the points of pride with the model-collector who makes his own models is in the perfection of the hull model. It is a keen aggravation to the collector whose nautical sympathies are delicate to find many of his purchases of models wanting in the proper proportions of the lower hull. For most models are made by sailors; and odd as it may seem, your sailorman, critical and exacting as he will be in all things about his decks and rigging, either does not understand or cannot reproduce the hull below the water-line. There is, for instance, in the museum at Salem, Massachusetts, a model of the old *Ohio*, a two-decker, which was



Drawn by W. Taber. From the collection of Alexander W. Drake

MODEL OF A VENETIAN FISHERMAN'S
BOAT

Alfred Brennan.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan. Owned by Thomas Shields Clarke

MODEL OF FLAG-SHIP OF A DUTCH ADMIRAL OF ABOUT 1520

made by a sailor. To the fastidious model-lover it is a work of loveliness above the water-line, but carries contradiction with it, like the skeleton at the feast, because it has not hull enough to float a toy-boat.

Mr. Wiles's brig of 1812 has three small boats, two of them carried outboard. There is a real compass, which works, in her miniature binnacle, and there is a real wheel just abaft it. The wooden guns projecting from her ports were carved out by hand, as were the masts and all the rest of the ship. She looks so businesslike, it seems as though she should be spoken of as a ship rather than as a model. That Mr. Wiles was three years in making her will not seem a surprising statement when it is told that there are in her rigging more than five hundred blocks of various kinds. To see these half a thousand blocks rigged on this two-foot model is to recall with some vividness the old sailor's joke on the land-lubber, whom the tar asked to figure out how many pulleys there were on his ship. And when the landsman had computed awhile, the shell-back, grinning, conde-

scended to tell him that there were none: they were "all blocks on shipboard."

Although his penchant is for models of sailing-ships only, and he cares nothing for those of steam-vessels, Mr. Wiles was very glad to pick up, as one of his collection, a neglected model of one of our public ships of the time when builders had not yet confidence enough in steam-power to do away entirely with sails. He was wandering through the Washington navy-yard when he fell into conversation with an old sailor who had obtained an unimportant post as an attendant in the yard. The old tar, in discussing models, said, in response to a question whether he knew where any might be obtained, that he had at his home one which he had rescued from an untimely and undignified end, not because he wanted the model, but because, as a genuine old son of the sea, he could not stand idly by and endure its ignominy.

It had been made by some painstaking enthusiast, but had passed into careless hands, and at last had been given to some of the officers' children to play with. As

were battering it idly to pieces about yard, our sailorman determined to appropriate it, that it might at least be held on by a real lover of the sea. He not repaired it, but had taken it to his e. He said that it was, he thought, a el of Admiral Farragut's famous old *ford*. At his noon-hour he went home fetched it, and it now rests where it receive the care it deserves. Mr. es thinks it is not a model of the *Hart*, but rather of one of the general type merican steam frigates of about 1861, as was the *Merrimac* before she was e into an ironclad. He has fixed up model, which has most of its standing ing up, but no sails.

here is another model with a curious age in the Wiles collection. It is that n old oyster schooner which used to from New York, and is about as near ect as the model-collector is likely to

The schooner was the *Hausman*, her owner was so proud of her in the time that he had the builder make a

model of her that is exact even to the double skin and ribs. The model passed at length to a Sixth Avenue fish-store, where at first it was an object of pride. But, alas! the carefully stitched sails became soiled, and the tidy fishmonger pitched them away and replaced them with home-made canvases—Beau Brummel attired by a seamstress!

But Mr. Wiles got her, and she is a beauty. She is seven feet long from the tip of the jib-boom to the end of the main-boom. She is seventeen and one half inches in beam, has a depth of hold of five inches, and the maintopmast rises four feet, six inches above the deck. She has a notably fine stern to slip down the waves; her cabin is fitted with a round seat; she has hatches, a hold; and a veritable scuttlebutt, or water-barrel, rests in its chocks on the deck.

Several model-collectors had been lying low for a model which for years was held at a high price by an international dealer of New York. Not long ago it came un-



Drawn by Alfred Brennan. Built and rigged by Irving K. Wiles

MODEL OF AN AMERICAN BRIG-OF-WAR OF ABOUT 1812



Drawn by Alfred Brennan. Built by Irving R. Wiles

MODEL OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BRITISH SHIP-OF-THE-LINE

der the hammer at a sale. The collectors walked quietly and unobtrusively into the gallery and seated themselves where they would not attract attention. For fear of meeting foes, they did not look for friends, and the bidding went quietly on. The model is now in the Wiles collection, and a curious one it is. It is a model of a Dutch East-Indiaman of the seventeenth century, though it reached this country by way of Germany. It is fitted for guns, as were all the big merchantmen of the time, and it has three decks, although it is not technically a "three-decker." It is so carefully made that the inner skin may be seen. The model is very old, but the upper spars of the full-rigged ship of the time are all standing.

The planking has been carefully, but clumsily done, the clumsy work there contrasting strangely with the delicate ladders, or companionways, that lead from deck to deck. The craft has odd, ornamental wales, and a similar top-timber-line, and her quarter-galleries are done in red, gold, and black. The figure-

head is a lion, which wears a crown. The mainstay is looped about the mast by a slip-knot, which is moused to keep it from slipping. An old-fashioned windlass sweeps all the way athwartships just abaft the foremast, and above the center of it is an arched belfry.

In *The Village Belle*, a type of the Long Island scalloper, a shallow, broad, centerboard sloop for working in bay waters, Mr. Wiles has perhaps made his most accurate and finished work. She is fifteen inches long, and even in her chocks seems as though resting in the water, so perfect are her lines in entrance and run. It is a peculiarity of Mr. Wiles that he tries to make the models which he constructs look as the ships or boats actually did or do when performing their natural functions on the seas. In this scalloper, one can not overlook the spring of the bowsprit, the topmast pitched forward, the boom bent up at the end, as booms get in working-boats from being supported at the end by the topping-lift. And forward is the club, or false jib-boom, which working-



Drawn by Alfred Brennan. From the collection of Alexander W. Drake

MODEL OF THE "SANTA MARIA," AFTER THE COPY OF THE FLAG-SHIP
OF COLUMBUS, EXHIBITED AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR
IN 1893 BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT

boats sometimes use, so that the jib may be operated from aft by one sheet in coming about. She has, too, the figurehead which fishermen put even upon yachts that they make over into working-boats, as they do not like the straight bow of the yacht.

Aboard are anchor and cable, the all-essential "ground tackle." A galley-pipe or chimney projects above the cabin deck, for the scalloper cooks aboard his craft; the cabin doors are open, the companion-way slide is pushed forward, the sliding window-covers, or port-shutters, of the cabin are opened; the forward hatch is divided by the centerboard, and the centerboard pendant is taut, the board being hauled up. An altogether right little, tight little, shipshape craft is *The Village Belle*.

There may be a personal reason for the gratifying success of the amateur model-maker in this miniature boat. One day, seated aft in a small sailboat, cruising on Block Island Sound, with the Atlantic rollers coming along, and sometimes combing, constant reminders of the possibilities of the great open beyond, Mr. Wiles remarked with delight:

"We enjoy no advantage over the earlier mariners in this boat—the same elements to contend with and virtually the same

appliances with which to meet them; the same problems, and only the personal resources for grappling with them; no machinery. This is the free life of the sea, with all that it means and all its chances."

This model of a Long Island working-boat will probably some time be the center of one of the most interesting collections of models which a private collector is likely to get together, if Mr. Wiles carries out an intention he has formed. It is his desire to secure models of the fishing-craft of all regions and all nations. No vessels that float are more picturesque than those in which the fishers among all coast peoples go about their piscatorial pursuits. A Venetian fisherman's boat may be seen on page 523 of this paper. As the marine-painter scorns the smart yachts, with their immaculate canvas, and makes his pictures of the weathered working-boats, with their patched and stained and mildewed sails, so the model-collector, with an eye to the picturesque in his fad, comes to admire the boats and vessels in which men rough it in all weathers—boats that take on an air and substance of the sea that never attaches to the prim pleasure-craft, or even to the ocean giants of commercial transportation.

A large undertaking, and the work of years, it will be to acquire such a collection as a representative lot of the world's fishing-craft; but if a man has never known pertinacity before, he becomes a personification of it when he develops into a collector and tastes the joys of adding new specimens to his cherished possessions. In the case of Mr. Wiles, he will unquestionably build some of these models, for he will hunt till he finds plans, or, failing that, will build from pictures; but the

The Indiaman model bears the white stripe along her sides which the East-Indiamen had in order to make them resemble frigates while at sea, and so discourage pirates at a distance. The chief difference in long-range appearance between these merchantmen and the frigates was in the rigging, the merchantmen not being so heavily rigged as the war-ships; and at a distance skilled men had to distinguish between them by this fact.

The collecting of models seems to run



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Owned by the New York Yacht Club

MODEL OF HENRY HUDSON'S SHIP, THE "HALF-MOON"

This model was constructed by the builders of the copy of the *Half-Moon*, which was a feature of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York City, 1909.

work of searching for existing models of these boats invites his assiduous attention for many moons to come in the hours to be devoted to the model-collection.

What for a time at least will be the last of his self-built old-time great vessels, a British East-Indiaman with thirty-six guns, has an added interest as it pictures not merely a British East-Indiaman, but, in point of type, the *Bonhomme Richard* of illustrious memory; for it will be recalled that to the immortal Paul Jones was given not a war-ship, but an Indiaman, and with the Indiaman he won his terrific battle with the more powerful *ispis*.

somewhat among artists and lovers of art in this city, some collecting for the love of the models and the sea, and some, perhaps, merely with an eye to the real beauty in a fine model of a rolling chariot of the great waters. Among other collectors in New York who possess several fine models are Thomas Shields Clarke, A. W. Drake, and Carleton T. Chapman. The late Stanford White was another. Mr. Drake has a Spanish caravel and an East Indiaman among others. His caravel is a model of Columbus's *Santa Maria* which was made in Spain and sent by the Spanish Government to this country at the time of the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Chap-



by Jay Hambidge

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MODEL OF A WAR-SHIP OF THE LATTER HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

This remarkable model, constructed to show on one side the method of arranging the timbers of a ship, is owned by the New York Yacht Club, to which it was presented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

man has an Italian war-ship of the eighteenth century, several full-rigged merchant-ships, and some small craft. Mr. Clarke numbers among his possessions a fine model of an early sixteenth-century Dutch admiral's ship, a copy of one abroad, which he had made for him in Switzerland, the work of making it requiring nearly a year. One of the finest models owned in the city is made of red lacquer, and it may be said truly that this stunning production has aroused feelings of friendly envy in the breast of more than one New York collector. It belongs to another artist.

Still another New York painter rejoices in the possession of several interesting models obtained in Portugal. One of the rarest models in New York was found abroad by Stanford White and was presented to the New York Yacht Club by J. Pierpont Morgan. Its ornate stern appears at the head of this article. It is known as the *Royal Sovereign*, but cannot be identified as the model of any of the famous British fighting-ships of that name. Mr. White was so enthusiastic over it that he declared it the finest model in existence. Below the water-line it is not

planked, and the construction of the stem and stern-post can be plainly seen and clearly studied. It represents an English ship of the latter half of the seventeenth century. The librarian of the British Admiralty, after endeavoring to identify it, wrote as follows to the model committee of the yacht club:

"My assistant has carefully compared the photographs with the models of the period at the Royal United Service Institution and at the Naval College Museum at Greenwich, but has been unable to find any corresponding model, and we can only conclude that your model is one which escaped retention in England at the time when, by order of His Majesty William IV, the models at Kensington palace were transferred, in 1830, to the Naval College at Greenwich."

Another interesting model at the club is that of the *Half-Moon*, which was made in Holland at the time that the reproduction of the *Half-Moon* was constructed and sent to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration. One of Mr. White's models appears in the illustration of the "Lilliputian Shipyard," where there is also a stern view of the *Santa Maria*.



SPEKTOR IN SEARCH OF A MODEL

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

"A BIG man he must be," cried Pinchas Spektor, the little Russian sculptor to his assistant Yuski Golubok—"big, with long hair. And strong arms he must have, and a beard what curls and is long—my prophet, my *nowi*. And with a nose like an eagle,—positively,—and, first of all, a Jewish man he must be, an old one, a healthy one, a big one, a stern one—my prophet. Such a type,—see, Yuski?—*such a one, and so.*"

With a few strokes of his wire modeling-tool he traced a patriarchal Hebrew head upon the surface of soft clay before him, and then completed it with the muscular torso and legs of a Samson. Yuski Golubok paused in his task of sprinkling the gray mass in the clay-bin, and looked critically at the outline that the sculptor drew. The eyes of lean little Yuski, Spektor's faithful man-of-all-work, were black, his arms sinewy and hairy, his face

odent-like, but filled with a crafty

"a nowi is a hard thing in this city by the Jews," said he, cocking his head. "Demetropolis the Greek big in his body and has a big beard."

"Jew he must be," replied the sculptor emphatically—"a Jew; for the monument is of a Jew and for a Jew and by a Jew. Am I the Almighty that I can shape a Jew into a Jew? No; I will go out, and find yet my model for my monument."

Spektor tittered and resumed his spring.

Spektor slapped his soft, dusty hat on his tumbled locks, thrust his hands in his pockets, strutted to a lime-covered iron-stand, and removed a soiled cloth from something that stood in it. A beautiful model of a statue revealed, an heroic figure of Moses, clad in a fluttering robe, standing upon the summit of Sinai, his kingly apron, and two massive stone tablets in his stalwart arms. Fondly Pinchas contemplated this offspring of his fancy. "October 17 it must be finished, cast in perishable bronze, and erected in an open spot on Delancey Street. Ludwig Samoschein, the multimillionaire banker, has given him the commission, and this is Spektor's first important work since he came to America from Warsaw."

"October 17," Ludwig Samoschein said, "on my birthday, the statue must be unveiled."

"A thousand dollars was the price he agreed to pay to Spektor. This monument of the great Hebrew lawgiver was a gift to the people of the East Side of the city. "October 17, October 17," rang in the ears of the sculptor. Only a few brief months! Would he ever be able to find a suitable model for his great Moses? Ever in his sight upon its pedestal against the wall there glowered, a vigilant taskmaster, the saturnine, iron-plaster bust which Spektor had ordered of the banker. Carefully he replaced the damp cloth to keep the clay plastic, in his barnlike atelier near Washington Square, and, sharp-eyed on his quest, went to roam the streets of the East Side. The sun was bright in Seward Park. The chatter of the rushing multitudes, the rumble of wagons, the calls of the street men, the shouts of boys and

screech of girls, made a stunning din and pother; but on the benches sprawled, dozed, and nodded countless shabby and dingy forms, lethargic, listless, basking and blinking in the sun. Pinchas Spektor caught sight of a figure on one of the benches; his eyes shone, his artist's heart gave a sudden leap, and hastening, he stood in rapt admiration before the man.

Large of frame, long of limb, venerable, yet robust, his massive head resting upon his hand, his face half turned to the sun, his long gray locks straggling over his rugged temples, his nose bold and aquiline, and his forked gray beard covering half his chest, the old Hebrew sat upon the bench with eyes closed and legs crossed. His Moses at last, in the flesh! Spektor stood in awe before the snoring patriarch, not daring to wake him. Then, strolling along the walk, came a policeman. With a deft thwack of his club upon the upturned, gaping sole of the old man's boot, he brought him suddenly upright and widely awake, then went whistling on. The gray-head glared, and muttered a curse in Yiddish. Spektor approached him delicately, joy in his heart.

"A swine," said he, sympathetically, "a brute—a brute of blue and brass. You are busy, what?"

The old man raised himself to his great height and looked down upon the sculptor with large and brilliant black eyes. Surprise replaced the anger in his look, scorn the wrath in his voice.

"Am I busy, you say? Are you *meshugge*—crazy? Very busy am I. Have you eyes? So busy am I that I waste no time on loafers what ask foolish questions. For three days and three nights have I been busy sleeping on this bench."

"Do you want a job?" asked Pinchas, timidly.

"A job?" said the old man, suspiciously. "What, at my age shall I work yet, an old man, a raven of the Lord? I gets enough to eat."

"It is not work," answered Spektor; "it is rest—rest with wages. It is only still to sit with some of your clothes off, and I make a statue of you—a monument."

The patriarch's coal-black eyes narrowed with distrust. Elaborately Pinchas Spektor told of the necessity of finding a model for his Moses. The old orthodox



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHAT A FATHER IN ISRAEL, WHAT A NOWI, WAS HERE!"

drew himself up, his dark eyes with fire, he grew rigid with holy on, and shook his finger in the ptor's face.

"A," he cried, "a monument of Abomination! And it is a Jew you mensch? A Jewish maker s? A black sheep you are—an

By our father Abraham and et of Israel, by the seraphim, list—to me, who for five-and-thirty ve stood and worshiped in the e Sherith-Israel! By the Moses k, listen with your wicked ears!

The old man stood there like Isaiah cursing the daughters of sin. His long beard wagged, his eyes blazed, his voice was like thunder. A crowd had gathered. Pinchas Spektor fled.

He fled so hurriedly and blundered along so blindly that he collided with a push-cart man and splattered himself with the brine that splashed from the tubs of pickles. One tub fell into the gutter; a swarm of urchins pounced upon it. The angry peddler grasped Pinchas by the arm. Pinchas looked upon him. Again a now!, again the long-sought model for his Moses!



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE OLD MAN STOOD THERE LIKE ISAIAH CURSING THE DAUGHTERS OF SIN"

u. such a donkey become not to loses himself it was what said: therefore good heed unto your- ye saw no manner of form on that God spake unto you in Horeb e midst of the fire; lest ye corrupt s, and make you a graven image, of any figure, the likeness of male e'? And you of Moses himself, et, would an image make! And ld have me—me, sit for model . Sacrilege, I say; abomination! pon you! Old am I and poor, the high Awrohom Owinu, my ralyzed shall be before I do such hings! I spit upon your job. A n your evil works!"

"I will pay," said Pinchas, "for the pickles damaged," and thrust a dollar into the grimy hand. It was a large hand, too, and Pinchas, measuring the man with his sculptor's eye, began to admire and, admiring, to covet him. The beard, the locks, the features were not quite so fine as those of the park-sleeper, but still it was a passable model. Again Pinchas drew a roseate picture of ease and good pay as he made his seductive offer. The push-cart man made no objections on the score of orthodoxy; but he said:

"My Sarah first I must speak with, and my son Asher Goldenski."

"Come, then," said Pinchas, "at once."

"My pickles are not all sold already,"

said the push-cart man; "three dollars' worth yet are left."

"I will buy them," said Pinchas, eagerly, and thrust the bills into Goldenski's hands. Again a crowd had gathered.

"You will take the pickles—all?" asked Goldenski.

"Give them," said Spektor, "to the people," indicating the bystanders with a magnificent sweep of his arm. In a few moments the tubs were empty, and a procession of men, women, and children, munching the dripping pickles, strung itself in both directions along Hester Street.

Pinchas hastened along the curb beside the push-cart as Goldenski trundled it homeward to a Stygian tenement in Orchard Street. Up three dark, creaking, pestiferous flights the push-cart pickle-merchant drew the sculptor and ushered him into a bright and tidy kitchen, now clouded with the smoke of frying fish.

"My Sarah, my young wife," said Goldenski, presenting a dark-eyed, buxom woman, arrayed in a loose, striped dress, who stood before the stove manipulating the frying-pan with one arm and holding her baby with the other. Pinchas bowed and smiled winningly, and addressed her as "Madame Goldenski," accenting the second syllable.

"Mrs. Goldenski," she answered proudly in clear English, accenting the last syllable, and making the name Golden-sky. Mrs. Goldenski suffered from Americanism.

"My son Asher, by my first wife," said the pickle-man, indicating a rounded, rubicund, and shiny person in the farther corner. Large brilliants blazed upon the paddy fingers, black of nails, and a great cluster of crystals sparkled in his red scarf. "A butcher he is—a boss."

"Glad to know you," said the butcher, nodding carelessly.

But as Pinchas told the purpose of his coming, he grew alert and vigilant.

"What you pay my fader to pose?" he asked quickly.

"Fifty cents an hour is for models the regular price," replied Pinchas; "that I will pay your father."

"What you say," exclaimed the son, rousing himself into aggressive attention—"fifty cents an hour? What you get for the job yourself, eh?"

"It is no matter," replied Spektor, with

a cold, superior stare; "but in the paper maybe you read I get ten thousand dollars for the monument."

There were gasps of astonishment from father, wife, and son. The butcher launched himself ponderously upon his great feet, the fish burned and sputtered, the baby screamed and threshed about.

"Ten thousand dollars," roared the butcher, while his small eyes shone with more than emotion—"ten thousand dollars you get, and you offer my fader fifty cents an hour!"

"Not much more as gets a cloak-model," said the young wife, who had once served as such. Visions of wealth arose at once. Not in vain had she chosen to pronounce her name Golden-sky.

The elephantine butcher advanced toward little Spektor; the floor quivered under his tread, his huge, rotund bulk loomed formidably, blotting out the light from the single window.

"Fader," said he, turning en route to the elder Goldenski, "we make no business here."

Then approaching Spektor, he thrust his red, round face close to the little man's, and exclaimed loudly:

"Fifty cents an hour you will pay my fader, and ten thousand you get for the monument you make from my fader? What you think? That we have mud in our brains? You mold my fader, then you make him into bronze, and get ten thousand dollars, and my fader gets only fifty cents an hour? Ho! ho! you think I know nothing of such things, eh—such art things? But I have read in the papers. You cannot make the statue without my fader. He is the statue, not? So you will pay him a share—a fifth; two thousand dollars you will pay my fader for posing."

Pinchas Spektor laughed aloud derisively. Then suddenly vexation seized him at the aggressive attitude of the butcher.

"It is no work," he cried almost as loudly as the butcher; "it is only still to stand. One hour at fifty cents is almost a cent a minute. Your father cannot make that with his pickles, what?" Then in a softer tone he went on:

"But I will make it sixty cents an hour, four hours in the morning. Think of the honor, too—your father making the Moses on the monument."

bird's peep upon the honor!" said the butcher, truculently. "Two thousand dollars you will pay my fader, or he will sue."

Goldenski nodded his head in approval of the keen sagacity of his son, and cast a lowering glance upon the wretched man for who would defraud a poor old man.

In vain Spektor expostulated, explained, coaxed, and reasoned. Son and father remained obdurate, both repeating in chorus, "Two thousand dollars you will pay."

"And a contract you will sign," added the butcher, brilliantly.

Pinchas Spektor, despairing, turned to his wife. She followed him down the dark stairs with her shrill voice.

"I have a sister; she will pose for the picture," she called; but the dark stairs, lit only by a creak, engulfed him, and the glass door of the Goldenski kitchen closed behind him.

His heart filled with anger, his soul with disgust, his clothes with the "poor man's smell" of the tenements and the stink of the pickle-tubs, Spektor made a happy way back to his studio. A maid awaited him there from his rich friend Ludwig Samoschein, demanding to know what progress had been made upon the statue, and reminding him in red, typed words of the ominous October 17.

The gaunt framework rose in the dim light of the atelier, a rusty, hungry skeleton waiting to be clothed with form and life.

Next day Spektor awoke that night and found the stark, rigid thing lifting its iron arms in the moonbeams that forced their way through the cobwebbed panes of the top-light. He could sleep no longer; he walked the floor and shook his head, wondering:

"A model, a model! Ach, had I but a girl for my nowi Moses, a real Jewish girl!"

Early the next day he set forth, hunted high and low through the Ghetto from Union Street to Corlear's Hook, but in vain.

Many spoors he uncovered, and many scents, artistic and olfactory, he followed innumerable pointing fingers and silent directions, but a model for his statue

Moses was nowhere to be found. Ludwig Samoschein was threatening him with a visit to the studio!

The night, thought he, was sure to bring forth fresh quarry for his hunt. That very evening he ranged the streets, stalking the shambling figures from afar, peering into every face, measuring, weighing them with critical eye. All were found wanting. At last he saw a crowd cluttered about the blazing, garish portals of the Maimonides American Hall. Out of the portals came music, up from the crowd burst laughter. A semi-public East Side wedding-feast was raging within. In the middle of the crowd, like a shaggy bear, danced a burly giant, a "Jewish man" of middle age, with black, bushy head and tossing ringlets. It was the Ghetto ne'er-do-well, Morris Blumenstiefel. He was violently executing the steps of a Jewish folk-dance, the same dance that was going on within. Morris had just been ejected from the hall after too free and noisy a participation in the festivities. Pinchas pushed through the crowd and eagerly surveyed this splendid, tripping Goliath. The merry ogre seized him and swung him around.

"Great sir," shouted Morris, "O my great sir, come dance, come dance!"

The crowd exploded in laughter and then scattered under the charge of a policeman who threatened Blumenstiefel with arrest. Pinchas flew to the rescue, taking the potential model under his wing, even unto the lodgings of the latter. There, in the dim, drafty corridor, he plied him with eloquence. Blumenstiefel listened dully, then grew quite melancholy. At mention of a job he shook his shaggy head solemnly, then waxed suspicious.

"Is not this a schwindel-business, no," he asked, "to pay for doing nothing but stand?"

"I will pay," said Spektor, "an hour fifty cents, six hours a day."

"In advance you will pay?" demanded Morris, leering craftily.

Pinchas deliberated, then drew forth a five-dollar bill and his card, and handed them to Blumenstiefel.

"For the two dollars left," said he, glancing at the dingy linen and skin, not dusky by nature alone, "you get yourself a new shirt, collars, and a bath, then be at my studio by ten."

Morris Blumenstiefel swore by the prophets to be punctual. Pinchas joyfully accompanied him up-stairs and gave him

over to his landlady, a withered, scolding, but maternal dame.

"It is better I take for the five dollars a receipt," said Pinchas, thoughtfully, calling the landlady to witness. His final words were:

"The bath—forget not the bath. You will pose a little undressed."

He went home jubilant. True, this oaf of a Blumenstiefel was somewhat younger than his Moses ought to be, but form and features were superb. At the studio little Yuski made report that Ludwig Samoschein had come that afternoon and fumed about the place on seeing nothing but the empty framework. He had even threatened to give the order to another sculptor, a young Gentile from the West. But Spektor slept calmly that night.

"Will he come?" was his query the next morning as ten o'clock struck. A few moments later came a knock upon the door. Smiling broadly, Morris Blumenstiefel stood there on the threshold in the sun, and took off his low-crowned hat. A striped colored shirt shone on his bosom, a high celluloid collar encircled his neck. Spektor gave him one glance, then cried out in horror and rage.

"*Mensch*," he shrieked, "what have you done to yourself! What!"

Blumenstiefel stood there grinning blandly, his head close-shorn, revealing unsuspected bumps, the short forelocks plastered greasily down over his brow, his fine beard gone, and what was left of it clipped into a stubby and fashionable Vandye! He that was yesterday a shaggy, picturesque, and classic prophet, was this morning nothing but a docked, barbered, and oleaginous comedy Hebrew.

"Your beard, your hair," yelled Pinchas, "where is it?"

The wide smile upon the thick lips beneath the cropped mustache was good-natured, and good-natured was the innocent response:

"Well, when I gets me the bath, I gets me also a hair-cut and mine beard trimmed."

"Jackass!" roared the furious sculptor, and shut the heavy door with its brass knocker in the face of the astonished Blumenstiefel, who stared, shook his despoiled and tonsured head, then made for a bar that lay on the opposite side of the street.

Pinchas Spektor raged up and down his dusty studio. He seized a heavy mallet and paused twice before the framework in a threatening attitude, as if to wreck it with a blow. Twice he caught up lumps of wet clay, as if to batter the small sketch-model into shapelessness. Finally he seized his hat and dashed out into the street. At the door the postman handed him a letter; the envelop bore an engraved address, "Samoschein & Co., Bankers." Another warning!

The quest that day proved futile, too. Late in the evening, foot-sore, dusty, dry, Pinchas ambled into Lubin's café. There sat his friend Kempinski, the editor of the chief Yiddish daily. The tousle-headed journalist listened with interest, if not sympathy, then said:

"This is Thursday, fish-buying night. Under the Williamsburg Bridge, in the next stall by Mutter Bontsie's crockery-cart, you will find a fish-seller. His name is M. Abasch; he is your man, your nowi."

Two hours later, Pinchas stood shoe-deep in the cold mud and broken ice that covered the passages between the stalls of the venders of fish, fruit, and crockery under the vast, soaring bridge. Overhead the cars thundered, flinging green and glaring lightnings down upon this teeming under-world; the endless rows of torches smoked, and scattered a crimson light over all. This torch-fire glistened on masses of fish, reflected itself on livid glass and palid pottery, burned and glowed on pyramids of oranges and apples, on the red faces of the men and the scarlet shawls of the women, buyers and sellers, as they huddled in groups and chattered loudly. M. Abasch was discovered towering above his tray of fish, a black skull-cap upon his head, his arms, bare to the elbow, flecked with scales and smeared with blood, a sack tied about his waist for apron. In a deep voice he cried his wares, holding up by the gills immense, dripping salmon and cod, or wielding his cleaver upon his sloppy chopping-block. Such a beard, such arms, such height, such a presence! The sculptor's heart leaped for joy.

"A Moses," he murmured to himself, "a patriarch, a Samson!"

"A fish! a nice fish for *Shabbas*, cheap, very cheap!" yelled the fishmonger, and swung a big salmon toward Pinchas.

There came a lull in the trafficking,

pektor advanced valiantly. First, initiate the man, he bought a whole and held the wet, limp thing, and in newspapers, in his arms, as a holds a baby. Then he made his proposition. M. Abasch listened impassively, interrupting the fervid Pinchas by aloud his wares to the passers-by. "He pose? He would pose, yes, and cents an hour; but on fish-days, no, is settled!" cried the delighted, and gave his card into the big, and of the fish-man, then shook it in gratitude.

"At ten to-morrow morning," he said fifth time, and left the chilly place. On Norfolk Street he grew aware that it was heavy and so laid it in the lap of old match-woman who squatted before door. Then Spektor made his way to Lubin's café and ordered two bottles of wine for Editor Kempinski and his nieces.

"The sketch-model," said Kempinski, "which I have at your studio seen, Moses is grander than the Moses of Michelangelo. It takes a Jew to shape a

Abasch, clothed in a long ulster and giving odor of fish, came punctually to studio door the next morning. The framework on the platform had been filled with clay by Yuski Golubok, and here knobby and ominous, a masterpiece-born.

Spektor welcomed his model with vast pity; he had never been half so polite to Ludwig Samoschein. He ushered Abasch behind the screen, placed a stool on the model's platform, and awaited the appearance of the fish-dealer. Yuski cleared the air and muttered:

"Smell it is to drive a wagon! Is it not a Neptune to be, not a Moses?" Then the model for the now came from behind the screen, Spektor gave of delight. Such a fellow it was—prophet out of the Old Testament! His torso like a gladiator, arms full and muscular, from the fine head, large eyes, patriarchal beard to the well-formed face was a perfect Moses. Spektor took the robe about him, tied on his belt, placed him in position with the tablets, and set feverishly to work. The superfluous clay dropped down in lumps and chunks. Out of the rough,

lumpy mass a wonderful and rugged figure began to shape itself.

During the pauses for rest, Pinchas regaled his model with conversation, wine, and sandwiches. It was a perfect day.

The following morning, as Spektor was at work upon the feet of his prophet, the silent fishmonger developed a sudden loquacity, and spoke feelingly of wife and children and the poor condition of his business, hinting at impending changes in his destiny. But Pinchas gave him only half an ear, and, when the posing was over, pressed three dollar-bills into the fish-dealer's hand and said pleasantly:

"To-morrow at ten, good Mr. Abasch."

M. Abasch murmured his thanks, looked mournfully at Pinchas, and left.

The sculptor sat down before his growing masterpiece and regarded it. The rough proportions were not yet perfect, but they were suggestive of perfection. The head was merely outlined in mass. Now that he had found so fine and reliable a model, he would leave the head until the last.

M. Abasch did not come the next morning. The impatience of Pinchas swelled into tremulous anxiety and fear. At eleven there came a knock—a timid knock upon the brass Medusa head on the door. A slim, undersized creature stood there, a shrinking, apologetic manikin in wrinkled, narrow trousers, boots with curling toes, a shiny coat, and an ancient derby hat with wide brim. This he took off, revealing a small, conical head as bald as an egg. The beady little eyes twinkled, and under the scanty, scrubby beard a broad smile spread almost to the batlike ears.

"I am D. Abasch," said the midget. "My bruder to Philadelphia has gone a new fish-business to start. I have come to take his place, to poise for you."

"You," exclaimed Pinchas, glaring down at the sorry, ratlike D. Abasch—"you pose for my nowi!"

"Yes," said the young brother of the patriarch; "I have just at present nothing to do. Fifty cents an hour my bruder says you pay him. I will do it for thirty-five."

"What," repeated Pinchas, with a terrifying laugh, "you pose for my nowi—you!"

"Yes," answered D. Abasch, a surprised and harried expression passing over

his weazen features. "Is it too much? Well, I will poise for twenty-five cents—an hour twenty-five cents."

"Not for twenty-five dollars!" bellowed Pinchas, despair and fury mastering him; "not for a thousand dollars—if you pay me. Your brother has went to Philadelphia? Tell him to Sheol he shall go!"

He shut the door with a crash, and D. Abasch shuffled down the steps. Pinchas flung himself upon a couch in a cloud of plaster-dust. The bust of Ludwig Samoschein looked down upon him threatening; it seemed malign and full of scorn. Where, ah, where was he to find a model now? He wrung his hands, groaned, up-braided his evil star and all the tribes of Israel. Had the curse of the old orthodox Hebrew of Seward Park fallen upon him, after all?

"Where find another model?" echoed Kempinski, the Yiddish editor, at Lubin's that night. "Advertise, friend Spektor; advertise. I will fix up a notice and put it in my paper. It has the largest circulation. Prophets will come by dozens."

So they did, but they were not prophets, merely deposed rabbis, old-clothesmen, peddlers, unemployed and unemployables, old and young, fat and lean, tall and short, some in tow of their wives; a motley crew, hopelessly unfit, with no figures, no beards, no hair, no height.

Pinchas wailed aloud at Lubin's. Then silent, astute old Simon Kuch, the *shadchen*, or marriage-broker, pricked up his ears.

"If I can find a man a wife and a woman a husband, cannot I find a sculptor a model?" said he. "For a commission and expenses, Pinchas Spektor, I will bring you ten men to pick from."

"Done!" cried Pinchas. "But a Jew he must be. Ludwig Samoschein will not have a Gentile; he says a Jewish monument of a Jew, by a Jew, for the Jews."

Old Simon nodded, but said no more. The very next day he brought four different candidates to Pinchas's studio, but Pinchas rejected them all. The following day Simon herded in five more. These Pinchas, in disgust, also refused as impossible. Simon Kuch, muttering, shrugging his shoulders, and shaking his head, went sadly away. In half an hour he returned with another candidate. Spektor gave a cry of delight. A tall man stalked

beside the little *shadchen*, a fine figure of an elderly man.

"Look at him," said Simon, watching Pinchas sharply. "Is he not a first-class Yiddish type, a patriarch, a *nowi*? See what a head he has, and hair; and what a beard, a long beard, a fine beard, never touched by shears or razor!"

Pinchas expressed his gratification, and asked the man his name. The model made no reply. But impressively Simon Kuch answered for him:

"His very name is a prophet's name, a Bible name, Pinchas Spektor: Ezekiel is his name. Only"—and here he dropped his voice—"he has one bad thing the matter with him."

"Eh?" said Pinchas, suspiciously. "What you say?"

"He is dumb," whispered old Simon, hoarsely; "the poor man is dumb—and deaf!"

"It is no matter," answered Pinchas, relieved; "it is better even, maybe. I hate models what talk, talk, talk like barbers."

"You are satisfied, then?" asked Simon Kuch, quickly. "You have then my commission—and expenses?"

Pinchas paid all at once, and something over, and Simon, nodding sagely to Ezekiel, went away.

What an Hebraic type, what a father in Israel, what a *nowi*, was here! Pinchas gloated over his model. He was glad that he had not yet worked upon the head of his statue. What long, thick hair, what a fine, venerable elder's head, what bristling brows, deep-sunken eyes, and eagle nose! He was a grandfather out of Palestine, a true prince of the House of David; nay, Moses himself.

Pinchas set to work at once. In pantomime he gave directions to his model, who followed them exactly. Day after day Ezekiel came, posed, and got his meed of dollars. Wrapped in dreams, Pinchas worked away in the strange silence. It was as if the model himself were only a lifeless statue, so quiet was he. Only his eyes twinkled at times, Pinchas thought, with a strange, hidden meaning, and sometimes, when caught unawares, there was a peculiar smile upon the lips of Ezekiel. But Pinchas himself was now happy, and sang as he wrought upon the clay. Even the sinister bust of Ludwig Samoschein smiled down upon him. The pompous Samo-

himself came in a roaring motor, company with his pretty wife, she bedecked like Sheba's queen, and effusively went about art. At sight of her the half-naked Ezekiel made a wild dash behind the screen.

"Fine, fine!" remarked the banker, rubbing his hands. "And you will have it by October 17? Was I not right, or, to say we could find a good Jew-model? Was I not right to say it must be a Jew—a monument of a Jew, by a Jew for the Jews? It is Moses to the

ready little Pinchas saw his master-cast in everlasting bronze to bear his to after generations, saw it muffled in white cloth upon its marble pedestal the day of the unveiling. What multitude were assembled to do honor to him his heroic creation of his fancy! He

the music play, heard the speeches of the mayor and the East Side celebrities, shouts of the people—his people—as the overing fell and the glorious work d forth in all its beauty of gilded æ high above Delancey Street. Ah, but his mother in far-off Warsaw d this triumph of her son! What, are d with joy such as this, were the ten thousand dollars of Banker schein?

Ten feet high the great model stood; it was nearing completion. In a few days it would be ready for the founders. Possessed with a gust of mad inspiration, Pinchas worked along. Then, late one afternoon, he threw down his tools, gave a shout, clapped Yuski on the back, and cried out that his nowi was done.

Strangely enough, something like a deep sigh of relief came from the lips of Ezekiel. He left his platform at once and vanished behind the screen. He emerged with a clasp-knife in one hand and a small dark mass in the other, sat down upon the edge of the platform, tucked his prophet's robe about him, and crossed his long legs. It was a plug of tobacco he held in his hand. Slicing off a piece, he put it into his mouth, chewed deliberately, then spat against the base of the great monument.

"Pretty good, pretty good," drawled he, nodding his shaggy head.

"What!" cried the confounded Pinchas. "You speak! You ain't dumb? You ain't deaf? Who—what's your name?"

"Never was dumb," said the model, chewing slowly. "Name's Ezekiel."

"Ezekiel, yes; Ezekiel what?" gasped Pinchas Spektor, hoarsely.

"Waal, Cattermole—Ezekiel Cattermole of Henniker, New Hampshire."



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

"‘EZEKIEL WHAT?’ GASPED PINCHAS SPEKTOR, HOARSELY"



BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

(A PROBLEM IN COURTSHIP)

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

THIS is the story of a handsome and promising young M.P. who came to sit not only for his constituency, but also between Scylla and Charybdis. The ancient heroes sailed between those points of danger, as we know, but modern heroes sit more than they sail, even when not members of parliament.

Llexford was very handsome and most promising. With his past we have no concern, for it was all gone by before my tale begins. He was over thirty now, and the time, he reflected, had come for him to marry. Yes, most certainly the time had come for him to marry. He had not cared to marry young, but he certainly did not intend to put it off until he should be old, and he was now past thirty, and did not need to look in the British almanac to be reminded of the fact. He had his life quite to suit himself, and a part of that which had particularly suited him had been his adamant attitude as to marriage. He had thoroughly reveled in serene security, in the face of all manner of approaches, not to say attacks. No wily mother had ever tripped him up, nor had *any clever girl* succeeded in even becoming

an object of common gossip with him. He felt great satisfaction whenever he contemplated all this—almost as much satisfaction as when he contemplated himself in the mirror. He really had cause to be content in both cases. He was of good family, had tens of thousands of pounds of securities in the Bank of England, a seat both in parliament and on horseback that could not be shaken, a ready tongue, a ready pen, well-shaped calves, and a mustache that curled even when he was not thinking. What more could mortal ask? *He* certainly asked nothing more.

For it could not be said that he had asked a wife yet. He was only beginning to think at odd minutes during his life at large, and in listless hours during his life upon the dark leather benches, that it might be advisable to ask a wife after a while. He was jolly well tired of not having any fixed place for his belongings, and somewhat weary of not having any fixed place for himself. Vacant houses began to look inviting, and he noticed babies in the park. When friends fired attractive women at him, he felt no inclination to scorn the openly laid snare, but, instead, observed

men with marked attention and how they looked with their hair how much of it came down, and how came off, and whether they would age

It will be readily seen that he was a reckless, risky, romantic nature; a man who scans life with a calm and creative eye ever is. He was simply set-up member of parliament, with no real power in the world, who really thought the time had come for him to marry. A few days after the beginning of the session he dined at the house of a friend whom he had pleased to style—to himself—"a superior person." The friend had no special caliber, gave splendid dinners and always had interesting people at them. At this dinner the most interesting person was Mme. Scylla. Mme. Scylla was the reasonably young widow of a Greek. The Greek had died three years ago, leaving a fortune in the Argentine Republic. The fortune was so large that the Scylla family owns were wrecked by earthquakes. Thousands of square miles of precious land were burned over, it did not matter the least to the widow. Perhaps if it mattered, Mme. Scylla would not have betrayed the fact, for she was a most capable lady, who liked to sit with her legs on her knee and her chin supported in a crotch formed by her left little finger and the finger next to it, and stare thoughtfully straight into the eyes of a man, until, between her bewildering and bewildering beauty and being rich, the man stared at almost mad with love. Ever so many men wanted to marry her, but she refused them all. She never gave her confidence to any man, no one knew whence she came, what was her nationality, or why she would not marry again. No one ever told her the truth, which was that she had no ambition to be everything in the world to some man, and contemplated a more literal interpretation of that than most women consider necessary. She intended the man whom she was to marry to be a power, and she took pains in fitting herself to make it so. Whether she should win out or not was a question that goes beyond the scope of my story. My story deals only with the beginning of that end.

Mme. Scylla, with green veils wreathed with a blue-and-yellow embroidered un-

der-sheath, and a great band of azure enamel and emeralds holding her hair à la Mme. Recamier, was wholly a new experience to Llexford, and when he found her at his side at the table, he was joyful indeed. She was on the wrong side, and he could not talk to her very much, but she was wonderful. Just to glance sidewise at her was like having a rainbow marry into the family, and before very long he discovered that she was quite the best educated woman whom he had ever met.

"You are the member of parliament, are you not?" she asked presently.

He was pretty sure that she knew the answer already, but he bowed.

"Why don't you say something of the United States' new industry?" she asked then; and added immediately, "You know that they are beginning to plant poppy-seed there?"

He had not happened to hear of it. Of course it startled him. Poppy-seed means opium, China trade, commissions of inquiry, and many other interesting things.

"Come and see me some day, and I will tell you all that I know," she said; "it may be of service to you. I have a friend whose brother lives in America—in the United States. All that I know is. quite the truth."

He felt what a tidbit, politically considered, her information would make. Yes, certainly he would call; oh, most certainly.

He called.

After the third or fourth call she began to be very friendly, and she was so beautiful and so rich and so brilliant, that he gave himself over to the delicious sense of not having to care if they were falling in love. The sensation of being free from the need of precaution was marvelous to him. When their eyes met he did not look away. It was perfectly safe, whatever happened. He sent her flowers without caring if they did betray sentiment. He sometimes came informally early or stayed confidentially late. And when she asked him why he did not bring in a bill to illuminate country sign-posts at night, he felt a vague mental wonder as to whether the two-halves-of-one-soul theory were not true after all, for the bill was drafted in his desk at home, "home" being the club this month. He told her of the coincidence, and she opened her great eyes in

surprise. "How extraordinary!" she murmured. And he thought so, too.

It is a real epoch in a man's life when he finds that the cleverest woman whom he has ever met is interested in him and in his life and in his work. A day or so later he felt a sudden impulse to prove to her how brilliant *he* was, and so he said something in the House. What he said did not develop quite as he had expected. In fact, it turned out to be a mistake, and later it grew into a terrific blunder, which had the honor of much scathing comment. He felt much perturbed, and was inexpressibly soothed on going to see her to find the first smiles that had been turned his way for three days illuminating her lovely face.

"Do you know what you can do?" she asked him, holding his hand in both of hers and looking up into his face with an expression of almost masculine intelligence in her eyes.

He did not ask her to what she referred. He was silent, but in his answering smile she found encouragement to speak.

"There's a speech in Hansard—a speech of a chancellor of the exchequer—that will turn the tables completely." Then she named the day, the year, and that particular chancellor of the exchequer.

He was dumfounded. He could not speak.

"You see, it is n't where any one would look for such a reference," she went on, "but it is there. I would n't quote it, if I were you; I would simply refer to it. It will be more impressive."

He was no end grateful. He had no doubt as to the other half of his soul now. He took her hand and kissed it, and she smiled again. She did not seem to be a very passionate person, but, then, he was not a passionate person himself. And she knew all about Manchurian railway concessions, what ailed Mauritian credit, and why reciprocity seemed so loath to reciprocate. He was almost positive as to what the outcome was to be. Really, no man could possibly do better. And she was beautiful, and rich, and, then, last, but not least, *so* clever.

He wondered whether she were Oriental enough to be going to get too stout later in life. She was perfect now. And her hair?

It was a day or two after this that he

had to make a speech at a banquet, and told her so.

"I'll tell you something very original to say," she said. And then she told him.

"How did you ever think of that?" he asked in real wonder.

"I don't know," she laughed; "but do say it."

He said it, and it created a tremendous amount of talk, all of the most soothing and delightful kind.

He made up his mind to offer himself on Sunday. It was eminently the right thing for him, and he was positive that he loved her, too. "I am *positive*," he repeated thrice over to himself.

That evening he went to an informal little theater-party with some friends—whom he had not met in years, and they had with them the sweetest, most unsophisticated, blue-eyed child of seventeen. She was not in society yet; *he* was the first "man" whom she had ever met. It is dazing to be the first man whom a really sweet girl has ever met. He had a seat next to hers. She was Charybdis.

The others talked of his clever speech, and he shrugged his shoulders and made light of it. Any one could make speeches like that, he said, and felt a slight stab as he said it, remembering that he could not have made it if Mme. Scylla had not outlined it for him. Miss Charybdis had not known that he had made a speech, and felt freshly overwhelmed at such a state of things. It was wonderful to be sitting in the same box with a member of parliament, and to think that he had also made a speech! To what dizzy heights might not so great a being aspire! Her blue eyes were afraid to contemplate the sun too closely for fear of some Phaëtonic catastrophe, but she looked at his hand hanging loosely on the back of her chap-eron's chair, and the mere sight of that brought the color to her pretty face. *She* was able to be romantic and to love. As likely as not, in ten years she would be as interesting as lots of other people.

He went home in an odd state of mind.

The next day was Saturday, and he had intended offering himself to Mme. Scylla, who was out of town, on Sunday. He felt still more odd to think that that time next week all sorts of new emotions would be running riot within him,—at least he

and trusted that they would,—but feel odd.

He rode in the Row the next morning, contemplated the proposal with some hesitation and some satisfaction. He still liked it. He did not think that the proposal would be any special strain; she must like that he loved her. "I must have it," he told himself, and then he re-firmedly, "I *must* have shown it." As there would not even be anything to do. Perhaps he would simply kiss her. Well, it would be quite easy. He started to show her something, would sit in a chair close to her side, would take a pencil to point out the particular, she would turn her head to watch him. He was elucidating, perhaps she would be seated on the divan—oh, it would be quite easy.

He raised his eyes at that, and there, in front of him, rode the exceedingly young girl with a groom in attendance. She smiled and blushed and bowed, and then, well, he rode home with her.

He now began the sitting between Scylla and Charybdis in good earnest. Not that he knew it then, for he was still too young that he loved the widow to be able to lie to his opinion so quickly. He felt very odd, vaguely uncomfortable. There was no denying that

Scylla was brilliant, brilliantly intelligent, and beautifully rich; but, dash it, there is a charm in a young, innocent girl who knows nothing of anything but the best of all of men.

He went to make his proposal just as he had planned, feeling that Monday would find everything settled and two people ecstatically happy. And yet, he told himself over and over most irrelevantly, he did not *need* to marry a fortune. That he was jolly well sure that he could get on without the brilliant brains. But yet he was not so sure, after all, she was stunning. But the young girl was lovely, too. Altogether his thoughts, as he walked through the park, were most comfortable. But he always knew that he was going to propose and that they would be ecstatically happy. No doubts that or demands details of his situation. Why under the sun should

he come to the house and went in. She was alone. He went straight to her, took

her in his arms, and kissed her. It is the simplest way, and the most effective. She drew back, laughed, and began to adjust her hair-pins. There was no use denying that she was beautiful. "Such a man!" was all that she said. And after that they were very happy for some time. It was quite wonderful to sit beside her, have his arm around her, and feel her sinuous, jeweled fingers tapping his hand. "You shall be a great man," she said, confidentially. "I'll manage it all for you."

That was a fearful mistake for so clever a woman to make. Despite himself, he felt his eyebrows shoot upward. He could not share that view of his brilliant future in any circumstances.

"You see, I am a very gifted woman," she continued happily; "I have tact and intuition. You'll make no more stupid blunders now."

Well! He drew a long breath and withdrew his arm. "The cigarettes are there, just at your hand," she said, pointing; but although he could, and did, get one without rising, he did not replace his arm. She sprang quickly up and brought him matches. "I will make you prime minister," she said, with her glowing gaze. "I am sure that I can do it, for all that you lack I have in abundance."

He colored hotly. For a moment he thought that his temper had slipped its ball and chain. He took a match from her and lit a cigarette. "My odalisque," he said then, trying to speak naturally, "don't forget that women are, after all, a very small part of a man's life." And then he looked at the rug, and his look was severe. He was not a bit happy.

"Not when it is a woman like me and a man like you," she said. "You know as well as I do that of us two I am the stronger character."

He bit his lip and moved his fingers curiously. He drew in a tremendous breath.

But then it came over him with a horrid gasp that she was right, that she was certainly right. But she loved him. And all men would envy him. And, after all, she *would* be a help.

So he smiled in a ghastly sort of way, said, "Conceited baby!" and noted that she liked it, and then he pretended that his declaration had burst from him unawares,

and that a pressing, previous engagement claimed him, and so got away.

Outside, in the street, he was aware of being distinctly sore and outraged. "I will make you prime minister!" What a little fool she was! "You know as well as I do that of us two I am the stronger character." He turned there and bolted down a side street. Why, he would never marry that woman in this world! Who was she, anyhow? Idiot! Conceited little monkey!

A few minutes later, having come near being run over by a motor and also having collided violently with a man larger than himself who was very mad about something, too, it occurred to him that it might be well to calm himself, and, finding that he chanced to be in the neighborhood of his inferior friends, he thought that he would drop in informally; he happened to know that they made a practice of giving the most delightful informal suppers to select little parties of lions every Sunday. So he went in, and he found, to his astonishment, that that speech of his (or hers) had made him a double lion. The host, who had treated him as an equal before (the misguided man treated all his guests as equals, not having the remotest suspicion of his own classing), now treated him with a good-humored mock-worship which was inexpressibly soothing. "You are slated for big things, do you know it?" he said confidentially. "Do you realize that you're beginning to pull a stroke oar?"

He could not help feeling much better at once, and with the mental uplift came a buck-shot charge of shame, shattering the petty side of his self-esteem and making him realize with a sudden flame of satisfaction that he *was* engaged to her, after all. They would be married, and no one would ever know how much she helped him, and the help would be there at hand always. And she *was* beautiful, and she was ri—

Just then the door opened, and in came Miss Charybdis, her hair confined in a fur basket upside down, and wearing a coat that made her look like an educated seal. There is no use talking, the girl that

looks pretty in to-day's garb *is* pretty beyond a doubt. Llexford, with a sudden leap of his heart, recognized that no amount of lineless muffling could take away from this girl's charm, because her charm was innate. It was her youth, her innocence, and her adorable ignorance. Oh, ignorance, what bliss to contemplate!

He managed to be near her very soon, and she looked up at him with adoring eyes that were almost too good to be true. "Oh, you are going to be such a great man," she said. "How do you ever do it? And that speech! Just think, I can't even make out what it's all about, and there you could stand up and say it without any notes."

He felt tremendously flattered. "We get used to all that in the House," he said. "No notes there often, you know."

"No, I suppose not," she said yet more adoringly, and he looked into her soft, immature gaze and knew that she would love him, too, if he asked her. What a situation! He felt fairly beside himself!

Very late that night he reached his bed and strove to think. The problem was now awful, and there was *no* steering between. He must wreck himself to save himself. It must be Scylla or it must be Charybdis. What should he do? What could he do? He could not marry a woman who set out from the start as brighter than he was himself, and neither could he get on without that woman. But how could he break with her even if he wanted to? And if he did break with her, and she married one of his opponents in the House and told that opponent that—oh, he simply could not contemplate *that*! And then this adorably, sweet, loving, trusting, blue-eyed girl (God bless her!), a million times too good for him, and who would never give him advice, or give herself any airs, or be any help to anybody! *What* a mess! Why did such cursed luck come to him? He swore, he fumed, he fussed, he canvased pros and cons. In the end he—

It was certainly the only wise course to take.



"FURLING THE SAIL"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANTON FISHER

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURE OF ETTA

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

WITH PICTURES BY J. R. SHAVER

THE junior department of a certain big Sunday-school was going on a picnic. Miss Devons, commander-in-chief of some eighty East Side boys and girls, was counting her charges as they assembled at the ferry-house one bright May morning, smiling at the expectant faces, subduing the more adventurous spirits, encouraging the timid. At last the roll was complete, and she drew a sigh of relief as she surveyed the fluttering throng. But her satisfaction was short-lived. Loud sobs rose from the corner where Etta Schwartz-Sieling had flattened her nose against the glass and had caught sight of the ferry-boat. In vain did the girls flock about her and remonstrate against such conduct on a holiday; in vain did Miss Devons clasp the stiffly starched child to her heart and beseech her to moderate her grief or at least to offer some explanation of it. Etta's sobs continued, punctuated by exclamations of despair.

"Nein, nein, es geht nicht," she wept. "Nefer can I on de boat go."

"But, Etta," Miss Devons expostulated, "what is the matter? Don't you want to go on the picnic?"

"Teacher, Teacher," wailed Etta, "it aind I don't wants I should go mit you; it aind noddings like dat. But I don't like dat I shall be drowneded over der sea."

"But you 're not going to be drowned," said Miss Devons. "We 're only going to Rockaway, and you don't have to go in the ocean if you don't want to. I only thought you 'd like to paddle on the nice, smooth sand."

"Teacher, jawohl, I likes I should paddle; but it aind paddlin' when you drowns, and you burns, und crowds screams."

At this juncture Mark O'Reilly came to the rescue.

"Aw, dem Dutchies dey 're loony!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Can't see no boat but dey t'inks it 's anoder *General Slocum*. Say, you, we don't go by no steamer. Don't yer know dat?"

At the allusion of the still-recent disaster the crowd wavered. Did they not all know friends whose friends had never returned from some excursion begun, perhaps, as gaily as this one? And why should they be exempt? Longing glances were cast at the door, nervous whispers ran through the groups, and a stampede was imminent, when rescue came from an unexpected quarter. Cap in hand and a valiant smile on his face, Giuseppe Salvatore stood forward to prove his devotion to the lady who had been his guiding-star since he entered the department, an unreclaimed "dago." Now he was an American, and would be worthy of his new dignity.

"Mees Devons, Ah go wit' you," he declared, feeling capable of following Mark and his dearly beloved teacher to destruction, if necessary. "Ah not know moch about steam-aire, bot all times Ah go wit' you."

Where Giuseppe went, there Louisa May and Florabel went also, and the rest of the department followed their lead. Even Etta's fears were soothed by the promise of Miss Devons's hand during the entire trip, and the excursionists clattered on board the ferry-boat with high hopes and radiant faces once more.

Etta was newly arrived in America, having lived in Germany until the previous year, when her widowed father, Herr Johann Sieling had brought her to America to try his fortune. Here he prospered amazingly, and within three months had courted and married the widow Schwartz and her seven children. The lady con-

ducted a thriving candy-shop on Second Avenue, and all went merrily until Mr. Sieling fell under an elevated train and was killed, leaving Etta to his wife. Unlike the traditional German stepmother, she treated Etta like one of her own brood, even bestowing her first name upon her, that the child might feel at one with her own children, who had added Mr. Sieling's name to their own, a complicated, but by no means unusual arrangement. Unfortunately, Mrs.

Schwartz - Sieling had left the Fatherland too young to remember the home-life there, and Etta, for eleven years her father's only care, missed sadly the kisses and caresses to which she had been accustomed. Meeting with practical kindness, but no cuddling whatsoever, she gave herself up to despair and lamented the day she had ever entered the land. In the middle of the winter she had joined Miss Devons's department, where she watched

with longing eyes the merry groups she was too shy to join, or envied with all her sad little heart the favored few who were singled out for the clumsy attentions of the gallants of the class. How gladly, thought Etta, would she return, after the briefest of sucks, a gift of gundy, if it were ever offered her, and what gratitude she would bestow upon the lordly giver! Moreover, she was an accomplished little housewife, and the happy-go-lucky housekeeping of her stepmother filled her tidy soul with horror, so that the land was accursed in her sight, and her only bright moments were those when she sat, *as now, in the shadow of her teacher's arm.*

Once across the river, the party climbed aboard the special car reserved for them, and when they had settled themselves, the girls in prim pairs on the seats, the boys mostly on the floor and out of the windows, they were a sight to behold. Not a boy but had had his face scrubbed and his Sunday tie forced upon him by an anxious mother; not a girl but had had her best dress ironed in the small hours of the night, and had slept, or rather not slept, with

her hair twisted in the tight, wet knobs which are guaranteed to produce ringlets of a high-staying quality. On every ribboned head reposed a broad chip hat, garlanded with flowers, the general effect being that of a highly colored garden in which all the flowers of all the seasons were miraculously blooming at once. The minute the train had started, every hat was removed, and every ringlet and bow was adjusted with care, and every ruffle was smoothed over



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"BEFORE THE GLORY OF THESE, M'REE'S BOOTS OF WHITE KID, . . . FADED INTO INSIGNIFICANCE"

the thin knees, and the female portion of the expedition prepared to enjoy itself with the ever-happy subject of clothes. For, the moment the rent is paid and sometimes before, the East Side plans for the wardrobe regardless of the larder. That Nellie may have a white graduation dress trimmed with innumerable flounces edged with "Val," and that Albert may have a new suit for confirmation, are every mother's absorbing anxieties, and the entrancing result is that even the tenement babies in New York are stylish despite dirt and shabbiness.

Now, Marie (christened Mary) Ramsay, whose brown curls bobbed under a

bow of surpassing width and shini-
was the acknowledged "swell dresser"

department, and Miss Devons had
ntly wondered how such a vision of
ness could come out of the two small
where she dwelt with her mother
our sisters. Somehow or other the
le was accomplished, and "M'ree's"
s were ever the despair of her imita-

To-day, however, her superiority
reated by the appearance of Louisa
in boots of the latest style. Of shin-
tent leather, they extended half-way
: knee, and then merged into stiff
with tassels of silk and gold thread.
: the glory of these, M'ree's boots of
kid, with black-eyed pearl buttons,
into insignificance, and Miss Devons
bliged to remind the company that
not customary for a lady to travel
her feet on the back of the seat in
of her before Louisa May could be
ed to stop vaunting her glories in the

"Well, certainlee, Louisa May," M'ree
ed, with a toss of her brown curls,
boots is elegant; but Mommer thinks
boots is kind of refined for a party.
ays wear black boots to church, ex-
: 's a holiday; but white boots is nice
e country, don't you think?"

M'ree's speech was as refined as her ap-
pe, and the shot went home, for the
ice well knew that Louisa May
l but the one pair of "dressy" boots.
White boots is nice for kids," she re-
; "but these is all the style for la-

ree colored hotly. She, who was six
is the elder, to be accused of baby-

laybe you ain't never been down to
hattan Beaches," she declared. "Mom-
cousin was down to it last summer,
he says as how the ladies sits in rows
y long, changing to clean pairs. She
how their gentlemen friends don't
rothin' for the clothes they puts on,
hey don't let 'em step on their boats
t they 're wearin' white shoes. She
he seen that continuously. So, there,
a May!"

y one else would have been crushed
is evidence, but M'ree's opponent
d nobly.

hattan Beaches ain't so awful
' she retorted loftily. "Mebbe you 'd

like to crawl along the floor an' see is
Miss Devons wearin' white shoes, M'ree
Ramsay."

"I 'm wearing brown ones," Miss De-
vons interposed, hastening to interrupt a
conversation which threatened to become
as heated as the atmosphere. "I think
both your boots are lovely, girls, and I feel
quite shabby when I look at all these beau-
tiful clothes."

She smiled upon the eager groups, and
Florabel, gentlest of souls, hastened to re-
assure her.

"You ain't got no call to feel badly,"
she protested, inspecting Miss Devons's
cool linen suit and broad-brimmed sailor-
hat. "It ain't all the time easy to wear
your best clothes, an' what you got on is
awful becomin', if they is kind o' plain."

Reassured as to her appearance, Miss
Devons turned again to Etta, who had
snuggled into her seat and was leaning
against her shoulder.

"Are you comfy, honey?" she in-
quired, smiling into the upturned blue
eyes.

"Jawohl," murmured Etta, basking in
the sunshine of caresses. "I likes awful
goot to be lofed like dis. Not for long haf
I so lofed become. All times is it lonely
here, an' I should to go home, you think?"

"Well, I don't know, deary," said Miss
Devons, drawing the little figure closer.
"You know your father wanted you to
grow up here and learn all the wonderful
things girls know in America; so suppose
you try to like it better, and soon I think
you won't be so lonely. Mrs. Sieling is
very kind to you, is n't she?"

"Teacher, jawohl she iss kind. It iss
not kind, but lofe I vants. So awful lonely
am I all times for somebody to lofe me
alone like *mein* fader did." And Etta's
blue eyes wandered mournfully over
the car, alighting, with the perversity of
her sex, upon Mark, leader of the Avenue
A gang and despiser of womankind. "I
likes awful well to vash an' cook for some
one vat lofes me," sighed Etta.

For a short space all was peaceful, and
then from the end of the car, where some
thirty boys were congregated, arose a wail
of angry despair.

"You lie! It ain't so. You lemme git
at him!"

Miss Devons extricated herself and
went forward, for this promised trouble.

A ring of boys was formed 'bout Paul, the youngest member of the department, whose fiery spirit and artistic nature made him an easy prey to tormentors. Paul was poor as to outward circumstances. Not even the holiday could alter his garb from the thin red sweater and patched trousers he wore the year round; but starved and frail as was his body, his eyes gleamed with an unconquerable spirit, and his nervous little fists were doubled up threateningly at big George Finsen, who leaned against the back of a seat as he repeated his taunt.

"Hush, Paul!" Miss Devons interposed gently. "Why did George say you could n't go in swimming? Don't you know how to swim?"

"Yes, ma'am, I kin swim good. I learnt it last summer."

"Then why should n't he go in? What are you laughing at, George?"

George was sniggering unpleasantly, and his mirth was reflected on the surrounding faces.

"Teacher,"—it was Mark O'Reilley who stood forward,—*"dat kid can't go in*



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"WHO SAYS I GOT PAPERS ON?" HE DEMANDED.
"I AIN'T NO PARK BUM, SEE?"

"You dassen't go in swimmin'. You knows you dassen't."

"What 's the trouble, boys?" Miss Devons made her way into the circle and laid a soothing hand on Paul's arm. "Why should n't he go in swimming, George?"

But George, the son of the corner publican, only grinned foolishly and scrabbled on the floor with the toe of his shiny boots.

"I was only foolin' the kid," he muttered. "He 's a reg'lar cry-baby. Can't say nothin' but he howls."

Paul's big eyes had indeed filled with sudden tears at his teacher's touch, but he faced his enemy bravely.

"It 's all a lie," he reiterated. "You come outer here, an' I 'll show yer."

no water. He don't never swim except it 's July or August. His mother—"

"You shut up!" blazed Paul. "It 's all a lie."

Thoroughly annoyed, Miss Devons gave the boy a slight shake.

"Keep quiet, Paul! Now, Mark, go on. What 's the trouble about?"

"No, ma'am; I can't tell you dat. 'T ain't nuttin' I kin tell yer. Finsen he was foolin', an' de kid got nutty, see? I dunno is it a straight tip what dey says, but, anyway, 't ain't nuttin' I kin tell yer."

"I 'll tell you," Paul broke in, too angry to heed the scandalized looks of his mates; but before he could continue, an agonized voice interrupted:

"Paul, you mus' not! Eet ees not for

hear. Mees Devons, you no I beg-a you." Giuseppe was with hands, eyes, and suppliant "No' for ladies—please-a, Mees Eet ees not nice at all."

shut up!" George exclaimed sul—"It ain't nothin' so bad. Only y tells me how his mother puts ound her kids an' sews 'em on in o keep 'em warm. An' they don't off till summer. Ain't that so,

a lie!" shrieked Paul, glaring ound: "I 'll show yer."

his horrified friends could inter- had torn off his jersey and stood em in woefully thin flannels, his le ribs showing through many a

says I got papers on?" he de- "I ain't no park bum, see?"

other minute he would have dis- the shirt itself had Miss Devons ferred.

on your jersey, Paul!" she said, it to him. "And, George, the e he wants to tease, choose some- your own size. If there is any ouble, I shall get off at the next leave you to find your way home

threat sufficed to calm all angry for the East-Sider is lost outside district, and Miss Devons re- to the girls, who were discussing lent with horrified gusto.

ain't it awful the way them boys murmured M'ree, as she glanced ombatants from under her curls. somethin' fierce; they ain't got no unners 'n a goat."

don't ought to take off shirts in," said Etta, forgetting her shy- Dot vas not von polite t'ing to

a pity some one don't smack that Finsen," Louisa May remarked "He 's awful fresh, I think."

away at last! Out tumbled eighty- ildren, screaming with delight, up and down in the dusty road, eadlong on the cool grass, pursu- y living creature within sight, and y enjoying themselves. First they he beach, where the boys swam girls paddled to their hearts' con- hen who but little Paul was the

first to plunge into the blue water, scarcely waiting to don the suit provided for him in the bathing-tent; and who but Giuseppe Salvatori outswam the whole crowd, side stroke, back, and front, diving and under water? Even Mark, wharf-rat as he was, could not compete with the boy who, the year before, had been disporting himself in the Bay of Naples, and Miss Devons noted with quick pleasure that none took greater pride in the Italian's feats than Mark himself, former persecutor and now patron of the laughing-eyed Italian.

"Well, Giuseppe," she said, as he flung himself on the warm sand at her feet. "You are having a fine swim, are n't you? It must remind you of Italy."

He shook his head with a quick glance at her.

"Ah, no," he said softly; "no lak Italy, this sweem. Here eet ees all dead so soon you go undaire. Ah close-a my eyes; all black, all lak dead man. In Italy eet ees so light, so gay, so blue, lak wine all—all way down."

He drew a long breath, and into his dark eyes crept a shadow.

"But you are happy here, are n't you, Giuseppe?"

"I am American," he answered proudly. "Some day I vote jus' lak Mark say. In Italy I no can vote lak here. Mark, he say—"

"Say, kid, I want yer!" Mark's voice rang out across the waves, and with a flashing smile of farewell Giuseppe raced off, proud to be called by his leader.

Meanwhile Etta had summoned up courage to join the other girls in wading and scrambling over the rocks and, quite carried away by the novel pastime, she had climbed to a respectable eminence before she looked back. When she did so, terror struck to her soul. Alone she stood upon a high rock the slippery sides of which she had ascended by means of footholds which now appeared hopelessly inadequate for support. Her appealing cries awoke screams of sympathy from the girls and shouts of advice from the boys; but these served only to bewilder her the more, and when Miss Devons arrived upon the scene she saw that the child was in real danger of falling headlong upon the rocks below.

"My, ain't it awful!" sighed Louisa May, who was, as usual, well to the fore. "I guess you an' me 'll have to break it to

her mommer, Florabel, seein' 's we seed her first."

"Oh, I could n't never do that," protested the gentle Florabel. "She 'd screech somethin' awful."

"Mebbe she 'll throw fits," Louisa May suggested hopefully. "That 's what Mrs. Smith did when they brought Johnny home to her. Mommer was there, an' she says as how—"

"Hush, Louisa May!" said Miss Devons. "Don't be so silly. Try to sit down, Etta; we 'll bring you down in a few minutes, if you just keep quiet."

As she was girding up her skirts preparatory to scaling the rock, Mark O'Reilly dashed past her. He had been dressing when he heard the shouts, and had raced collarless and coatless to the scene of the disaster.

"Git back there!" he panted as he thrust himself in front of Miss Devons. "This ain't no job for you."

In a minute he had reached the top and was instructing Etta to mount upon his back while he prepared to descend, at no time an entirely easy feat, and now perilous indeed, with Mark's burden. Strong as he was for his age, he was only fourteen, and Miss Devons trembled for both the children.

"Wait, Mark!" she called to him. "We 'll get a ladder from the house. Don't try to come down."

The advice was good, but Mark felt the eyes of his followers upon him, and with a grunt of disdain he turned slowly about and lowered himself inch by inch.

"You keep still!" he commanded Etta. "An' keep yer mouth shut, or I 'm goin' to drop yer on purpose, an' you 'll be *mashed on the rocks.*"

Terror kept Etta as immobile as a statue, and all went well until half-way down, when the boy's foot slipped, and catching at a hand-hold, a long scratch on his arm was made, from which the blood flowed. Without a sound he continued his descent until he stood on the beach, where he dumped Etta unceremoniously and strode off to finish his toilet, regardless of the cheers of the department. To his intense embarrassment, Miss Devons

insisted on thanking him publicly and binding up his arm, which continued to bleed. He stood before her awkwardly while she improvised a bandage from one of the bathing-towels; but when Etta crept up shyly, he turned upon her roughly and ordered her off.

"You ain't got no business foolin' wit' no rocks," he told her. "Don't you let me catch you on no more or I 'll learn yer."

Etta was beaming. Mark, always a heroic figure in her eyes, now loomed gigantic, since he spoke to one of the inferior sex, as became one of the other. Thus it was in Germany, and so it

should be in every well-ordered land.

"Ach, nein," she protested, blushing softly. "Nefermore do I go on de so dreadful rocks. Nimmer, nimmer mehr."

Mollified, Mark nodded.

"All right. Now yer kin carry up me coat. Much obliged, Teacher."

He swaggered off with his hands in his pockets, Etta following carefully with the coat, her face beaming.

By this time all had had their fill of the beach, and when as little clothing as possible had been replaced, and as much sand as could be had been shaken out of the boots,—Louisa May's no longer shiny



"HER APPEALING CRIES AWOKE SCREAMS OF SYMPATHY FROM THE GIRLS"



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

HE DUMPED ETTA UNCEREMONIOUSLY AND STRODE OFF TO FINISH HIS TOILET"

M'ree's no longer white,—they had up to the house, where a bountiful awaited them on the broad piazza. ate and they drank, and they lay in shade of the big trees until some of us discovered that half a mile down ad there was a merry-go-round, and half the class trooped off to it, while st elected to lie on the soft grass and heir weary little bodies.

t Giuseppe Salvatori, with his part a the push-cart business, Abraham was at the moment unusually by, and such a thing as going to a alone was not to be thought of.

h tell you w'at, Abey," he whispered y were setting out. "Ah get Flora-n' you take-a Louisa May, an' we go e aroun'."

ot on your life!" responded Abra-shrewd offspring of a Scotch mother Hebrew father. "I don't spend me money that way."

bey, I beg-a you," Giuseppe insisted. abel she look at me. Ah t'ink she er' much to go. Ah no can ask her it you ask Louisa May. Please-a, you do!"

ell you what," Abraham suggested.

"You come with me the rest of this week without pay, and I 'll take the girl."

Originally the leavings of his uncle's fruit-shop had been in Giuseppe's hands to dispose of, but since he had taken in Abraham to wrestle with the business end, he had sold out, and now took only a certain percentage for the afternoons he accompanied young Weil upon his rounds, the latter having found that Giuseppe's smile doubled his business.

The Italian gladly agreed, and they set off in couples, the little girls mincing along with conscious pride just a step or two behind their lords and masters. Then Paul and M'ree paired off. Not that Paul had any money; but he wished to see the posters, and M'ree wished to show her clothes, so they followed in line, while Georgie Finsen made his way toward Etta, who had now become a person of mark since, as Louisa May said, she might have been taken home in a coffin.

"I don't mind if I take you over," he declared lordlily. "Come on."

Etta's heart stood still. George was the richest and biggest boy in the department. That he should have singled her out! But

even as she rose, her instinct told her that she belonged to another.

"I—I t'ank you very moch," she stammered. "You awful kind to ask me, but I t'ink I better not go."

George's eyes followed Etta's, to where Mark was whittling a stick with elaborate indifference. The nerve of Giuseppe Salvatori to go off with a girl when he was being trained up for a member of the gang! Not that Mark wanted him at that moment, but the nerve of him to go without asking! He was roused from his gloomy meditations by George's derisive shout.

"She 's going with me," fat George declared. "I got bunches o' money, an' I 'm takin' her."

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!" Mark responded, shoving him aside. "I ain't got no time to fool wit' you. Ain't I chased you all de way home last week? Wat yer mean by buttin' in here?"

It was only too true. Chased him Mark had, and Finsen was aware that worse things awaited him if he interfered with the Avenue A leader. Haughtily he drew aside.

"I ain't buttin' in," he declared. "Could n't hire me to go to yer old show,



Drawn by J. K. Shaver

"'THINK IT 'S HOT, DO YOU?' MARK JEERED"

"You waitin' for him! Say, that 's a hot one! Why, he ain't got as much cash as would let you look at the outside of the tent. You come along o' me, an' I 'll show you how we do things in my block." Abruptly Mark strode toward the couple. Well he knew that he carried in a corner of his ragged lining only so many pennies as would see him through the week with the barest economy; but he 'd show that fat Finsen if he could laugh at him. He 'd show him.

"Here, you," he called roughly to Etta, who stood patiently waiting for him. "What you standin' dere for? Don't you see they 're 'most o' de way already? Get a move on, can't yer?"

anyway. I don't see no fun racin' round when it 's so blazin' hot."

"Think it 's hot, do you?" Mark jeered, swaggering off. "Wait till yer die."

And Giuseppe Salvatori, who had come back with Florabel to join the others, clapped his hands delightedly crying:

"Oh, Mark, you are all time so fonny!"

And Etta, unaware of the jest, worshipped anew.

They did the sights, and Mark spent freely, like the "good sport" he aspired to be. He bullied Giuseppe, lorded it over Etta, showed off before the others, and altogether conducted himself as befitted a person of his standing, and half an hour before train-time they returned to the

flushed and weary, excited and won-
lly happy. Etta especially was radi-
or she had at last found some one to
she could attach herself, and the
girls had taken her into their fellow-
s one of themselves.

was a sunburned, disheveled, delighted
that boarded the train for New
and alternately dozed and talked
the day's doings as the landscape
d into the dusk. At the farther end
car the boys chattered amiably, Paul
ng cows and trees and enormous
on the floor with a lump of chalk,
nam holding forth on high finance,
Giuseppe clasping his knees with his
brown hands, his eager face aglow,
ady smile flashing out at each speaker
n.

abel turned from the contemplation
r little squire with a happy sigh as
uggled up to Miss Devons.

in't we had the grand time!" she
ured sleepily; and Louisa May
d.

well, you bet! I mean ellegant,
Devons, ma'am. I ain't forgot how
old us not to say swell. But I 'm
leepy I just got to talk natural."
ould n't 'lovely' or 'beautiful' be as
al as swell or elegant?" asked Miss
ns with a smile.

uisa May pondered.

"They don't sound just right, ma'am,
but mebbe they 'll come so. Mommer she
says as how we should always keep on
hopin' even when things don't seem likely."

Miss Devons privately thought that if
Louisa May's mother would use a little
more effort instead of so much hope, things
might be better for the family; but she
kept her opinion to herself as Marie's
voice rose from across the aisle.

"You think red bows or light blue the
most stylish for the hair, Louisa May?"

The conversation safely started, Miss
Devons slipped back a few seats to where
Etta was sitting by herself, smiling hap-
pily out of the window. She sat down by
the child and, putting an arm around her,
she inquired:

"Have you had a happy day, dear?"

"Jawohl," sighed Etta, blissfully. "So,
so happy!"

"And you 're going to try to like New
York a little better, are n't you, honey?"

"I likes it goot," said Etta, placidly.
"Say, Teacher, you know how Mark
lives? No mudder at all, no fader at
all—choost oder boys vat sells papers. Dot
vas not von nice vay to live. And, say,
you see how he puts him on mit clothes?
Dey vas all dirty, und von big hole in his
shirt. Dot vas not von nice t'ing to put
on. So I vashes und I mends for Mark,
und I likes America goot."



SIC TRANSIT

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

NOT for some guerdon of a farther star,
Another life, a greater love, I scan
Each day the flower-dight page the summer world
Opens before me; nor with thought far hurled
Out through the glittering gulf seek I a plan
Threading the graduate worlds to make me or to mar.

Nay, rather all this beauty lives for me
In that it doubly dies—to look with tears
Upon the budding rose, to hear with pain
All through the rapt bird's utmost ecstasy:
"This rose, this bird, none of the following years
Shall know, nor thee, nor thy delight in them, again."

EL MEDICO

BY MARY MEIGS ATWATER

HARRY WHITE paused, as he did regularly four times a day on his way from bunk-house to mine and from mine to bunk-house, to look up at the company hospital on its prickly, little hill. It was a squat, adobe structure, four-square, roofed with shimmering galvanized iron. Harry hated it for the smug, self-satisfied expression with which it looked down on the huddled roofs of the little mining-camp, and for the inhuman indifference with which it seemed to watch the pitiful struggles of a moribund road that fought its choked and despairing way through the tangle of ocatilla and cactus all across the wide, brown desert toward the distant wall of pale-pink mountains. He hated it most for the hateful letters of the doctor's name on the door.

Four times a day Harry saw that name and thought of poor Eugenio; four times a day he renewed his mental vow to "*get Jones*." Eugenio, of course, was only a "Greaser," but still human and a devoted parent. He was, besides, a capable workman, entitled to consideration; and even though, as the doctor afterward claimed, the baby must have died in any case, it was not right to delay to eat two pieces of pie, to drink a cup of coffee, and to smoke a cigarette before answering the summons of a distracted father. A doctor should be a doctor even in Mexico.

Harry's eyes were drawn away from the hateful name by a wretched, moth-eaten little pony that now came stumbling and sliding down the stony path from the hospital. The rider, a barefooted, broad-hatted Indian boy, was fully as unhappy as his sorry steed, to judge by the large tears that coursed down his firm, brown cheeks. With one hand he continually rubbed his streaming eyes, and in the other, *at arm's length*, he held a small bottle.

"What is the trouble, *joven?*" asked Harry, kindly.

The boy slid from his horse and took off his hat. "It is, Señor, that I fear this will not serve." He held the bottle out to Harry. "Besides, if I return without the *medico*, the patron will doubtless beat me." He sobbed with abandon. "It is Doña Julia who is sick. Now she must die."

Harry frowned. "And why will not the doctor go with you?"

"Who knows?" The boy shrugged. "He does not desire to go."

"Wait thou here for me," Harry commanded, and strode away up the hill.

The hot little hospital waiting-room held only emptiness perfumed with iodoform; the dispensary, too, was empty. Harry pushed open a door that stood ajar on the patio and stood transfixed before what met his eyes—a picture of indolent bliss framed in flowers.

The patio was a cool, well-watered spot, smelling of wet pavement, mignonette, and heliotrope. There in the coolest corner lounged in collarless, suspended comfort Señor Don Guillermo Jones,—plain Bill Jones back in "Missoura,"—the company doctor of the Madre de Dios Gold Mining Company, Limited. His chair was tipped back against the whitewashed wall, at exactly the most reposeful angle, and his large, flat feet rested agreeably on the rim of a tub in which grew a tall oleander. Vacuous content sat upon his undistinguished features. It was evident that he was not suffering from the absence of his señora so much as were the uncared-for geraniums, already beginning to droop in their long row of kerosene-tin pots, or as was the hungry bird, hopping frantically about in its wire cage. He reclined on his shoulder-blades and his pudgy, though

apable, hands lay placidly folded in
ow of his chest.

ll," Harry exclaimed indignantly,
n't that make you burst right out

r Jones heard. He brought the
gs of his chair to the ground with
that jarred his pendulous cheeks;
ced with haste as he rose.

id n't know you were in there," he
himself, sheepishly. "Come into
e, Mr. White."

at 's this a boy outside tells me of
fusil to go to see a dying woman?
ere a mistake?"

; no mistake. He wanted me to
er to La Soledad on the Dolores

I can't go as far away as that;
ight be an accident in the mine
was away. My duty is to be right
nd if I were to go riding around
ntry prescribing for every misera-
easer who thinks himself sick, I
never be here at all."

hat all you have to say?"

r Jones looked at the white-hot
f sunlight that lay in one corner of
rt. "Yes," he said.

y turned without another word
mped out by the way he had come.
w me," he called to the Indian boy,
as standing patiently on the very
ere he had been left.

manager of the Madre de Dios
Mining Company was in his office.
ened to Harry's story without signs
rise; it is not improbable that the
ad happened before.

ry, no," he said; "I do not object
ng Jones go over to Soledad for a
serious case. But you understand
ot order him to go; outside work
n his contract with us. And I am
you may find it hard to persuade
make the trip on a hot day like

, I 'll *persuade* him fast enough,"
ed Harry. "I have a little account
e with Jones, and I guess this is as
time as any. Will you give me a
uthorizing him to go—and an order
stable for the buggy, please."

ry well," laughed the manager.
good luck to you! Jones will be all
you manage to get him there."

peon, standing behind Harry, with
in his hand, did not understand

what was happening, but murmured,
"Muchisimas gracias," on general prin-
ciples.

When Harry, with the boy still close at
his heels, got back to the hospital, Don
Guillermo was once more established in
his favorite corner. This time he did not
move when he saw his visitors. He took
the manager's note, read it, folded it care-
fully, and tore it into small pieces. Then,
very deliberately, he spat on the pavement.
Then he looked up.

Suddenly his muscles contracted as
though with a violent electric shock. His
hands grasped the arms of his chair; his
face turned a livid color most unpleasant
to see; his mouth hung open idiotically.
Probably he had never before looked di-
rectly up the wicked, blue barrel of a
businesslike revolver.

"You have changed your mind about
that little trip over to La Soledad, I think,
Doctor," said Harry in unctuous tones.
"I believe you would just *enjoy* it."

"Put up your gun, man!" the doctor
fairly screeched. "I will come fast
enough."

"You *bet* you will," Harry snarled be-
tween clenched teeth, far too angry to see
the absurdity of the situation. "Do you
remember how you let poor Eugenio's
baby die? I promised myself then that I
would see to it that you *went* the next
time you were sent for in a hurry, if only
to see a sick dog."

Thanks rather to force of habit than to
reason, the doctor gathered up his indis-
pensable little black bag as they passed
through the office. A buggy stood before
the door, and, prodded from behind with
the cold muzzle of the revolver, the agi-
tated disciple of Æsculapius climbed has-
tily in, just as he was, without coat or hat
or necktie, and with bedroom slippers on
his bare feet.

The road was long and hot. Harry
felt a fiendish glee in the choking dust
that filled his eyes and throat. He spared
his companion none of the jolts, but took
the rough places at a gallop; the boy
on his tired pony had much ado to keep
ahead.

As they plunged into a dry arroyo, a
long-legged jack-rabbit loped away; once
a rattlesnake lifted its wicked head from
behind a stone; a bird peered curiously out
of its little, round window near the top of

a giant cactus: there was no other sign of life in all the miles.

It was afternoon when they reached La Soledad, a long, low adobe house under a flat roof that bristled with dry, yellow grasses, seeming a part of the hill against which it leaned. Outside there was nothing stirring except a half-naked child perched among the branches of a ragged sycamore, but from within came a low murmur of prayer or lamentation.

As they entered the porch, an old goat that had been browsing deliciously among the pots of the cooking-corner made off with many indignant bleats.

The woman lay dying in a large, cave-like room, and about her were gathered all the retainers of Soledad, kneeling by the bed or squatting, very still, in the corners.

Many long candles stuck into empty bottles glimmered at the woman's head and feet, and over her was spread a wonderful lace coverlet that swept the uneven dirt floor with its heavy fringes. The air of the place was damp and cool and stale, like a breath of the grave itself.

The room was furnished with an old tin trunk, a broken table, and a sewing-machine. From rafters that sagged under the weight of the thick gravel roof hung long festoons of dried chiles and yellow ears of corn; against the mud wall was fastened, with pitiful piety a shiny, bright-colored print representing an impossibly blond, elaborately curled Christ.

Harry followed the doctor to the door, determined to use further "persuasion," if necessary. This proved to be a needless precaution, for at sight of the sick woman Don Guillermo became a different man. Whatever else he might be, Bill Jones was a real doctor—a doctor by vocation, born with the instinct to cure, just as others are born with a mental twist that makes of them inevitably policemen, painters, or professional bicycle-riders. He cleared the room in short order of women and dogs, of children and chickens; he put out all the tall candles except such as were needed for his work; he unpacked his little black bag, and set out methodically, unemotionally, confidently, the horrible tools of his trade. He hummed a foolish tune. He might have been a carpenter preparing to mend the table.

The doctor called to Harry: "Here,

you, boy, I shall need a helper in this job, and I guess it is up to you. Boil these things for me in the cleanest pot you can find. And be quick about it; we have no time to lose, for she is almost gone." He gave Harry a handful of cruel, shiny bits of steel, the look and feel of which made the young man's flesh creep.

Outside in the porch a few embers still glowed on the hearth. Harry scoured a pot with sand, filled it with water, and set it over the coals. A little girl with great, round, frightened eyes helped him fan the blaze. After a long time the water boiled.

Harry went back into the room carrying the sterilized instruments. The place was full of the sickening sweetness of chloroform, and the woman lay motionless on her bed.

What followed was for Harry a terrible ordeal. He did blindly what he was told; held things, handed things, heated things, washed things. His knees shook under him, and once he might have fainted without the doctor's "Steady, boy!" He held out, though, till the end.

The doctor worked with a skill that even to Harry's ignorance seemed marvelous; and all the while he hummed his vulgar, irritating little tune. He was happy, as a good workman is happy in his work. Harry looked at him out of bloodshot eyes, and was filled with wonder.

"It's all over," said the doctor at last. "You had better go down to the river and wash up."

So, after all, she was dead! Harry stifled a sob, and rushed out into the open air. He plunged through the kneeling group before the door, and down the thorny slope to the river, where he was miserably sick.

A deep pool lay at the foot of a huge, vermilion rock. Harry stripped and plunged in. The shock of the cool water revived him so much that he was soon able to walk back to the house, a little shaky still and very much ashamed of his weakness.

In the porch an old Mexican fell upon him and kissed him violently on both cheeks. In the door stood Don Guillermo, wiping his instruments and laughing.

"What," gasped the boy, "did n't she die?"

"Not this time, my son," answered the doctor. "She came through in fine shape.

But *you* look all in. Get the Don to give you a cup of coffee. How would you like a steady job at the hospital? Not very much, from the looks of you." He laughed uproariously.

It seemed almost sacrilegious to Harry, such vulgar, commonplace talk in the face of the struggle they had just been through together. The doctor, who so short a time before had seemed almost superhuman in his power over life and death, was again merely Don Guillermo, a fat and lazy dispenser of pills. Harry turned away in disgust.

Among the women of the place Harry noticed one who looked remarkably like the doctor's Mexican wife. "Strange," he thought, "how much alike all these women are!"

It was late before the doctor was able to leave his patient. Harry then drove him back to Madre de Dios through the chilly night. Dawn was ghastly in the east as they drew up before the hospital, and the world looked pale and wan, like the face of a sick man.

The doctor had slept all the way. Now the cessation of motion roused him, and he lumbered heavily out of the buggy. He took his little black bag from under the seat and turned to go in.

But Harry stepped in front of him; he felt a need of saying something for which it was not easy to find words.

"Won't you shake?" he asked a little huskily. It was his tribute to the God-given power so grotesquely housed in Bill Jones.

Don Guillermo shook readily enough; he harbored no resentment for his kidnapping. He blinked with sleep, and his hand felt cold and clammy.

It was plain that the doctor, too, was struggling to find words for something that lay uncomfortably on his mind.

"Look here," he said at last, "don't let it get around about my not wanting to go over there to-day. That girl turned out to be my wife's sister. The fool boy they sent over after me never told me; but just the same I am afraid I should have a hard time explaining to the señora. Why, she would never let me hear the last of it!"

"Never fear. I won't tell on you," said Harry, bitterly. No, after all, the ghost of Eugenio's baby was not laid, never could be laid.

"My, but I am dry!" said the doctor, with a cavernous yawn. "And cold!" He shivered. "Come in and have a taste of something."



THE YOUNG ROSE

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

OUT from a bare, green stem
Opened a rose.
Whence it sprang I know not,
Nor where it goes.

From the infolding dark
Glowing it came,
As from the bush of old
Burst the live flame.

All I know can be told
Thus in a breath;
That to my soul is taught
Disdain of death.



WOOD DREAMS

Decorations by

I SAT with woodland dreams last night
Before the moon rose round and white,
And saw the moth-like minions dim,

Who guard the wild-rose when asleep,
Come forth,—the spirits small and slim—
Gold-Pollen, Prickle, Rain-Bright, Trim—
Who hang around each wild flower's rim
Its necklacing of dew, and keep
Its petals clean of things that creep.

I saw them, busily as ants,
Hang with pale gold the woodland plants:
On bindweed tendrils, one by one,

I saw them loop long rows of bells
That swung in crystal unison;
Then up the silken primrose run,
Moth-Feather, Tripsy, Light-Foot, Fun,
And to the stars unclasp its shells
That filled with sweetness all the dells.

I saw the shapes that house in trees,
That guard the nests of birds and bees:
Like sudden starlight gleamed their hands
And leaf-like bodies, glimmering green,
When through the woods they moved in bands,—
Wisp, Fox-Fire, Burr, Jack-o'-the-Brands,—
And dotted night with firefly-wands,
Peering with sharp-eyed brows between
The fern-leaves for some snake unseen.

I saw the fancies wild, for whom
The crickets violin the gloom,
Lead by a pageant long of dreams,
To see which even the sleepy snail
Put out its horns; and from the streams—
Spray-Top-and-Ripple-chased, it seems—
The trout leapt silvery, showering gleams
Of beryl 'thwart the pearly, pale,
Low moon that raised her fairy sail.



And with the moon came presences
Of gnome-like things that toil mid trees;
That build the ghost-flower in a night;
And set their grotesque shoulders to
The toadstool's root and heave it white—
Troll, Nixen, Kobold, Glow-Worm-Light—
Into the star-dusk; and stretch tight
The webs that frost themselves with dew
Adown each woodland avenue.





BY MADISON CRAWFORD

Beatrice Stevens

I saw them rouse the moth and ride
The spider forth; and rein and guide
The grumbling beetle on its way;
And prick the slow slug till it see
The fungus-ruff of red or gray,—
Lob, Fly-by-Night, and Lantern-Ray,—
Where it could gorge itself all day—
The agaric, which tirelessly
They'd wrung from out the old dead tree.

These things I saw: then shapes of musk
In herby raiment swarmed the dusk;
They rose from moss and rotted wood,
From loam and leaf, and weed and flower;
Midge-winged they swept the solitude,—
Rose-Lip and Fern-Seed, Lily-Snood,—
A vague, ephemeral sisterhood,
That stole the sweetness from each bower,
And gave it back within the hour.



These are the dreams I sat with when
The owl hooted in the glen;
These are the dreams that came before
My eyelids in the forest gray—
Children of fancy, fairy-lore,
Puck, Ariel, and many more,
Wearing the face that once they wore
For Shakspeare, and, in some strange way,
As real to our as to his day.

Then slighter forms of film and foam
Rose from the streams and sat, a comb
Of moon-pearl in their hands—the fays
Who herd the minnows; keep from harm
The dragon-fly that sleeps or sways,—
Foam-flutter, Star-Step, Ripple-Rays,—
Like some bright jewel, on the day's
White breast, when, starred a golden charm,
The water-lily opens warm.

And then I saw them cloud the air,
Elf-shapes that came with flying hair,
Winding their gnat-like bugles—sprites
That help the spider when it weaves
Its web; or, lamped with glow-worm-lights,—
Prank, Heavy-Head, Bob-up-o'-Nights,—
Guide bats and owlets in their flights;
Or toads, to where the mushroom heaves
Its rosy round through loam and leaves.





THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF LUTHER'S ROOM IN THE WARTBURG

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

NINTH PAPER: HIS CONFLICT WITH RADICALISM

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

WHILE Luther was in retirement at the Wartburg, events were moving rapidly in Wittenberg. Left to themselves, some of his associates and followers proceeded to put his principles into immediate practice and to break with traditional custom at many points. Hitherto, despite the radicalism of his utterances, the externals of the old system had remained untouched. But this state of things could not continue permanently. His doctrine of salvation by faith alone, making all efforts vain to win the divine favor by acts of special merit, his principle of Christian liberty, releasing believers from dependence on hierarchy and sacraments, and his denial that pope or council or any other ecclesiastical authorities had the right to lay upon Christians obliga-

tions not required in the word of God—all these could not fail to bear fruit in action.

The first break came in connection with the celibacy of the clergy, from time immemorial a rock of offense to would-be reformers. In the spring of 1521, certain priests among Luther's following ventured to marry, and in the summer Carlstadt published a book attacking not only clerical celibacy, but also monastic vows. Luther himself believed priests had the right to marry, if they chose, on the theory that celibacy was unjustly required of them by a tyrannical church; but he regarded monasticism in a different light. He remembered the solemnity of his own vow, taken freely and without compulsion, and though he had for some time looked with disfavor

upon the monastic life, he felt that a voluntary promise ought to be kept, be the consequences what they might.

But when led by the situation in Wittenberg to examine the matter more carefully, he soon came to the conclusion that monks were as free to marry as priests. The monastic vow, he decided, was itself wrong, and therefore not binding. It meant dependence upon works for salvation, neglect of the service of one's fellows, and permanent bondage to a law, thus violating Christian faith, love, and liberty. His condemnation of monasticism was undoubtedly far too sweeping, and his estimate of it unjust to many a devout and noble soul; but he was consistent in pronouncing the institution, with its irrevocable vows, fundamentally at variance with his gospel of Christian freedom, and its common emphasis out of line with his interpretation of the Christian life.

He defended his position in two series of theses, and a little later, when a number of monks left the Wittenberg convent and renounced monasticism, he wrote an elaborate work justifying their course and fortifying their consciences. The book was preceded by an interesting letter of dedication, addressed to his father, ex-

plaining and apologizing for his entrance into the monastery. He had taken the vow against his father's will, and hence, as he now confessed, in violation of his duty to God.

"And so," he exclaimed, "will you even now drag me out of monasticism? But that you may not boast, the Lord has anticipated you and has dragged me out Himself. For what difference does it make whether I wear cowl and tonsure, or lay them off? Do tonsure and hood make the monk? 'All is yours,' says Paul; 'but ye are Christ's.' And shall I belong to the hood, and not rather the hood to me? My conscience has become free, and that is the most complete freedom. Therefore I am a monk, and yet not a monk; a new creature, not the pope's, but Christ's."

At the instance of Carlstadt and other radical spirits, there speedily followed many innovations in the religious services. While in themselves of no great importance, they outraged the feelings of the more sober and conservative spirits in Wittenberg and its neighborhood. Ominous they were, too, because largely identical with changes made in Bohemia under Hussite influence, thus seeming to presage the same revolution and bloodshed as had



From a photograph by Verlagsanstalt Carl Jagemann, Eisenach

WESTERN SIDE OF THE WARTBURG

The building at the left is the Ritterhaus, at the right end of which are the Luther rooms.

devastated that kingdom. The situation became still more serious when emotional and excitable persons began to think themselves divinely inspired prophets and preached the complete overturning of the existing system, religious, economic, and

bad name, and the university was losing many of its best and most sober-minded students. The theological faculty, to which Frederick turned for counsel, was all at sea. The innovators had much to say for themselves. Carlstadt was a promi-



THE FORWARD COURT OF THE WARTBURG, LOOKING
TOWARD THE ENTRANCE

Luther's apartments were in the building at the left.

social. The Saxon town of Zwickau, eighty miles south of Wittenberg, not far from the Bohemian border, was the center of this prophetic demonstration, and Wittenberg itself felt the influence of the excitement.

Meanwhile the town authorities, and even the elector himself, were at their wits' end. Wittenberg was gaining a very

nent professor, and most of the radical leaders were men of devotion and exemplary piety. They appealed to the authority of the Scriptures or to the immediate illumination of the Spirit, and it was difficult to show them wrong. It was also dangerous, so many felt, including the pious elector himself, to resist what might be the will of God.



Half-ton plate engraving by R. Varley

THE ENTRANCE TO THE WARTBURG

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY GARI MEYERS

The artist has introduced into the scene an element of antiquity by basing the picture on "the great cannon" of Albrecht Dürer. At the right of the gateway is the north end of the Ritterhaus, at the south end of which were the rooms occupied by Luther.

Early in December, while the movement was still in its incipency, the exiled Luther made a hurried and secret visit to Wittenberg to see what was going on. He was not greatly troubled by the Zwickau prophets; they seemed to him a weak-minded and harmless folk. Nor did the general situation give him serious concern. He regarded the whole thing as a mere temporary ebullition, which would soon calm itself. But he thought it worth while, upon his return to the Wartburg, to write a vigorous tract, warning his followers against uproar and violence. All changes in the existing system, he insisted, must be made in an orderly fashion and by the civil authorities, not by private individuals. Uproar, he claimed, is always bad, and out of evil only evil comes. The devil was trying to discredit the new movement by inciting its adherents to such conduct. As for himself, Luther declared, he would support the side attacked, however bad it might be, rather than those who attacked it, however good their cause. Only with the word was the work of reformation to be accomplished. As the evils of the old system were exposed, they would disappear of themselves. "Pay no more money," he exclaimed, "for bulls, candles, bells, pictures, churches, but declare that the Christian life consists in faith and love, and keep doing it for two years, and you will see what happens to pope, bishop, cardinal, priest, monk, nun, bells, steeples, masses, vigils, cowl, cap, shaven poll, rules, statutes, and the whole swarm and rabble of the pope's government. They will vanish like smoke."

In February, 1522, learning of the perplexity and anxiety of the elector over the

growing difficulties, Luther wrote him as follows:

For many years your Electoral Highness has been collecting sacred relics in every land. Now God has heard your wish and has sent you without cost or labor a whole cross with nails, spears, and scourges. I congratulate you on your new relics. Do not be frightened. Stretch out your arms trustfully. Let the nails pierce deep, and be thankful and glad. It must be thus with those who would follow God's word. Not

only do Annas and Caiaphas rage, but Judas is among the apostles, and Satan among the children of God. May your Highness only be prudent and wise, and judge not according to the appearance of things. Be not faint-hearted. The matter has not yet reached the pass the devil desires. Though I am a fool, believe me a little. I understand such attacks of Satan. Therefore, I do not fear him, to his great sorrow. It is only the beginning. Let the world cry out and condemn. Let fall who may, even St.

Peter and the apostles! They will come back on the third day, when Christ rises again.

Through one of his officials, the elector immediately replied, asking what Luther thought he ought to do in the circumstances, for he did not wish to attempt anything against the will of God and His holy word; but things were in the greatest confusion in Wittenberg, and nobody knew who was cook and who waiter. In the same connection he protested strongly against Luther's returning to Wittenberg, as he said he intended to do. Much as he would hate to deliver Luther over to the emperor, if he appeared openly in Wittenberg, while still under the ban of the em-



From an old print

THOMAS MÜNZER

pire, he could not possibly refuse to do so without bringing serious evils upon his land and people.

Despite his protest, the reformer started for Wittenberg the day after receiving the elector's communication. On the way he replied to it in the following fashion:

Your Electoral Highness knows, or, if you do not, I now inform you, that I received the gospel not from men, but from Heaven alone, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I write thus that you may know I come to Wittenberg under the protection of a higher power than the elector, and I have no mind to seek shelter from your Highness. Indeed, I believe I can protect your Highness better than you can protect me. If I thought you could and would protect me, I would not come. No sword can help in this affair. God must act alone without man's care or aid. Therefore who believes most will be of most protection here. And since I suspect your Highness is still weak in faith, I can by no means regard you as the man who can protect or rescue me. Since your Highness desires to know what to do in this affair and fancies you have done too little, I answer respectfully that you have already done altogether too much, and should do nothing. For God will not and cannot endure either your care and effort or mine. He wishes it left to Him and to no one else. May your Highness act accordingly. If your Highness believes this, you will be secure and will have peace. If you do not, I do, and I must leave you to sorrow in your unbelief, as it becomes all unbelievers to suffer. Since I will not obey your Highness, you are excused in the sight of God if I am imprisoned or killed. Before men your Highness should conduct yourself as follows: as an elector you should be obedient to the higher powers and permit his Imperial Majesty to rule body and goods in your cities and lands in accordance with the law of the empire, and you should offer no opposition and interpose no hindrance if he tries to arrest or slay me. For no one ought to withstand the authorities save he who has appointed them. Else is it uproar and against God. I hope, however, they will have the good sense to recognize that your Highness was born in too lofty a cradle to be yourself my executioner. If you leave the door open and see that they are unmolested if they come themselves, or

send their messengers to fetch me, you will have been obedient enough. Herewith I commend your Highness to the grace of God. If necessary, we will very soon talk further. I have written this letter in haste that your Highness may not be distressed by the news of my arrival, for I must comfort everybody and harm nobody, if I would be a true Christian. It is another man than Duke George with whom I have to do. He knows me well, and I know him not ill. If your Highness believed, you would see the glory of God; but since you do not yet believe, you have as yet seen nothing. To God be love and honor forever. Amen!

The elector was obliged to content himself with a letter, written by Luther at his request, explaining the reasons for his return to Wittenberg and relieving Frederick from all responsibility. This he wished to show his fellow-princes in case he was blamed for his defiance of the Worms decree in allowing the condemned monk to go on with his work in Wittenberg. While desiring to protect Luther, it is interesting to see he preferred to pose as incompetent rather than to avow his sympathy openly. But however he might veil his attitude, the important fact is he continued to protect him. Annoyed though he must have been at Luther's defiant return, he permitted him to resume his work and take up his old position in church and university as if nothing had happened. He could easily have stopped him by putting him under arrest. An outlaw, as the reformer was, and under the ban of the empire, it was only by the elector's grace he remained free at all. Had his prince's favor been withdrawn, his career would speedily have come to an end. But it was never withdrawn, and despite papal bull and imperial ban the bold monk went on unmolested.

Arrived in Wittenberg on March 6, 1522, Luther at once took command, and speedily brought order out of chaos. Never was the power of the man more strikingly exhibited than at this critical juncture of his career. Hitherto he had been a radical iconoclast, striking right and left at existing principles and practices. Now he gave himself to the much more difficult task of controlling and moderating the forces he himself had set

in motion. In a time of wide-spread discontent it is comparatively easy to inflame the smoldering passions of men and to lead the populace in a more or less unreasoning assault upon existing institutions; but to control the tremendous forces thus let loose, and so to guide them that they do not merely spend themselves in impotent fury, but lend their strength to the building of a new and stable structure, is another matter altogether. And yet we should entirely misunderstand Luther if we imagined that at this great crisis of his career he turned his back upon his past and became another man. It is most illuminating to see how calmly and confidently he met the situation now confronting him. Though the radicals, as he declared, were doing his cause more harm than all his papal opponents, he was not dismayed or thrown off his balance. Nor did he repudiate the principles hitherto governing him, and seek refuge in other and safer ways. Moving straight ahead in the path he had long been traveling, he simply applied to the new situation the same gospel that had made him an iconoclast, showing how, by its very nature, it conserved as well as destroyed.

Beginning on the Sunday after his return, he preached in the city church on eight successive days, handling one question after another frankly, vigorously, and with the greatest common sense. Violence of every kind he strenuously opposed. By the word alone can superstition be overcome and the old system reformed. In one of the sermons he remarked:

Take me as an example. I only preached and wrote God's word and did nothing else. But this accomplished so much that while I slept and while I drank Wittenberg beer with Philipp and Amsdorf, the papacy grew weaker and suffered more damage than any prince or emperor ever inflicted. I did nothing; the word did it all. If I had wished to make trouble, I could have plunged Germany into a sea of blood. Yes, I could have started such a game at Worms that the emperor himself would have been unsafe. But what would that have been? A fool's game.

He did not stop with the denunciation of *physical violence*. Christian liberty,

he reminded his followers, as he had clearly shown nearly two years before in his beautiful tract on the freedom of a Christian man, was not an end in itself, but only a means to a higher end—the service of one's fellows in self-forgetful love. Faith, he insisted, is nothing unless followed by love, and not our own rights, but our brother's good, should be always foremost in our thoughts. He acknowledged frankly his dislike for many of the ceremonies and customs of the past. Too often they had no warrant in Scripture, and served only to bind the conscience and obscure the gospel. At the same time he declared the Christian life consists neither in refraining from nor engaging in external religious practices, but in faith and love. Far better to retain indifferent things than to offend weak consciences and imperil the success of the cause by forcibly setting them aside. He had now, as always, a splendid disregard of externals and a magnificent insight into the real essentials. Mere uniformity he cared nothing about. Because the monastic life, or private confession, or fasting, was good for one person was no reason to require it of all. Let those who found such things helpful, as he himself continued to find the confessional helpful, employ them freely; but let them not insist upon others doing the same. He believed when the gospel was everywhere accepted and understood, all things inconsistent therewith would fall of themselves. In the meantime he would have liberty for the old as well as for the new. But in the meantime, too, he would do all he could to instruct Christians in the truly important things, and thus wean them as rapidly as possible from trust in the formal and external.

Before Luther finished his sermons, the lawyer Jerome Schurf wrote the elector:

Dr. Martin's coming and preaching have given both learned and unlearned among us great joy and gladness. For we poor men who had been vexed and led astray have again been shown by him, with God's help, the way of truth. Daily he incontrovertibly exposes the errors into which we were miserably led by the preachers from abroad. It is evident that the Spirit of God is in him and works through him, and I am convinced he has returned to Wittenberg at

time by the special providence of the city.

Under Luther's direction the changes in worship of the city church violently made during his absence were abandoned, and the old forms for the most part restored. Calm was reestablished, and the town again speedily resumed its normal aspect. Early in May he could

Spalatin, with great relief, "Here is nothing but love and friendship." More important than the return to the old forms was the public stand Luther took against social and economic exploitation, and his emphatic denial that the Gospel meant the violent overthrow of the existing religious system. The consequence was a great revulsion of feeling on the part of many of the princes of Germany. They saw that he was more radical than they had supposed; he stood for order, not anarchy; and he was able to control the seething masses as nobody else could. When at the Diet of Nuremberg, in the autumn of 1523, the attempt was made by the representatives of the devout and pious Pope Adrian VI, successor of Leo X, to induce German rulers to take steps for the vigorous enforcement of the Edict of Worms, the majority refused to give consent. Though the edict had been in force only a year and a half before, the situation was so changed that they now felt led to reaffirm it, and left it to the discretion of each prince to execute it so far as he pleased, while they appealed to a general council for the final settlement of the matter. Thus the whole question, long decided both by pope and diet, was thrown open, and a quasi-temporary license given to the new movement.

In the meantime its organization was developing steadily. Town after town took over the management of religious affairs into its own hands and adopted new forms fitted to the principles of the Reformation. Luther was continually applied to for counsel, and his help was sought in securing preachers of the right type to take the place of those out of sympathy with the new order of things. He was becoming more and more the spiritual, or general overseer, of the churches embracing the Reformation, and all sorts of administrative problems were constantly

upon his mind. His correspondence during 1522 and the following years had to do increasingly with such matters. He also traveled widely, visiting places in need of advice and bringing his wisdom to bear upon the many difficult questions that were emerging month by month.

The constant temptation, as in Wittenberg, was to go too fast, and he was obliged often to remonstrate with the authorities and urge upon them the considerations governing his own conduct. But as time passed and the influence of his principles spread, he approved both for Wittenberg and elsewhere more radical changes than at first. In 1523, we hear him frequently declaring that the prejudices of the weak had been long enough regarded, and the time had come to do away with many of the more obnoxious forms and customs of the past. Even now he was surprisingly conservative. Many of his followers wished to cast aside everything not sustained by direct warrant of Scripture; but he took the position, and maintained it to the end of his life, that the old was to be left unmolested whenever it did not contradict or obscure the gospel of Christ. He also continued to oppose hasty and violent innovations of every kind. Usually his advice was followed, but occasionally, particularly in places at a distance from Wittenberg, he was unable to control the more radical spirits and had to witness changes he greatly disliked. He did not hesitate in such cases to express himself with the same sharpness he employed against his papal opponents. Carlstadt, who left Wittenberg in disgust in 1523, and Thomas Münzer, a clergyman of Zwickau and one of the leaders of the fanatical prophets of that neighborhood, made him most trouble. They denounced him as a tyrant, declared him recreant to his own principles and untrue to the word of God, and strove in every way to undermine his influence and force a radical reform.

In Orlamünde, a little town not far from Zwickau, he had a humiliating, if somewhat amusing, experience in the autumn of 1524. Carlstadt was for a time pastor there, and gained a large following. Under his influence, images were destroyed, convents forcibly closed, and one after another of the old customs violently set aside. In the course of a tour of visita-

tion, Luther appeared upon the scene, and in an extended interview with the authorities of the town tried to convince them of the error of their ways. They defended themselves warmly, insisting they were truer to the word of God than he. If to be true to it means to follow it slavishly in all its parts, they were certainly right. But in contrast with their narrow literalism, Luther's moderation and common sense appear to great advantage. He would not allow himself to be carried to fanatical extremes even by his own principle of loyalty to the Bible. In the course of the discussion, a shoemaker justified the destruction of images by a Scriptural argument so picturesque and far-fetched that Luther was nearly overcome with laughter and was quite unable to answer. As a matter of fact, he produced no impression upon his interlocutors, and only confirmed them in the opinion that he was inconsistent and half-hearted in the work of reformation. He wrote afterward: "I was glad enough not to be driven out of Orlamünde with stones and mud, for some of them blessed me with the words, 'Get out, in the name of a thousand devils, and break your neck before you leave!'"

Meanwhile there occurred an event which served only to confirm Luther in his attitude toward violence and anarchy. Franz von Sickingen, whose offers of support had meant a great deal to him not long before, and to whom he had dedicated a book on the confessional, written in the early days of his stay at the Wartburg, began war in the summer of 1522 upon an old enemy, the Elector and Archbishop of Treves. The campaign was intended to be only the beginning of a general struggle to curtail the power of the great princes of the realm and restore the nobles to their rapidly waning influence. Its controlling motive was certainly political and economic, but Sickingen claimed to be a champion of the Reformation, interested to promote the true gospel, and announced his intention to revolutionize ecclesiastical and religious conditions. He undoubtedly hoped thus to enlist the support of Luther's sympathizers, but the hope proved vain. The real significance of the affair was generally understood, and the Archbishop of *Treves* was supported by the Count Pala-

atine and the young Landgrave Philip of Hesse, both of them already favorably inclined toward Luther and his cause.

Sickingen's campaign was a complete failure. He was obliged to return to his stronghold, the Landstuhl, where he was besieged in the spring of 1523, and where he died of his wounds on the seventh of May, just after the castle was taken by his enemies. His defeat foreshadowed the speedy dissolution of the knights' revolutionary party, and their influence in German affairs was permanently broken.

Ulrich von Hutten, who had done much to encourage the formation of the party, survived his old friend and protector only a few months. He left before the beginning of Sickingen's last campaign, and in August, 1523, after wandering from place to place, died in poverty at Zurich, befriended by the Swiss reformer Zwingli, but deserted by all his old friends. Melancthon spoke bitterly and contemptuously of him after his death. Happily, so far as we are aware, Luther did not follow his example, but one searches his writings in vain for an expression of regret at the death of his erstwhile champion and confidant. The cause meant so much to him that he found it difficult to think kindly of any one who hindered or brought disrepute upon it, as Hutten's incendiary writings and final loss of prestige had done.

It was well Sickingen's attempt miscarried. His success would have meant at least a partial return to a state of society already largely outgrown and quite unsuited to the demands of the new age; and had the Reformation become identified with the class interests of the nobles, it would have perished with them in the fall that was bound to come ultimately, if not then.

Naturally, the affair was used by Luther's enemies to discredit the whole Reformation movement. The confident expectation was expressed that now the rival emperor was fallen, the anti-pope would soon follow. There was some apparent justification for this attitude. Luther's famous address to the German nobility, written in 1520, and his occasional warlike declarations of the same year, which still echoed in the dedication of his book on the confessional, had led many to identify his cause with that of the

nobles, and Sickingen's avowed plan to promote the Reformation was taken to mean he had Luther's support, and was fighting the reformer's battles as well as his own.

Melanchthon complained of this as early as January, 1523, denouncing Sickingen's campaign as a dishonorable act of robbery and declaring that Luther was greatly distressed by it. Luther himself had very little to say on the subject. In a letter of December, 1522, to his friend Link, he wrote: "Franz von Sickingen has declared war against the Palatinate. It will be a very bad affair." Beyond this casual remark we have no reference to the matter in his writings; but when a rumor of Sickingen's death reached him, he wrote Spalatin he hoped it was false; and upon its confirmation a day or two later, he added: "The true and miserable history of Franz Sickingen I heard and read yesterday. God is a just but wonderful judge."

Despite the effort of his opponents to hold Luther responsible for Sickingen's abortive attempt, its controlling motive was too apparent and too completely in line with the warlike knight's entire career to furnish an adequate ground for a serious attack upon the reformer, and probably the affair lost him few friends or supporters. On the other hand, it very likely affected his own attitude, serving to confirm his conviction that the preaching of the gospel is incompatible with the use of physical force. He saw more clearly than ever the undesirability and impossibility of promoting the Reformation by the sword. It may be, had Sickingen been victorious, Luther would have seen the hand of God in his victory, as he did in his defeat, and would have been led to tolerate, if not actively to favor, such warlike measures. His somewhat inconsistent utterances seem to show that while feeling the unchristian character of war and violence, he was yet not sure it might not be God's will in the present juncture, as occasionally in the past, to put an end to existing evils by the sword. But if he was really in doubt, Sickingen's fate settled the question for him. Thenceforth he insisted always on the use of peaceful measures only.

Much more disastrous in its effect upon the Reformation was the Peasants' War.

This greatest tragedy of the age had been long preparing. Frequently during recent generations the unhappy conditions of the peasant class had led to more or less serious outbreaks, but none of them compared in importance with the tremendous movement of 1525. Luther was not responsible for it, nor did it begin among his disciples. It was only the repetition on a large scale of many similar attempts, and the interests underlying all of them were not religious, as with him, but economic. At the same time it was due in no small part to him that this particular uprising surpassed in magnitude any seen in Germany before or since. His attacks upon many features of the existing order, his criticisms of the growing luxury of the wealthier classes, his denunciations of the rapacity and greed of great commercial magnates and of the tyranny and corruption of rulers both civil and ecclesiastical, all tended to inflame the populace and spread impatience and discontent. His gospel of Christian liberty also had its effect. For the spiritual freedom he taught, multitudes substituted freedom from political oppression, from social injustice, and from economic burdens. Then, too, the extraordinary response he had met with, the confusion all Germany had been thrown into by the Reformation, and the wide-spread weakening of respect for traditional authority resulting therefrom, made this seem a peculiarly favorable time for the peasants to press their claims.

Early in 1525 a series of twelve brief articles was published in southwestern Germany, containing a very moderate statement of the demands of the peasants, as, for instance, the privilege of electing their own pastors, the abolition of villeinage, freedom to hunt and fish and to supply themselves with fuel from the forest, reduction of exorbitant rents, extra payment for extra labor, and restoration to the community of lands unjustly appropriated by private persons. With such demands as these no one could justly find fault. They involved social reform only, not revolution, and looked for the most part simply to the more equitable adjustment of existing conditions.

At first there was apparently no thought of violence. The peasants were a harmless and peaceable folk. But here and there they gathered in large numbers to present

their grievances and impress the rulers with the magnitude of the movement. Unfortunately, instead of listening sympathetically to their complaints, some of the princes, fearing the effects of such demonstrations, treated the assembled peasants as insurrectionists and dispersed them with the sword, maltreating and killing them without mercy. Their violence and cruelty added fuel to the flames, and the inevitable result was a rapid growth of revolutionary sentiment and the spread of a desire for retaliation. The demands of the peasants became more extreme and unreasonable, and their peaceful intentions widely gave way to thoughts of war. Their minds became filled with fantastic and impossible notions of a society wherein they should be in complete control. Communistic ideas of a radical type gained currency, and the desire grew to overthrow the whole social structure and destroy all inequalities in property, employment, and rank. Thomas Münzer and other fanatical religious leaders threw themselves into the movement, and preached a new social order in which there should be no rulers or subjects, no rich or poor, no cities or commerce, no art or science, but all should live in primitive simplicity and equality. What was more, they summoned the peasants and the proletariat of the cities to bring in the new order by the sword. In fiery and impassioned discourse they told the people it was God's will they should everywhere kill and destroy without mercy until all the mighty were laid low and the promised kingdom of God established. Social and religious ideals became inextricably mingled. Counting confidently upon supernatural aid, multitudes without discipline or adequate military preparation threw themselves blindly into a conflict for which, as the event proved, they were wholly unequipped.

During all this time the peasants' attitude toward Luther was very diverse. Münzer and many other radicals hated him, and could not say enough against him; but there were also those who regarded him as the great prophet of the new era of social justice and economic well-being they were trying to usher in. His was a name to conjure with, and they made the most of it. They appealed to his gospel and quoted his writings in support of their programs. They called

themselves his followers, and declared it their purpose to put his principles into practice. And whatever was true of the leaders, by the great mass of the peasants themselves it was doubtless honestly believed that Luther was with them, and that they could count on his sympathy and support.

But they utterly mistook their man. For a while he paid no attention to the more or less spasmodic outbreaks in different parts of the country; but as they began to grow serious, he came out in April, 1525, with a brief tract entitled, "An Exhortation to Peace in Response to the Twelve Articles of the Swabian Peasants." Had he been a demagogue, he would have catered to popular passion and spurred the excited peasants on to war. Had he been a politician, he would have kept still and refrained from taking sides until he saw what the outcome was to be. But he was neither the one nor the other, and he spoke his mind in frankest fashion, sparing neither prince nor peasant. Both sides he declared were alike in the wrong, and with his usual vigor and fearlessness he called them both sharply to account, the former for their tyranny and oppression, the latter for their threats of violence. He informed the princes that God was against them, not merely the peasants, and if they did not cease exploiting their subjects, they would suffer the divine vengeance. On the other hand, he exhorted the peasants to present their grievances in an orderly way, without uproar or show of force. Their complaints might be well founded, but violence was not thereby justified. Only the constituted authorities have the right to use the sword, and he who attacks them on any ground whatever is worse than those whom he attacks. The doctrine of the divine right of civil rulers, already stated more than once by Luther, here again finds emphatic expression.

It was still worse of the peasants, it seemed to him, to seek justification for their conduct in the gospel of Christ. If they wished to fight for their rights like ordinary men, well and good, but he would not stand by in silence while they used Christ's name in support of their course and brought scandal upon the gospel. Christianity comports only with passive resistance. If they really wished to follow Christ, they would drop the sword

sort to prayer. The gospel has to do with spiritual, not temporal, affairs. To condemn slavery on Christian grounds is to turn spiritual freedom into a fleshly

Earthly society cannot exist without inequalities; the true Christian finds Christian liberty and his opportunity for Christian service in the midst of them in spite of them. To this familiar point of view Luther always returned true.

He did not stop with this summary statement of the matter, dismissing the thing with a mere exhortation to Christian resignation. Recognizing the justice of many of the peasants' complaints, he went on to propose that their grievances be submitted to arbitration, both by their rulers agreeing to abide by the result. The suggestion was eminently reasonable but it showed how little sympathy Luther had with social revolution or reconstruction. At best, arbitration could do more than promote justice in the workings of the existing system. It could not effect its overthrow. Had Luther's advice been followed, much bloodshed would have been avoided and the more moderate demands of the peasants might have had a chance of satisfaction. But it was disregarded. Whatever was true of the princes, and some of them actually showed themselves ready enough to redress the worst grievances, the peasants by this time too much inflamed and their leaders far too radical to listen to counsel. Their violence and the atrocities committed by them have no doubt been grossly exaggerated; they were bad enough, as it was, and confusion and alarm were spreading among the middle and upper

classes. In the course of an extended tour through Thuringia, when the excitement was at its height, Luther saw many evidence of the riotous activities of the insurrectionists, and outraged by what he saw, he came out early in May with a more and still more powerful pamphlet against the Murderous and Thieving of Peasants." In some quarters there were in doubt as to their duty. The peasants' appeal to the gospel and to the will of God perplexed them, and they were at a loss how to meet the situation.

But in Luther's mind there was no doubt. Consistently with the principle frequently laid down and reiterated in the previous tract, he denounced the peasants in unsparing terms for their resort to arms.

More than three years before, in his protest against uproar and violence, he had said he would support the side attacked, however bad it might be, rather than those who attacked, however good their cause. Now he suited his action to his words, and turned upon the peasants with a fury all his own.

The pamphlet opened with the strong words:

In my previous book I did not judge the peasants, for they offered to listen to instruction and yield to the right. But before I could do anything, forgetting their offer, they rushed forward and plunged into the affair with clenched fists. They rob and rage and act like mad dogs. It is easy enough to see now what they had in their false minds. The proposals they made in the twelve articles on the basis of the gospel were evidently nothing but lies.

And a little later: "Our peasants want to share the goods of others and keep their own. Fine Christians they are! I doubt whether there are any devils left in hell, for they all seem to have entered into the peasants, and passion has gone beyond all bounds."

He called upon the rulers, to whom God had intrusted the sword for the punishment of the wicked, to put down the warring rebels with a stern hand. They were public enemies, and, like mad dogs, were to be killed without mercy. He even went so far in the violence of his wrath as to declare that if any ruler, actuated with the desire of doing God's will in the matter, died in the attempt to suppress the uprising, he was a true martyr and entitled to eternal bliss, while the warring peasant was doomed to hell. To be sure, not all were to be treated with equal severity. Mercy was to be shown to those deluded and misled by others, and if they surrendered, they were to be pardoned and spared. But the ringleaders and those responsible for violence and uproar were to be visited with speedy vengeance, and at any cost the rebellion was to be summarily crushed.

The tract seemed over-violent and cruel even to many of his friends, and a few weeks later he defended his attitude in an open letter to the Chancellor of Mansfeld, who had addressed him upon the subject. The letter is much longer than the tract itself, and discusses the whole matter in detail, but there is no change of position at any point, and the language is, if anything, even more severe. "People say," he remarked, "there you see Luther's spirit. He teaches bloodshed without mercy. The devil must speak through him. Well and good. If I were not accustomed to be judged and condemned, I might be troubled by such words." He then goes on: "If any one says I am unkind and unmerciful, I answer, mercy has nothing to do with the matter. We speak now concerning the word of God. He will have honor shown the king and will have rebels destroyed, and yet He is certainly as merciful as we are." "It is better to cut off a member without any mercy than to let the whole body perish."

His indignation at the peasants led him to speak of them in very contemptuous terms, as, for instance: "What is more ill-mannered than a foolish peasant or a common man when he has enough and is full and gets power in his hands?" "The severity and rigor of the sword are as necessary for the people as eating and drinking, yes, as life itself." "The ass needs to be beaten, and the populace needs to be controlled with a strong hand. God knew this well, and therefore He gave the rulers not a fox's tail, but a sword."

Luther's treatment of the peasants has brought upon him severer criticism than any other act of his life, but the criticism is in part at least misplaced. It must be recognized, to be sure, and we may reproach him for it, if we please, that he had very little interest in social reform. He was so absorbed in religion that he failed adequately to realize the social and economic evils of the day, and his calling and associations had been such as to give him sympathy with the middle rather than with the lower classes of society, with the bourgeoisie rather than with the proletariat and peasantry. Had he appreciated the evil conditions under which the latter lived, and set himself earnestly at work to improve them, he might have accomplished *much*. But it may fairly be doubted

whether the era of social amelioration in which modern reformers are profoundly and justly interested would thereby have been hastened. Freedom from the traditional religious and ecclesiastical bondage was a necessary condition of liberty in other spheres. Had it been subordinated to alien ends, or made only one feature of a larger program, it would perhaps have remained unrealized. Not the peasants alone, but all classes of the population, must become convinced that religion was possible apart from Rome before the old absolutism could be permanently broken, and anything less than exclusive attention to the inculcation of that lesson might well have resulted in failure. But this is neither here nor there. The fact remains, lament it as many may, that Luther was a religious, not a social, reformer. Despite his temporary venture into another field in the summer of 1520, he now recognized, as he had for some years, that he was called to work in the religious field alone. Whether rightly or wrongly, he had become firmly convinced the Christian spirit could be trusted to work out all needed social changes. In the meantime he was interested only to insure free course for that spirit. To this end he subordinated everything else, and his treatment of the peasants, when riot and bloodshed had taken the place of peaceful measures, far from being unworthy of him and revealing inconsistency and selfish policy on his part, exhibited in the strongest light his native independence and strength of character. Order must be restored, he felt, at any hazard. Not religion alone was imperiled, but the necessary sanctions of all human life were threatened with destruction, and every sane and right-thinking man must hurry to the rescue.

Had he sympathized adequately with the wrongs of the peasants, it may be thought he could have prevented affairs from reaching such a pass and could have kept the movement from degenerating into anarchy. However that may be, and his experience with the fanatics at Orlamünde and elsewhere gives little ground for the supposition, at any rate, the situation being what it was in his part of the world in May, 1525, he did the one thing needed, and he did it with his usual vigor and effectiveness. As always, he was unnecessarily violent in his language. But



From a carbon print by Braun & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CHARLES V, KING OF SPAIN AND EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

FROM THE PAINTING BY TITIAN

iticize his choice of words in such a is ridiculous. His attitude in the ng situation was essentially sound loes credit both to his wisdom and his ge. At a time when weakness and uncly marked the conduct of most of who should have acted promptly and y, unblinded by sentiment and und by personal considerations, he came oldly and decisively for the one course ole in the circumstances. Though he it would cost him his popularity and

alienate great masses of those hitherto devoted to him, without hesitating for a moment he spoke the word needed to unite the forces of conservation and bring order out of chaos. He was right when he declared that firm and united action on the part of the authorities at the very beginning of the uprising would have spared much bloodshed. He was right, too, in doing what he could to secure that action at the earliest possible moment. When the princes took the matter jointly in

hand, the rebellion was quickly crushed. Here and there trouble continued for months, but the movement as a whole was suppressed before the end of the summer. It was put down in many places with a heavy hand, as Luther had advised, while the mercy he recommended was unfortunately not always shown to those who capitulated.

A lamentable tragedy it was. The destruction of property both at the hands of the marauding peasants and of the avenging soldiery was very great. Large districts of country were devastated, and thousands lost their lives. As is apt to happen when violence and uproar get control, the general movement toward the amelioration of the lower classes was temporarily retarded. It was not wholly checked, to be sure. In some places great and permanent advances were made. And despite the widespread disrepute brought upon the cause by the war, and the strengthening of the ruling classes by their all too easy victory, the uprising was undoubtedly, after all, only a step in the progress of democracy.

It seems a lasting pity that by the failure of its leaders to show sympathy with the peasants in their struggle the Reformation permanently alienated multitudes of them and became almost exclusively identified with the interests of the middle and upper strata of society. But they were not necessarily to blame. The class division was, perhaps, in the circumstances, unavoidable, and if so, the identification of the new religious movement with the

peasantry and proletariat would certainly have meant its speedy extinction.

Upon Luther himself the effects were permanent. He was hardened and embittered. He had to endure the chagrin of seeing thousands of his supporters turn away from him, many driven into Catholicism by the apparent demonstration of the destructive effects of his work, many into anabaptism by what seemed his

recreancy to the common cause and his cruel desertion of his own disciples. He ceased to be the popular hero of Germany, and became to multitudes, especially in the south and west, an object of hatred and execration. He never regretted his action. He had done what the crisis demanded, and would have done the same again in like circumstances. But the tragedy sobered him and took from him some of his earlier buoyancy and hopefulness. His confidence in the people was permanently shattered, and thenceforth it always seemed necessary to hold them firmly

in check and control them with a strong hand. The culminating event in a succession of similar experiences covering more than three years, the war led him to realize the dangers of radicalism and to draw more narrowly the bounds within which the Reformation was thenceforth to move. We may be thankful he was able to disentangle his movement from the dangerous alliance with radicalism and uproar and to carry it forward despite friends and foes; but the disentanglement cost both him and Protestantism dear, and we may well deplore the situation which made it necessary.



From the copy of the book in the Royal Library in Munich

TITLE-PAGE OF THE "TWELVE ARTICLES,"
SETTING FORTH THE GRIEVANCES
OF THE PEASANTS' WAR



KABYLE, SEEN FROM FORT NATIONAL AND LOOKING TOWARD BENI YENNI

MOTORING IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS

FIRST PAPER: FROM ALGIERS TO CONSTANTINE

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

IF the science of good road-making is indicative of advanced civilization, then the French are the most civilized people in the world. In spreading civilization in North Africa by a network of wonderful highways, the French have followed in the footsteps of the Romans. I have seen in the great barren plains of Algeria and Tunisia, leagues distant from native or foreign habitations, well-defined traces of the old Roman roads, solidly stone-paved, over which the French have constructed their modern roads.¹

Our first objective point from Algiers was Fort National, built on a spur of the grand Kabyle mountains. The country had an air of fertility and prosperity. We flew past immense vineyards and large vegetable gardens laid out like chicken-runs and inclosed by bamboo fences against which tall flower-clustered asphodels leaned; and past great hedges of prickly pears, and groves of orange- and lemon-

trees. Occasionally the road led us through small villages where Arabs, wrapped in long, white burnouses, reclined in graceful attitudes before the doors of Moorish cafés, drinking, smoking or idly dreaming in the sun, or watching those who, more energetic than themselves, were engrossed in games of chess. A negro, with a face like a full-blown black poppy, ceased suddenly his melodious shouting to gape open-mouthed at our red car.

We passed pretty villas with flower-scented gardens. The Arabs have a passion for flowers. It is not unusual to see old men in ragged gowns, young dandies in exquisitely tinted burnouses, and half-naked workmen—the latter leisurely hammering stone on the white highway—wearing clusters of orange-blossoms fastened behind their ears or hanging over their foreheads, inhaling continuously the sweet—too sweet—fragrance of the flowers.

It was late in the afternoon when we was a gallon every 8 1-2 miles. The generalissimo of our small party speaks feelingly on the advisability of not having radiators repaired in Tunis. He adds that a guide is an unnecessary and useless expense in motoring, for excellent road-maps are obtainable.

¹ It may be of interest to the readers of my two papers to know that the gasoline on the trip was procured without difficulty at most of our stopping-places, the general price being two francs per gallon, although in Timgad it was four francs per gallon. The average consumption



ON THE ROAD TO BISKRA

began the mountainous ascent to Fort National perched high on the skyline, three thousand feet above sea-level. It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful road than this fourteen-mile stretch



THE ENVIRONS OF BISKRA



A VIEW IN BISKRA

The men and women stood aloof and eyed us curiously. Some of the women were remarkably fine-looking, possessing a wild kind of beauty enhanced by barbaric jewelry.

Of all the races inhabiting North Africa—the Kabyles, or Berbers, as they are also called, are the most interesting. They

of steep, continuous climbing, of constant and rather appalling corkscrew turns, each one affording different and superb views over the mountains. The road built by the French army in 1871, in the short period of seventeen days, at the time of the great Kabyle insurrection, is a splendid bit of engineering.

The snowy summits of the Djura-Djura mountains lay to the right of us, and below, the fertile plains of the Sebaou. Large *Kabyle* villages occupied the crests of every

were in possession of the soil when the Phenicians came into the country, and they remained more or less in possession through the successive conquests of the Roman, the Mussulman, the Vandal, the Arab, and the Turk. The French alone have succeeded after very great difficulty in subjugating them. They are the old Numidians, descendants of the ill-fated Syphax, and of the masterful Masinissa, who were rival and fickle allies of the Romans and the Carthaginians.

foot-hill, the red-tiled sloping roofs of the houses glistening in the sinking sunlight. Orchards of olive- and fig-trees and small Kabyle vegetable gardens clung to the sides of mountains. As our car slowly climbed the steep zigzag road, half-clad boys and girls tore down from their rocky villages and clamored loudly for *sous*.



THE MOSQUE AT SIDI OKBA

Fort National stands on the highest peak of the Djura-Djura foot-hills, and dominates the entire Kabyle district. We descended at a hostelry where a very good dinner was served, and where later we slept on beds which resembled relief maps of the Djura-Djura mountains. The village street, long, wide and very clean, had houses on one side only, the other being a tree-bordered promenade protected by a stone wall, beyond which the village plunges to a lower level and overlooks a valley two thousand feet deep.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the end of the village street. Behind the barracks, at a fountain, soldiers were washing their clothes. The laundry-work was attended with a great deal of noisy pleasantry, the French soldier in Algeria being a joyous creature who works hard and takes his pleasures as he may.

Neither the Arab nor the Kabyle is permitted to carry firearms, not because the French fear them, but because they fear for them. Horrible vendettas exist among the Kabyles. When a man is killed, not only the slayer, but his family and his most distant relatives are considered to owe a debt of blood to the family of the slain.

Of a morning we motored to Michelet, a little French village twelve and a half

miles beyond Fort National and along the ridge of the same mountains. Extreme caution in driving is necessary on this road, which hugs the mountain on one side and skirts precipices on the other, and which has innumerable blind corners, and is narrow, and too frequently is unprotected by parapets.

In talking with groups of women and children I found that the boys spoke French fluently. They attend school, they told me, whereas the girls do not. The French have established schools all over this mountainous district. There are also technical schools where mechanical and manual trades are taught. The Kabyles, when sick, are cared for in hospitals, or doctors are provided who will visit them in their villages without charge. The government wisely makes no attempt to interfere with their religious belief. The vigilant Catholic church sent missionaries here, but their efforts were unsuccessful. Their failure stirred the Methodists to action. I was told by a gentleman at Fort National, who was deeply interested in the subject, that the Methodist bishop of North Africa was expected at the fort within a few days, to consider plans for missions in the Kabyle country.

In truth I extracted little information from the natives, for though they were



THE RUINS

voluble enough, their minds were concentrated on the subject of sous. They were disreputably human in their eagerness to "get rich quickly." In this they were abetted by the native women in their company. The close proximity of so many unwashed hands and arms was not the least of my discomfiture. The chauffeur, seeing my predicament, hurried the car up to me. From that stronghold I distributed copper coins to the young barbarians.

The specialty of Michelet is its wide panorama. The little village faces a titanic pile of mountains with summits swept in all directions by magnificent fields of snow. It is the great Djura-Djura range, from which Michelet is separated by tremendous cañons, and by high foothills upon whose minor peaks cling in irregular procession the strange-looking Kabyle villages, surrounded by a cultivated loveliness of green growths.

On our way down into the fertile plain of the Sebaou we passed a chubby-cheeked, dear little Kabyle maid of barely six summers. She was the shepherd of one fat sheep, and said sheep was standing in the middle of the road, staring with ovine stupidity at the red monster—a Jugger-naut—bearing down upon him. Brakes *were promptly applied*, and the horn was

loudly tooted. The sheep turned tail and tore wildly up the mountain-side, and the little maid, seeing her charge disappear among a wilderness of trees, sat squarely down where she stood, rubbed two small, dirty fists in her eyes, and sobbed piteously, "Oh, mama! oh, mama!" The sweet familiar word had a curious sound, coming from the soft lips of this Kabyle baby. I wondered whether it was not a universal word. It is certain that I have heard it cried in Tokio, by little Japanese toddlers, and again in Peking, by small almond-eyed celestials.

The country, after leaving the Sebaou, continued to be beautiful, and again became mountainous and we entered a large forest where the fantastic cork-tree predominates. Our guide told us that this forest was the abode of a Kabyle bandit and his band who until recently terrorized travelers. The French government long offered in vain a large reward for his capture; but finally a certain Kabyle, bolder or hungrier than his friends, successfully betrayed him to the soldiers.

The afternoon was rosily flushing to a close, when we descended into a lovely valley, blooming with orange, lemon and pomegranate groves, and saw the Bay of Bougie shining blue in the distance. Bou-



OF TIMGAD

gie is a charming little town, with a background of purple mountains.

Owing to our desire to push on to Biskra—the scene of “The Garden of Allah”—that fascinating, white city in the heart of an oasis, we gave but one night to Bougie. We took the Djidjelli road partly because it sounded good, and mainly because it is the thing to do. It is cut in the side of steep, rocky walls, and in some places tunneled through them. The sea view as you emerge from these rocky vaults (which are never of any great length) is the most pictorial imaginable. The road was built at immense expense. Here, as elsewhere in North Africa, the traveler is filled with admiration at the achievements of the French.

There is something unspeakably imposing about the tremendous defile called the Gorge de Chabet. The road winds for five awe-inspiring miles between mountains six thousand feet high, whose rocky summits seem to meet overhead. A deep torrent lies at the bottom of the narrow gorge. In the perpetual twilight reigning there, wild monkeys sometimes meet to fight and drink. The day we rode through the defile, not a live creature was in sight, although eagles also, it is said, make their abode in the inaccessible recesses of the

great rocks. Man's work in the Gorge de Chabet produces no impression on the mind, and this in spite of the noble seven-arched bridge which spans the stream, and the splendid road—cut more often than not in the very walls of the mountain—which threads its smooth white way through the titanic chasm.

The most striking feature in the country after leaving Kerrata is its impressive breadth and its bareness. The road ascends and curves through a wide, colorless land where not a tree is seen, and not a hut or tent is passed, and where in the near distance mountains rise in naked grandeur. Yet this region is a great grazing country, a certain ashy-hued, and no doubt succulent grass grows here, and we passed many herds of sheep and cattle, guarded by silent, biblical-looking shepherds squatting on the ground. The treeless character of vast stretches of the land in Algeria and Tunisia, causes one to wonder whether the climate of North Africa has not changed since the days of the Roman occupation. It is a fact that toward the end of the Roman empire Africa exported quantities of wood to Italy.

The sun was still high when we entered the walled city of Setif, an ancient city of the Romans. The French maintain a



TRAJAN'S GATE AMID THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

large army in North Africa, and Setif is one of their most important military stations. As we entered the town, a brass band was marching down the street playing a two-step. Behind the band danced a procession of young recruits, arms interlocked, and wearing brilliant red caps, though otherwise dressed in workaday clothes. Nothing could have been gayer, more suggestive of lively indifference than the manner in which they skipped from one side of the street to the other. A tattered but picturesque Arab youth led the procession of Frenchmen, dancing with the utmost abandon, his bare, brown legs performing feats of high comedy. He was surrounded by an escort of ragged urchins.

A beneficent rain fell during the night and the weather was still rather lowering when we stepped into the automobile to continue our journey. One hundred and thirty-five miles lay between us and Biskra. We parted with our French guide at Setif. As a megaphone he had been perfectly successful. His utility in the capacity of guide was perhaps not so pronounced. I may mention here that we completed comfortably our tour in North Africa without further guidance than good road-maps and occasional inquiries from French-speaking natives. Our route led us through a vast, treeless but fertile plain, with an appearance of careful culti-

vation—it is a great grain-producing country—but with a somber aspect. Now and again droves of camels passed us, their stately, slow stride changing into an ungainly run as we approached. We saw for the first time the low tents of the Bedouins silhouetted against the silver gray sky.

Hour after hour we rode through this wide, free country, occasionally passing sleepy Arab villages where the only visible wakeful creatures were the tall white storks standing guard over their nests on high tree-tops. Beyond Ngaous all cultivation ceased. We came to a stony barren land with the Atlas mountains rising mistily in the distance. Near El Kantara the vegetation again became abundant. There were groups of pale eucalyptus, dusky mulberry-trees, and here and there small, flourishing lemon groves. El Kantara itself seems to lean against the base of a long, jagged wall of rock in which there is no apparent opening. Yet somewhere in that towering pile is a rift, and beyond that rift (called the El Kantara gorge) stretches the burning desert. In the old Roman days the gorge was called the "Calceus Herculis" because the ancients pretended to a belief that the son of Jupiter split the mountain by the simple procedure of kicking it. The Romans placed at this entrance to the Sahara a company of soldiers brought from Pal-

myra and accustomed to the heat of the Syrian desert. Traces of their sojourn are still found in the region.

The route was rough in places, notably so on the Col de Sfa. The French are building a fine new road here, though its completion, I venture to predict, will be a matter of some years. On the Col de Sfa we had a magnificent view over the immense desert and the Aures mountains, which stretch seventy-five miles from east to west and forty miles from north to south. The desert coloring is like a tremendously stirring silent opera. With a thrill one feels without understanding, that here in this land is something mystical, passionate, something that stirs the blood and makes the life of the roving Bedouin seem to be the one worth living.

On the Col de Sfa we passed a young Englishwoman seated on the ground, leisurely puffing a cigarette. The camel she had ridden was standing near; her Arab attendant had his face turned westward. Somehow the young woman, though comely enough, did not fit in with her environment. It was quite plain from her expression that we did not either. In truth, an automobile—even a brilliant red one—harmonizes perhaps less with the desert than a conventionally clad young woman smoking a cigarette.

In front of us the long yellow trail stretched on with serpentine curves and twists into the remote dimness. There was a dark speck on the horizon; it grew larger and larger as we approached, until we could see shimmering crests of innumerable palm-trees, and shining white walls and minarets. It was Biskra, the Queen of the Desert, whose surrounding territory is one of the few districts in Algeria that has remained under the government of the French army.

It is difficult to say what constitutes the charm of Biskra. That it has a charm, an extraordinary charm even, is apparent to every visitor. For one thing, it is by reason of its position more detached from the life of the present day than any other town in Algeria. One seems to touch here the borders of the ancient world, a vague, a vanished world. Before midnight the north wind swept Biskra. In the fondauk across the street the camels grew restless and emitted strange growls, and in the vague blackness of the stormy night, the

tom-toms at the Cafés Maures beat incessantly. The wind was still blowing with spasmodic fury when we went out the next morning to explore Biskra. There are innumerable cafés in the little town; the Arab selects his favorite resort and before the open palm-wood doors, sits on a stool, bench, or mat spread upon the ground, drinking coffee from a white handleless cup. Here he spends long hours chatting with his friends, playing chess, dominoes, draughts—the ladies' game, they call it—or dozes comfortably in the shade, curled up inside his burnoose, looking very much like a sack of potatoes.

Beyond the negro quarter stretches a wide, white street, bordered with rows of palm-trees. Near the end of the street is the high stone wall of the "Jardin Landon." We knocked at the gate, which was opened by a pleasant-faced young Arab, and were admitted into one of the most remarkable gardens in the world. Six acres have been snatched from the desert and made to bring forth not alone the palm, which flourishes with "its feet in the water and its head in the fires of heaven," but almost every known tropical tree and many of the temperate zone. Charming little paths wind through this blooming forest, where bamboo chairs and benches invite one continually to linger in the pleasant summer twilight of the trees. Scattered about the garden are small detached white buildings of Moorish architecture, and covered with purple masses of bougainvillea. These buildings—so the pleasant-faced Arab guide informed us in excellent French—are the various living-rooms of the owner, Comte Landon de Longeville. Delightful as this retreat is, he seldom occupies it more than a few weeks during the year. But it remains the joy of the tourist who finds in its greenness relief from the quivering light and glare of the African sun, as well as exquisite pleasure in the vegetation and the artistic arrangement of its growth.

Our excursion to Sidi-Okba was postponed from day to day, because of the wind. It filled the air with golden specks of sand that stung the face sharply and scratched painfully the eye. The Arabs drew the folds of their burnouses over their mouths and hastily sought shelter from a wind which was unquestionably cold. In the hotel the tourists, shivering

in light summer garments, unearthed from the bottom of their trunks coats and wraps and spent a great deal of time grumbling good-naturedly about the chill of an African spring. Finally the wind abated and we motored to Sidi-Okba. It lies thirteen miles beyond Biskra, in the desert, a little brown village in the center of an oasis of 60,000 magnificent palm-trees.

When we entered the village our car was followed by a crowd of men and children, running, screaming, gesticulating. In the clamor about us, we could distinguish a few French sentences belled from the thick lips of a man in a ragged burnoose. "I am the only honest, reliable guide; I am the only authorized guide. See, here is my paper. Look at it—look at it." He jumped on the steps of the car, and thrusting a dirty bit of paper under our noses, began at the same time fiercely to berate the crowd in Arabic. From that moment he took command of us. We were approaching the market: "Arrêtez," he shrieked. "Arrêtez." And we did. He jumped down and imperiously waved the clamoring crowd back. "Descendez," he ordered. Again we obeyed, while he pushed, punched, and belabored those who came near us. He was assisted in this task by a little pock-marked man who called himself a gendarme and who appointed two Arabs to guard our car.

We entered a long narrow street which led round to the market. Absurd little shops not much larger than a cupboard were on each side and contained for the most part comestibles. One basket held a quantity of dried locusts. When we inquired what uses those dead insects were put to, our guide replied by seizing a particularly large and hideous locust and crunching it contentedly between his teeth. One shop was in charge of a stalwart old Arab who did not raise his eyes from the Koran he was studying, to cast a glance at us. In another shop sat a man diligently stitching a white burnoose on an American sewing-machine. An Arab treading a sewing-machine in an oasis in the desert of Sahara is not, I apprehend, what Western eyes are prepared to encounter.

In the midst of the human pandemonium of the market, camels were kneeling

in the glare of the sun serenely chewing the cud, or roaring plaintively. From this noisy scene we turned to visit the mosque where lie the saintly bones of Okba-ben-Nafi, or as he is more generally called, Sidi-Okba, and spent the remainder of our time enjoying the view from the minaret. After that, our guide dismissed us and we returned to Biskra in a sand-storm, muffled to our chins in furs.

The following morning we bade a reluctant farewell to Biskra. I have but a confused memory of that day's ride, which began at nine and ended a little after five in the evening. This confusion is because of the profound impression made upon me by Timgad. It stands to-day in my mind as the most interesting, the most touching, and most fascinating place in North Africa. Politically, Timgad was of little importance in the Roman world; few historians have made even a passing reference to her existence. So it happened that we approached Timgad with chattering teeth and an amiable indifference to her charms, and that we left her—despite the cold—with burning regret. Thamugadi, the Romans called the city, founded in the year 100, in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. She lies now a ruined white dream city, alone in the center of a vast plateau, facing the Aures mountains. The theater, back of the forum, is set against a small hill. Over three thousand people could be seated at the play. The orchestra is in a fair state of preservation, also the colonnade of the portico, but the stage has entirely disappeared.

At the extreme end of one of two intersecting avenues stands Trajan's Arch. It was formerly the main entrance to Timgad. Beyond it stretched a great stone-paved highway to Lambessa, the headquarters of the Third Augustan Legion. The soldiers of this famous legion were the architects and builders of the city.

Our next objective point was Tebessa, but owing to the inclemency of the weather we did not stop, and hurried on to Batna, with wide, clean streets, and well-built houses. We went to Constantine the next morning, motoring over a rolling country bare of trees but rich in fine grazing-grounds.



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OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

PART TWO

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Letters," etc.

IV

LEILA had come and gone, and they had had their talk. It had not lasted as long as either of them wished, for in the middle of it Leila had been summoned to the telephone to receive an important message from town, and had sent her maid to tell Mrs. Lidcote that she could n't come back just then, as one of the young ladies had been called away unexpectedly and arrangements had to be made for her departure. But the mother and daughter had had almost an hour together, and Mrs. Lidcote was happy. She had never seen Leila so tender, so solicitous. The only thing that troubled her was, indeed, the very excess of this solicitude, the exaggerated expression of her daughter's annoyance that their first moments together should have been marred by the presence of strangers.

"Not strangers to me, darling, since they're friends of yours," her mother had assured her.

"Yes; but I know your feeling, you queer, wild mother. I know how you've always hated people." (*Hated people! Had Leila forgotten why?*) "And that's why I told Susy that if you preferred to go with her to Ridgely on Sunday, I

should so perfectly understand, should so patiently wait for our good hug. But you did n't really mind them at luncheon, did you, dearest?"

Mrs. Lidcote, at that, had suddenly thrown a long, startled look at her daughter. "I don't mind things of that kind any longer," she had simply answered.

"But that does n't console me for having exposed you to the bother of it, for having let you come here when I ought to have ordered you off to Ridgely with Susy. If Susy had n't been stupid, she'd have made you go there with her. I hate to think of you up here all alone."

Again Mrs. Lidcote tried to read something more than a rather obtuse devotion in her daughter's radiant gaze. "I'm glad to have had a rest this afternoon, dear; and later—"

"Oh, yes, later, when all this fuss is over, we'll more than make up for it, shan't we, you precious darling?" And at this point Leila had been summoned to the telephone, leaving Mrs. Lidcote alone with her conjectures.

These were still floating before her in cloudy imprecision when Miss Suffern's tap on the door roused her to the lapse of time.

"You 've come to take me down to tea? I'd forgotten how late it was," she said.

Miss Suffern, a plump, peering little woman, with prim hair and a conciliatory smile, nervously adjusted, as she came in, the pendant bugles of her oddly elaborate black dress. Miss Suffern was always in mourning, and always commemorating the demise of distant relatives by wearing the discarded wardrobe of their next of kin. "It is n't *exactly* mourning," she would say; "but it's the only stitch of black poor Julia had—and of course George was only my mother's step-cousin."

As she came forward, Mrs. Lidcote found herself humorously wondering whether she were mourning Horace Pursh's divorce in one of his mother's old black satins.

"Oh, *did* you mean to go down?" Susy Suffern peered at her, a little fluttered. "Leila sent me up to keep you company. She thought it would be cozier for you to have tea here. She was afraid you were feeling rather tired."

"I was; but I've had the whole afternoon to rest in. And this wonderful sofa to help me."

"Leila told me to tell you that she'd rush up for a minute before dinner, after everybody had arrived; but the train is always dreadfully late. She's in despair at not giving you a sitting-room; she wanted to know if I thought you really minded."

"Of course I don't mind. It's not like Leila to think I should." Mrs. Lidcote drew aside to make way for the housemaid, who appeared in the doorway, bearing a table spread with a studied variety of tea-cakes.

"Leila saw to it herself," Miss Suffern murmured as the door closed on the housemaid's efficient figure. "Her one idea is that you should feel happy here."

It struck Mrs. Lidcote as one more mark of the subverted state of things that her daughter's solicitude should find expression in the tenuity of sandwiches and the piping-hotness of muffins; but then everything that had happened since her arrival seemed to increase her confusion.

The note of a motor-horn down the drive gave another turn to her thoughts. "Are those the new arrivals already?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no; they won't be here till after seven." Miss Suffern craned her head from the window to catch a glimpse of the motor. "It must be Charlotte leaving."

"Was it the little Wynn girl who was called away in a hurry just now? I hope it's not on account of illness."

"Oh, no; I believe there was some mistake about dates. Her mother telephoned her that she was expected at the Stepleys, at Fishkill, and she had to be rushed over to Albany to catch a train."

Mrs. Lidcote meditated. "I'm sorry. She's a charming young thing. I hoped I should have another talk with her this evening after dinner."

"Yes; it's too bad." Miss Suffern's gaze grew vague. "You *do* look tired, you know," she continued, seating herself at the tea-table and preparing to dispense its delicacies. "You must go straight back to your sofa and let me wait on you. The excitement has told on you more than you think, and you must n't fight against it any longer. Just stay quietly up here and let yourself go. You'll have Leila to yourself on Monday."

Mrs. Lidcote received the tea-cup which her cousin proffered, but showed no other disposition to obey her injunctions. For a moment she stirred her tea in silence; then she asked, "Is it your idea that I should stay quietly up here till Monday?"

Miss Suffern set down her own cup with a gesture so sudden that it endangered an adjacent plate of scones. When she had assured herself of the safety of the scones, she looked up with a fluttered laugh. "Perhaps, dear, by to-morrow you'll be feeling differently. The air here, you know—"

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Lidcote bent forward to help herself to a scone. "Who's arriving this evening?" she then inquired.

Miss Suffern frowned and peered. "You know my wretched head for names. Leila told me, of course—but there are so many—"

"So many? She did n't tell me she expected a big party."

"Oh, not big; but rather outside of her little group. And of course, as it's the first time, she's a little excited at having the older set."

Mrs. Lidcote considered this. "The older set? Our contemporaries, you mean?"

"Why—yes." Miss Suffern paused as if to gather herself up for a leap. "The Ashton Gileses," she brought out.

"The Ashton Gileses? Really? I shall be glad to see Mary Giles again. It must be eighteen years," said Mrs. Lidcote, steadily.

"Yes," Miss Suffern gasped, precipitately refilling her cup.

"The Ashton Gileses; and who else?"

"Well, the Sam Fresbies. But the most important person, of course, is Mrs. Lorin Boulger."

"Mrs. Boulger? Leila did n't tell me she was coming."

"Did n't she? I suppose she forgot everything when she saw you. But really the party was got up for Mrs. Boulger. You see, it's very important that she should—well, take a fancy to Leila and Wilbour: his being appointed to Rome virtually depends on it. And you know Leila insists on Rome in order to be near you. So she asked Mary Giles, who's intimate with the Boulgers, if the visit could n't possibly be arranged; and Mary's cable caught Mrs. Boulger at Cherbourg. She's to be only a fortnight in America; and getting her to come directly here was rather a triumph."

"Yes; I see it was," said Mrs. Lidcote.

"You know, she's rather—rather fussy; and Mary was a little doubtful if—"

"If she would, on account of Leila?" Mrs. Lidcote murmured.

"Well, yes. In her official position. But luckily she's a friend of the Barkleys. And finding the Gileses and Fresbies here will make it all right. The times have changed," Susy Suffern indulgently summed up.

Mrs. Lidcote smiled. "Yes; a few years ago it would have seemed improbable that I should ever again be dining with Mary Giles and Harriet Fresbie and Mrs. Lorin Boulger."

Miss Suffern did not at the moment seem disposed to enlarge upon this theme; and after an interval of silence Mrs. Lidcote suddenly resumed, "Do they know I'm here, by the way?"

The effect of her question was to produce in Miss Suffern an exaggerated access of peering and frowning. She twitched

the tea-things about, fingered her bugles with a flurried hand, and, looking at the clock, exclaimed amazedly: "Mercy! Is it seven already?"

"Not that it can make any difference, I suppose," Mrs. Lidcote musingly continued. "But did Leila tell them I was coming?"

Miss Suffern looked at her with pain. "Why, you don't suppose, dearest, that Leila would do anything—"

Mrs. Lidcote went on: "For, of course, it's of the first importance, as you say, that Mrs. Lorin Boulger should be favorably impressed in order that Wilbour may have the best possible chance of getting Rome."

"I told Leila you'd feel that, dear. You see, it's actually on *your* account—so that they may get a post near you—that Leila invited Mrs. Boulger."

"Yes, I see that, of course." Mrs. Lidcote, abruptly rising from her seat, turned her eyes to the clock. "But, as you say, it's getting late. Ought n't we to dress for dinner?"

Miss Suffern, at the suggestion, stood up also, an agitated hand among her bugles. "I do wish I could persuade you to stay up here this evening. I'm sure Leila'd be happier if you would. Really, you're much too tired to come down."

"What nonsense, Susy!" Mrs. Lidcote spoke with a sudden sharpness, her hand stretched to the bell. "When do we dine? At half-past eight? Then I must really send you packing. At my age it takes time to dress."

Miss Suffern, thus decisively projected toward the threshold, lingered there to reiterate reproachfully: "Leila'll never forgive herself if you make an effort you're not up to." But Mrs. Lidcote smiled on her without answering, and the icy light-wave propelled her through the door.

v

MRS. LIDCOTE, though she had made the gesture of ringing for her maid, had not done so.

When the door closed, she stood a moment motionless in the middle of her soft, spacious room. The little fire which had been kindled at twilight danced on the brightness of silver and mirrors and sober gilding; and the sofa toward which Miss

Suffern had urged her heaped up its accumulated cushions in inviting proximity to a table laden with new books and papers. She could not recall having ever been more luxuriously housed, or having ever had so strange a sense of being out alone, under the night, in a wind-beaten plain without shelter. She sat down by the fire and thought.

A tap on the door made her lift her head, and she saw her daughter on the threshold. The intricate ordering of Leila's fair hair and the contrasted negligence of her draperies showed that she had interrupted her dressing to hasten to her mother; but once in the room, she paused a moment, smiling uncertainly, as though she had forgotten the object of her haste.

Mrs. Lidcote rose to her feet. "Time to dress, dearest? Don't scold! I sha'n't be late," she said.

"To dress?" Leila hung before her with a puzzled look. "Why, I thought, dear—I mean, I hoped you 'd decided just to stay here quietly and rest."

Her mother smiled. "But I 've been resting all the afternoon!"

Leila shone on her apprehensively. "Yes, but—you know you *do* look tired. And when Susy told me just now that you meant to make the effort—"

"You came in to stop me?"

"I came in to tell you that you need n't feel in the least obliged—"

"Of course. I understand that."

There was a pause during which Leila, vaguely averting herself from her mother's scrutiny, drifted toward the dressing-table and began to disturb the symmetry of the toilet implements laid out on it.

"Do your visitors know that I 'm here?" Mrs. Lidcote suddenly went on.

"Do they— Of course—why, naturally," Leila rejoined, absorbed in trying to turn the stopper of a salts-bottle.

"Then won't they think it odd if I don't appear at dinner?"

"Oh, not in the least, dearest. Really, I assure you they 'll *all* understand." Leila laid down the bottle and turned back to her mother, her face alight with reassurance.

Mrs. Lidcote stood motionless, her head erect, her smiling eyes on her daughter's. "Will they think it odd if I *do*?"

Leila stopped short, her lips half parted

to reply. As she paused, the color stole over her bare neck, swept up to her throat, and burst into flame in her cheeks. Thence it sent its devastating crimson up to her very temples, to the lobes of her ears, to the edges of her eyelids, beating all over her in great waves of red, as if fanned by some imperceptible wind which blew back the words from her lips.

Mrs. Lidcote for a moment silently watched the conflagration; then she turned away her eyes with a slight laugh. "I only meant that I was afraid it might upset the arrangement of your dinner-table if I did n't, at the last, come down. If you can really assure me that it won't, I believe I 'll take you at your word and go back to this irresistible sofa." She paused, as if waiting for her daughter to speak; then she held out her arms. "Run off and dress, dearest; and don't have me on your mind." She clasped Leila close, pressing a long kiss on the last afterglow of her subsiding blush. "I do feel the least bit overdone, and if it really won't inconvenience you to have me drop out of things, I believe I 'll just basely take to my bed and stay there till your party scatters. And now run off, dear, or you 'll be late; and make my excuses to them all."

VI

THE Barkleys' visitors had dispersed, and Mrs. Lidcote, completely restored by her two days' rest, found herself, on the following Monday, alone with her children and Miss Suffern.

There was a note of jubilation in the air, for the party had "gone off" so extraordinarily well, and so completely, as it appeared, to the satisfaction of Mrs. Lorin Boulger, that Wilbour's early appointment to Rome was almost to be counted on. So certain did this seem that the prospect of a prompt reunion mitigated the distress with which Leila learned of her mother's decision to return almost immediately to Italy. No one understood this decision: it seemed to Leila absolutely unintelligible that Mrs. Lidcote should not stay on with them till their own fate was fixed, and Wilbour handsomely echoed her astonishment.

"Why should n't you, as Leila says, wait here till we can all pack up and go together?"

Mrs. Lidcote smiled her gratitude with her refusal. "After all, it's not yet sure that you'll be packing up."

"Oh, you ought to have seen Wilbour with Mrs. Boulger," Leila triumphed.

"No, you ought to have seen Leila with her," Leila's husband exulted.

Miss Suffern enthusiastically appended, "I *do* think inviting Harriet Fresbie was a stroke of genius!"

"Oh, we'll be with you soon," Leila laughed. "So soon that it's really foolish to separate."

But Mrs. Lidcote held out with the quiet firmness which her daughter knew it was useless to oppose. After her long months in India, it was really imperative, she declared, that she should get back to Florence and see what was happening to her little place there; and she had been so comfortable on the *Utopia* that she had a fancy to return by the same ship. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to acquiesce in her decision and keep her with them till the afternoon before the day of the *Utopia's* sailing. This arrangement fitted in with certain projects which, during her two days' seclusion, Mrs. Lidcote had silently matured. It had become to her of the first importance to get away as soon as she could, and the little place in Florence, which held her past in every fold of its curtains and between every page of its books, seemed now to her the one spot where that past would be endurable to look upon.

She was not unhappy during the intervening days. The sight of Leila's well-being, the sense of Leila's tenderness, were, after all, what she had come for; and of these she had full measure. Leila had never been happier or more tender; and the contemplation of her bliss, and the enjoyment of her affection, were an absorbing occupation for her mother. But they were also a sharp strain on certain over-tightened chords, and Mrs. Lidcote, when at last she found herself alone in the New York hotel to which she had returned the night before embarking, had the feeling that she had just escaped with her life from the clutch of a giant hand.

She had refused to let her daughter come to town with her; she had even rejected Susy Suffern's ministrations. She wanted no viaticum but that of her own thoughts; and she let these come to her

without shrinking from them as she sat in the same high-hung sitting-room in which, just a week before, she and Franklin Ide had had their memorable talk.

She had promised her friend to let him hear from her, but she had not done so. She knew that he had probably come back from Chicago, and that if he learned of her sudden decision to return to Italy it would be impossible for her not to see him before sailing; and as she wished above all things not to see him, she had kept silent, intending to send him a letter from the steamer.

There was no reason why she should wait till then to write it. The actual moment was more favorable, and the task, though not agreeable, would at least bridge over an hour of her lonely evening. She went up to the writing-table, drew out a sheet of paper, and began to write his name. And as she did so, the door opened, and he came in.

The words she met him with were the last she could have imagined herself saying when they had parted. "How in the world did you know that I was here?"

He caught her meaning in a flash. "You did n't want me to, then?" He stood looking at her. "I suppose I ought to have taken your silence as meaning that. But I happened to meet Mrs. Wynn, who is stopping here, and she asked me to dine with her and Charlotte, and Charlotte's young man. They told me they'd seen you arriving this afternoon, and I could n't help coming up."

There was a pause between them, which Mrs. Lidcote at last surprisingly broke with the exclamation, "Ah, she *did* recognize me, then!"

"Recognize you?" He stared. "Why—"

"Oh, I saw she did, though she never moved an eyelid. I saw it by Charlotte's blush. The child has the prettiest blush. I saw that her mother would n't let her speak to me."

Ide put down his hat with an impatient laugh. "Has n't Leila cured you of your delusions?"

She looked at him intently. "Then you don't think Margaret Wynn meant to cut me?"

"I think your ideas are absurd."

She paused for a perceptible moment without taking this up; then she said, at a tangent: "I'm sailing to-morrow early."

I meant to write to you—there 's the letter I 'd begun."

Ide followed her gesture, and then turned his eyes back to her face. "You did n't mean to see me, then, or even to let me know that you were going till you 'd left?"

"I felt it would be easier to explain to you in a letter—"

"What in God's name is there to explain?" She made no reply, and he pressed on: "It can't be that you 're worried about Leila, for Charlotte Wynn told me she 'd been there last week, and there was a big party arriving when she left: Fresbies and Gileses, and Mrs. Lorin Boulger—all the board of examiners! If Leila has passed *that*, she 's got her degree."

Mrs. Lidcote had dropped down into a corner of the sofa where she had sat during their talk of the week before. "I was stupid," she began abruptly. "I ought to have gone to Ridgefield with Susy. I did n't see till afterward that I was expected to."

"You were expected to?"

"Yes. Oh, it was n't Leila's fault. She suffered—poor darling; she was distracted. But she 'd asked her party before she knew I was arriving."

"Oh, as to that—" Ide drew a deep breath of relief. "I can understand that it must have annoyed her dreadfully not to have you to herself just at first. But, after all, you were among old friends or their children: the Gileses and Fresbies—and little Charlotte Wynn." He paused a moment before the last name, and scrutinized her hesitatingly. "Even if they came at the wrong time, you must have been glad to see them all at Leila's."

She gave him back his look with a faint smile. "I did n't see them," she replied.

"You did n't see them?"

"No. That is, excepting little Charlotte Wynn. That child is exquisite. We had a little talk before luncheon the day I arrived. But when her mother found out that I was staying in the house, she telephoned her to leave immediately, and so I did n't see her again."

The blood rushed suddenly to Ide's sallow face. "I don't know where you get such ideas!"

She pursued, as if she had not heard him: "Oh, and I saw Mary Giles for a

minute, too. Susy Suffern brought her up to my room the last evening, after dinner, when all the others were at bridge. She meant it kindly—but it was n't much use."

"But what were you doing in your room in the evening after dinner?"

"Why, you see, when I found out my mistake in coming,—how embarrassing it was for Leila, I mean,—I simply told her that I was very tired, and preferred to stay up-stairs till the party was over."

Ide, with a groan, struck his hand against the arm of his chair. "I wonder how much of all this you simply imagined!"

"I did n't imagine the fact of Harriet Fresbie's not even asking if she might see me when she knew I was in the house. Nor of Mary Giles's getting Susy, at the eleventh hour, to smuggle her up to my room when the others would n't know where she 'd gone; nor poor Leila's ghastly fear lest Mrs. Lorin Boulger, for whom the party was given, should guess I was in the house, and prevent her husband's giving Wilbour the second secretaryship because she 'd been obliged to spend a night under the same roof with his mother-in-law!"

Ide continued to drum on his chair-arm with exasperated fingers. "You don't *know* that any of the acts you describe are due to the causes you suppose."

Mrs. Lidcote paused before replying, as if honestly trying to measure the weight of this argument. Then she said in a low tone: "I know that Leila was in an agony lest I should come down to dinner the first night. And it was for me she was afraid, not for herself. Leila is never afraid for herself."

"But the conclusions you draw are simply preposterous. There are narrow-minded women everywhere, but the women who were at Leila's knew perfectly well that their going there would give her a sort of social sanction, and if they were willing that she should have it, why on earth should they want to withhold it from you?"

"That 's what I told myself a week ago, in this very room, after my first talk with Susy Suffern." She lifted a misty smile to his anxious eyes. "That 's why I listened to what you said to me the same evening, and why your arguments half convinced me, and made me think that

what had been possible for Leila might not be altogether impossible for me. If the new dispensation had come, why not for me as well as for the others? I can't tell you the flight my imagination took!"

Franklin Ide rose from his seat and crossed the room to a chair near her sofa-corner. "All I cared about was that it seemed—for the moment—to be carrying you toward me," he said.

"I cared about that, too. That's why I meant to go away without seeing you." They gave each other grave looks for a moment. "Because, you see, I was mistaken," she went on. "We were both mistaken. You say it's preposterous that the women who did n't object to accepting Leila's hospitality should have objected to meeting me under her roof. And so it is; but I begin to understand why. It's simply that society is much too busy to revise its own judgments. Probably no one in the house with me stopped to consider that my case and Leila's were identical. They only remembered that I'd done something which, at the time I did it, was condemned by society. My case has been passed on and classified: I'm the woman who has been cut for nearly twenty years. The older people have half forgotten why, and the younger ones have never really known: it's simply become a tradition to cut me. And traditions that have lost their meaning are the hardest of all to destroy."

Ide had sat motionless while she spoke. As she ended, he stood up with a short laugh and walked across the room to the window. Outside, the immense, black prospect of New York, strung with myriads of lines of light, stretched away into the smoky edges of the night. He showed it to her with a gesture.

"What do you suppose such words as you've been using—'society,' 'tradition,' and the rest—mean to all the life out there?"

She came and stood by him, and looked out of the window. "Less than nothing, of course. But you and I are not out there. We're shut up in a little, tight round of habit and association, just as we're shut up in this room. Remember, I thought I'd got out of it once; but what really happened was that the other people went out, and left me in the same little room. The only difference was that I was there alone. Oh, I've made it habi-

table now, I'm used to it; but I've lost any illusions I may have had as to an angel's opening the door."

Ide again laughed impatiently. "Well, if the door won't open, why not let another prisoner in? At least it would be less of a solitude—"

She turned from the dark window back into the vividly lighted room.

"It would be more of a prison. You forget that I know all about that. We're all imprisoned, of course—all of us middling people, who don't carry our freedom in our heads. But we've accommodated ourselves to our different cells, and if we're moved suddenly into new ones, we're likely to find a stone wall where we thought there was thin air, and to knock ourselves senseless against it. I saw a man do that once."

Ide, leaning with folded arms against the window-frame, watched her in silence as she moved restlessly about the room, gathering together some scattered books and tossing a handful of torn letters into the paper-basket. When she ceased, he rejoined: "All you say is based on preconceived theories. Why did n't you put them to the test by coming down to meet your old friends? Don't you see the inference they would naturally draw from your hiding yourself when they arrived? It looked as though you were afraid of them—or as though you had n't forgiven them. Either way, you put them in the wrong, instead of waiting to let them put you in the right. If Leila had buried herself in a desert, do you suppose society would have gone to fetch her out? You say you were afraid for Leila, and that she was afraid for you. Don't you see what all these complications of feeling mean? Simply that you were too nervous at the moment to let things happen naturally, just as you're too nervous now to judge them rationally." He paused and turned his eyes to her face. "Don't try to just yet. Give yourself a little more time. Give *me* a little more time. I've always known it would take time."

He moved nearer, and she let him have her hand. With the grave kindness of his face so close above her she felt like a child roused out of frightened dreams and finding a light in the room.

"Perhaps you're right—" she heard herself begin; then something within her

clutched her back, and her hand fell away from him.

"I know I'm right: trust me," he urged. "We'll talk of this in Florence soon."

She stood before him, feeling with despair his kindness, his patience, and his unreality. Everything he said seemed like a painted gauze let down between herself and the real facts of life; and a sudden desire seized her to tear the gauze into shreds.

She drew back a little and looked at him with a smile of superficial reassurance. "You *are* right—about not talking any longer now. I'm nervous and tired, and it would do no good. I brood over things too much. As you say, I must try not to shrink from people." She turned away and glanced at the clock. "Why, it's only ten! If I send you off, I shall begin to brood again; and if you stay, we shall go on talking about the same thing. Why should n't we go down and see Margaret Wynn for half an hour?"

She spoke lightly and rapidly, her brilliant eyes on his face. As she watched him, she saw it change, as if her smile had thrown a too vivid light upon it.

"Oh, no—not to-night!" he exclaimed.

"Not to-night? Why, what other night have I, when I'm off at dawn? Besides, I want to show you at once that I mean to be more sensible—that I'm not going to be afraid of people any more. And I should really like another glimpse of little Charlotte." He stood before her, his hand in his beard, with the gesture he had in moments of perplexity. "Come!" she ordered him gaily, turning to the door.

He followed her and laid his hand on the door-knob. "Don't you think—had n't you better let me go first and see? They told me they'd had a tiring day at the dressmaker's. I dare say they have gone to bed."

"But you said they'd a young man of Charlotte's dining with them. Surely he would n't have left by ten? At any rate, I'll go down with you and see. It takes so long if one sends a servant first." She put him gently aside, and then paused as a new thought struck her. "Or wait; my maid's in the next room. I'll tell her to go and ask if Margaret will receive me. Yes, that's much the best way."

She turned back and went toward the door that led to her bedroom; but before she could open it she felt Ide's quick touch on her arm.

"I believe—I remember now—Charlotte's young man was suggesting that they should all go out—to a music-hall or something of the sort. I'm sure—I'm positively sure, that you won't find them."

Her hand dropped from the door, his dropped from her arm, and as they drew back and faced each other she saw the blood rise slowly through his fallow skin, redden his neck and ears, encroach upon the edges of his beard, and settle in dull patches under his kind, troubled eyes. She had seen the same blush on another face, and the same impulse of compassion she had then felt made her turn her gaze away again.

A knock on the door broke the silence, and a porter put his head into the room.

"It's only just to know how many pieces there'll be to go down to the steamer in the morning."

With the words she suddenly felt that the veil of painted gauze was torn in tatters, and that she was moving again among the grim edges of reality.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I never can remember! Wait a minute; I shall have to ask my maid."

She opened her bedroom door and called out briskly: "Annette!"



"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

THE OUTCAST OF RUTLEDGE

BY JEAN PARKMAN

NESTLING among the hills of western New York lies a little village of a thousand inhabitants, which for convenience I will call Rutledge. The Empire State has many small towns like it, quiet, sleepy places, where the world moves on with scarcely a ripple, and the people are well-to-do, with a few rich families, such as are usually found in small towns.

The village contained three licensed hotels; namely, the Ardmore, the Newbury, and the Riverside. The Ardmore was called the "up-to-date" house, and was frequented by people making pretension to fashion; the Newbury catered to the traveling public, and was patronized by politicians; while the Riverside took what was left. It was a quaint, old-fashioned inn, the proprietor an old man, good-natured and kindly. He was everybody's friend, and here congregated the male population of Rutledge. For there was a large, old-fashioned bar-room, with a little office back of it, where a man could take a friend for a private talk, and to the left a large, sunny parlor, always open, where every one was welcome. There every one met on an equal footing, and such a thing as caste was not thought of. There, too, everybody's affairs were discussed, for while in general peace and harmony prevailed, the town was by no means exempt from gossip.

Among the prominent men in the community was Philip Wendall, whose farm lay so close to the village that his house stood at the end of Main Street. It was a fine property, with a spacious, old brick house of Revolutionary date. At the time of the event which I am about to narrate the farm was owned by Jonathan Wendall, Philip's father, who made his

home with Philip's family. He was a strange, quiet man who seemed to shun everybody. He was respected and feared by the community. Men said that Jonathan Wendall's word was as good as his note, but they never sought his company. A girl once laughingly said of him that he was Justice personified—astride a tombstone, and the word tombstone clung to him for ever after.

In 1880, Rutledge celebrated its hundredth anniversary, everybody joining heart and hand to make it a success. Newspapers advertised it far and wide, and invitations to come and bring their friends were issued to former residents of the town, wherever they could be found.

The result was most gratifying. All summer long people were coming and going. It was one long holiday, and scarcely a home in the village was without guests.

A great time of rejoicing it was, too, as friend greeted friend, and at every turn one would meet some one not looked for, and perhaps not seen for years. Old men sat in shady places and laughed over boyish pranks of fifty years before, and old ladies talked softly together of the changes the intervening years had wrought since they were girls together. Graves almost forgotten in the old cemetery were visited and covered with flowers.

Among the strangers came an old woman. Who she was or where she came from, none could tell. She was just a vile, drunken old hag, wearing a tattered, blue-calico dress, a dirty, gray jacket, heavy calfskin shoes tied at the top with a white cord. Over her white, unkempt locks, which seemed to be of all lengths, was tied a dirty, torn, blue veil. Her face was weather-beaten and hard from exposure.

the blue eyes were bleared and of evil expression, the teeth broken and uneven—altogether a picture that people shrank from looking at the second time. She was vicious to the last degree, and carried an old leather hand-bag, from which she was repeatedly seen to take a bottle and drink. She slept under sheds, and begged her food at back doors, and when refused, broke into such a volley of oaths that people were afraid, and nearly always called her back and gave her something to eat.

After a month had passed, and she seemed in no way ready to leave town, people grew afraid of her, and were about to see what could be done to rid the town of her presence, when one day late in September a terrific wind-storm, accompanied by hail and rain, struck the village. It was one of the heaviest storms Rutledge had ever experienced. It came so suddenly that people were unprepared for it, and there was much scurrying to reach home before the full force of the storm broke. Almost the first blast caught the shed under which the old woman was lying, turning it completely over, and giving her such a shock that she ran up Main Street in great fright.

Struggling against the wind, she at last reached the Ardmore, and tried to gain entrance to the bar-room, but was promptly ejected. She then tried the Newbury, but was turned out there also. She staggered down the street, the wind taking her almost off her feet, and sat down on the curbstone in front of the Riverside, while the rain fell in torrents on her back. When the proprietor noticed her, he beckoned her to come in, and helped her up the steps and across the wide porch. Noticing the smiles as he entered the bar-room with her, he said: "Gentlemen, my mother was a woman. For her sake, you will please omit remarks." The smiles died away as he took her to the kitchen, and told his wife to make her comfortable, and try to learn who she was and where she might be going; but in her drunken condition nothing could be learned, so she was given a cot, where she slept heavily all night.

All night the storm raged, unroofing buildings, uprooting trees, and doing great damage to the town. The morning dawned bright and glorious, but the air was piercing. The landlady at the River-

side had tried in various ways to make the old woman tell who she was, but unsuccessfully. Finally she said, if they wanted to help her, to send for Philip Wendall. He would know who her people were, and would give her money to go to Chicago, where she came from.

Accordingly a messenger was despatched, and in a short time Philip Wendall came. Crowds of people were out to see the damage done by the storm, and the word was passed from one to another that Wendall knew who the old woman was. When he asked that the old village doctor be summoned, curiosity was at its height, and standing on tiptoes. The ravages made by the storm were forgotten, and all interest was centered in the conjecture as to where the human wreck might belong.

To the astonishment of the crowd, the report passed from mouth to mouth that Philip Wendall's mother was not dead, as it had generally been thought, but many years before had deserted her husband and baby son for another man while on a trip to the West, and it was surmised that this was she; that she had come not to claim a home, but to beg for money, and go her way without letting the fact be made known.

The crowd about the Riverside dispersed as the Wendall carriage came slowly up the street, driven by the doctor, but only went a short distance, and, gathering into small groups, waited.

When at last the door of the inn opened, and Philip Wendall, aristocratic to the finger-tips, came out, leading the old woman, wrapped in shawls provided by the landlady, and, picking her up, placed her gently in the carriage, and seated himself beside her, drawing the robes around her and placing an arm about her shoulders to hold the wraps, people were not ashamed of the tears that coursed down their cheeks, and men stood with bared heads, bowing reverently to the nobility of the man who thus publicly acknowledged that degraded woman to be his mother.

In the thirty years that have passed since dear old Rutledge celebrated its hundredth anniversary, we have all witnessed deeds that were brave; but all those that I have ever met who witnessed that act say it was the bravest deed they ever saw.

THE AMBASSADOR

BY W. T. NICHOLS

IT might have been compared with many things, none of them pleasant: a load of scrap-iron, for instance, trying to pass by, and never succeeding, or some merciless demon turned boiler-maker and pounding away with a heart full of malice and untiring arms, filling the room with a staccato, metallic clatter that assaulted the ear as with a swift series of blows.

Perhaps, to one pausing to listen, the idea of demoniac energy would have appealed more strongly; for there was hint of method in the madness. The racing *rat-tat-tats, tat-tats, rat-tat-tat-tat-tats* meant something; they were conveying a message. So much decided, the stranger might have strolled on, shrugging his shoulders, and happy that it was not his lot to toil as the slave of that brutally insistent disturber of the peace.

The slave, as it happened, was diverting himself with no fanciful notions. "Baldy" Sanderson was a practical young man of practical concerns, two of which chanced to be fighting for control. One was that the fastest sender at division headquarters of the great Amalgamated Press was trying to clear the wire before he gave the eleven o'clock luncheon signal; the other was that he, "Baldy" Sanderson, was afflicted by more than fevered thirst. Under the theory that every one of us has a dual personality, it might be said that the official "Baldy" heeded only the withering speed and style eccentricities of the sender, while the personal "Baldy" panted, if not for the water brooks, at least for the iced tank in the news-room across the corridor. "Nipper" Herron, night-trick operator, was ailing, and Sanderson, the day man on the wire, was doubling up; which, being interpreted, meant that he had worked twenty-nine hours out of the last thirty-nine, that

he had slept when he could, and had eaten where he might combine celerity of service with concentration of nutriment. At six o'clock, with ten minutes for dinner, he had hurled himself upon a quick-lunch stool and called for picked-up codfish. "Baldy" esteemed this dish highly: it was ready prepared; it was filling; it could be bolted. Unhappily, somebody had been too lavish of salt. Whether the fault lay with bronzed fisherman or careless cook, "Baldy" at eight o'clock was in keen discomfort; at a quarter of eleven his mouth and throat were as parched as the Sahara, and while he mechanically recorded on his type-writer the doings of umpires and empires, his soul's desire was that tank across the hall.

There was an instant's pause after a despatch from Paris dealing with the fall of a ministry. Then the sounder began to sputter. *Rat-tat-tat, r'rat-tat-t't't, rat-tat* it went more furiously than ever, then suddenly halted. Somebody down the line had "broken." "Baldy" approved that break; it was all very well to code freely, but there was a limit on arbitraries. Had he been less like an overtaxed machine, he would have grinned in sympathy with the protest of his colleague fifty miles away. For a moment he sat motionless, while the controversy was fought out, then fell to tapping the keys of his type-writer, while over the wire the message was repeated. Weary as he was, he caught the note of scorn in the just perceptible slackening of pace. It was as if the sender was saying: "The primary class will please give attention—no, the kindergarten! This, dear children, is in Morse, the telegraph-alphabet, you know, all spelled out nicely for beginners. Listen carefully, and see if you can't read it—now!"

As for the message, it was clicked off in this way:

"Washn 8. T pr thsv sent to t sa a num o diplomatic nnnns incng tf"

All that was left for Sanderson to do was merely to transcribe it thus:

"WASHINGTON (in capital letters) comma Feb period 8 dash The President this evening sent to the Senate a number of diplomatic nominations comma including the following colon."

It was an important list, for it began "Ambassadors." Also it was a terse recital, full of meaning—a name, a State, a foreign capital. One line told that the gentleman representing the United States at Rome was transferred to London; the next that a minister to a leading second-rate nation was promoted to Berlin. Then came:

"Jerome H. Breelton of Vershire—"

Another break! That man down the line demanded a repetition of the roster from the beginning. "Baldy" reached for a match, and relighted the stub of cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth; then he straightened himself in his chair. The fellow at headquarters, nettled by the interruption, was growling instead of setting about honoring the request. "Baldy" reckoned the seconds. His tongue seemed to be cracking; relief was temptingly near. He sprang up, rushed into the hall, and hurled himself into the news-room; snatched a glass, filled it in two motions, and emptied it in one. Then he sped back, spurred by the call of his sounder, audible afar; for it was set at its loudest, and reinforced by a sheet of tin. Fate, however, had decreed that others beside the operator should move with haste that night; and as "Baldy" shot from the news-room door, a tall and preoccupied young man strode toward it. There was a collision, a gruff word of apology from the tall youth, a grunt from Sanderson. He had caught the repeated "*Vershire*," but in the confusion of the impact with the other man lost what immediately followed. Then "*St Petersburg*" reached him, but after that the dots and dashes were not quite clear. The crack sender jumbled things now and then, as "Baldy" knew by dire experience; but "*St. Petersburg*" was all any reasonable being should need to hear. He dropped into his chair, and recorded "at St. Petersburg" as the completion of the line which began "Jerome H. Breelton of Vershire."

Five minutes later Sanderson was at a quick-lunch counter clamoring for a second cup of black coffee. Back in the newspaper-office a man in shirt-sleeves, with a green shade over his eyes, was invading the managing editor's room. In his hand was a type-written sheet, which he laid on the other's desk.

"What you think of that, Mr. Shelby?" he asked, his finger pointing to the despatch from Washington.

The managing editor got upon his feet. "Have somebody see Breelton, of course," he said crisply. "Bring him here, if he'll come. It's the story of the day fast enough. Let me keep this a minute or two."

The man in shirt-sleeves nodded and departed. Shelby, bearing the sheet of paper, hurried into the hall. Glancing in at an open door, he saw an elderly man donning an overcoat with much deliberation.

"I'm just in time, Mr. Graves," said he. "Here's something for a wearied vision."

The elderly man put on a pair of eyeglasses, read the despatch, and carefully replaced the glasses in their case.

"Mr. Shelby," he said solemnly, "words fail me. This is the most amazingly preposterous thing that has occurred in my experience in politics. You'll get a statement from him, naturally."

"I've told the boys to bring him here, if possible."

"Good! Better impress the urgency upon them."

Shelby started for the news-room, Graves following closely. They found the man in shirt-sleeves talking earnestly to a stout youth.

"I've phoned Mr. Breelton's house, but he's out—the maid does n't know where," he reported. "So Mason will go there, and wait for him to come back. He understands what's wanted."

"Excellent!" said Shelby. Mason, while not gifted as a news-writer, was of a bulldog tenacity of purpose, which endeared him to his superiors more than could many adjectives. Graves, however, looked disturbed.

"I must see Breelton," he said sharply. "Can't you find out where he is, and get hold of him at once?"

A reporter, writing at a near-by desk,

looked up from his work. He was the tall chap who had collided with Sanderson, and his manner was no less care-burdened than it had been at the time of that incident.

"You will find Mr. Breelton at Judge Meredith's house," he said with somewhat of an effort. "There's a bridge-club that meets there to-night."

"Much obliged, Mr. Hamilton," said Shelby, in a matter-of-fact way. The modern newspaper may be prying at times, but in some directions its managers can be singularly incurious; and to none of the group did it occur to inquire how and when a member of the staff had become so well acquainted with the doings of the next ambassador to Russia. "Take a carriage, Mr. Mason, drive to the Merediths', and bring Breelton to the office," the managing editor went on. "I think he'll come willingly enough; he ought to. Do you imagine, Mr. Graves, it'll be news to him?"

The editor-in-chief scowled. "Umph! If Breelton's possible as an ambassador, anything else is possible. I'm going to my room. When you've done with him, bring him in."

"Very well, sir," Shelby said; and thereupon Graves departed, Mason vanished, and the news-room went back to commonplace affairs. Presently the noise of the telegraph-instrument was heard, lunch being over and "Baldy" Sanderson, refreshed and with thirst appeased, having returned to duty. Shelby, passing by, paused for a moment to watch the operator, and then went on to Graves's sanctum. He discovered the editor freed of his overcoat and at his desk, his air being that of a person confronted by a singularly mysterious problem.

"This is a most extraordinary piece of business, Shelby," he said. "You know what the ambassadorship is, and you know the sort of man to whom it now seems to be given. Jerome Breelton to represent the greatest republic at one of the proudest courts of Europe! Oh, Lord!"

"As bad as that, sir?"

Graves tapped the desk with his glasses. "Worse! Vastly worse! Breelton's ideally unfit. He's a fool, Shelby. That's his one talent, and he's developed it to the limit. He's of decent family, and that makes him a snob; he has an in-

herited income, and that makes him look down on anybody with brains enough to work; he has dabbled in local politics, and that makes him think he's a master of statecraft. He'll turn us into the laughing-stock of the civilized world."

Shelby perched himself on a table near the editor's desk. "Then how does he get the job?" he asked. "What's the politics in the move?"

"Politics?" Graves's face was a study. "Politics? There's only one possible explanation—Effingham."

"What, Senator Effingham?"

"The same. Effingham is the *enfant terrible* of the party. You know, in the present state of things, he's unlikely to be reelected to the senate, even if the other side does n't capture the next legislature. We had a close shave last time to hold the State, you remember. Now, if you'll admit that Effingham believes his case hopeless, it is possible—just possible, mind you—that he has engineered this farce to throw discredit on the faction which is now in control of the machine. Of course the appointment will be chalked up to its account, for Breelton has been identified with it after a fashion. In fact, he's one of Senator Worth's hangers-on."

"But Worth may have done this."

"Not he. Worth has too much sense and too little imagination. But he'll have to bear the odium. That's the one reason for believing even the fantastic scheming of Effingham could have evolved such a public disgrace and humiliation. The theory's far-fetched, I admit; I apologize for it; I can't ask its acceptance—bar Bedlam and Effingham."

Shelby laughed, and swung himself down from the table. "I'll turn the hero over to you as soon as we've extracted an interview," he said as he departed.

Graves, however, was to see Breelton before the very capable inquisitors of the news-department were privileged to question him. Mason's task, as the event proved, had made no demands upon his tenacity.

"Breelton'd have come along in an aeroplane, if I'd had one handy," the stout youth explained to the man in shirt-sleeves. "All he wanted, when he heard what was up, was to get where he could hear more. Oh, yes; I gave him his first tip. He'most forgot his hat and coat, and

he did clean forget his daughter—she had to chase after him to the carriage. She was with him at the party, you see. She's all right, too; but her daddy—well, look at him! Say, how do you s'pose those buttons are holding?"

The man in shirt-sleeves looked and grinned. Breelton, who had been conducted to the news-room by his guide, was giving a beautiful illustration of a fat little fellow swollen by pride to the danger-limit.

"Your young man, Mr. Shelby, has informed me of the—ahem!—of the appointment," he said to the managing editor. "He informs me also that you desire some suitable declaration from me, and I shall be pleased to grant the request; but first I prefer to—ah—ah—confer with your Mr. Graves. A very worthy man Mr. Graves. I have, sir, an excellent opinion of his judgment."

"Mr. Graves will be flattered," said Shelby. "I'll take you to his office."

The managing editor, however, while he addressed Breelton, was looking at Breelton's daughter. She was a slender girl, dark-eyed, and, as he noted, singularly pale. He saw, too, that Hamilton had risen as she entered, and stepped toward her. The young man's face was as pale as the girl's. Shelby did not observe that either spoke to the other before Breelton, wheeling about, caught sight of them. The pervasive smile faded from his countenance. Two strides carried him close to Hamilton.

"You've heard," he said low and gruffly. "Your own good sense must tell you how impossible this makes an engagement between you two. There must be no more of such folly. I absolutely forbid it."

Shelby did not overhear the speech, but he could make a shrewd guess at its tenor; for the girl's lips trembled, and Hamilton, as white as a sheet, bowed and retreated to his desk. Breelton's smile—and now it had a new touch of triumph—was again in evidence when he turned to Shelby.

"You may conduct me, sir, to Mr. Graves," he said magniloquently.

Shelby lost no time in ushering the visitor into the presence of the editor-in-chief; but, this done, he indulged in a little piece of strategy. Miss Breelton, following uncertainly in the wake of her parent, saw a door open and heard herself addressed.

"If you'll come into the library," Shelby told her, "you can wait more comfortably while your father talks with Mr. Graves. They're likely to have a long session."

He switched on the electric lights, which showed a large apartment lined with files and book-cases. There was a table in the middle, and by it stood a couple of chairs. Then he vanished for a moment, reappearing with several magazines.

"Possibly you've seen all these," he said briskly; "but I'll try to find more. I'll fetch them to you, or send them to you, in a moment."

She thanked him gravely, and sank into a chair, smiling wanly while he bustled about, adjusting the portable reading-light for her greater convenience. If she saw that he closed the door by which they had entered, and that presently he departed by another, which opened into the corridor, the circumstance did not impress her. The magazines lay untouched on the table, and she sat, with hands clasped, gazing straight before her. Now and then the sound of her father's voice reached her, but it seemed to fail to cheer her or to remind her of the enviable lot of the daughter of an ambassador.

The door from the hall opened, and she turned her head, rousing herself to greet the benevolent Shelby. It was Hamilton, though, who stood in the doorway, and who came forward as she rose to her feet. For a little neither spoke.

"You did n't expect me," he said at last. "Mr. Shelby—he's our managing editor, you know—sent me to tell you he could n't find any more magazines."

She received the explanation in the spirit in which it was offered.

"You should n't have come, yet—yet I'm glad you have," she said. "We could n't drop everything without—with-out—"

"Without an effort to do it decently and in order?"

Something in his tone hurt her. "Yes, decently and in order," she said quickly. "That is the best way—much the best way, believe me!"

Hamilton laughed mirthlessly. "You know what your father told me not ten minutes ago. I don't think it was decent, but it sounded like an order. It would

seem to settle things definitely enough, if—"

"If?" she repeated, looking at him wonderingly as he hesitated.

"If it settles anything at all."

"But I don't understand."

"He meant it to be clear: you and I are not for each other. This infernal appointment of his ended our romance. On the strength of it he refused point-blank to sanction an engagement to which he previously might have agreed, though reluctantly. And without his sanction—"

Again he paused, gazing at her with hungry eyes. A faint flush stole into her pale cheeks, but she shook her head.

"No; not without his sanction," she said slowly and sorrowfully.

"Well, you see it did settle things," the young man said grimly. "I'm not surprised it should. Ambassadors rank next to princes, don't they? That puts ambassadors' daughters next to princesses, and just as far off, virtually, where beggars are concerned."

"But you're not a beggar!" she cried.

"From the lofty heights I'll look like one. Your father's right: it would be folly for you to—to care for me. I'm a hired man—hired by the week, liable to be turned off at any time. There's no use blinking at facts just because they are hard and ugly and painful."

"But a soldier's a hired man," she urged. "And have n't we heard of soldiers with marshals' batons in their knapsacks?"

"That day's gone. I'm working for a pittance, for a newspaper. If I were the editor, I'd be drawing a salary that would n't pay for your flowers and gloves at the embassy. Oh, I know it well enough! I see the worldly wisdom of the view. I'm not a man to seek an alliance for which I am not fit. But you'll forget me—you may be abroad for years."

"I shall never forget you!"

"You can't help it, dear." The word slipped his lips, and he frowned; but her face brightened.

"But there are desirable places about embassies," she pointed out. "Ambassadors have secretaries."

"No, no! Do you think I could accept a place like that—become a dependent on your father's bounty?"

"I'm afraid you would n't."

"Then don't you see your father was right? At this moment I could n't, in self-respect, ask you to marry me."

"Perhaps not—not while he is ambassador," she said hesitatingly. "But ambassadorships—" She was no longer meeting his eye, and the faint flush in her cheek was growing—"but ambassadorships don't last—last forever. And, when it's over, I—I—"

Hamilton caught her hands and held them tight. "And when it's over, you'll be free!" he cried. "And when I come to ask you what I can't ask now, you'll be free to listen?"

Her smile was like sunshine dispersing the mists. "I shall be free then, if I'm not free now."

"Of course, in view of your father's opposition, there can't be an engagement?"

"Oh, no!"

Hamilton's face was brightening. "We'll have this fixed definitely," said he. "There can't be an engagement, but there is n't an earthly objection to an understanding, is there?"

"Oh, no indeed!" she assured him.

Meanwhile, in the editorial-room, Breelton was tasting the sweets of power. He had greedily read the fateful press-despatch, marveling, it may be, at its cold and unadorned directness,—something with illuminated capitals and a rhetorical flourish or two would have been more to his fancy,—but not disposed to cavil, since it conveyed news so epoch-making. He was at the table which stood near Graves's desk, and two or three written pages were before him. When Shelby wandered in, however, the ambassador-to-be was leaning back in his chair. His manner might have been described as lordly condescension.

"Very well put, Mr. Graves," he was saying; "very well put, sir. It is, as you say, a splendid honor and a high distinction. But, I submit, it is more: it is recognition, sir—recognition."

Graves appeared to be disposed to follow his own line of thought.

"It is forty years since this State has had a first-class diplomatic appointment," said he. "Then Amos Harding was sent to Paris. Harding was a remarkable man. He was a ripe scholar." Here the eyeglasses tapped the desk, as if checking off an item in a tally—"He was an able lawyer, and had served with marked suc-

cess on the bench"—Another tap—"He was of unusual executive ability"—Tap—"In the Civil War he supervised the organization of a dozen regiments"—Tap—"He was one of the best governors the State ever had; a party-man who knew no partizanship when public interests were at stake."

There the glasses beat a tattoo, while to Shelby's eyes Breelton swelled like a turkey-cock. He seemed to be accepting the recital of Harding's virtues as a handsome, if indirect, tribute to his own.

"Sir," he said pompously—"sir, I shall be pleased to strive, and I trust competently, to prove myself a worthy successor. Also I shall endeavor to instill into my policy that which our diplomacy has too often lacked—vigor, sir, vigor. But I insist—I positively must insist—that the personal element in my selection, no matter how gratifying it may be, must not make us lose sight of that other element to which I have referred—recognition. Sir, I deem this a recognition not only of such humble services as I may have been able to render—" Here he paused briefly, as if expecting protests at this self-abasement—"Ahem! not only recognition of my own services, but also of the magnificent support the party in this State has given to the Administration. It is because I regard the matter thus that I have decided to prepare a somewhat formal statement to the people."

Graves glanced at Shelby. "Mr. Breelton prefers the statement to an interview," he explained.

"Exactly," the ambassador-to-be chimed in. "It seems to me the greater formality better accords with the dignity and importance of the subject. It seems to me, too, that it should be given the greatest possible publicity, and I shall thank you, Mr. Shelby, to see that it is widely disseminated. Your press association would furnish an admirable medium, would it not?"

"The best," Shelby told him. "Statement ready?"

Breelton picked up one of the papers from the table.

"I have aimed at brevity, sir," he said, "and I think I have attained it. You recall Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Address,' I presume? He had the same idea that I have—go right to your point when you *wish to reach* the masses. I dwell, as you

will observe, upon the element of recognition, upon the tribute paid to the party's fidelity to the Administration's policies in the last election."

Graves's glasses tapped the desk very softly. The State, for years counted safe, had been held in the party column by the narrowest of majorities. But Breelton, unheeding, continued his remarks to the managing editor.

"I have also prepared a telegram to the President in acknowledgment of the honor done me, and one of thanks to Senator Worth for bearing the suggestion of my name to the White House."

"Worth?" Shelby repeated. "So he engineered it?"

Breelton's eyebrows rose, as if he took exception to such bluntness in dealing with the seats of the mighty. "My dear sir," he began hotly, then suddenly changed his tone. "Lest there be misunderstanding, I will explain—as a highly confidential communication—that before Senator Worth went back to Washington I confided to him that I should be pleased to place myself at the Government's disposal; that I should enjoy residence abroad for a time; but that I should allow him the greatest latitude in selecting a post which would be commensurate not only with my labors for the party, but with the party's record in our State as well. And, if you will be so good, sir, as to see that these messages are filed with the telegraph-company, I shall be your debtor."

He took the other papers from the table, and handed them to Shelby.

"No trouble at all; I 'll send them over," the managing editor said. He turned away, but Breelton followed him into the hall.

"Just a moment, Mr. Shelby," the favored of Fortune cried. "May I ask you not to intrust them to a—ah—ah—a common messenger?"

"I 'll give them to one of our most trustworthy men."

"I thank you," Breelton said impressively, and went back to resume his conference with Graves.

Brief as this interview in the corridor had been, it was to play its part in the night's events. It chanced to take place opposite the door of "Baldy" Sanderson's room, at a moment when the demon of the wire had paused briefly to secure a firmer

on his hammer. "Baldy" looked up, saw the two men. So did a copy-boy happened to be at his elbow. Now, a healthy copy-boy does not know current gossip in a newspaper-office worth knowing. The urchin nudged him vigorously. "Ipe him off! That 's him," he said tage whisper.

"Who?" "Baldy" growled.

"The guy that 's goin' as 'bassador to Nicky. You got the word just be-unch."

"mph!" the operator ejaculated; but red hard at Breelton. That an amor! Doubling up for two days and on a heavy wire tends to dim sunny ism and to sharpen criticism of fel-ten. Somewhere in the back of rson's brain doubt stirred—such a as comes to harass Mr. Suburban he counts his bundles preparatory to ash for his train, a suggestion of hing amiss, something overlooked, hing not as it should be. Just what t that happened when that despatch oming in? "Baldy's" big dose of had dulled his thirst, and it had also ened his wits and made him less like rding automaton. That an ambas-! That fussy little man a figure at ussian court! Apparently so, and on renth of his testimony and the tes-y of the great press association of he was the mouthpiece. The oper-hand stole to his key, and he began ck off a message to division head-ers.

Shelby, meanwhile, had sought his own and was poring over Breelton's ad-to the public. It was short, as the r had declared; but its taste was ful and its phraseology ponderous. e nomination really had been made, e would smile; if there was any mis-the roar of laughter would shake a States. But could there be a mis-

Despite faith in the inerrancy of ews service, Graves undoubtedly was otic, and Breelton's own explanation ed the chance of Effingham's Mach-ian hand in the affair. Shelby's iness was growing. He had no stir-lesire to protect Breelton, but it was ission in life to save the paper from ers. He tucked the statement and legrams into a pocket, and swiftly

wrote a line or two on a slip of paper, which, a moment later, he laid before Sanderson.

The operator glanced at it, and nodded.

"Something just coming on that," he said, and threw a vindictive energy into his pounding of his keys as he set down the following:

"Correction—To editors—In Wash- ington diplomatic appointments please read, Jerome H. Breelton of Vershire, consul at St. Peter's Bay."

Whether or not this was the precise form in which the "correction" came over the wire is neither here nor there. As written out by "Baldy," it might have been taken to cast responsibility for the error on the sender; but Shelby asked no annoying questions. Despite his lack of love for Breelton, it was with reluctant foot that he entered the editorial-room, though he passed the message to Graves almost eagerly. Everybody likes to shift the burden of breaking bad news, and this news was bound to be more than merely bad. Graves read, gulped, and glared at Shelby with savage reproach; but the man-aging editor declined to meet his eye. Breelton, pausing in the midst of some-thing very like an oration, was smitten by vague forebodings.

"What is it?" he asked. "Anything more about me—about the appointment?"

Graves cleared his throat. "I regret, Mr. Breelton, to say that it is."

The other leaned forward in his chair, his hands gripping its arms. "Something—something about the ambassadorship?" he gasped. "Some other man—some other Breelton—gets it?"

"You 're the man; but—but it is n't an ambassadorship. You 're offered a place as consul."

"Consul!" Breelton's voice rose in a falsetto shriek. "Say, you 're joking! You must be! Me a consul! Let me see what it says!"

He caught at the despatch, but his hand shook and his sight seemed blurred, and the paper fluttered to the floor. Graves picked it up.

"You 're trying to fool me!" Breelton cried. "It 's a put-up job. It 's a joke, I tell you; but I 'm on to it!"

Graves brought down his glasses upon the desk as a speaker might wield a gavel to calm a boisterous legislature.

"Mr. Brelton, this is Amalgamated Press matter," he said solemnly; "and it's axiomatic that the Amalgamated Press never jokes."

Even the distracted Brelton could not disregard the tone of authority.

"But you—it—it can't mean consul," he said almost with a whine. "Consul-general it must be."

Graves shook his head, but Brelton was insistent. "Must be at least consul-general," he urged. "Maybe that would pay better—less expense, you know."

"It is consul."

Brelton's jaw dropped, but he struggled to regain self-control. "It's—it's not what I—what my services deserve, gentlemen," he said. "Of course it lacks the diplomatic honors and robs me of the opportunity to enjoy circles where I'd have shone; but I—I've got to have time to consider it. Consul to St. Petersburg! I don't know—it's possible—I've heard there is a big income with some of those places."

Again Graves cleared his throat. "It is n't St. Petersburg. It's St. Peter's Bay."

Brelton sprang to his feet. "St. Peter's Bay!" he roared, and shook a fist in Graves's face. "And where in Hades is St. Peter's Bay?"

"Don't know; never heard of the place." The editor had dodged instinctively and escaped harm, but his tone was sharp. It indicated very slight concern in this geographical puzzler.

Then Shelby intervened. He had taken a big book from a ready reference-shelf, and now he read from one of its pages.

"St. Peter's Bay," he said, "is the seat of government of a British crown colony. It's tropical—latitude four degrees, twenty minutes north, to be exact. Rainfall, one hundred and thirty-one inches a year. Population, in 1900, 4356, of whom twenty-three were of European blood. If it had a better harbor, it might do more business. The climate renders it undesirable as a place of residence for women or children of Caucasian stock; but, except for beriberi and bubonic plague, it has been fairly free from epidemics in recent years."

Brelton dropped back into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. There was a long pause before he spoke dully and unhappily:

"Who—who's had the job?"

Shelby turned to another book. "It does n't appear to have been—er—er—regularly filled. There was a chap from Utah who was appointed three years ago, but he did n't stay long. A native clerk seems to have had charge since then. The salary's a thousand a year."

A convulsive tremor ran through the figure huddled in the chair. A groan, not to be repressed, broke from the man's lips. Graves leaned forward, and laid a hand upon his knee.

"This has been a distressing misunderstanding," he said kindly; "but fortunately it has been discovered in time to save you greater embarrassment. And you don't have to accept the place, you know."

Brelton raised a haggard face, and there was a new light in his eye.

"If it takes every dollar I've got in the world, I'll get even with that pot-house political trickster Worth," he said viciously. "Send me off to a pestilential hole, would he, to have me die of bubonic and—and that other thing! There's gratitude for you! Don't you worry, though. I'll show him, and I'll show him up for what he is."

It was Shelby's turn to extend the helping hand. "There's that statement of yours—you'll wish it canceled, of course?"

Brelton half rose, but sank back with a pathetic air of helplessness.

"Stop it, I beg you, Mr. Shelby! Don't let it get out. Great heavens! but if people see that, and read what I said about fitting tributes and—er—er—all the rest of it, they'll laugh me out of town. And those telegrams to the President and that infernal villain Worth! They must be called back! I'll give anything, I'll do anything for the man who can save me that humiliation."

"Why, that will be eas—" Graves began, but Shelby broke in unceremoniously upon his chief's comforting assurances; for Shelby had an inspiration.

"Mr. Brelton, we'll do our best for you," said he. "We can kill that statement without trouble so far as this paper is concerned; but as for the stuff given to the press association and those telegrams of yours to Washington—well, you must understand that matter once put on a wire

is like a stone started rolling down-hill. It 's hard to catch up with it sometimes. You ought to have the help of somebody who 'll throw heart and soul into the task, but—well, I 'll try to put a man on it who 'll do all that mortal can do."

"I 'll be eternally in his debt, if he succeeds—and in yours."

"Wait here, if you please," Shelby said briskly. He hurried into the hall, and opened the first door on the right. The young man and the young woman sitting by the table seemed to be startled by the abruptness of his entrance.

"Beg pardon!" the managing editor said. "I 've something for you to do, Hamilton. Take these papers"—here he drew three documents from his pocket—"and in five minutes come into the editorial-room. Come on the jump! Rush in! Give these papers to Mr. Breelton; and, as you value your bodily safety and future happiness, don't tell him how you got them. Don't tell him anything. Just hold your tongue and look modest. That 's all. Good-by!"

Before he went back to Graves and Breelton, Shelby glanced into the apartment where the telegraph-sounder clattered and where "Baldy" Sanderson, clear of conscience, thumped a type-writer and longed for the welcome "Thirty," which in an hour or two would mark the end of his trick. Shelby looked at him and grinned, without thought of chiding or reproof; for in the philosophy of a busy newspaper a miss is not merely as good as a mile; it is a mile, and a full mile, at that. Then he went on to the editorial-room.

Even to Shelby the remaining minutes of the five dragged; for Graves was disposed to silence, and Breelton was not inspiring company. Suddenly there were sounds of hurried steps in the hall, and in rushed Hamilton, holding the telltale papers.

Breelton snatched them from the young man, glanced at them hastily, and tore them into many pieces. Then he drew a

long breath; a great weight seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders. He turned to Hamilton.

"You—Harry?" he said, and his manner betrayed the fact that until this instant he had given no heed to the identity of his benefactor. "You—well, it 's funny it should have been you who did this for me! I—I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I won't forget. Sometimes, in his haste, a man 's led to say something he 's sorry for afterward. And—and suppose we let it rest there for the present."

"Yes, sir," the youth responded respectfully. He shot a glance at Shelby, and modestly retired from the center of the stage.

A little later Mr. Hamilton had the honor of conducting Miss Breelton to her carriage, walking beside her unchallenged and approved. Her father, lagging behind them, chanced to overhear part of a brief exchange between Graves and Shelby, who had escorted him to the head of the stairs.

"Observe the young folks?" the managing editor said, with a chuckle. "And do you mark the paternal attitude? Acceptance of existing facts, is n't there?"

"Recognition, anyway," Graves answered. There was a carrying note in his voice, and Breelton caught the words. He wheeled on the stairs, and looked up at them. In a curious fashion the movement suggested that his spirits were rebounding from the depths of despond.

"That 's it, Mr. Graves," he said almost eagerly. "You 're right, sir; you 're right. It is n't what I 'd have chosen; but, after all, it 's recognition, sir—recognition."

Shelby pursed his lips and whistled softly as Breelton's back was again turned to them. Graves chuckled.

"My boy," said he, "it 's a frightful drop from St. Petersburg to St. Peter's Bay; but every office-seeker has his parachute with him. And the old rule still holds: few of them die, and none of them declines."





POEMS

BY HORACE HOLLEY

THE MIRROR

WITHIN a wondrous glass,
A wondrous, magic mirror,
I gaze and see my features nobler shown
Than I can dare to own—
Oh, nobler, fairer, dearer,
Which inward graces brighten as they pass!

How beautiful, how strange
To note so wondrous graces!
A queen might feel her scepter cheaply sold
If she could thus behold
A glass wherein her face is
Beyond desire made fair by magic change.

Such mirrors no one buys,
But they may freely own them
Who rightly love, who gladly greet the time.
All these will have sublime
Their souls and features shown them,
Nobly renewed within their children's eyes.

TO HERTHA

ESSENCES of old love I bring
To make the new love sweet.
Oh, many an old and broken thing
Makes love complete!

What memories that buried lay
In graveyard of the past
Take resurrection from this day,
Divine at last!

What whispers on what summer eves,
What worship overthrown,
What faith a loveless man believes
No more his own!

What scattered, hopeless dreams arise
And reign within my heart!
The union of what prophecies,
My love, thou art!

"FORGET THE GRAVES OF HEROES"

FORGET the graves of heroes, and no more laurel give
Or raise ten thousand more, which every day renew;
So many lives are lived by those too sick to live,
So many deeds are done by those too weak to do.



THE BLIND ASS OF THE 'DOBE MILL

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," etc.

THE great white mules went by with the jingling of many bells and the merry cracking of whips, and the little gray ass of the 'dobe mill, treading his interminable round, pricked up his long ears and for a moment stepped the faster; but as his course around the clay mill led him around the circle to the left, he dropped back into his slowly patient pace.

"The white mules have turned down a road to the right," said the little gray ass to himself. "But what odds? Had we been taking the same road, I should soon have been left behind. Blessed be Mary! that such as I may even for a moment tread beside the great white mules."

The little gray ass was blind, and he was old, for in the clay mill there is no advantage in eyes that can see. For three years he had been walking the well-beaten path around the clay mill, led by a rope attached to a boom that always preceded him, and dragging the heavy boom that turned the mill. At one point of the track a huge olive-tree threw a shadow. Sometimes, when the days were hot, Pedro allowed the little blind ass to rest in the shade of the olive-tree.

"Blessed be the kind master!" the little blind ass said to himself then. "The road is long, but there are many olive-trees, and sooner or later he allows me to rest under one of them. Truly man is kind, for, blind as I am, how should I get my food had not my master taken pity on me? Every night he finds me a safe place in which to rest, every day he sees me well fed, and in return he asks nothing at all. For three good years now I have had naught to do but live well and travel from place to place, seeing the country."

When his master spoke to him, the little blind ass would turn his long ears quickly

to catch every word of the voice. Never was there such a master.

"See, now," said the little blind ass, "another would beat me with clubs; but my master has only a whip with which he urges me on when I stop, lest, perchance, some great cart laden with oil crash into me to my harm. He is a good man, and skilful, for never has he led me into harm's way. He picks the part of the road that is free from stones and ruts that would trip a poor blind ass."

Then he would tread on, led by the rope that was attached to the boom.

In three years the little blind ass had seen many pleasant things. Now and then a party of laughing youths and maidens would pass along the road that lay beside the clay mill, and the little gray ass would raise his long ears.

"Good, then!" he would say to himself. "We have come to a market-town, upon a market-day. It is a pretty sight."

Sometimes an old woman would pass, carrying a basket of garlic.

"One thing after another, but always a pleasant variation," the little blind ass would then say as he sniffed the odor. "We have come to the farm-land again."

Thus round and round he walked, always in the same little beaten circle of path, and at night he rested always in the same stall in the same little 'dobe stable. At first Pedro had to lead him to the stall, but in time the little blind ass learned the path to the stall himself, and when the traces were cast loose and the halter untied, off he would go to his stall.

"Now, blessed be mankind," he would say, "for making easy the path of all blind asses! The world moves. In my seeing days the stables were of a thousand kinds, set in a thousand ways, fit to worry the

wisest, but now each is as like all the others as one oat is like another. Truly, man eases the way for blind asses. At the end of each day's travel there is a stable, and each stable like unto the others, and the path from the road to each stable alike, even to the post midway, against which a creature may rub his sides."

For a week or more, at the first, the little blind ass had worried regarding one point—the end of the journey. For, like all the world, the little blind ass worshiped the god Terminus, as all thinking creatures do, offering him incense of worry in one form or another. Only historians and scientists—who are only the historians of matter and mixtures of matter—bother much about beginnings, but every wise man desires to know "how this thing is going to end." But as his journey stretched out day after day and year after year, and seemed likely to stretch out years and years more, the end seemed to matter less to the little blind ass.

"No doubt my master knows," he said to himself; "and if he knows, he has no cause to worry, so why should I? And if he does not know, why should I bother about it at all, who know so much less than he? Should he, at the end of the journey, decide to turn back, what more pleasant than to revisit the scenes I have passed? And should he decide to continue farther, what more pleasant than to see new scenes?"

So, like a wise little blind ass, he worried no more, and let the god Terminus look out for himself.

But a three-years' journey is not all down-hill. Often, every day, the workmen dumped more clay into the clay mill. Then, as the little blind ass felt the new weight, he tugged the harder at the traces.

"Here we have a pretty hill," he would say to himself, "and the good saints be thanked for hills; for what would a road be like that was all as level as a floor? At the tops of the hills are the cool breezes."

So he would tug away at the traces until the clay worked out at the bottom of the mill and the pull on the traces became easier.

"As I said," he would say to himself, "the breeze is much finer here on the hill-top, and now for down the other side!"

And sometimes he would break into a

little running step down that hill. Then Pedro would laugh and say: "Whoa! Don't run away from us, sweetheart!" That always pleased the little gray ass.

For three years the little gray ass plodded round the narrow circle of the clay mill, seeing the world on his travels, and at the end of three years his heart was younger than at the beginning; but as for Pedro, his master, it was another matter. At the beginning of the three years he was a boy, with no heart at all; but at the end he was a man. At the end of three years he had soft hairs on his upper lip, and when he set his hat jauntily on one side of his head, it was no longer from boyish joy, but because 'Rita was coming down the road that passed the clay mill.

That was a bad business, that about 'Rita. She was no sort of girl at all for an honest lad like Pedro. The yellow-skinned loafers before the wine-shop, smoking their cigarettes, spoke to her boldly when she passed.

"Hello, 'Rita!" they said, and when she had passed by they shrugged their shoulders and grinned. Why, her mantilla alone cost—But what did the little blind ass know about mantillas?

He only knew when 'Rita passed the clay mill. Her lips were redder than nature permits lips to be,—for the peace of mankind, I suppose,—and her eyes sparkled, and she wore a rose in her black hair for coquetry; but none of these things were known to the little blind ass. Only two things he did know. When he heard her light step on the road and her soft voice as she spoke with Pedro, the little blind ass stood still.

"Ah," he would say to himself, "now we have got somewhere at last! Now we are arrived at the court, or at least at the estate of a great man; for the ladies are light of foot and soft of voice. A creature may rest here a while and flap the flies from his sides like an aristocrat."

Then his gray nostrils would twitch delightedly. Many maids passed the clay mill from one month to another; some bore garlic, and some bore wine in skins, and some bore gleanings of the wheat, and of each there was its own particular odor, and the little blind ass would cock his ears wisely.

"We are passing the garden, the vineyard, the fields of wheat," he would say



Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE COULD STILL SCENT THE BLOSSOM FIELDS CLOSE AT HAND"

to himself. "This is a fine country we are passing through."

But when 'Rita passed he held his ears most erect, and his nostrils swelled to their widest, and he turned his head as far her way as the leading halter would allow; for she had upon her toilet-table in the old stone house back of the *bodega* a vial of perfume sent from Seville itself by that mythical uncle of hers.

"At last," the little blind ass of the clay mill would say, "we have reached the pleasant valley of flowers. Fine country there to the right! Valley-lilies, roses—whiff! Sniff! Um! Fine place for a young fellow such as I was once to kick up his heels and nibble blossoms."

But though he stretched out his head, Pedro never unharnessed him, and the little gray ass went on contentedly when 'Rita, leaving a whiff of the perfume behind, passed on her way.

"All for the best!" said the little blind ass of the clay mill. "I'm past the age for nibbling blossoms. Give me a rich, tough thistle any day. And as for thistles, hay is preferable. Blessed be St. Nebuchadnezzar!"

So day after day he walked around the clay-mill path, seeing far lands,—seeing

fields of grain, and hillsides rich with ruddy grapes, and pleasant villages,—and every week the country became more beautiful in the blind eyes of the little gray ass; for the fields of flowers became more and more plentiful.

Which is only saying that 'Rita stopped more and more often to chat with Pedro.

"Good word!" said the little blind ass. "No wonder my master has driven me so far, for such a land of blossoms was well worth seeking. It is a pleasure to wander through such a land."

"What do you think?" said the yellow loafers before the wine-shop. "Pedro is going to marry 'Rita!"

"Fool!" they said. But there was one — José—who said nothing. He slipped away from his fellows and glided up the straight road until he saw 'Rita, one hand on the great olive-tree, talking with Pedro, while the little blind ass rested in the shade of the tree, very happy and very content. As José crept closer, the little blind traveler closed one eye and then the other. He was awakened by the angry voices of José and his master. He heard, too, the weeping of 'Rita. He heard the voices grow louder, and a woman's shriek of anger, dying into agony and silence.

and the sound of men's voices panting in a struggle, and a gasp, and the hurried noise of a pair of feet running away down the road.

For minutes more the little blind ass of the 'dobe mill stood awaiting the word of command from his master. He could still scent the blossom fields close at hand. From time to time he raised his long ears. No doubt his master had gone to pick blossoms.

He stood until the sun, moving westward, carried the shadow of the great

olive-tree to one side and the sunlight fell on his flanks. Then he leaned forward and put his weight against the yoke, and patiently moved on around the beaten path that surrounded the clay mill.

"Dallying with the flowers is well enough," he said to himself, "and I would willingly stand all day; but wisdom comes with years, and I must get on my way, or I shall not reach the stable, with its sweet hay, by sunset."

And around and around the beaten path trudged the little blind ass of the clay mill.



From busts in the Museo Nazionale, Rome

TYPES OF HEAD-DRESSES WORN IN THE TIME OF THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

FOURTH PAPER: TIBERIUS AND AGRIPPINA

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

THE blackest and most tragic period in the life of Tiberius begins with the death of Germanicus and the terrible scandal of the suit against Piso. It was to

¹ There was in the Roman legal system no public prosecutor and virtually no police. Every Roman citizen was supposed to watch over the laws and see that they were not infringed. On his retirement from office, any governor or magistrate ran the risk of being impeached by some young aspirant to political honors, and not infre-

quently oratory, an art much cultivated by the Romans, triumphed over righteousness. In the earlier period the ground on which charges were usually brought was malversation; in the time of the empire they were also frequently brought under the above-mentioned law *de majestate*. It has been said that this common act of accusation,

pass into history as the worst period of the "Tiberian tyranny"; for it was at this time that the famous *lex de majestate*¹ (on high treason), which had not been

applied under Augustus, came to be frequently invoked, and through its operation atrocious accusations, scandalous trials, and frightful condemnations were multiplied in Rome, to the terror of all. Many committed suicide in despair, and illustrious families were given over to ruin and infamy.

Posterity still holds Tiberius to account for these tragedies; his cruel and suspicious tyranny is made responsible for these accusations, for the suits which followed, and for the cruel condemnations in which they ended. It is said that every free mind which still remembered ancient Roman liberty gave him umbrage and caused him distress, and that he could suffer to have about him only slaves and hired assassins. But how far this is from the truth! How poorly the superficial judgment of posterity has understood the terrible tragedy of the reign of Tiberius! We always forget that Tiberius was the next Roman emperor after Augustus; the first, that is, who had to bear the weight of the immense charge created by its founder, but without the immense prestige and respect which Augustus had derived from the extraordinary good fortune of his life, from the critical moment in which he had taken over the government, from the general opinion that he had ended the civil wars, brought peace back to an empire in travail, and saved Rome from the imminent ruin with which Egypt and Cleopatra had threatened it. For these reasons, while Augustus lived, the envy, jealousy, rivalry, and hatred of the new authority were held in check in his presence; but they were ever smoldering in the Roman aristocracy, which considered itself robbed of a part of its privileges, and always felt itself humiliated by this same authority, even when it was necessary to submit to it in cases of supreme political necessity. But all this envy, all these jealousies, all these rivalries,—I have said it before, but it is well to repeat it, since the point is of capital importance for the understanding of the whole history of the first empire,—were unleashed when Tiberius was exalted to the imperial dignity.

What in reality was the situation of Tiberius after the death of Germanicus? We must grasp it well if we wish to understand not only the cruelty of the accusations brought under the law of high treason, but also the whole family policy followed by the second emperor. It was he who had to bear the burden of the whole state, of the finances, of the supplies, of the army, of the home and foreign policies; his was the will that propelled, and the mind that regulated, all. To him every portion of the empire and every social class had recourse, and it was to him that they looked for redress for every wrong or inconvenience or danger. It was to him that the legions looked for their regular stipend, the common people of Rome for abundant grain, the senate for the preservation of boundaries and of the internal order; the provinces looked to him for justice, and the sovereign allies or vassals for the solution of all internal difficulties in which they became involved. These responsibilities were so numerous and so great that Tiberius, like Augustus, attempted to induce the senate to aid him by assuming its share, according to the ancient constitution; but it was in vain, for the senate sought to shield itself, and always left to him the heavier portion.

Is it conceivable that a man could have discharged so many responsibilities in times when the traditions of the government were only beginning to take form if he had not possessed a commanding personal authority, if he had not been the object of profound and general respect? Augustus would not have been able to govern so great an empire for more than forty years with such slight means had it not been for the fact, fortunate alike for himself and for the state, that he did enjoy this profound, sincere, and general admiration. Tiberius, on the other hand, who was already decidedly unpopular when he came into power, had seen this unpopularity increase during the first six years of his rule, despite all the efforts he had put forth to govern well. His solicitude about maintaining a certain order within the state was described as haughti-

the birthright of the Roman citizen, the greatly esteemed palladium of Roman freedom, became the most convenient instrument of despotism. Since he who could bring a criminal to justice received a fourth of his possessions and estates, and since it brought the accuser into prominence,

delation was recklessly indulged in by the unscrupulous, both for the sake of gain and as a means of venting personal spite. The vice lay in the Roman system, and was not the invention of Tiberius. He could hardly have done away with it without overthrowing the whole Roman procedure.



Half-tonne plate engraved by H. Davidson
A ROMAN FEAST IN THE TIME OF THE CÆSARS
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT RAU, OWNED BY MR. HENRY SCHULTHEIM

and harshness, his preoccupation lest the enormous resources of the government be dissipated in useless expenditures was not without avarice, and the prudence which compelled him to restrain the rash policy of expansion and aggression which Germanicus had tried to initiate beyond the Rhine was construed as envy and surly jealousy. Against all considerations of justice, logic, or good sense, this accusation was repeated, and now that destiny had cut

Germanicus, he was accused *sotto voce* of being responsible for his death by the influence of the great families of Rome and in senatorial circles. They treated it as most natural that through jealousy he had poisoned his own nephew, his adopted son, the popular descendant of Drusus, the son of that virtuous Antonia, who was his friend and most faithful friend! But if, having been accepted as true by the great families of Rome who sent it on its journey, such a report had been allowed to pass through the empire, how much more ready would have been left to an emperor who was suspected of so terrible a crime? How could he have maintained discipline in the army, of which he was the head, and order among the people of which, of whom, as tribune, he was the protector? How could he have directed, urged on, or restrained the senate, in which he was, in the language of to-day, a resident? The various Italian peoples from whom the army and the judges were drawn did not yet consider the head of state a being so superior to the laws that it would be permissible for him to commit crimes which were branded as disgustingly repulsive to ordinary human nature.

The historian who understands the affairs of the world in general, and the story of the first century of the empire in particular, will attribute to ferocity or to the imperial spirit of Tiberius the increasingly harsh application of the *lex de majestate* which followed the death of Germanicus and the trial of Piso. This harshness was the natural reaction against the stream of atrocious calumnies against the emperor which raged in the aristocracy at that time and especially in the house of Agrippina.

So credulous of Tacitus, many writers have everely characterized the facility and severity with which the senate con-

demned those accused under the *lex de majestate*: they consider it an indication of ignoble servility toward the emperor. Yet we know very well that the Roman senate at that time was not composed merely of adulators and hirelings; it still included many men of intelligence and character. We can explain this severity only by admitting that there were many persons in the senate who judged that the emperor could not be left defenseless against the wild slanders of the great families, since these extravagant and insidious calumnies compromised not only the prestige and the fame of the ruler, but also the tranquillity, the power, and the integrity of the empire. Undoubtedly the *lex de majestate* did give rise in time to false accusations, to private reprisals, and to unjust sentences of condemnation. Although it had been devised to defend the prestige of the state in the person of the magistrates who represented it, the law was frequently invoked by senators who wished to vent their fiercest personal hatreds. Yet we must go slow in accusing Tiberius of these excesses. Tacitus himself, who was averse to the emperor, recounts several incidents which show him in the act of intervening in trials of high treason for the benefit of the accused precisely for the purpose of hindering these excesses of private vengeance. The accounts which we have of many other trials are so brief and so biased that it is not fair for us to hazard a judgment.

We do know, however, that after the death of Germanicus there was formed at Rome, in the imperial family and the senate, a party of Agrippina, which began an implacable war upon Tiberius, and that Tiberius, the so-called tyrant, was at the beginning very weak, undecided, and vacillating in his resistance to this new opposition. His opponents did not spare his person; they did their best to spread the belief that the emperor was a poisoner, and persecuted him relentlessly with this calumny; they were already pushing forward Nero, the first-born son of Germanicus, though in 21 A.D. he was only fourteen years old, in order that he might in time be made the rival of Tiberius. The latter, indeed, tried at first to moderate the charges of high treason, his supreme defense; he feigned that he did not know or did not see many things, and instead of resisting, he began to make long



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"VAIN COURTSHIP" IN ROME
FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA TADEMA

sojourns away from Rome, thus turning over the capital, in which the pretorian guard remained, to the calumnies of his enemies. Of all these enemies the most terrible was Agrippina, who, passionate, vehement, without judgment, abused both the relationship which protected her and the pity which her misfortune had aroused. She allowed no occasion for taunting Tiberius with his pretended crime to escape her, using to this end not only words, but scenes and actions, which impressed the public even more strongly than open accusations could have done. A supper to which Tiberius had invited her became famous at Rome, for at it she refused obstinately and ostentatiously to touch any food or drink whatever, to the astonishment of the guests, who understood perfectly what her gestures meant. And such calumnies and such affronts Tiberius answered only with a weary and disdainful inertia; at most, when his patience was exhausted, some bitter and concise reproof would escape him.

I have no doubt that Tiberius had resolved at the beginning to avoid all harsh measures as far as possible; for unpopular, misunderstood, and detested as he was, he did not dare to use violence against a large part of the aristocracy and against his own house. Furthermore, Agrippina was the least intelligent of the women of the family, and her senseless opposition could be tolerated as long as Livia and Antonia, the two really serious ladies of the family, sided with Tiberius. But it is easy to understand that this situation could not long endure. A power which defends itself weakly against the attacks of its enemies is destined to sink rapidly into a decline, and the party of Agrippina would therefore quickly have gained favor and power had there not arisen, to sustain the vacillating strength of Tiberius, a man whose name was to become sadly famous—Sejanus, the commander of the pretorian guard.

Sejanus belonged to an obscure family of knights—to what we should now call the *bourgeoisie*. He was not a senator, and he held no great political position; for his charge as commander of the guard was a purely military office. In ordinary times he would have remained a secondary personage, exclusively concerned with the exacting duties of his command; but the

party of Agrippina, with its intrigues, and the weakness and uncertainty of Tiberius, made of him, however, for a certain time, a formidable power. It is not difficult to see whence this power arose. The loyalty of the pretorian guard, upon which depended the security and the safety of the imperial authority, was one of the things which must seriously have preoccupied Tiberius, particularly in the face of the persistent and insidious intrigues and accusations of the party of Agrippina. The guard lived at Rome, in continual contact with the senate and the imperial house. Everything which was said in the senatorial circles or in the palaces of the emperor or of his relatives was quickly repeated among the cohorts, and the memory of Drusus and Germanicus was deeply venerated by the pretorians. If the guard could have been persuaded that the emperor was a poisoner of his kindred, their loyalty would have been exposed to numberless intrigues and attempts at seduction. In such a condition of affairs, a commander of the guard who could inspire Tiberius with a complete and absolute trust might easily acquire a great influence over him. Sejanus knew how to inspire this trust. This was partly by reason of his origin, for the equestrian order, on account of its ancient rivalry with the senatorial nobility, was more favorably inclined than the latter toward the imperial authority; and partly also on account of certain reforms which he had succeeded in introducing into the pretorian guard.

Once he had acquired the emperor's confidence, the ambitious and intelligent prefect of the pretorians proceeded to render himself indispensable in all things. The moment was favorable; Tiberius was becoming more and more wearied of his many affairs, of his many struggles, of his countless responsibilities; more and more disgusted with Rome, with its society, with the too frequent contacts with the men whom it was his fate to govern. He was in the earlier stages of that settled melancholy which grew deeper and deeper in the last ten years of his life, and which had grown upon him as the result of long antagonisms, of great bitterness, and of continual terrors and suspicions; and if it is true that Tiberius was addicted to the vice of heavy drinking, as we read in ancient writers, the abuse of wine may also



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE STARVING LIVILLA REFUSING FOOD
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

have had its part in producing it. The man who for many years had done everything for himself, who had never wished to have either counselors or confidants about him, now that he was growing old, needed the support of younger energies and of stronger wills. But in his family he could rely only upon his son Drusus, who had now become a serious and trustworthy man, and in the year 22 A.D. he asked the senate that it concede to his son the tribunician power; that is, that they make him his colleague. But the son did not suffice, and Sejanus therefore succeeded in making himself, together with Drusus, in fact, if not in name, the first and most active and influential collaborator and counselor of Tiberius. He was even more active and influential than Drusus, for the latter was frequently absent on distant military missions to the confines of the empire, while Sejanus, as commander of the pretorian guard, was virtually always at Rome, where the emperor now appeared less and less frequently.

Such was the origin of the anomalous power of this man, who was not even a senator—a power which was the result of the weakness of Tiberius and of the fierce discords which divided the aristocracy; and it was a power which must of necessity prove disastrous, especially to the party of Agrippina and Germanicus. Although indications are not lacking that there was no great harmony or friendship between Sejanus and Drusus, it is evident that Sejanus, as the energetic representative of the interests of Tiberius, must have directed all his efforts against the friends of Agrippina, who was arousing the fiercest opposition to the emperor. But in the year 23, an unforeseen event seemed suddenly to change the situation and to render possible a reconciliation between Tiberius and the party of Agrippina. This would necessarily diminish, if, indeed, it did not altogether destroy, Tiberius's need of Sejanus as collaborator at the very moment when the fortunes of the latter were in the ascendant. For in this year, Drusus also, like so many other members of his family, died prematurely, at the age of thirty-eight, and on this occasion, for the time being, at least, no one raised the cry of poisoning. This unexpected misfortune moved Tiberius profoundly, for he dearly loved his son, and it seemed for a moment

to determine the triumph of Agrippina's party. Now that his son had been taken from him, where, if not among the sons of Germanicus and Agrippina, could Tiberius look for a successor? And as a further proof that Tiberius desired as far as possible to avoid conflict in the bosom of his family, he did not hesitate a moment, despite all the annoyances and difficulties which he had suffered at the hands of Agrippina and her friends. He officially recognized that in the sons of Germanicus were henceforth placed the future hopes of his family and of the empire. Of the two elder, Nero was now sixteen and Drusus was somewhat younger, though we do not know his exact age. These he summoned to appear before the senate, and he presented them to the assembly with a noble discourse the substance of which Tacitus has preserved for us, exhorting the youths and the senate to fulfil their respective duties for the greatness and the prosperity of the republic.

After the death of Drusus, therefore, a reconciliation became possible in the family of the Cæsars. The latent rivalry between the families of Tiberius and Germanicus was extinguished. Indeed, even in the midst of the tears shed for the early death of Drusus, a gleam of concord seems to have shone down upon the house desolated by many tragedies, while Sejanus, whose power depended upon the strife of the factions, was for a moment set aside and driven back into the shadows. But it was not to continue long; for soon the flames of discord broke out more violently than ever. Whom shall we blame, Sejanus or Agrippina? Tacitus says that it was the fault of Sejanus, whom he accuses of having tried to destroy the descendants of Germanicus, in order to usurp their place: but he himself is forced to admit in another passage (*Annals* iv., 59) that virtually a little court of freedmen and dependents gathered about Nero, the leader of the sons of Germanicus, urging him on against Tiberius and Sejanus, and begging him to act quickly. "This," they said, "is the will of the people, the desire of the armies. Nor would Sejanus, who was even then making light of the patience of the old man and of the dilatoriness of the youth, have dared to resist him." From such speeches it is only a short step to plans for rebellion and conspiracy. In all proba-

bility the blame for this later and more bitter dissension must, as usually happens, be divided between the two factions. The party of Agrippina, emboldened by its good fortune and by the weakness of Tiberius, was, after the death of Drusus, aware of its own supremacy. Its members had only a single aim; even before it was possible they wished to see Nero, the first-born son of Germanicus, in the position of Tiberius. They therefore took up again their struggles and intrigues against Tiberius, and attempted to incite Nero against the emperor. But this time Sejanus was blocking their pathway. The death of Drusus had even further increased the trust and affection which the emperor had for his assistant, and he was henceforth the only confidant and the only friend of the emperor; a war without quarter between him and Agrippina, her sons and the party of Germanicus, was inevitable.

Sejanus began by attempting to exclude from the magistracy and from office all the friends of Agrippina and all the members of the opposing faction. At this time it was difficult to arrive at any of the more important offices without being recommended to the senate by the emperor, against whose choice the senate no longer dared to rebel; since the emperor was held responsible for the conduct of the government, it was only just that he should be allowed to select his more important collaborators. Sejanus was therefore able, by using his influence over Tiberius, to lay a thousand difficulties and obstacles in the way of even the legitimate ambitions of the most eminent men of the opposite faction. Nor were these the only weapons employed; others no less efficacious were called into play, and intrigues, calumnies, accusations, and trials were set on foot without scruple and with a ferocity the horror of which Tacitus has painted with indelible colors. Among these intrigues two matrimonial projects must be mentioned. In the year 25, Sejanus attempted a bold stroke; he repudiated his wife Apicata, and asked Tiberius for the hand of Livilla (Livia), the widow of Drusus. Sejanus had frequented the political aristocracy of the empire, and, despite his equestrian origin, was quick to adopt not only their ambitions and their manners, but also their ideas on marriage. He, too, considered it as simply a political instru-

ment, a means of acquiring and consolidating power. He had therefore disrupted his first family in order to contract this marriage, which would have redoubled his power and his influence and have introduced him into the imperial household. But his bold stroke failed, because Tiberius refused; and he refused, Tacitus tells us, above all because he was afraid that this marriage would still further irritate Agrippina. The emperor is supposed to have told Sejanus that too many feminine quarrels were already disturbing and agitating the house of the Cæsars, to the serious detriment of his nephew's sons. And what would happen, he asked, if this marriage should still further foment existing hatreds? *Quid si intendatur certamen tali conjugio?* The reply is significant, because it proves to us that Tiberius, who is accused of harboring a fierce hate against the sons of Germanicus and Agrippina, was still seeking, two years after the death of Drusus, to appease both factions, attempting not to irritate his adversaries and to preserve a reasonable equanimity in the midst of these animosities and these struggles.

In any case, Sejanus was refused, and this refusal was a slight success for the party of Agrippina, which, a year later, in 26, attempted on its own account an analogous move. Agrippina asked Tiberius for permission to remarry. If we are to believe Tacitus, Agrippina made this request on her own initiative, impelled by one of those numerous and more or less reasonable caprices which were continually shooting through her head. But are we to suppose that suddenly, after a long widowhood, Agrippina put forth so strange a proposal without any *arrière-pensée* whatever? Furthermore, if this proposal had been merely the momentary caprice of a whimsical woman, would it have been so seriously debated in the imperial household, and would the daughter of Agrippina have recounted the episode in her memoirs? It is more probable that this marriage, too, had a political aim. By giving a husband to Agrippina, they were also seeking to give a leader to the anti-Tiberian party. The sons of Germanicus were too young, and Agrippina was too violent and tactless, to be able alone to cope successfully with Sejanus, supported as he was by Tiberius, by Livilla, and by

Antonia. We can thus explain why Tiberius opposed and prevented the marriage: Agrippina, unassisted, had caused him sufficient trouble; it would have been entirely superfluous for him to sanction her taking to herself an official counselor in the guise of a husband.

This time Sejanus triumphed over the ill success of his rivals, and the struggle continued in this manner between the two parties, but with an increasing advantage to Sejanus. Beginning with the year 26, we see numerous indications that the party of Agrippina and Germanicus was on the decline. It was no longer able to resist the blows and machinations of Sejanus, who detached from it, one after another, all the men of any importance. He either won them over to himself through his favors and his promises, or he frightened them with his threats; and those who resisted most tenaciously he destroyed with his suits.

Tiberius was the storm-center of these struggles, and contrary to what legend has reported, he attempted as far as he was able to prevent the two parties from going to extremes. But what pain, repugnance, and fatigue it must have cost him to make the effort necessary for maintaining a last ray of reason and justice among so many evil passions, animosities, ambitions, and rivalries! It must have cost him dearly, for he had grown up in the time when the dream of a great restoration of the aristocracy was luring the upper classes of Rome with its fairest and most luminous smile. As a young man he had known and loved Vergil, Horace, and Livy, the two poets and the historian of this great dream; like all the elect spirits of those now distant years, he had seen behind this vision a great senate, a glorious and terrible army, an austere and revered republic like that which Livy had pictured with glowing colors in his immortal pages.

Instead of all this, he was now forced to take his place at the head of this decadent and wretched nobility, which seemed to be interested only in rending itself asunder with calumnies, denunciations, suits, and scandalous condemnations, and which repaid him for all that he had done and was still doing for its safety and the prosperity of the empire by directing against his name the most atrocious calumnies, the fiercest raileries, and every sort

of ridiculous and infamous legend. He had dreamed of victories over the enemies of Rome, and he had to resign himself to struggling day and night against the hysterical extravagance of Agrippina: he had to be content, even without the sure hope of success, if he could convince the majority that he was not a poisoner. Authority without glory or respect, power divorced from the means sufficient for its exercise—such was the situation in which the successor of Augustus, the second emperor, after twelve years of a difficult and trying reign, found himself. He no longer felt himself safe at Rome, where he feared rightly or wrongly that his life was being continually threatened, and it is not astonishing that, old, wearied, and disgusted, between the years 26 and 27 he should have retired definitely to Capri, seeking to hide his misanthropy, his weariness, and his disgust with men and things in the wonderful little isle which a delightful caprice of nature had set down in the lap of the divine Bay of Naples.

But instead of the peace he sought at Capri, Tiberius found the infamy of history. How dark and terrible are the memories of him associated with the charming isle, which, violet-tinted, on beautiful, sunny days emerges from an azure sea against an azure sky! That fragment of paradise fallen upon the shore of one of the most beautiful seas in the world is said to have been for about ten years a hell of fierce cruelties and abominable vices. Tiberius passed sentence upon himself, in the opinion of posterity, when he secluded himself in Capri. Ought we, without a further word, to transcribe this sentence? There are, to be sure, no decisive arguments to prove false the accounts about the horrors of Capri which the ancients, and especially Suetonius, have transmitted to us; there are some, however, which make us mistrust and withhold our judgment. Above all, we have the right to ask ourselves how, from whom, and by access to what sources did Suetonius and the other ancients learn so many extraordinary details. It must be remembered that all the great figures in the history of Rome who had many enemies, like Sylla, Cæsar, Antony, and Augustus himself, were accused of having scandalous habits. Precisely because the puritan tradition was strong at Rome,

such an accusation did much harm, and for this reason, whether true or false, enemies were glad to repeat it whenever they wished to discredit a character. Lastly, all the ancient writers, even the most hostile, tell us that up to a ripe age Tiberius preserved his exemplary habits. Is it likely, then, that suddenly, when already old, he should have soiled himself with all the vices? At all events, if there is any truth contained in these accounts, we can at most conclude that as an old man Tiberius became subject to some mental infirmity and that the man who took refuge at Capri was no longer entirely sane.

Certain it is, in any case, that after his retirement to Capri, Tiberius seriously neglected public affairs, and that Sejanus was finally looked upon at Rome as the *de facto* emperor. The bulletins and reports which were sent from the empire and from Rome to the emperor passed through his hands, as well as the decisions which Tiberius sent back to the state. At Rome, in all affairs of serious or slight importance, the senators turned to Sejanus, and about him, whom all fell into the habit of considering as the true emperor, a court and party were formed. In fear of his great power, the senators and the old aristocracy suppressed the envy which the dizzy rise of this obscure knight had aroused. Rome suffered without protest that a man of obscure birth should rule the empire in the place of a descendant of the great Claudian family, and the senators of the most illustrious houses grew accustomed to paying him court. Worse still, virtually all of them aided him, either by openly favoring him or by allowing him a free hand, to complete the decisive destruction of the party and the family of Germanicus—of that same Germanicus of whom all had been fond and whose memory the people still venerated.

After the retirement of Tiberius to Capri, all felt that Agrippina and her sons were inevitably doomed sooner or later to succumb in the duel with the powerful, ambitious, and implacable prefect of the pretorians who represented Tiberius at Rome. Only a few generous idealists remained faithful to the conquered, who were now near their destruction; such supporters as might possibly ease the misery of ruin, but not ward it off or avoid it. Among these last faithful and heroic

friends was a certain Titius Sabinus, and the implacable Sejanus destroyed him with a suit of which Tacitus has given us an account, a horrible story of one of the most abominable judicial machinations which human perfidy can imagine. Dissensions arose to aggravate the already serious danger in which Agrippina and her friends had been placed. Nero, the first-born son, and Drusus, the second, became hostile at the very moment when they should have united against the ruthless adversary who wished to exterminate them all. A last rock of refuge remained to protect the family of Germanicus. It was Livia, the revered old lady who had been present at the birth of the fortunes of Augustus and the new imperial authority, and who had held in her arms that infant world which had been born in the midst of the convulsions of the civil wars, and a little later had watched it try its first steps on the pathway of history. Livia did not much love Agrippina, whose hatred and intrigues against Tiberius she had always blamed; but she was too wise and too solicitous of the prestige of the family to allow Sejanus entirely to destroy the house of Germanicus. As long as she lived, Agrippina and Nero could dwell safely in Rome. But Livia was feeble, and in the beginning of 29, at the age of eighty-six, she died. The catastrophe which had been carefully prepared by Sejanus was now consummated; a few months after the death of Livia, Agrippina and Nero were subjected to a suit, and, under an accusation of having conspired against Tiberius, were condemned to exile by the senate. Shortly after his condemnation, Nero committed suicide.

The account which Tacitus gives us of this trial is obscure, involved, and fragmentary, for the story is broken off at its most important point by an unfortunate lacuna in the manuscript. The other historians add but little light with their brief phrases and passing allusions. We do not therefore entirely understand either the contents of the charges, the reason for the condemnation, the stand taken by the accused, or the conduct of Tiberius with regard to the accusation. It seems hardly probable that Agrippina and Nero could have been truly guilty of a real conspiracy against Tiberius. Isolated as they had been by Sejanus after the retirement of

Tiberius to Capri, they would scarcely have been able to set a conspiracy on foot, even if they had so desired. They were paying the penalty for the long war of calumnies and slanders which they had waged upon Tiberius, for the aversion and the scorn which they had always shown for him. In this course of conduct many senators had encouraged them as long as Tiberius alone had not dared to have recourse to violent and cruel measures in order to make himself respected by his family. But such acts of disrespect became serious crimes for the unfortunate woman and her hapless son, even in the eyes of the senators who had encouraged them to commit them, now that Sejanus had reinvigorated the imperial authority with his energy, and now that all felt that behind Tiberius and in his name and place there was acting a man of decision who knew how to punish his enemies and to reward his friends.

The trial and condemnation of Agrippina and Nero were certainly the machinations of Sejanus, who carried along with him not only the senate and the friends of the imperial family, but perhaps even Tiberius himself. They prove how much Sejanus had been able to strengthen imperial authority, which had been hesitating and feeble in the last decade. Sejanus had dared to do what Tiberius had never succeeded in doing; he had destroyed that center of opposition which gathered about Agrippina in the house of Germanicus. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say that the ruin of Agrippina still further increased the power of Sejanus. All bowed trembling before the man who had dared humiliate the very family of the Julio-Claudii. Honors were showered upon his head; he was made senator and pontifex; he received the proconsular power; there was talk of a marriage between him and the widow of Nero; and it was finally proposed that he be named consul for five years. Indeed, in 31, through the will of Tiberius, he actually became the colleague of the emperor himself in the consulate. He needed only the tribunician power to make him the official collaborator of the emperor and his designated successor. Every one at Rome, furthermore, considered him the future prince. But having arrived at this height, Sejanus's head was turned, and he asked himself why he

should exercise the rule and have all its burdens and dangers while he left to others the pomp, the honors, and the advantages. Although Tiberius allowed the senate to heap honors upon his faithful prefect of the pretorians, and though he himself showed his gratitude to him in many ways, even going to the point of being willing to give him the widow of Nero in marriage, he never really expected to take him as his colleague or to designate him as his successor. Tiberius was a Claudian, and that a knight without ancestry should be placed at the head of the Roman aristocracy was to him unthinkable; after the exile of Nero he had cast his eyes upon Caius, another son of Germanicus, as his possible successor. Nor had he hidden his intention: he had even clearly expressed it in different speeches to the senate. Therefore Sejanus must finally have come to the conclusion that if he continued to defend Tiberius and his interests, he could no longer hope for anything from him, and might even compromise the influence and the popularity which he had already acquired. Tiberius was hated and detested, there was a numerous party opposed to him in the senate, and he was extremely unpopular among the masses. Many admired Sejanus through spiteful hatred of Tiberius, for it amounted to saying that they preferred to be governed by an obscure knight rather than by an old and detested Claudian who had shut himself up in Capri. And thus Sejanus seems to have deluded himself into believing that if he succeeded in doing away with the emperor, he could easily take his position by setting aside the young son of Germanicus and profiting by the popularity which the fall of Tiberius would bring him. Little by little he came to an understanding with the enemies of Tiberius and prepared a conspiracy for the final overthrow of the odious government of the son of Livia. Many senators had agreed to this, and certainly few conspiracies were ever organized under more favorable auspices. Tiberius was old, disgusted with everything and everybody, and alone in Capri; he had virtually not a single friend in Rome; about what happened in the world he knew only what Sejanus told him. He was therefore entirely in the hands of the man who was preparing to sacrifice him

to the tenacious hatred of the people and the senatorial aristocracy. Young, energetic, and the favorite of fortune, Sejanus had with him a formidable party in the senate, he was the commander of the pretorian guard,—that is, of the only military force stationed in Italy,—and he had terrified with his implacable persecutions all those whom he had failed to win over through his promises or his favors. Could the duel between this misanthropic old man and this vigorous, energetic, ruthless climber end in any other way than with the defeat of the former? But now stepping forward suddenly from the shadows to which she had retired, a lady appeared, threw herself between the two contestants, and changed the fate of the combat. It was Antonia, the daughter of the famous triumvir, the revered widow of Drusus.

After the death of Livia, Antonia was the most respected personage of the imperial family in Rome. She still watched, withdrawn but alert, over the destiny of the house now virtually destroyed by death, dissensions, the cruelty of the laws, and the relentless anger of the aristocracy. It was she who scented out the plot, and quickly and courageously, she informed Tiberius. The latter, in danger and in Capri, displayed again the energy and sagacity of his best period. The danger was most threatening, especially because Sejanus was the commander of the pretorian guard. Tiberius beguiled him with friendly letters, dangling in front of him the hope that he had conceded to him the tribunician power,—that is, that he had made him his colleague,—while at the same time he secretly took measures to appoint a successor for him. Suddenly Sejanus learned that he was no longer commander of the guard, and that the emperor had accused him before the senate of conspiracy. In an instant, under this blow, the fortunes of Sejanus collapsed. The envy and the latent hatred against the *parvenu*, the knight who had risen higher than all others, and who had humiliated the senatorial aristocracy with his good fortune, were reawakened, and the senate and public opinion turned fiercely against him. Sejanus, his family, his friends, his accomplices, and those who seemed to be his accomplices, were put to death after summary trials by the fury

of the mob; and in Rome blood flowed in torrents.

Antonia might now have enjoyed the satisfaction of having saved through her foresight not only Tiberius, but the entire family, when suddenly one of the surges of that fierce tempest of ambitions and hatreds tore from her side even her own daughter, Livilla, the widow of Drusus, and cast her as a prey into that sea of blind popular frenzy. The reader has perhaps not forgotten that eight years before, when Sejanus was hoping to marry Livilla, he had repudiated his first wife, Apicata. Apicata had not wished to outlive the ruin of her former husband, and she killed herself, but only after having written Tiberius a letter in which she accused Livilla of having poisoned Drusus through connivance with Sejanus, whom she wished to marry. I confess that this accusation seems to me hardly probable, and I do not believe that the denunciation of Apicata is sufficient ground for admitting it. Above all, it is well to inquire what proofs Apicata could have had of this crime, and how she could have procured them even if the crime had been committed. Since the two accomplices would have been obliged to hide their infamous deed from all, there was no one from whom they would have concealed it more carefully than from Apicata. We must further note that it is not probable that a cautious man, as Sejanus was in the year 23, would have thought of committing so serious a crime as that of poisoning the son of his protector. For what reason would he have done so? He did not then think of succeeding Tiberius; by removing Drusus, he would merely have improved the situation of the family of Germanicus, which at that time was already hostile to him and with which he was preparing to struggle. Instead, might not this accusation *in extremis* be the last vengeance of a repudiated woman against the rival who for a moment had threatened to take the position from which she herself had been driven? Apicata did not belong to the aristocracy, and, unlike the ladies of the senatorial families, she had not therefore been brought up with the idea of having to serve docilely as an instrument for the political career of her own husband. Perhaps her denunciation was the revenge of feminine jealousy, of that passion which

the lower orders of Roman society did not extinguish in the hearts of their women as did the aristocracy.

This denunciation, however,—we know this from the pages of ancient writers.—was one of the most terrible griefs of Tiberius's old age. He had loved his son tenderly, and the idea of leaving so horrible a crime unpunished, in case the accusation was true, drove him to desperation. Yet, on the other hand, Livilla, the presumptive criminal, was the daughter of his faithful friend, of that Antonia who had saved him from the treacheries of Sejanus. As for the public, ever ready to believe all the infamies which were reported of the imperial house, it was firmly convinced that Livilla was an abominable poisoner. A great trial was set on foot; many suspects were put to torture, which is evidence that they were arriving at no definite conclusions, and this was probably because they were seeking for the proofs of an imaginary crime. Livilla did not survive the scandal, the accusations, the suspicions of Tiberius, and the distrust of those about her. Because she was the daughter of Drusus and the daughter-in-law of Tiberius, because she belonged to the family which fortune had placed at the head of the immense empire of Rome, she would not be able to persuade any one that she was innocent. The obscure woman, without ancestry, who was accusing her from the grave, would be taken at her word by every one; she would convince posterity and history; against all reason she would

prevail over the greatness of Livilla! So Livilla took refuge in her mother's house and starved herself to death, for she was unable to outlive an accusation which it was impossible to refute.

Tiberius's reign continued for six years after this terrible tragedy, but it was only a species of slow death-agony. The year 33 saw still another tragic event—the suicide of Agrippina and her son Drusus. Of the race of Germanicus there remained alive only one son, Caius (the later Emperor Caligula), and three daughters, of whom the eldest, Agrippina, the mother of Nero, had been married a few years before to the descendant of one of the greatest houses of Rome, Cnæus Domitius Enobarbus. Tiberius still remained as the last relic of a bygone time to represent ideas and aspirations which were henceforth lost causes, amid the ruins and the tombs of his friends. Posterity, following in the footsteps of Tacitus, has held him and his dark nature alone responsible for this ruin. We ought to believe instead that he was a man born to a loftier and more fortunate destiny, but that he had to pay the penalty for the unique eminence to which fortune had exalted him. Like the members of his family who had been driven into exile, who had died before their time, who had been driven to suicide in despair, he, too, was the victim of a tragic situation full of insoluble contradictions; and precisely because he was destined to live, he was perhaps the most unfortunate victim of them all.

(To be continued)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE RECALL OF JUDGES A RASH EXPERIMENT

A UNITED STATES Senator recently said in private conversation: "If judges could have been recalled in John Marshall's time, there would have been at least two movements to recall him as Chief-Justice, and each of them would have been led by a President of the United States."

The reference was, of course, to the dislike of Marshall's decisions expressed by both Jefferson and Jackson. Marshall's epoch-making opinion in "*Marbury versus Madison*" gave deep offense to Jefferson, and he is thought to have had that case in mind when, fifteen years later, he wrote of the judiciary as a "subtle corps of sappers and miners," and spoke of "a crafty chief-judge who sophisticates the law to his mind by the turn of his own reasoning."

Indeed, the beginnings of the recall of judges may be said to date from that period, for John Randolph, in a rage at the failure to impeach Justice Samuel Chase, proposed as an amendment to the Constitution that "The Judges of the Supreme Court and all other Courts of the United States shall be removed by the President on the joint address of both Houses of Congress." Needless to say, that *cirium ardor prava jubentium* did not prevail.

Something may perhaps be said for the recall of non-judicial and elective officials. It is much talked of nowadays as a useful weapon in municipal and in State administration. But those who propose to apply it even in that limited sphere are forced to admit, if they are sober-minded men, that it is a sword which may cut the hand that seeks to wield it, and that its use must be carefully guarded.

Thus, in the general law passed this year by the New Jersey Legislature, providing for a commission plan of government in those cities that choose to adopt it, there is a provision for the recall. But it is significantly hedged about. The language of the statute is: "No recall peti-

tion shall be filed against any officer until he has actually held his office for at least twelve months, and but one recall petition shall be filed against the same officer during his term of office."

What does this indicate if not that Governor Wilson and his advisers perceived the danger of misdirected passion, which might wrong both the city and one of its officials by removing him for an act of duty and of justice at the moment unpopular?

A system must stand or fall by its application to extreme cases. If the recall is good for mayors and governors, it is also good for Presidents. But if it had been possible to recall a President, there can be no doubt that Washington would have been recalled at the time of the excitement over the Jay Treaty, Lincoln in 1862, and Grover Cleveland in 1894.

Recall of judges, as a concrete proposal, has scarcely as yet been put before the voters. It was embodied in the constitution drafted for Arizona, but if she is admitted by Congress as a State, it will be only after her citizens have had an opportunity to vote upon the judicial recall as a separate and distinct provision. In California a constitutional amendment allowing the recall of judges is to be submitted to the electors.

These two specific instances have provoked much discussion in the country at large. At first many were taken with the new idea. But it must be said that the weight of argument is heavily against the innovation. President Taft has opposed it emphatically; Colonel Roosevelt guardedly; Governor Wilson explicitly. In both Houses of Congress the sentiment against it has been pronounced and even militant. So obvious is the present trend of opinion that it is safe to predict that there will be little experimenting with the recall of judges for a long time to come, except possibly in Arizona and California. If those commonwealths choose to make of themselves a kind of laboratory in legislative experimentation for the benefit of the rest of the nation, they will

surely be watched with interest; but there is small likelihood that they will soon find imitators.

That the issue of judicial recall can become country-wide under our present system is impossible. Federal judges are appointed, not elected, and cannot be recalled. The same would be true of the States which appoint their judges, such as Massachusetts and New Jersey. Nevertheless, the questions underlying the proposal are so grave, and go so directly to the foundation of our form of government, that it is of the highest importance that the people should have sound ideas on the subject.

To put the matter in few words: the highest of all qualities in a judge is a fearless sense of duty. "I will do as becometh a judge," was the noble reply of Lord Coke when beset by the blandishments and veiled threats of courtiers. Such an attitude depends upon security in a judge's position. He is set to declare the law. But if he knows that an unpopular, though just, decision will result in stripping him of his judicial robes, then the function of the judiciary will become degraded into declaring not what is the law, but what is the passing madness of the hour. Learning we ought to have in judges, and industry, but above all independence. If they are corrupt, they can be removed by orderly impeachment; but the recall would subject a judge to impeachment by the mob, with no sufficient reason shown, and with no opportunity for adequate defense.

In the American plan of government, the judiciary stands apart from partizan clamor and popular fury. The voice of the judge is as the voice of deliberate reason raised above political tumults. To deprive our judges of the power to utter that voice, undaunted by popular outcry, would be a blow not merely at our judicial system, but at the whole fabric of our great experiment in democratic government.

VALUE IN PAINTINGS

HALF a million dollars paid for a single picture to hang on a wall is an event that stirs the imagination of every intelligent person. So far as may easily be judged, it means that appreciation of the existence of intrinsic value in paintings by the assured masters is to-day

more general among the civilized nations than has ever been the case before. An isolated instance of such a fabulous payment might be ascribed to fancy or eccentricity, or possibly self-advertisement; but the general advance in auction prices during the last few years, and the private sale of scores of paintings for sums ranging eagerly from one to five hundred thousand dollars, establish a new record of spiritual demand as well as exchange value.

America has led in the broad movement of bidding up prices, and as a result has secured most of the prizes. In the October CENTURY of last year were described eighty-six Rembrandts owned in America; since which time "The Mill," at the highest price till then ever paid for a picture, has been added to the list. Other of the great masters of Europe are well represented in American galleries, both as to beauty and corresponding price, and obviously nothing but reluctance to sell, or national ownership, stands in the way of the transference of other grand masterpieces for sums exceeding anything yet paid.

Nobility of treatment and dignity of subject are characteristic of every painting which has made a strong draft on the "ripping-cord" of the modern purse. They are all works which have survived lifetime neglect or favoritism, the whims of fashion, and the crotchets of taste and criticism. They stand among the exponents of the finest and highest feeling attained by mankind through centuries of striving and groping after that something above the joys and accidents of every-day life which is passed along from generation to generation and hoarded as the increment of human life, as the flower of civilization. While not so important to mental and spiritual growth as the composite literary treasures of the world, the great paintings and statues express a more individual power and a more direct spiritual influence. They are the acme of cultivated insight and concentration directed to the expression of the elemental longings of mankind.

In connection with these purchases that are epoch-making in enlarging the idea of intrinsic value in art, there have been scoffings aimed at the abundance of dollars and an imagined paucity of taste; and some headshaking over a narrow view of such prodigious payments, on the score of

self-indulgence or extravagance. Both kinds of caviling are misdirected. A noble taste in art has been very common among the men who have risen from small beginnings to great wealth, because sensuous emotion and response to elemental beauty are instinctive with men of large nature and creative mental power. Under different conditions many of our captains of industry would have been preachers or writers or painters. And in art, they readily come to a knowledge of the works that bring sublime messages to the soul. They also have the courage to exchange money, which in superfluity they cannot enjoy for paintings which, in the flash of an eye, illuminate the whole civilized world.

Surely no better use could be made of American dollars than by the purchase, no matter how large the price, of treasures that doubly enrich the purchasers, which bestow on a whole people pleasures that educate and inspire, and which confer distinction on the nation that protects them. The owners of fine paintings, as a rule, are generous in showing them to the public and in allowing them to be reproduced for wide-spread enjoyment. Such multiplication never cheapens a great picture. Even if copied by another great artist, the original still remains the solitary exponent of its own individual and impregnable beauty.

While even a crude printed copy has some educational value, it is the original which teaches the public that the finest methods of reproduction do not convey all its subtle beauty. It is the original which continually tells the public that especially in art the cheapest is likely to be the dearest. A single page picture in a "high-priced" periodical (a Timothy Cole engraving, for instance, which in one sense is a copy and in another sense an original work of art) frequently costs about as much to produce as all the pictures and art embellishments of a single number of some of the low-priced magazines. The great paintings are our faithful monitors as to the qualities that count for art value.

YACHTING AND THE PRESERVATION OF SAILING TRADITIONS

IN the yacht anchorage at Bar Harbor, shown as the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, a picture of sailing-craft is offered which is now charac-

teristic of most salt-water harbors on our coasts, as well as of the ports on the Great Lakes, and even of the larger inland bodies of water.

It is with a vivid recollection of a most inspiring scene that the writer recalls a certain summer morning in the seventies when, in a schooner wind-bound for three days in Hampton Roads, he awoke to find a fair wind blowing from the west, and with fully two hundred sailing-vessels passed seaward, feeling himself, in a boyish thrill of adventure, like a part in another great armada.

Where now on the face of the waters could such another scene be duplicated? The sailing-ship, the most majestic and graceful creation of man, is passing. In the Erie Basin, or here and there in the upper reaches of the rivers and kills of the metropolis, an occasional square-rigger may be seen; but the days when the waterside of South Street, with its network of spars and rigging, looked like a forest in winter, and the great bowsprits slanted over the street itself, are gone forever. Where are the brown-faced sailormen who used to huddle about the corners of the waterside, and the old ships' cannon, planted muzzle-down among the cobblestones, that were used for hitching-posts? Going, or gone, are the shanty-songs that used to be heard round the warping capstan-bars, and likewise the canvas advertisements that, hanging from the foremasts of packet-ships, proclaimed as destination the names of half the ports of the world.

With the sailing-ships the professional sailor is also rapidly passing. All the glamour and romance and skill that make up the poetic side of the sea are coming to be more and more left to the province of the amateur sailor. The yachting clubs of the world enroll a hundred thousand men, a third of whom, perhaps, are active members; but of these last a large percentage are followers of steam and gasoline, since their fetish is speed.

It is by the remnant who will stick to the sail, encouraged by that even larger body of men who, enrolled in no clubs, still feel a thrill at the sight of the dip of a wind-filled sail, that the traditions of the old seamanship will be preserved. True yachtsmen, sincere lovers of the sea, they are slowly though surely widening their knowledge, and showing their skill

in saner types of craft; for it is in the one-type class of racing-boats and in the more substantial cruising-craft that American yachting is showing its greatest promise to-day.

The records made in the races with

Germany in the sonder-class boats have shown that the American amateur is a thorough-going sailor, while the growing inclination for ocean races has fostered a lively appreciation of the value of weatherly qualities in even a boat of pleasure.



ON THE ALLEGED DETERIORATION OF YOUTH

From a Lady who Remembers that she was once Young to a Friend who has Forgotten this Circumstance

YES, Jane, I have read both the magazine articles to which you refer, and which you so feelingly indorse. In the last ten years I have also read scores of similar articles, setting forth the shortcomings of youth, and I am now quite sure that Adam and Eve were the only elderly couple this world has ever held who, for obvious reasons, did not consider that young people had changed for the worse since the days when they were boy and girl.

Don't think, please, that I am cherishing illusions. I am not. I am cherishing recollections instead. Of course girls are silly and selfish. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,"—only the coming of knowledge is problematic, and the lingering of wisdom is a sure thing. Of course boys are wasting their opportunities. Was there ever a boy except William Pitt, Junior, who did not waste his opportunities? But I remember what I was at seventeen; and, what is more, I remember what you were at the same age,—a very pretty girl, Jane dear, but certainly no pattern to your sex; and, what is still more, I remember what Tom was before he married you. Just ask him to-night if I don't. Yet here am I, a lady not destitute of merit; and here is Tom,—well, really, we are all rather proud of Tom; and here are you, the mother of four big boys so wedded to athletics that they do not even smoke. Is it for you to lament that the rising generation do not reach the high standards of our youth?

Jane, do you perchance remember the



foolish and vapid flirtations which engrossed our minds and hearts? We did not play any outdoor game but croquet, and what girl could work off her superfluous and perilous energy, dawdling about a croquet-ground? Do you remember the

systematic deception which made possible Tom's courtship, and how you excused yourself for hoodwinking your parents by saying that they, in their time, had run away to be married? Do you remember how many of Tom's college friends drank, how many of our friends were what we somewhat proudly called "fast," and what a vulgar and demoralizing thing this fastness was? And don't you think that the trouble lay in the aloofness of older people who might have helped us had we been more friendly and less deferential, and in our not having our fair share of keen and healthy interests to keep us out of mischief?

"Never," you write, quoting from one of your disconsolate critics, "were the young so thirstily avid for pleasure as now." My dear Jane, we were just as avid in our day, only less frank, and a trifle less strenuous. Tom did not play foot-ball, but more than once he played the fool, a part suited to his joyous immaturity. We did not strive so hard to amuse ourselves,—perhaps because we did not know how,—but neither did we strive to improve the race, like the dear children who are now teaching sociology to factory hands, and the principles of art to slum babies, and the rights and wrongs of suffrage to the world. Please

don't quote vulgar proverbs about grandmothers and eggs, because I won't listen to them. Imparting one's ignorance to one's fellow-creatures may not be the highest form of usefulness; but at least the girls so engaged are afuld for other things than pleasure, they are stirred by nobler impulses than the mere love of fun. For my part, I like to be instructed by my juniors. It lightens the responsibilities of age.

As to manners,—well, if young people no longer affect the reverence they never felt for our advancing years, if they meet us with more candor and a trifle more of condescension, we are gainers by the change. We are admitted to a companionship which elderly ladies (and please remember that we are elderly in their eyes) never enjoyed before, and by which it behooves us to profit. You know Mrs. James Landon, or at least you used to know her before she left Boston. She is the most wonderful old woman in the world, eighty-seven if she is a day, and as alert, as keen, as gay, and as capable of sustaining an argument as if she were half that age. Well, the other day she complained half-humorously to me that her grandchildren (three of them were in the room) did not treat her with proper respect; whereupon Eloise Brinton's youngest daughter, who is still going to school, said: "And a precious good thing it is for you, Granny dear, that we don't. It is our disrespect which has made you the delightful old lady that you are. If we never contradicted you, and never argued with you, and never jolted you out of your ruts, you'd be a chimney-corner grandmother, as dull as

dull can be. We keep you young. We treat you as if you were one of ourselves. We do you the justice of meeting you mind to mind."

There is the arrogance of youth for you, but there is also the boon which only youth can give. I hope that if ever I live to be eighty-seven, somebody else's grandchildren—since I shall have none of my own—will lay aside the deference due to my antiquity, and meet me mind to mind. You say that girls are less well-mannered than of yore; but will you please recall a page in the diary of Louisa Gurney—such a well-brought-up little Quakeress!—which illustrates the youthful point of view:

"I was in a very playing mood to-day, and thoroughly enjoyed being foolish, and tried to be as rude to everybody as I could. We went on the highroad for the purpose of being rude to the folks that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes."

One hundred and twenty-five years, Jane dear, since those illuminating sentences were penned. Now, don't write me any more lamentations over the falling off of boys and girls from heights they never attained. I only wish you had a daughter to inherit your curly hair—what good is curly hair to a son!—and your waywardness. She would be on easier—and safer—terms with you than we ever were with our mothers, she would remind you occasionally of your own "playing moods," and she would make you understand, as I can never do, the mutable qualities of youth.

Your most loving friend,
Agatha Reynolds.



FISH-LINES

PICTURE AND VERSES BY HENRY J. PECK

A FISHERMAN a-fishing went
Down to the salty sea.
This tale is true; one can't invent
Such wonders as these be.

He stood upon a craggy cliff
Which e'en the spray dashed o'er;
The wind was blowing pretty stiff;
Loud did the breakers roar.

No bait used he of shrimp or eel,
Nor quahaug, crab, nor clam;

But from the bottle in his creel
Full oft took he a dram.

The fisher fished and fished and fished
Until the cows¹ came home,
And then a wondrous creature swished
And fluttered through the foam.

Fish-like, yet maiden, did she seem,
Though fair of form and face:
A waving tail, with scaly gleam,
She wore with lissome grace.

¹ Sea-cows, of course.



Dank tresses mingled with the wave;
 Her beckoning arm and eye
 A briny invitation gave.
 (Was it Miss Lorelei?)

With "baited" breath the fisherman
 Strained on the sagging net;
 For therein lay the strangest fish
 That e'er his eye had met.

Withal, the creature looked benign,
 And her alluring eye
 Said, "Do come in; the water 's fine,"
 While gently she did sigh.

A moment did the fisher lag,
 Then, with a gasp for breath,
 He leaped from off the rocky crag,
 And cried, "I 'm charmed to death!"

OLE DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

THE BLACK SHEEP

'E black sheep says, "Oh, what 's de use
 'o shun de mire an' de muddy sluice?
 or whether I walks for praise or blame,
 'ey 'll call me 'black sheep,' jes de same!"
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

ANSWERING BACK

BR'ER POLE-CAT 's got a s'ciety smile
 An' he sho is dressed in scrumptious style,
 But he keeps 'is own hat off de quality rack
 By de scan'lous way he answers back.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

THE GREEN GOURD

DE green gou'd on de sunny shed
 Was mighty proud of his pethy head,
 So he niver pondered or studied or trained,
 An' now he 's ole an' rattle-brained.
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

TOO FAMILIAR

DE cantelope gits mighty bilious
 From runnin' wid punkins too familias,
 So it 's banished out for its sociable sin
 Along wid its yaller kitchen kin.
 An' it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
 An' it ain't by itself in dat.

TRIED BY FIRE

DE sugar-cane stands so proud an' smart,
 You 'd niver suspicion it sweet at de heart,
 But to prove its sweets it yields its will
 To be tried by fire an' ground in de mill.
 An' it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
 An' it ain't by itself in dat.

TO PARADOCIA

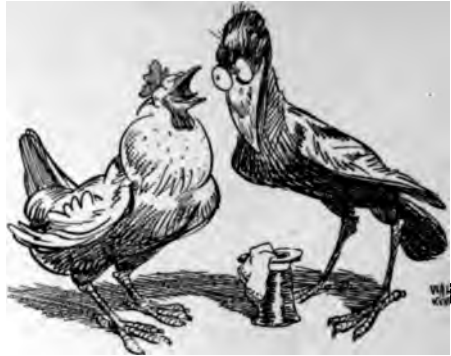
BY GWILYM GRIFFITH

FICKLE, faithless; trusty, true,
 There was never one like you!
 Fickle when the game is gay,
 Trusty in the needy day;
 Lily-fair and lily-frail;
 Dauntless when the mountains quail;
 Heart of oak and heart of snow—
 There was never any so!
 Heart of oak against the blast,
 Heart of snow-when storm is past,
 Quick to melt in gentle tears
 When love's sunshine once appears;
 Tigress-cruel, angel-mild;
 Sage and sibyl, little child;
 Thunder-bold and soft as dew--
 There was never one like you!

STROLLER'S SONG

BY LEE WILSON DODD

OPEN your heart to me; I will not wait
 Forever at the gate.
 I do not tarry at unwelcoming doors.
 Open your heart, and I will sing,
 Within its hushed and somber-pallid walls,
 Where never a lusty, dusty footstep falls,
 Such buxom caroling,
 So richly phrased, so buoyantly elate,
 As the vibrant veery pours
 Unto its mate.
 Let me but leap within on ringing heel,
 Throw wide love's casement to the
 unshuttered day,
 And bear your nun-like soul away,
 Till it has learned not how to pray,
 But how to feel!



Drawn by Walt Kuhn

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE

DR. CROW: I emphatically pronounce your ailment appendicitis—we used to call it the pip.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF
SAINT OÜEN

BY WALTER BAILEY APTHORPE

A STORY is told of a thrifty American woman in Dresden who, on being presented at court, received the compliment from the Queen of Saxony of being addressed in English. She made the mistake of responding in German, and, on being upbraided by friends for this *faux pas*, said very calmly, "I never lose any opportunity to improve my German."

The same frame of mind actuated an American lady, whom we will call Mrs. C——, with whom we were fellow-members of Madame F——'s pension near the Arc de l'Etoile, in Paris. She was bent on acquiring knowledge at all hazards, and as she had come to the pension to learn French, she was very impatient with those of us who for rest and refreshment occasionally lapsed into our mother-tongue. After a while this foible, at first a subject of good-natured remark, became a considerable bore to the rest of us. Mrs. C—— was constantly airing her newly acquired knowledge, and as she was somewhat in advance of the other boarders, it was sometimes rather exasperating.

During the period of greatest tension it chanced that Mr. X—— and his wife were invited to an evening company at which they met the savant M. Brunière, member of the French Academy, whom they already knew. In the course of conversation he asked them what part of France they had seen besides Paris, and they spoke of Rouen. "Ah," he said, "what noble churches they have!" "Yes," replied Mr. X——; adding that he had very much enjoyed the cathedral, but that, on the whole, he preferred the beauty of the church of St. Ouen, pronouncing the word to rhyme with Rouen itself.

M. Brunière said: "I dare say you are right. I remember it with great pleasure. But I hope you will permit me to tell you that the name of the church is pronounced not 'St. Ouen,' but to rhyme with 'vin,' and," he repeated, "as if it were spelled 'St. Ouin.'"

"That is odd," said Mr. X——.

"Yes," was the reply; "but it is not merely a localism. Every cultivated French person pronounces it with the flat sound."

Mr. X—— thanked the savant for setting him right and promised never to make that error again.

On his way home it occurred to Mr. X—— that here was an opportunity to be of use to his fellow-sufferers at the pension. Relying upon the fact that his hostess was a lady of very charming speech and cultivation, he arranged, with a little malice,—in the circumstances not, perhaps, to be too severely condemned,—a trap for his exacting and punctilious countrywoman.

The next night at dinner the conversation was adroitly brought about to the subject of French church architecture, and Mrs. X—— took occasion to ask Mrs. C—— whether she had ever been in Rouen. It seems she had, and she was enthusiastic over the cathedral. Whereupon Mrs. X—— remarked her preference for the architecture of St. Ouen, giving it the correct and, as far as we were concerned, the latest pronunciation.

"What church did you say?" said Mrs. C——.

"St. Ouin."

"Do you not mean St. Ouen?"

"Oh, no; I mean St. Ouin."

"But there cannot be two churches in Rouen with such similar names."

"Oh, no, there is only one prominent church that could be called a rival to the cathedral, and that is St. Ouin."

"Oh, but, my dear Mrs. X——, you certainly do not mean to pronounce it in that way. You certainly mean St. Ouen."

"Not at all, my dear Mrs. C——; I am speaking of St. Ouin."

"It is spelled like Rouen; is it not so pronounced?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all; that would never do; that would be a solecism of the most pronounced sort."

"But I think you must be mistaken, my dear Mrs. X——."

"I think not, Mrs. C——. No cultivated person would pronounce it with the broad sound. Let us ask Madame."

Madame, having her attention diverted from her intimate duties as hostess, and the attention of the whole table being now concentrated upon the subject, was confidently appealed to by Mrs. C——. Of course she sided with the French Academy; and for once new-found knowledge was confounded by new-found knowledge. After that we had no further annoyance from the humble Mrs. C——.



Drawn by J. Conacher

A PALPABLE HIT

SPORTSMAN: Oh, dear me! I assure you, I did n't mean to hit your cow.

FARMER: Well, young man, I 'm mighty glad 't was n't me you did n't mean to hit.



TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

VI

THE Gays were at the sea-shore, and
Belinda was away
With her paternal grandmama on a visit
for the day.

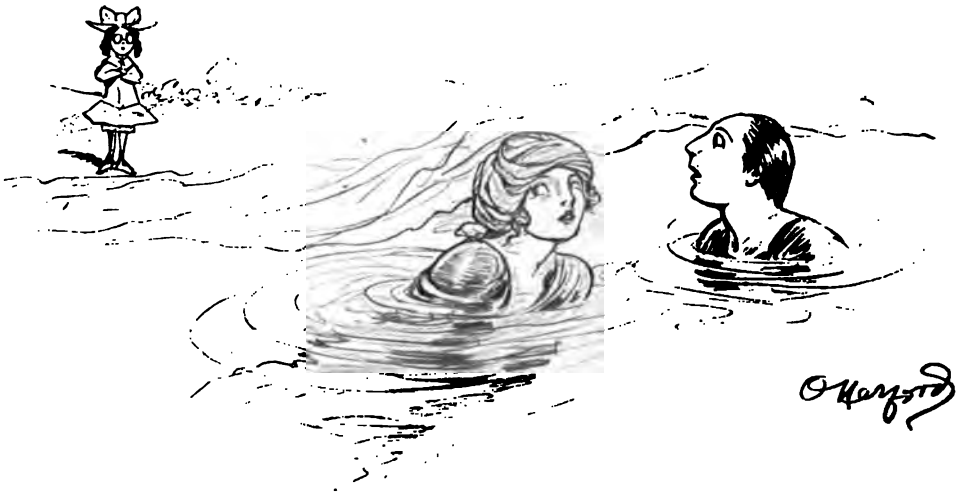
The sea was fine; they never had enjoyed
such surf before,
When Mother gave a smothered scream
and pointed to the shore.

"Oh, joy!" Belinda's mother cried, "at last
I 'll have a chance
To wear that saucy bathing-suit I bought
last year in France."

"Good heavens! It 's Belinda!" Pa cried.
"Keep out of sight!
She must n't see you in that suit, if we have
to swim all night."

Soon they were tripping down the beach,
Mother a joy to see
(T was dark-blue silk, with V-shaped neck,
and skirt just to the knee).

The shades of night were falling when at
last, to Fate resigned,
A half-drowned couple homeward hied;
Belinda walked behind.



"SHE MUST N'T SEE YOU IN THAT SUIT, IF WE HAVE TO SWIM ALL NIGHT"



A JAPANESE CANDY VENDOR

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT BLUM IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
—THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK—

AROUND-THE-WORLD NUMBER

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THE WEAVER OF SPELLS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Author of "In Titian's Garden," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

VENICE lay, a ring of jewels, white and low on the midnight blue of the water far away. They had driven through the astounding region of the Dolomites with their red porphyry crags and elemental suggestion; and a sudden relief in the wide low distances of the waters fell upon Francesca, as the train ran out on the long trestle.

Francesca had had a fear that she might feel the lures of the place, with all its shadowy poetry, the more because she did not wish to yield. But she had said she would see Venice as she had seen London or Munich. And she remembered now that once she had crossed Trinity Bay on as long and low a trestle as this, and had seen Galveston lying on the waters, a ring of jewels, too. She would have a season of quiet here, of course, resting from the fatigue felt in the stir of cities and in the shadow of the Alps and their fellowship of the gigantic forces of nature.

But when, from the steps of the station, Vittorio, Mrs. Daniel's gondolier, helped her aboard, with Miss Maria and her

Filomène, and threaded the noisy fleet, leaving the babble and outcry, and at last, rounding the curves of narrow strips of water black between walls like those of a cañon, glided out over the side of the planet, as it seemed, into a great cool space of sweet silence and semi-gloom and sense of solitude, then Francesca was not so sure of herself.

Only the warning cry of an unseen gondolier broke the stillness, or the voice of Vittorio, like the ring of a golden vase, repeating some name. And when he said Rezzonico her heart stood still for Browning dying there, and when he said Giustiniani it began to beat for Tristan and the great sea-measures forged there; and it was all dark and mystical with a weirdness of beauty before undreamed.

By and by they slipped into another side-canal, beneath high garden-walls, and stopped. Then an endless flight of stone stairs with the sound of lapping water below, before coming to a vast salon whose marble floors and gilded cornices, whose wax candles, and rugs and books and draperies told of new luxury imposed upon

the old. And when in her own room, another vast salon, she bade Filomène good night, after that pleasant person had tucked in the mosquito curtains, Francesca was aware that she had come into something entirely other than the every-day world, and hardly knew were she waking or sleeping, but thanked the fates, even if half-heartedly, that it was a world where she could have no more to fear from Arthur Gordon, and the gay sparkle of his love-making.

The bell of Santa Maria della Salute, answering the bell of San Giorgio Maggiore, that in turn answered the peal of belfries from islands out beyond and beyond again, hailed then by all the bells of Venice with sweet resonance and wild echoes, waked Francesca in the dawning, and, as on a tiptoe of expectation, she hurriedly opened her casement and looked out over the rose and gold that bathed the world of waters and its palaces, she felt as though it were impossible it could be she, the tired reviewer for "Books and Pens"; and she had a swift fancy that in this transformation-scene she was transformed herself, that she had dwelt here before, whether as fisher-girl or *dogaresa*. She twisted up her long dark hair with a contradicting sense of its being out of place, remembering the gold of the Venetian women, and went back to bed. After a while, coming from the state between sleeping and waking, she looked out again, and felt with a satisfied surprise the warm wealth of the glorious flood of white light enveloping tower and dome and the faded hues and lovely lines of palace-fronts, and shining back from the wide waters, as if she were something shut within a glowing crystal. And there were the boats coming up from the Dogana, piled high with fruit and branching boughs of flowers, and the brown sails, stealing round the Giudecca, with their orange suns and scarlet symbols, the whole outlook a blaze of light and color. Well, this was a region of dreams, she said, three thousand miles and more away from care. But when she had returned from Miss Maria's room, Luisa tapped and entered, her face blubbered with tears—the Padrona, as she explained by vigorous pantomime, having cuffed her. And with that Francesca felt somewhat restored to common day. "I suppose it is *the inheritance of primitive things, primi-*

tive passions," she said afterward to Miss Maria. "The barbarous strain made the splendor richer, and survives when the splendor fades. If we slapped our maids at home!" Nothing could have made her feel farther from experience. Well, she was safe; she was free. She had left Arthur Gordon behind her.

Imagine then her condition when, on going to the later breakfast, the first of the guests she saw there was Arthur Gordon.

Certainly it was very unfortunate. Still, she would act as if nothing had happened. Indeed nothing had happened, save that she had determined to live unmarried, and Arthur Gordon had wished to change her determination. The worst of it was that she had been,—no, could have been—not exactly fond—but certainly interested; and although she did not choose to marry him herself, she would hardly have liked it had he married any one else. Another unpleasantness in the affair was that Miss Maria, who was giving her the delights of this trip, was Arthur Gordon's aunt. It would be sad to give her pain; and Francesca's heart was very tender toward poor little hunched and crooked Miss Maria.

The color sprang on the beautiful oval of Francesca's cheek; but she was as determined as when she left home. She had seen such misery in marriage, such tyranny,—her own father,—her gentle sister who had died broken-hearted; she could not think of her now without tears. Alas, how much trouble she herself had known! She, the unhappy Francesca! No, she would not give way to an unworthy inclination; and, besides, she was not going to abandon her career. Perhaps as a critic she would not rival—let us say Taine—but she meant to do good work. Marriage would interfere with that. And then she loved her work; she loved her freedom. And, moreover, there was the stain! Oh, there were reasons enough for her not marrying. She must bear her father's name, with all the stain upon it, but she would never let that bring shame upon another.

"It is not," his Aunt Maria had said, "that she is averse. But there is her father—"

"Her father?"

"Yes. Don't you remember—oh, it was a terrible disgrace!"

"You don't mean to say—my God, was that her father!"

"More 's the pity."

"That puts another face on the matter," said Mr. Gordon—it was the day of his dismissal, now some months since—his look darker and gloomier than before. "I am a little averse to disgrace, myself. Perhaps it is as well that I have just accepted my dismissal."

forget her, detained by some question here in Venice, and visiting at the same house. Fortunate? Indeed it was very vexatious.

But apparently Francesca borrowed trouble. Here in Venice Mr. Gordon's gay manner was gone. Nothing could be more distantly respectful. "We are old acquaintance," he said, replying to Mrs.



Drawn by W. M. Berger

"NARROW FOOTPATHS BESIDE NARROW CANALS"

"Arthur Gordon, I don't believe this is you!"

It was not fortunate, then, according to Francesca's view, some months afterward, that when she had become completely detached; that is, in truth, content to fancy that he cared for her under his anger, and intending to give him nothing in return, she should find Arthur Gordon, who had been going on to Athens determined to

Daniel's inquiry, as if he would shield or had forgotten Francesca's delinquency.

She went out with Filomène, later that day, traversing narrow footpaths beside narrow canals, and over countless bridges as it seemed to her, to the Merceria for some slight shopping. She laughed to find herself then buying beads under the clock-tower on the first day she was in this region of dead histories, and where the life and motion had in some way been unex-

pected. And then Filomène, who had been there before, led her into St. Mark's. Awed by all the illuminating splendor, she stood breathless in the golden atmosphere. "It is a sort of sacred city in itself," said a voice beside her; and she recognized Gordon. "The city descended from on high, you know, whose light was like unto a stone most precious. We see what the apostle meant when he said the city was pure gold like unto clear glass. Well, you will have to come many days. And, sometime, go up on the outside gallery, for the bronze horses, you and Filomène;—the ancestor of a friend of mine was with Tosti when they first were brought away. That rather humanizes things." Something of all the golden radiance seemed to surround that bright head of his as he went.

They walked out finally to the edge of the Piazzetta, where Filomène hailed a gondola; and as they hung there a moment, in the bright gay scene, with the sun, the rollicking wind, the domes and towers, the moving, light-hearted people, their distant hum like silence singing to itself, the golden air, she seemed to be in a region where it was always morning, the summer morning of happy childhood, the day of bright enchantment.

It was a sort of magic still to Francesca, as she was rowed up the Grand Canal one

forenoon with Miss Maria, Mr. Gordon having joined them before Vittorio pushed off, that returned to her the life in the old palaces, the story of Venice in her glory, as all the way from the house of Desdemona to the Loredan,—where the gorgeous macaw hung on the post, and the gondola of Don Carlos waited with its red and yellow flag, the home of kings uncrowned and disrowned,—to the Grimani and the Vendramini and the rest, making the ancient names familiar, Gordon told legends of the time when the lights burned to midday. She seemed to see old pageants with fleets of gilded gondolas trailing the fringes of their blue and silver cloths, their rose and gold, their snow-white, and sea-green, the crimson and orange glory of the standard with the golden lion of St. Mark, the swarms of bannerols and pennons, all like a fluttering cloud of splendid butterflies upon the water, drifting into the blaze of light and out of sight. And when at night, gliding back from some evening with Mrs. Daniel's friends, through the faint glow of the water on the clear obscure of the dark, then the gay company of nobles, Contarini, Doria, Ziani, of lovely ladies with their sumptuous charm, the tragic splendor, the intrigue, the black-a-vised Ten, all seemed to be a part of the night, the shifting tide, the air, and she



Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE DUCAL PALACE

The campanile at the left, collapsed on July 14, 1902.



Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE RIALTO BRIDGE

fancied that she saw a flotilla of the gay masquers with mandolin and song suddenly quenching their torches in the dark depths. And she felt that she was moving in a dream.

The dream was deeper still when on her balcony at midnight she heard faint and strange music from where some Greek warships reared their shadows on the shadow. She thought of the old halcyon's nest, while all the city seemed floating on the water. She had felt an exile and a wanderer in every other place; and she wondered all at once over the sense that here she was perfectly at home. Perfectly at home, yet at home in a strange country; one whose elusive charm seemed but the atmosphere of another star. Perhaps "The Golden Book of Venice" had shed the charm over her long ago, making it doubly familiar.

Although Mr. Gordon gave no special evidence of being more aware of Francesca's existence than of another's, yet far in her subconsciousness she began to understand that it would not be Venice without him. If at the Accademia she sat before the adorable Bellinis, she knew that in another room he was sketching Basaiti's little angel whose face was full of love as he watched the beautiful dead Venetian fisher-boy to whom the painter's power had given the majesty of young divinity. Strolling one afternoon through the grassy paths at Torcello, having studied the mo-

saics of the old ruins, he happened to leave the others and walk along with her. "These are the mountains on which Titian used to gaze," he said. "No wonder he became the master of all color, with these shifting tints teaching him their secrets from dawn till dark, every hour drowned in sheets of melting hues in deep water and shoal. Think of a whole city illuminated with such work!"

"I think with shame that I once wrote a monograph on Venice," she said. "The temerity of it!"

"You know better now. No, it is not to be told about. Venice is a state of being."

"And the Venetian could do nothing else but make it beautiful, I suppose," she said. "He must put it in accord with the beauty about it."

"The beauty of wilds and waters. I thought you would feel it." The dark eyes filled impulsively. She hoped he did not see. "You must go to the Frari tomorrow," he added quickly. "And when you have stood near the ashes in which the master's great flame is quenched,—and have had all the emotions," with a gleam of the old spirit, "then you will let me take you into the sacristy for the exquisite appeal of two of the neglected Tiepolos there?"

To this dignified tenor all his persiflage had come. And although he failed to ap-

pear next day, yet when afterward in the Scuola di San Rocco they could see next to nothing, he was presently on the scene and leading them into another room and to the magnificent majesty of the white Christ before Pilate. And once, as they came from the Redentore, crossing the Giudecca water they met his gondola, and he turned and went with them to San Giorgio, where, as Miss Maria could not climb the plane, he mounted with Francesca, and together they thrilled to the boom of the big bell striking the hour and shivering through them, and together they looked over blue sea and far hill, and dome and spire and column and lagoon under the azure embracing sky, while the wind blew about them. "Quivering through aerial gold," he quoted. "It is a sort of heavenly suspension between past and future. Only an evanescent apparition here now, and one day, one night, we ourselves might almost see the dead, as they did in Shelley's fancy,

"Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of our path."

"How Shelley felt the ethereal and Browning the material of Venice!" she exclaimed.

"And Byron the human and grandiose. I fancy Milton thought of Venice when he saw that fabric 'rise like an exhalation.'"

"Do you know," she said, hesitatingly, "you surprise me a little with your poetry. I had thought of you only in relation to science."

"Science is poetry," he answered her.

Thus with every day, in her thought, Gordon became associated with all this ghost of ineffable beauty, and in face of the mystical work of the surrounding atmosphere she felt her standards changing, undeserved shame signifying nothing, emotion dearer than intellect, and something of the divine of the poetry of passion.

After a time, however, Mr. Gordon was off on a fishing-trip in the Bay of Istria; and Miss Maria thought it too hot for further sight-seeing. Francesca went with Filomène, who loved the horrible, into dungeons underneath the level of the green and slipping tide, where it had been so simple to pass the dead out of sight, and into chambers where the blackness of old

sins and crimes threw into sweet relief all the grace and light and romance of the days she had just known in this water-world of wonder. On her balcony, wrapped with the veil of the soft and tender night, she recalled mornings in the lesser canals and in *rios* that were strips of dark green translucence with golden vistas out beyond, passing between high dwellings where brown-eyed girls with a sea-tan on the rose of their cheeks, glanced over upper balconies hung with gay rugs, where the gondola glided beside high garden-walls, over which climbed and fell heavy rose-garlands, and fluttered feathery acacia-tops, a tangle of perfumes wafting along with them, or nights with a sudden emergence from imprisoning gloom to the wide breath of open water; and remembering these, she missed the high companionship she had had in them. And as now she watched the urchins below, their eyes full of the brown luster of black diamonds, having defied Luisa with every vile objurgation, in speech of silver, go swimming off the *riva* there,—such mornings, such nights, seemed years ago. Somehow, life was no longer what it had been, what she had thought it; she could almost go and feed the pigeons in the square, or take tea with the tourists in the shops and eat candied grapes on straws while the band played,—so far had her Venice withdrawn, the old Venice of which, all unaware to her, Arthur Gordon had made himself a part. Indeed she was very unhappy; she had thrown life away.

How delicious had been the satisfaction in all the recognition of beauty,—out of the ruins of splendid lives; how wonderful the silence! To make all this loveliness perhaps it was worth while for the fighters and revelers to have lived, to have built their iridescent palaces, to have had the decorative genius of the world at their service. Yet what did it avail them now? What did their conquests, their triumphal sumptuousness, signify to them now? The fisherfolk, their forebears, were as happy while they lived, as well off, being dead! Of what use struggle and fame to any? Why sacrifice joy for such poor increment? Why sacrifice another's joy? Of what value presently to her to have the praise of her last article in the mouth of all? Better that her name with its stain should be forgotten. Oh,



Drawn by W. M. Berger. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THIS AND THAT GONDOLA PASSED ALONG AND PAUSED WHERE THE SINGERS
OF THE LIGHTED FLOAT ENCHANTED THE NIGHT"

the pettiness of her work, of her aim, in the face of Venice! Francesca had begun to doubt her wisdom.

But then to what purpose? If Arthur Gordon had ever been moved by anything but a capricious fancy, he was no longer moved even by that. She had not forgotten those bitter words of his. He had said it was the end. Perhaps,—nay surely, it was best so. But oh, Venice itself, this high enchantress, was dust and ashes!

Francesca went early one evening, with Mrs. Daniel and Miss Maria to call on some friends of theirs at their hotel. And while they went in she remained in the gondola, beside the garden, seeing others go and come. She saw a royal lady embark with her suite, and wondered of her happiness; and she saw the ruddy sunset gild spires and domes, and heard convent-bell and church-bell die in music; and she felt as if her soul were afloat in the purple of the gathering twilight and the soft evening wind, and the divine dolor that is neither grief nor gladness, that sometimes comes with the ringing of bells over water, possessed her. Soon, as night should fall softly, the moon would be sending up her silver before she came herself behind San Giorgio.

Her friends had evidently much to say, by their delay, or were looking at lace, the Venice lace that spreads its traps alike for wary and unwary, forgetting her while she waited in this cool evening serenity, and saw palace and star mirrored in the still green tide.

Some one came hurriedly down the walk, and Vittorio handed Mr. Gordon aboard, uttering a quick word as he came, and Vittorio at once wound his way out among the others and into clear space of water. "I have told the dear ladies that while they are repeating to one another all the news in their letters, you and I will take the privilege of old acquaintance and

slip down to hear the singing," he said, seating himself beside her. "And I leave my gondola at their service. Ah, this is good, after 'the dripping moonlight mesh spangled with herring-scale'!"

Daylight, and all its trail of color, had slipped away, and it was now that clear dusk upon the waters that belongs to sweet states of feeling and moods of the melancholy that underlies all joy. This and that gondola passed along and paused where the singers of the lighted float enchanted the night. Vittorio paused, too, on the outer edge of the increasing fleet where the gondoliers held their craft suspended and now and then joined in the song half under the breath, their figures high upon the stern, dark against the dark. A sighing of wind from the sea wafted the song away; and in the shadow the troop of the steel *ferros*, the high beaks of the gondolas, glanced in the light from the float, and rose and fell and swayed and swam like a shoal of dark and bright sea-horses, sea-monsters reined by the old knights of Venice. Then Vittorio put strength to his oar, and they slipped out upon the great lagoon. And here the breath of flowers came on the soft gale, and here the keen salt of the sea, and now a strain of the "Santa Lucia," and now it was only a ripple of the low water. Far away was yesterday, far away to-morrow. The great sweet dark seemed to press them closer together; and his arm stole about her unresisting, and her head was on his shoulder, and his kisses fell upon her silken hair, her brow, her lips. Alas, how many other lovers here had felt the weaving of the spell! But as Vittorio brought his boat about, the moon had risen and was pouring her splendor over the city that lay, an opalescent bubble, on the water, and was silvering the way before these as if it led them into the very court of light and joy.





FOUR GIANTS IN BROBDINGNAG

BY MARK F. WILCOX

BLUE-TONGUE

THE new U. S. A., whose capital is Cape Town, is a land of big things—big plantations, big mines, big opportunity, and big obstacles. The young man who seeks his fortune here has the chance to carve out a generous slice of destiny, but he must be aware of the difficulties in the way. One cannot praise enough this Southern Brobdingnag, and all that has been published concerning its huge resources is not overdrawn; at the same time one should know of the giants that abide there. Chief of them are Blue-tongue, Drought, Coast-fever, and Rinderpest, whose portraits are drawn in the present article in impressionistic fashion, but are none the less studies from the real life in South Africa.

The strangest and most ferocious monster is Blue-tongue.

Charlie Maduba did the most foolish thing in his life when he spent every penny he had upon a gray mare. It is true she was the most magnificent specimen ever seen by the natives of Esidumbini, standing fifteen hands high, of exquisite proportion, with a coat of the texture of satin and a mane and tail of glossy black. But all this made her the more hazardous as an investment.

Everybody prophesied the death of the horse and the ultimate ruin of the owner.

He would have to go back to the mines and spend another dreary five or seven years saving the usual sixty pounds sterling necessary to start a man in life with a dozen cattle and a couple of wives. But Charlie Maduba proceeded to disprove these forebodings by becoming with his horse a member of the native mounted police.

He had the Noodsberg district, which included about twenty miles square of high, rugged hills about the two big, flat-topped mountains. At the end of the year Charlie had become the despair of every marriageable girl and the foe of every swain in the district. He paid no attention to any of them, however, until, having saved twelve sovereigns out of his thirty shillings a month, he suddenly bought himself the loveliest damsel in Esidumbini, and built a kraal ten miles north of that place, almost under the shadow of the big Noodsberg itself.

His wife, Umlilo (which means fire), was aptly named. At their wedding they made a handsome couple, and no one was happier than Umlilo; but too late she found that the horse was much dearer to Charlie than herself. Forthwith there grew in her heart a deadly hate for Ingelosi, the gray mare.

Charlie kept his horse in a large, thatched shed, carefully shut up every night until after the poisonous mists and dew had fled before the rising sun. In the

middle of the wet season, when the dews are the heaviest and Blue-tongue most rampant, Charlie arose one morning to find the door of the shed open and his horse gone.

Like one crazed, he ran about the hill, calling her name, and searching in vain for fresh tracks among the many on the green hillside. His wife, building a fire in the little yard before the door of the hut, was making ready the morning meal of mealie (corn) mush.

"What troubles my lord?" she called to him.

"Ingelosi! My Ingelosi, where is she?" cried Charlie, tragically, and suddenly ran up the hill, waving his arms and shouting in a frenzy.

Umlilo was suddenly afraid for him. She left off building the fire and hurried down the valley into the narrow, deep water-course of the Pandani River, where the mists lay piled as thick and white as a bank of snow.

An hour later she returned, leading Ingelosi by a broken halter.

"Where did you find her, Umlilo? Where did you find her?" babbled Charlie as he snatched the halter from her.

"Why, my lord—why, my lord, she had strayed down the valley," stammered Umlilo.

Charlie took note of her stammering and of the way in which her eyes avoided his as she spoke; at the same time he observed that the sides of Ingelosi were wet and shivering, and he remembered that his wife hated his pet. The truth flashed upon him with a hot wave of anger.

"By my grandfather's soul, you hid her in the valley!" he yelled, and struck her across the face with the end of the halter. Blinding tears sprang to her eyes; but she gasped tauntingly: "Most truly I did. You will never ride her again. See, already the Blue-tongue has her."

"You witch of the mountains!" screeched Charlie. "You fool, you fool!" Picking up a large stone, he hurled it at Umlilo, who dodged, and ran screaming from him. Charlie could not follow, for Ingelosi held his attention.

Her shivering changed to an ague that shook her whole beautiful body. She hung her head, and great drops of pink foam oozed from her pendulous lips. *Through the livelong day* Charlie stood

by her, petting and soothing her. There was nothing else he could do. At last came a great flood of foam from the poor creature's mouth, and a choking spasm; and her tongue, swollen twice its size and a blotchy-purple hue, protruded between her teeth. That was the end.

Charlie turned to Umlilo, who, silent and frightened, had come back to the tragic scene. "Behold, she is dead," he said bitterly. "You have killed her and my desire for you. You can stay here or go back to your father's, just as you please. I am going to the mines."

In vain she pleaded for him to stay, in vain she protested her sorrow for her mad act, in vain she begged to accompany him. That very night he went forth.

DROUGHT

IN the grip of Drought lay the land.

Inyoni, son of Umasi, and leader in the little Zulu mission of Noodsberg, squatted in the shade of his hut on the south side of the mountain, and frowned at the dazzling sky and dead earth. His father, Umasi, crawled slowly out of the hut to sit beside him. The village sage sat on his bony hams and turned his wrinkled face toward the valley. He seemed to be studying a secretary-bird that promenaded haughtily through the wilted grass beside a corn-field, but he was thinking.

"My son," he said, "this long season of heat must end soon, else we all perish."

Inyoni assented with a grim nod.

"My son, you know Amatoli, the old woman that lives by herself between the Noodsbergs? She is a witch. If we are to live, she must die."

"What do you mean?" gasped Inyoni, startled.

"I said that she must die."

Inyoni was of the generation brought up in mission-schools; and while he had many of the superstitions of his people, he had a horror of sudden death. "You do not mean to kill her!" he exclaimed.

Umasi cackled with toothless, mirthless laughter. "No, I do not mean to kill her. I am too old to kill a flea. But if you want to live, if you want to save the village, you must rid us of her."

"But, Father, it is a killing!" expostulated Inyoni, full of the teaching of the missions.

"My son," replied the old man, "*she* is killing us all."

"How do you know?"

"I had a dream," said Umasi, decisively.

Those dreams of the sage were oracles in the village. When Umasi said, "I had a dream," not even the missionary could

River; and the tall, brown, barren hills rising beyond made a background so vastly grim that the little dwelling was almost lost in the gloom. Inyoni, however, saw only the mealies. They stood as high as a man, green and luxuriant, with the lighter green of ears beginning to show upon their

firm stalks. The whole field was a fresh, healthy, invigorating green, a strange contrast to the yellow grass, the brown hills beyond, and the brazen sky above.

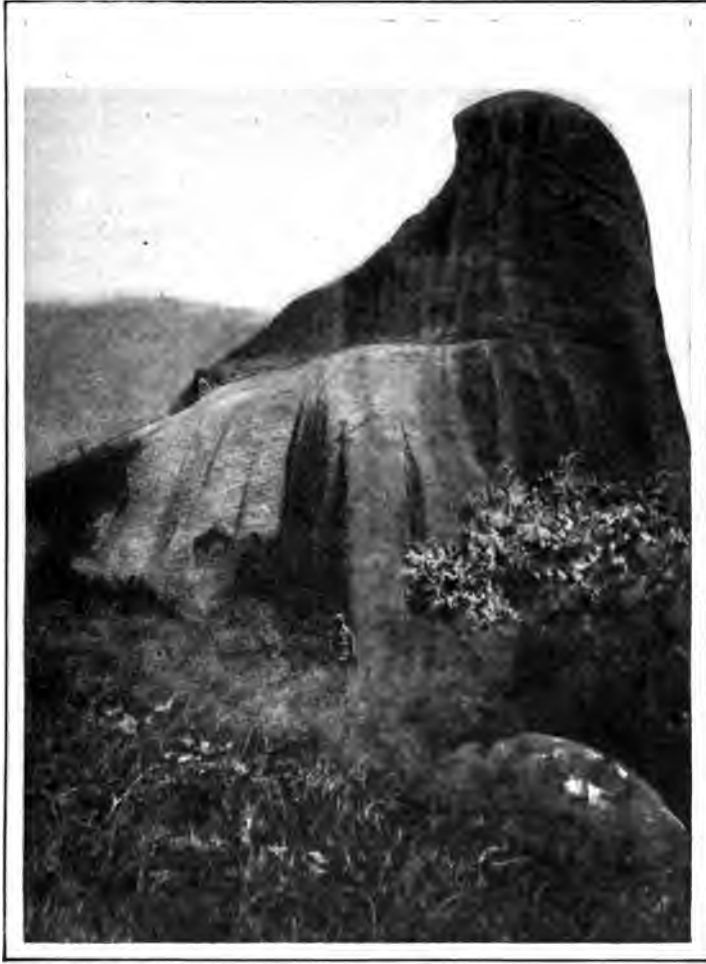
What made it so green? Inyoni could not answer, but all the superstitions of his fathers suddenly crowded into his heart to the destruction of that which was mysterious, inexplicable, and of the shadows.

All at once he noted a movement by the door of the hut. There sat Amatoli, dressed only in an apron of greasy leather. The sun, resting on the top of the mountain behind him, cast a lurid glow over the figure by the black hole of the hut. She was terrible to look upon, with her cavernous eyes, her wrinkled face,

and her emaciated old body, glowing in the sunlight.

As the sun dropped behind the mountain, plunging the valley in mysterious gloom, the old woman burst into weird song. The sound, but not the words, pierced Inyoni. He shuddered violently, and, turning, went grimly home.

North of the Big Noodsberg is a huge block of granite, difficult of ascent. Though its base nestles in a hollow of the



THE GRANITE ROCK WHICH WAS THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

shake the people's faith in the certain progress of events. Inyoni was silenced.

Late that afternoon he visited the hut of Amatoli. He halted behind a stunted mimosa a few rods from the kraal and studied it carefully. There was not much to be seen: an old hut, standing on the mountain-side, blackened and torn by the storms until it looked like an ant-heap; a tiny field of mealies beside it. Far below, at the foot of the mountain, was the Igazi

mountain-side, the fifteen feet square of its top hangs over the rocky bed of the Igazi, a sheer three hundred feet below. It was the place of execution for the old Umzila race.

Thither Inyoni, with the help of two strong, vengeful men, half carried and half dragged Amatoli. They took her at three, the darkest hour of the summer night, but she was so frenziedly desperate in her opposition that it was near sunrise before they could bring her to the top of the rock. Meanwhile some herder-boys had seen them and spread the news, so that in the pink mistiness of the early dawn all of the village except the missionary and his family, who for obvious reasons were not informed, had gathered at the base of the rock.

Standing above the sea of swirling mist in the deep valley, Inyoni accused Amatoli.

"Oh, I 'm not a witch!" she screamed, throwing herself at the feet of the three men—three black figures against the pale blue of the sky.

The crowd gathered in the rear of the rock was as pitiless as the stern figures on its summit. Drought had parched their mealies, killed their potatoes, and dried up their springs. Famine stared them in the face. Already hunger had pinched their cheeks, and under its influence their memories grew pregnant of the evil ways of this woman. First one and then another cast each his stone of damning evidence. And still she protested her innocence, groveling at the feet of her captors.

"What makes your mealies live when ours die?" sternly demanded Inyoni as the final charge.

"I water it! With these old hands of mine I bring water by the gourdful every morning. I bring it from the river. Yes, old as I am, I totter to the river and bring water early every morning. I am poor. The corn is all I have. I must make it live," she sobbed in her terror.

Inyoni could not help being affected. But he knew as well as the rest that it was only further proof of her evil power that he should thus be moved. And so, even as the great red sun flooded the rock with fire, the three men bent over the raving creature, caught her up, and swung her far out above the clouds.

Silently they all went home.

Inyoni's father met him at his door with a questioning look.

"She is gone," grunted Inyoni.

"Then will the drought go," commended the sage. "Be of good cheer, my son; you did well."

And still the brassy sun arose out of the east and sank into the west day after day and day after day; and still the Drought prevailed.

COAST-FEVER

IN almost any other part of the world Coast-fever would be called sheer laziness, but in South Africa it is a disease the power of which is to be reckoned with. Europeans can deal with it in only two ways: by yielding, they can live a long, though unprogressive, life, or, by constantly fighting, become wealthy and great, and die of old age before sixty.

Against this enemy Lincoln Strong pitted all his iron strength. He was an ambitious young American who had purchased a farm among the scraggy hills of the upper Umazi River, where he thought to make a small fortune. It was a beautiful place. The farm of five hundred acres stretched an irregular rectangle to the top of a round hill beside the river, and included a broad, uneven valley that butted against a precipice, where a small stream of water came tumbling down its way to the river.

It was a picturesque spot, but Strong did not choose it on account of its beauty. The soil was good, and the location ideal for irrigation, with a reservoir built above the precipice.

Strong was a tall, lean, wiry Yankee, with crow's-feet invading the corners of his eyes. And he was a worker. From the misty, chilly mornings to the hot and stifling evenings he worked hard all the year through. His six coolies called him "the Wonder," because he was the first white man they had known who toiled harder than his servants. The Kafirs from the neighboring kraals used to stare at him as he sweatingly strove in the fierce heat of mid-afternoon. The fat English planters sometimes visited him, and when they went away they shook their heads pityingly and said he was crazy. One big planter, Mr. Lindley by name, even remonstrated with him for his folly; but he only laughed and showed muscles as hard as steel.

The second summer found Strong's farm a land rich with promise. A series

of little canals supplied water from the reservoir to everything growing on the hill and in the valley. He calculated that the results of his scientific toil would bring him in a clear hundred pounds sterling, and he laughed as he thought of the warnings of the phlegmatic Mr. Lindley.

But when the sharply cold nights and the misty, steaming hot days of the winter came, Strong had a strange experience.

One day he became tired! It was in the midst of his preparations for the next season's planting. Shortly after the noon luncheon he felt suddenly tired—so tired that he had to leave his work and lie down.

He did not get up again for three weeks. All the diseases in the category of human ills seemed to be attacking him at once. He thought he had rheumatism, influenza, dysentery, malaria all combined; and he sent for the doctor.

The doctor was a medical missionary at Umzinto, thirty miles north of Umazi. The evening of the second day he came, slowly plodding up the hill on a hardy little Basuto pony. He said Strong had it.

Strong had it all right; or, rather, it had Strong. He was maddened to be thus beaten. He made up his mind to get well. At the end of three weeks the doctor told him that it was his grit that saved him; and he forbade Strong from working in the hot sun for at least a year. Lincoln swore he would.

"All right," laughed the doctor. "By the way, how tall are you, and what's the width across the shoulders?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Strong.

"I want to be able to order your coffin in time, you know. Terribly hot weather."

With this grim suggestion the doctor left for good. Strong tried to resume his work where it had been interrupted; but, to his disgust, he found that he no longer had the eager zest for it that he had had the previous summer. It was too cold in the morning, too hot at noon, and too damp at night.

At last he bought more coolies and hired an overseer, and consoled himself with the thought that the valley was rich enough to support them all; but his dream of making a fortune was slipping away.

Finding his idle time dragging, he began to visit the neighboring estates, especially that of Mr. Lindley, who had a big tea plantation fifteen miles down the knobby hill ranges toward the sea. He had also a blue-eyed, brown-haired daughter. But of course Strong visited his place more often than the others because he wanted to find out how Mr. Lindley could make any money in the wasteful way he ran the estate. With two thousand acres of arable land, the Englishman was content with a scant four hundred in cultivation, and for that he had five hundred coolies and two

white overseers. Such luxurious ease was an interesting study for Strong, and with Flora Lindley for guide he made a most thorough investigation.

Her father said that the plantation was not run to make money, but to live; and when Flora Lindley came to Strong with a marriage portion of two hundred and fifty guineas, he decided that



AN AFRICAN WARRIOR

the old man knew what he was talking about.

RINDERPEST

JOHN MAKEBESANI hated Christianity on general principles, but largely because he liked beer and polygamy, against which liking all the missionaries he knew waged stern and relentless war. His kraal was on the very summit of the Inyati Mountain, overlooking the great Tugela, the river that separates Natal from Zululand. On three sides of the mountain were lofty precipices, while on the fourth the ascent was so steep that John had never dared to bring his wagons to the top. John was absolute monarch of his wives, his children, and his children's children to the number of two hundred souls.

The Rev. Willard Deming, the new missionary at Mupolo, fifteen miles from the Inyati, soon heard of the inaccessibility of John Makebesani, and determined to reach him if possible. As he followed the trail to the Inyati, he found the adjacent hills alive with immense herds of grazing cattle that belonged to the chief of the mountain. Deming talked pleasantly with the naked little herder-boys and continued on his way.

The first thing that met his eye on the summit was the huge cattle-kraal, an oval-shaped, brush-walled inclosure that covered about a fourth of the available space on the mountain. From the number and size of the herds he had seen, Deming calculated that Makebesani must have at least five hundred head of cattle, and marvelled at his wealth.

The chief was squatting on a mat with a horn pipe in his hand and a pot of beer beside him. He was a large, fleshy man, with grizzled hair, and massive features inlaid with hard wrinkles; he was clad in a heavy loin-covering of wildcat tails, a necklace of hyena teeth, and a coronet of



Drawn by Percy E. Cowen. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HE EXTRACTED THE BROKEN STUMP OF THE TOOTH"

twisted horsehair covered with black clay and beeswax and polished until it shone like ebony. A company of six retainers sat near, and others gathered until the missionary was surrounded by half a hundred men. Nothing daunted, the Rev. Mr. Deming explained the object of his visit.

"If I could build a school in the valley," he said compromisingly, "you might—"

"If you build a school in the valley it will be burned," said the king, sententiously.

"Then let me take just six of your young men to the mission-station at Mupolo, and let them live with me only a few months. I say this for your own good, John. While the world moves on, you are left behind in darkness. Let me teach the light to a few of your young men that you may learn of them."

"Never!" said the chief, rising. "And if you ever show yourself here again, you will become food for jackals and vultures. You will fall suddenly from one of these cliffs, and no English magistrate will know how you fell."

Makebesani swayed a little on his bare feet, and his little black eyes were watery and inflamed. Plainly he was drunk, and the missionary knew there was no use to parley further.

As he started down the mountain, he passed a woman sitting in the sun and nursing a swollen jaw, with closed eyes, drawn face, and tense fingers of both hands pressed hard against the cheek.

"What 's the trouble?" he asked sympathetically.

A man grinding a mixture of herbs on a flat stone near by sprang to his feet and poured forth a voluble tale of the sufferings of his wife. A tooth hurt her so that she had not slept for two nights. He had tried to pry it out on the point of a spear, but the tooth had broken and hurt her worse than before. Now he was preparing medicine that he hoped would relieve the pain.

"If you can do anything for her," he concluded, "I will give you three cows. She is my first wife, and it is not fortunate for me to have my first wife suffer this way."

"Come with me to the station with her and I think I can stop that pain," said Deming, reassuringly.

That same evening he extracted the broken stump of the tooth, thus opening an abscess that had formed at its base. The relief that came was immediate, and the happy couple fairly groveled at his feet from excess of joy. Deming, however, would not accept payment, but sought their help in establishing a school at Inyati.

They promised gladly.

About this time wild rumors were current concerning the advent of the dread

Rinderpest, a cattle-plague that was sweeping the whole continent of Africa. It broke out in Transvaal. A month later it was ravaging the northern part of Natal. Then it spread east, west, and south until not a cattle-owner in the country escaped some loss. Makebesani had left scarcely one hundred emaciated beasts from his splendid herds.

While the missionary was sorry for the chief's plight, he was at the same time satisfied that it was all for the best. He could see a larger good to come. He paid another visit to the ruined chief, having no fear, because meanwhile he had made friends with many of the younger generation on the mountain by such acts of kindness as had won the hearts of the woman with the toothache and her devoted husband.

John Makebesani was sitting before his hut in the sunshine with his head between his knees. At sound of the horse's tread, he looked up and rushed at the missionary.

"You son of destruction, what are you doing here!" he roared, shaking his heavy walking-stick in the white man's face.

Mr. Deming tried to pacify him. "Surely you will listen, now that you have lost so much. Let me tell you of treasures that fail not, of possessions that perish not."

"You shall rot in a crocodile's belly first," bellowed the mad chief, and hurled the stick at the missionary. It struck his horse, from which he had just dismounted, and it broke away and ran down the mountain.

"Seize the snake!" commanded Makebesani, pointing at Deming.

There were a dozen or more about the white man, and others were fast approaching. Some started forward with menacing gestures, but the missionary was not unprepared. In the crowd he recognized those whom he had won to himself, among them the grateful husband, and he called them forth by name.

"If you want a school in the valley, you will stand on my side. I trust myself to you."

The chief was in a frenzy now, and himself sprang at the missionary, but was blocked by a wall of his own kin.

Seeing his advantage, Mr. Deming calmly urged the haggard inmates of the kraal to forsake the mountain-top and come down into the valley with him. The two whom he had won that first day were

the first to join him openly. Others followed, until the chief was left with only a handful of his most faithful wives and oldest sons.

In bitter despair Makebesani rushed into the great, broad waste of the cattle-kraal, where once five hundred beasts had been kept, and flung himself upon his face on the hard, yellow earth.

The remnant of his tribe followed

slowly after, and urged as a matter of policy that he go with the children down the mountain-side.

"I will die first," he swore, and lay speechless.

But before night he arose and sought peace in the valley.

In the eyes of the missionary, at least, Pharaoh's heart had been softened by the great scourge of Rinderpest.



THE POT OF GOLD

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

*WHERE art thou bound, my friend,
Now that the day grows old?
I seek the rainbow's end,
Where lies the pot of gold.*

*Dread mountains must thou scale
And perilous torrents breast.
Nor heart, nor strength shall fail
The while I seek my quest.*

*And shouldst thou find the gold,
Sheep for thy fields wilt buy?
Empty should stay my fold,
No kine in my stable lie.*

*Wilt buy more land and gear,
Silk jerkins and soft shoon?
I'd sleep in homespun here,
Houseless beneath the moon.*

*How, then, wilt better fare,
If thou the gold shalt find?
Oh, I'll buy a night-black mare
And ride to Rosalind.*



THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

FIFTH PAPER: THE SISTERS OF CALIGULA AND THE MARRIAGE OF MESSALINA

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

AFTER the death of Tiberius (37 A.D.), the problem of the succession presented to the senate was not an easy one. In his will Tiberius had adopted, and thereby designated to the senate as his successors, Caius Caligula, the son of Germanicus, and Tiberius, the son of his own son Drusus. The latter was only seventeen, and too young for such a responsibility. Caligula was twenty-seven, and therefore still very young, although by straining a point he might be emperor; yet he did not enjoy a good reputation. If we except him, there was no other member of the family old enough to govern except Tiberius Claudius Nero, the brother of Germanicus and the only surviving son of Drusus and Antonia. He was generally considered a fool, was the laughing-stock of freedmen and women, and such a gawk and clown that it had been impossible to put him into the magistracy. Indeed, he was not even a senator when Tiberius died.

As they could not consider him, there remained only Caligula, unless they wished to go outside the family of Augustus, which, if not impossible, was at least difficult and dangerous. For the provinces, the German barbarians, and especially the

soldiers of the legions, were accustomed to look upon this family as the mainstay of the empire. The legions had become especially attached to the memory and to the race of Drusus and Germanicus, who still lived in the minds of the soldiers as witnesses to their former exploits and virtues. During the long watches of the night, as their names were repeated in speech and story, their shades, idealized by death, returned again to revisit the camps on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. The veneration and affection which the armies had once felt for the Roman nobility were now centered about the family of Augustus. In this difficulty, therefore, the senate chose the lesser evil, and, annulling a part of the testament of Tiberius, elected Caligula, the son of Germanicus, as their emperor.

The death of Tiberius was destined to show the Romans for the first time that although it was hard to find an emperor, it might be even harder to find an empress. During the long reign of Augustus, Livia had discharged the duties of this difficult position with incomparable success. Tiberius had succeeded Augustus, and after his divorce from Julia had never remarried. There had therefore been a long interreg-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DEPOSITING THE ASHES OF A MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY
IN A ROMAN COLUMBARIUM

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

num in the Roman world of feminine society, during which no one had ever stopped to think whether it would be easy or difficult to find a woman who could with dignity take over the position of Livia. The problem was really presented for the first time with the advent of Calig-

The celibacy of Tiberius had undoubtedly contributed to the social isolation which had been fatal both to him and to the state. Therefore in Caligula's time the Roman public became aware that the problem confronting it was a most difficult one. A most exacting public opinion, hesi-



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

CALIGULA

From the bust in the Capitoline Museum, Rome.

ula; for, at twenty-seven, he could not solve it as simply as Tiberius had done. In the first place, it was to be expected that a man of his age would have a wife; secondly, the *lex de maritandis ordinibus* made marriage a necessity for him, as for all the senators; furthermore, the head of the state needed to have a woman at his side, if he wished to discharge all his social duties.

tating between the ideals of two epochs, wished to see united in the empress the best part both of the ancient and of the modern customs, and was consequently demanding that the second Livia should possess virtually every quality. It was necessary that she should be of noble birth; that is, a descendant of one of those great Roman families which with every year were becoming less numerous, less pro-



From a photograph, copyright by Braun & Co.

CHOOSING A VESTAL BY LOT, IN THE HOUSE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS, FROM TWENTY
CANDIDATES NAMED BY THE PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARIOTTI IN BRISTOL

Halfstone plate engraved by Robert Varley

is virtuous, and more fiercely dis-
 mong themselves by irreconcilable

This latter was a most serious
 y; for by marrying into one of
 nes, the emperor ran the risk of
 izing all those other families which
 ; enemies. The empress, further-
 must be the model of all the vir-
 tuitful, in order to obey the *lex*

ritandis or-
 religious,
 and virtu-
 t she might
 ate the *lex*
terii; sim-
 modest, in
 ce to the
stuar. She
 e able to
 isely over
 : household
 emperor,

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 l in the
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 xial duties
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 serious con-
 for every
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 even more
 for the em-

That she
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 t was of
 out of the
 l. In fact,
 is time to
 wnfall of

e difficulties of the imperial family
 authority arise not so much from
 errors as from their wives; so that
 truly be said that it was the wo-
 o unwittingly dragged down to its
 : great Julio-Claudian house.

f the difficulty was serious, there
 as a man so little fitted and so ill
 l to face it as this young man of
 seven who had been exalted to the
 dignity after the death of Tibe-
 four years before his election as
 ; he had married a certain Julia
 a, a lady who doubtless belonged

to one of the great Roman families, but
 about whom we have no definite infor-
 mation. We cannot say, therefore, whether
 or not at the side of a second Augustus
 she might have become a new Livia. In
 any case, it is certain that Caligula was
 not a second Augustus. He was probably
 not so frenzied a lunatic as ancient writers
 have pictured him, but his was certainly

an extravagant, un-
 balanced mind,
 given to excesses,
 and unhinged by
 the delirium of
 greatness, which
 his coming to the
 throne had in-
 creased the more
 because it had
 been conferred upon
 him at a time when
 he was too young
 and before he had
 been sufficiently
 prepared. For many
 years Caligula had
 never even hoped
 to succeed Tibe-
 rius; he had con-
 tinually feared that
 the fate of his
 mother and his two
 brothers was like-
 wise waiting for
 him. Far from
 having dreamed
 that he would be
 raised to the im-
 perial purple, he
 had merely desired
 that he might not
 have to end his
 days as an exile



COSTUME OF A CHIEF VESTAL
 (VIRGO VESTALIS MAXIMA)

From the statue in Rome.

on some desert island in the Mediterra-
 nean. So much good fortune after the
 long persecutions of his family profoundly
 disturbed his mental faculties, which had
 not originally been well balanced, and it
 fomented in him that delirium of gran-
 deur which violently directed his desires
 toward distant Egypt, in the customs of
 which, rather than in those of Rome,
 he, in the exaltation of power, sought
 satisfaction for his imperial vanity. From
 his earliest youth Caligula had shown
 a great inclination for the products and
 the men of that far country, then greatly

admired and greatly feared by the Romans. For instance, we know that all his servants were Egyptians, and that Helicon, his most faithful and influential freedman, was an Alexandrian. But shortly after his elevation this admiration for the land of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs broke forth into a furor of Egyptian exoticism, which impelled him to an attempt to bring his own reign into connection with the policies of his great-grandfather Mark Antony. He sought to introduce into Rome the ideas, the customs, the sumptuousness, and the institutions of the Pharaoh-Ptolemaic monarchy; to make of his palace a court similar to that of Alexandria, and of himself a divine king, adored in flesh and blood, as sovereigns were adored on the banks of the Nile.

Caligula was undoubtedly mad, but his madness would have seemed less chaotic and incomprehensible, and a thread of sense would have been discovered even in his excesses and in the ravings of his unsettled mind, if it had been understood that many of his most famous freaks were moved and inspired by this Egyptian idea and tendency. In the madness of Caligula, as in the story of Antony and the tragedy of Tiberius, there is forever recurring, under a new form, the great struggle between Italy and the East, between Rome and Alexandria, which can never be divorced from the history of the last century of the republic and the first century of the empire. Whoever carefully sifts out the separate actions in the disordered conduct of the third Roman emperor will easily rediscover the thread of this idea and the trace of this latent conflict. For instance, we see the new emperor scarcely elected before he introduced the worship of Isis among the official cults of the Roman state, and assigned in the calendar a public festival to Isis. In short, he was favoring those Egyptian cults which Tiberius, with his "old-Roman" sympathies, had fiercely combated. Furthermore, we see Caligula prohibiting the festival in commemoration of the battle of Actium, which had been celebrated every year for more than half a century. At first sight the idea seems absurd, though it must not be considered a caprice; for with this act Caligula was intending to initiate the historical rehabilitation of Mark Antony, the man who had

tried to shift the center of Roman politics from Rome to Alexandria. The emperor meant to make plain to Rome that she was no longer to boast of having humiliated Alexandria with arms, since Alexandria would henceforth be taken as a model in all things.

Just as the dynasty of the Ptolemies had been surrounded by a semi-religious veneration, Caligula, inspired as he was by Egyptian and Ptolemaic conceptions, sought to have this same veneration bestowed upon his entire family—that family which under Tiberius had been persecuted and defamed by suits and decimated by suicides made necessary through the envy of the aristocracy, which was forever unwilling to forgive its too great prestige. Caligula not only hastened to set out in person to gather up the bones of Agrippina, his mother, and of his brother, in order to bring them to Rome and deposit them piously in the tomb of Augustus,—that was a natural duty of filial piety,—but he also prohibited any one to name among his ancestors the great Agrippa, the builder of the Pantheon, because his very obscure origin seemed a blot upon the semi-divine purity of his race. He had the title of Augusta and all the privileges of the vestal virgins bestowed upon his grandmother Antonia, the daughter of Mark Antony and the faithful friend of Tiberius; he had these same vestal privileges bestowed upon his three sisters, Agrippina, Drusilla, and Livilla; he had assigned to them a privileged position equal to his own at the games in the circus; he even had it decreed that their names should be included in the vows which the magistrates and pontiffs offered every year for the prosperity of the prince and of his people, and that in the prayers for the conservation of his power there should also be included a prayer for their felicity. As if in reaction against the persecutions and the humiliations which the imperial family had suffered under Tiberius, even the sisters of the emperor acquired a sacred character and a privileged position in the state.

At Rome this was an innovation contrary to the republican spirit and traditions, and was inspired by the conceptions and sentiments of Oriental monarchies. It cannot be denied that the transition from atrocious persecutions to divine hon-

ors was somewhat sudden, but this is merely a further proof that Caligula was endowed with a violent, impulsive, and irreflective temperament. In any case, there was neither scandal nor protest at the time. No one was sorry that all the purveyors of voluptuousness—mimes, singers, actors, dancers of both sexes, cooks, and puppets—should with noisy joy break into the imperial palace, which had been official, severe, and cold under Tiberius, and bring back pleasure, luxury, and festivals. The economical and joyless government of Tiberius had wearied all, and in the first months of his reign Caligula was therefore popular.

ity, and praise quickly aroused all that was warped and excessive in his nature, and very soon, as he showed at the end of the year 37, he took up with an idea which must have seemed to the Romans a horrible impiety. His wife had died soon after he became emperor. Another marriage seemed obligatory, and he decided that he would marry his sister Drusilla.

Historians have represented this intention as the perverse delirium of an unbridled sensuality. It was certainly the gross act of a madman, but there was perhaps more politics in his madness than perversity; for it was an attempt to introduce into Rome the dynastic marriages between



From the collection of Professor G. N. Olcott

A BRONZE SESTERTIUS (SLIGHTLY ENLARGED) SHOWING THE SISTERS OF CALIGULA (AGRIPPINA, DRUSILLA, AND JULIA LIVILLA) ON ONE SIDE AND GERMANICUS ON THE OTHER SIDE

In truth, if he, still harking back to Egyptian ideas and customs, had been content with surrounding his family, especially its women, with a respect which would have protected them against the infamous accusations and iniquitous persecutions to which many had fallen victims, he might have had credit for an action which was good, just, and useful to the state. That strange condition of affairs which had been growing up under Tiberius was both absurd and dangerous to the country: the emperor was honored with extraordinary powers and made the object of a semi-religious veneration; but his family, and especially its women, were, as a sort of retribution, set outside the laws and fiercely assailed in a thousand insidious ways. But the lunatic Caligula was not the man to keep even a wise proposal within reasonable limits. Power, popular-

brothers and sisters which had been the constant tradition of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs of Egypt. This Oriental custom certainly seems a horrible aberration to us, who have been educated according to the strict and austere doctrines of Christianity, which, inheriting in these matters the fine flower of Greco-Latin ideas, has purified and rendered them more rigorous. But for centuries and centuries in Egypt,—that is, in the most ancient of the Mediterranean civilizations,—this horrible aberration was looked upon as a sovereign privilege which brought the royal dynasty into relationship with the gods. By means of it, this family preserved the semi-divine purity of its blood; and perchance this custom, which had survived up to the fall of the Ptolemies, was only the projection of ideas and customs which in most ancient times had had a much wider diffusion in

the Mediterranean world, for traces of it can be found even in Greek mythology. For were not Jupiter and Juno, who constituted the august Olympian couple, at the same time also brother and sister? Gradually restricted through the spreading of Greek civilization, this custom was finally eradicated on the shores of the Mediterranean by Rome after the destruction of the kingdom of the Ptolemies.

The lunatic Caligula now suddenly took it into his head to transplant this custom to Rome—to transplant it with all the religious pomp of the Egyptian monarchy, and thus transform the family of Augustus, which up to the present had been merely the most eminent family of the Roman aristocracy, into a dynasty of gods and demigods, whose members were to be united by marriage among themselves in order not to pollute the celestial purity of their blood. A fraternal and divine pair were to rule at Rome, like another Arsinoë and Ptolemy, whom the Alexandrian throngs had worshiped on the banks of the Nile. The idea had already matured in his mind at the end of the year 37, and among his three sisters he had already chosen Drusilla to be his wife. This is proved by a will made at the time of an illness which he contracted in the autumn of the first year of his rule. In this will he appointed Drusilla heir not only of his goods, but also of the empire, a wild folly from the point of view of Roman ideas, which did not admit women to the government; but it proves that Caligula already thought and acted like an Egyptian king.

It is easy to understand why the peace and harmony which had been reëstablished for a moment in the troubled imperial family by the advent of Caligula should have been of brief duration. His grandmother and his sisters were Romans, educated in Roman ideals, and this exotic madness of his could inspire in them only an irresistible horror. This brought confusion into the imperial family, and after having suffered the persecutions of Sejanus and his party, the unhappy daughters of Germanicus found themselves in the toils of the exacting caprices of their brother. In fact, in 38, Caligula had already broken with his grandmother Antonia, whom the year before he had had proclaimed *Augusta*; and between the years 38 and

39, catastrophes followed one another in the family with frightful rapidity. His sister Drusilla, whom, as Suetonius tells us, he already treated as a lawful wife, died suddenly of some unknown malady while still very young. It is not improbable that her health may have been ruined by the horror of the wild adventure, which was neither human nor Roman, into which her brother sought to drag her by marriage. Caligula suddenly declared her a goddess, to whom all the cities must pay honors. He had a temple built for her, and appointed a body of twenty priests, ten men and ten women, to celebrate her worship; he decreed that her birthday should be a holiday, and he wished the statue of Venus on the Forum to be carved in her likeness.

But in proportion as Caligula became more and more fervid in this adoration of his dead sister, the disagreement between himself and his other two sisters became more embittered. Julia Livilla was exiled in 38; Agrippina, the wife of Domitius Enobarbus, in 39, and about this same time the venerable Antonia died. It was noised about that Caligula had forced her to commit suicide, and that Agrippina and Livilla had taken part in a conspiracy against the life of the emperor. How much truth there may be in these reports it is difficult to say, but the reason for all these catastrophes may be affirmed with certainty. Life in the imperial palace was no longer possible, especially for women, with this madman who was transforming Rome into Alexandria and who wished to marry a sister. Even Tiberius, the son of Drusus and co-heir to the empire with Caligula, was defeated at about this time in some obscure suit, and disappeared.

Caligula therefore remained alone at Rome to represent in the imperial palace the family which only ironically can be considered as the most fortunate in Rome. Of three generations, upon whom fate seemed to have showered all the gifts of life, there remained at his side only Claudius, the clownish old man, the plaything of slaves and freedmen, whom no one molested because all could make game of him. A madman and an imbecile,—or at least one who was reputed such by everybody,—this was all that remained of the family of Augustus seventy years after the battle of Actium.

Alone, with no sisters now to elevate to the divine honors of the Roman Olympus, Caligula was reduced to hunting for wives in the families of the aristocracy. But it seems that even there could be found no great abundance of women who had all the necessary qualities to make them the Olympian consorts of so capricious a god. In three years he married and repudiated three. Livia Orestilla was the first, Lollia Paulina was the second, and Milonia Cæsonia was the third—figures without relief, shades and ghosts of empresses, no one of whom had time enough even to occupy the highest post. In vain the people expected that there would appear in the imperial palace a worthy successor to Livia. Caligula, like all madmen, was by nature solitary, and could not live with other human beings: he was to remain alone, a prey to his ravings, which became ever stranger and more violent. He now wished to impose upon the empire the worship of his own person, without considering any opposition or local traditions and superstitions. In doing this he did violence not only to the civic and republican sentiment of Italy, which detested this worship of a living man as an ignoble Oriental adulation, but also to the religious feeling of the Hebrews, to whom this cult appeared most horrible and idolatrous.

In this way difficulties, dissatisfaction, and sedition arose in all parts of the empire. The extravagances, the wild expenditures, the riotous pleasures, and the cruelties of Caligula increased the discontent and disgust on every hand. We need not take literally all the accounts of his cruelty and violence which ancient writers have transmitted to us,—even Caligula has been blackened,—but it is certain that his government in the last two years of his reign degenerated into a reckless, extravagant, violent, and cruel tyranny. One day the empire awoke in terror to the fact that the imperial family—that family in which the legions, the provinces, and the barbarians saw the keystone of the state—no longer existed; that in the vast imperial palace, empty of women, empty of children, empty of hope, there wandered a raging madman of thirty-one, who divorced a wife every six months, who foolishly wasted the treasure and the blood of his subjects, and who was concerned with no other thought than that of

having himself worshiped like a god in flesh and blood by all the empire. A conspiracy was formed in the palace itself, and Caligula was killed.

THE senate was much perplexed when it heard of the death of Caligula. What was to be done? The majority was inclined to restore the former republican government by abolishing the imperial authority and to give back to the senate the supreme direction of the state, which little by little had passed into the hands of the emperor. But many recognized that this return to the ancient form of government would be neither easy nor without danger. Could the senate, neglected, divided, and disregarded as it was, succeed in governing the immense empire? On the other hand, it was not much easier to find an emperor, granted that an emperor was henceforth necessary. In the family of Augustus there was only Claudius, too foolish and ridiculous for them to think of making him the head of the state. It seems that some eminent senator offered his candidacy on the ground that if the authority of the members of the family of Augustus was already so uncertain, so debatable, and so darkly threatened, what would happen to a new emperor, unknown to the legions and the provinces, and unsupported by the glory of his ancestors? While the senate was debating in such uncertainty, the pretorians discovered Claudius in a corner of the imperial palace, where he had been cowering through fear lest he too be killed. Recognizing in him the brother of Germanicus, the pretorians proclaimed him emperor. An act of will is always more powerful than a thousand scruples or hesitations: the senate yielded to the legions, and recognized Claudius the imbecile as emperor.

But Claudius was not an imbecile, although he appeared such to many. Instead, he was, so to speak, a man half-grown, in whom certain parts of the mind were highly developed, but whose character had remained that of a child, timid, capricious, impulsive, giddy, and incapable of self-mastery. In intellect he was learned, even cultivated; he was fond of studies, of history, literature, and archæology, and spoke and wrote well. But Augustus had been forced to give up the attempt to have him enter upon a political

career because he had been unable to make him acquire even that exterior bearing which confers the necessary dignity upon him who exercises great power, to say nothing of the firmness, precision, and force of will required in governing men. Credulous, timorous, impressionable, and at the same time obstinate, gluttonous, and sensual, this erudite, overgrown boy had become in the imperial palace a kind of plaything for everybody, especially for his slaves, who, knowing his defects and his weaknesses, did with him what they wished.

He did not lack the intellectual qualities necessary for governing well, but of the moral qualities he had only one: he was intelligent, and he looked stupid. He was able to consider the great questions of politics, war, and finance with breadth of view, with original and acute intelligence, but he never succeeded in having himself taken seriously by the persons who surrounded him. He dared undertake great projects, like the conquest of Britain, and he lost his head at the wildest fable about conspiracy which one of his intimates told him; he had mind sufficient to govern the empire as well as Augustus and Tiberius had done, but he could not succeed in getting obedience from four or five slaves or from his own wife.

Such a man was destined to turn out a rather odd emperor, at once great and ridiculous. He made important laws, undertook gigantic public works and conquests of great moment; but in his own house he was a weak husband, incapable of exercising any sort of authority over his wife. With these conjugal weaknesses he seriously compromised the imperial authority, while at the same time he was consolidating it and rendering it illustrious with beautiful and wise achievements, especially in the first seven years of his rule, while he lived with Valeria Messalina.

We must admit in his justification that in this matter he had not been particularly fortunate; for fate had given him to wife a lady who, notwithstanding her illustrious ancestors,—she belonged to one of the greatest families of Rome, related to the family of Augustus,—was not exactly suited to be his companion in the imperial dignity. Every one knows that the name of *Valeria Messalina* has become in history

synonymous with all the faults and all the vices of which a woman can be guilty. This, as usual, is the result of the envy and malevolence which never offered truce to the family of Augustus as long as any of its members lived. But many of the infamies which are attributed to her are evidently fables, complacently repeated by Tacitus and Suetonius, and easily believed by posterity. But it is certain that if Messalina was not a monster, she was a beautiful woman, capricious, gay, powerful, reckless, avid of luxury and of money, who had never scrupled to abuse the weakness of her husband in any way either by deceiving him or by obliging him to follow her will and her caprice in everything. She was a woman, in short, neither very virtuous nor serious. There are such women at all times and in all social classes, and they are generally considered by the majority not as monsters, but as a pleasing, though dangerous, variety of the feminine sex. Under normal conditions, nevertheless, when the husband exercises a certain energy and sagacity, even the danger which may result from them is relatively slight.

But chance had made of Messalina an empress, and Messalina was not a sufficiently intelligent or serious woman to understand that if she had been able to abuse the weakness of Claudius with impunity while he had been the most obscure member of the imperial family, it was a much more difficult matter to continue to abuse it after he had become the head of the state. It was from this error that all their difficulties arose. Elated by her new position, Messalina more than ever took advantage of her husband's infirmity. She began by starting new dissensions in the imperial family. Claudius had recalled to Rome the two victims of Caligula's Egyptian caprices, Agrippina and Julia Livilla; but if the latter no longer found a brother in Rome to persecute them, they did find their aunt, and they had gained but little by the exchange. Messalina soon took umbrage at the influence which the two sisters acquired over the mind of their weak-willed uncle, and it was not long before Julia Livilla was accused under the *lex de adulteriis*, and exiled with Seneca, the famous philosopher, whom they wished rightly or wrongly to pass off as her lover. Agrippina, like her mother, was a virtu-



CLAUDIUS, MESSALINA, AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE "HAGUE COMEIO"

ous woman, as is proved by the fact that she could not be attacked with such weapons and was enabled to remain in Rome, though she had to live prudently and beware of her enemy, and much the more as she had only recently become a widow and could therefore not even count upon the protection of a husband. Though Agrippina remained at Rome, she was isolated and reduced to a position of helplessness.

Messalina alone, together with four or five intelligent and unscrupulous freedmen, hedged Claudius about, and there began the period of their common government—a government of incredible waste and extortion. Among these freedmen there were, to be sure, men like Narcissus and Pallas, intelligent and sagacious, who did not aim merely at putting money into their purses, but who helped Claudius to govern the empire properly. Messalina, on the other hand, thought only of acquiring wealth, that she might dissipate it in luxury and pleasures. The wife of the emperor had been seen selling her influence to the sovereign allies and vassals, to all the rich personages of the empire who desired to obtain any sort of favor from the imperial authority; she had been seen bartering with the contractors for public works, mingling in the financial affairs of the state every time that there was any occasion to make money. And with the money

thus amassed she was seen to make ostentatious displays which violated all the prohibitions of the *lex sumptuaria*, leading a life of unseemly pleasures, in which it is easy to imagine what sort of example of all the finer feminine virtues she set. Claudius either knew nothing of all this or else submitted without protest.

Such an empress, however, could hardly please the public. If those who profited by her dissipations greatly admired Messalina, a lively movement of protest was soon started among the people. Faithful to the great Latin traditions, Rome and Italy wished to see at their emperor's side a lady adorned with all the fairer virtues of the ancient matron—with those virtues, in short, which Livia had personified with such dignity. How could they tolerate this sort of dissipated Bacchante, who should have been condemned to infamy and exile with the many other Roman women who had been faithless to their husbands; who with the effrontery of her unpunished crimes dishonored and rendered ridiculous the imperial authority? To the middle classes the emperor was a semi-sacred magistrate, charged with maintaining by law and example the purity of the family, fidelity in marital relations, and simplicity of customs.

Now, to their amazement, they saw in the person of the empress all the dissipations, corruptions, and perversions of the

woman who wished to live only for her pleasure, to enjoy her beauty, and to have others enjoy it, enthroned, to the scandal of all honest minds, in the palace of the emperor. Furthermore, it seemed to every one a scandal that one who was an emperor should at the same time be a weak husband; for the simple good sense of the Latins would not admit that a man who could govern an empire should not be able to command a woman. It soon became the general opinion of all reasonable people that Messalina, in the position of Livia upon the Palatine, and with so weak a husband, was not only a scandal, but also a continual menace to the public.

Nevertheless, it would now have been no easy matter, even if the emperor had wished it, to convict an empress of infidelity and disobedience to one of the great laws of Augustus. Caligula was a madman and had been able to secure three divorces, but a wiser emperor would have to think for a long time before rendering public the shame and scandals of his family, especially when confronted with an aristocracy which was as eager to suspect and calumniate as was the aristocracy of Rome. But the problem became hopeless as soon as the emperor did not see or did not wish to see the faults of his wife. Would any one dare to step forward and accuse the empress?

The situation gradually became grave and dangerous. The state, governed with intelligence, but without energy, with vast contradictions and hesitations, was being strengthened along certain lines and was going to pieces along others. The power and extortions of the freedmen were breeding discontent on every hand. Both through what she really did, and what the populace said she had done, Messalina was being transformed by the people into a legendary personage whose infamous deeds aroused general indignation; but all in vain. It now became evident that an empress was virtually invulnerable, and that, once enthroned upon the Palatine, there was no effective means of protesting against the various ways in which she could abuse her lofty position unless the emperor wished to interfere. In its exasperation, the public finally vented upon Claudius the anger which the violence and misconduct of Messalina had aroused. They declared that it was his weakness

which was responsible for her conduct; and intrigues, deeds of violence, conspiracies, and attempts at civil war became, as Suetonius says, every-day occurrences at Rome.

A sense of insecurity and doubt was spreading throughout the state as a result of the indecision of the emperor, and all began to ask themselves how long a government could last which was at the mercy of a wanton. They felt that a small conspiracy or a revolt of the legions could overthrow it from night to morning, as it had overthrown the government of Caligula. All hearts were filled with suspicion, distrust, and fear, and many concluded that since Claudius had not succeeded in relieving the empire of Messalina, it would be well to rid the empire of Claudius.

So for seven years Messalina remained the great weakness of a government which possessed signal merits and accomplished great things. Of all the emperors in the family of Augustus, Claudius was certainly the one whose life was most seriously threatened, for he lived in continual peril, especially because of his wife. Such a situation could not endure.

It finally resolved itself into a tragic scandal, which, if we could believe Suetonius and Tacitus, would certainly have been the most monstrous extravagance to which an imagination depraved by power could have abandoned itself. According to these writers, Messalina, at a loss for some new form of dissipation, one fine day took it into her head to marry Silius, a young man with whom she was very much in love, who belonged to a distinguished family, and who was the consul-designate. According to them, for the pleasure of shocking the imperial city with the sacrilege of a bigamous union, she actually did marry him in Rome, with the most solemn religious rites, while Claudius was at Ostia! But is this credible, at least without admitting that Messalina had suddenly gone insane? To what end and for what reason would she have committed such a sacrilege, which struck at the very heart of popular sentiment? Dissolute, cruel, and avaricious Messalina certainly was, but mad she was not. And even if we are willing to admit that she had gone mad, is it conceivable that all those who would have had to lend her their services

in the staging of this revolting farce had also gone mad? It is difficult to suppose that they acted through fear, for the empress had no such power in Rome that she could constrain conspicuous persons publicly to commit such sacrilege.

This episode would probably be an un-

If Claudius himself gave a dowry to the bride, he therefore knew that the marriage of Messalina and Silius was to take place; and it is precisely this fact which seems so incredible to Suetonius. But we know that in the Roman aristocracy a man could give away his own wife in this man-



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

CLAUDIUS

From the bust in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

fathomable enigma had not Suetonius by chance given us the key to its solution: "Nam illud omnem fidem excesserit, quod nuptiis, quas Messalina cum adultero Silio fecerat, tabellas dotis et ipse consignaverit" ("For that which would pass all belief is the fact that in the marriage which Messalina contracted with the adulterer Silius, he himself [Claudius] should have signed the figures for the dowry").

ner; for have we not recounted in this present history how Livia was dowered and given in marriage to Augustus by her first husband, the grandfather of Claudius? The deeding of a wife with a dowry was a part of the somewhat bizarre marriage customs of the Roman aristocracy, which gradually lost ground in the first and second century of our era in proportion as the prestige and power of that

aristocracy declined, and in proportion as the middle classes acquired influence in the state and succeeded in imposing upon it their ideas and sentiments. The passage in Suetonius proves to us that he no longer understood this matrimonial custom, and it is doubtful whether even Tacitus thoroughly understood it. Nor is it improbable that it should have seemed strange even to many of the contemporaries of Claudius. We could therefore explain how, not really understanding what had happened, the historians of the following century should have believed that Messalina had married Silius while she was still the wife of Claudius.

In short, Claudius had been persuaded to divorce Messalina and to marry her to Silius. The passage from Suetonius, if carefully interpreted, clearly tells us this. What means were employed to persuade Claudius to consent to this new marriage we do not know. Suetonius refers to this, but he is not clear. In any case, this point is less important than that other question: Why was Messalina, after seven years of empire, willing to divorce Claudius and marry Silius?

The problem is not an easy one, but after long examination I have decided to accept with slight modification the explanation given by Umberto Silvagni in his beautiful work, "The Empire and the Women of the Cæsars," a book which contains many original ideas and much acute observation.

Silvagni, who is an excellent student of Roman history, has well brought out how Silius belonged to a family of the aristocracy famous for its devotion to the party of Germanicus and Agrippina. His father, who had been a great friend of Germanicus, had been one of the victims of *Sejanus*, and accused in the time of Tibe-

rius under the law of high treason, he had committed suicide. His mother, Sosia Galla, had been condemned to exile on account of her devotion to Agrippina. Starting out with these considerations, and examining acutely the accounts of all the ancient historians, Silvagni concluded that behind this marriage there lay a conspiracy to ruin Claudius and to put Caius Silius in his place. Messalina must sooner or later have felt that the situation was an impossible one, that Claudius was not a sufficiently strong or energetic emperor to

be able to impose the disorganized government of himself and his freedmen upon the empire, and that any day he might fall a prey to a plot or an assassination. What would happen, she must have asked herself, if Claudius, like Caligula, should some day be despatched by a conspiracy? The same fate would doubtless be waiting for her; for having killed him, the conspirators would certainly murder her also. Consequently she took up with the idea of ruining the emperor herself in order to contribute to the elevation of



From a photograph by Anderson of the bust in the Museo Nazionale

THE PHILOSOPHER SENECA

his successor, and thus to preserve at his side the position which she had occupied in the court of Claudius. But once Claudius had been slain, there would be no other member of the family of Augustus old enough to govern. She therefore decided to choose him in a family famous for its devotion to Germanicus and the more popular branch of the house, thus hoping the more easily to win over the legions and the pretorians to the cause of the new emperor. Since the descendants of Drusus were dead, what other option remained to her than to choose a successor in the families of the aristocracy who had shown for them the greatest devotion and love?

Thus, for the first time, a woman was

placed at the head of a really vast political conspiracy destined to wrest the supreme power from the family of Augustus; and this woman proved her sagacity by knowing how to organize this great plot so well and so opportunely that the most intelligent and influential among the freedmen of Claudius debated for a long time whether they would join her or throw in their lot with the emperor. So doubtful seemed the issue of this struggle between the weak husband and the energetic, audacious, and unscrupulous wife! They allowed Messalina and Silius to enlist friends and partizans in every part of Roman society, to come to an understanding with the prefect of the guards, to obtain the divorce from Claudius, even to celebrate their marriage, without opening the eyes of the emperor. Claudius would probably have been destroyed if at the last moment Narcissus had not decided to rush to the emperor, who was at Ostia, and, by terrifying him in some unspeakable way, had not induced him to stamp out the conspiracy with a bold and unexpected stroke. There followed one of those periods of judicial murder which for more than thirty years had been costing much Roman blood, and in this slaughter Messalina, too, was overthrown.

After the discovery of the conspiracy, Claudius made a harangue to the soldiers, in which he told them that as he had not been very successful in his marriages he did not intend to take another wife. The proposal was wise, but difficult of execution, for there were many reasons why the emperor needed to have a woman at his side. We very soon find Claudius consulting his freedmen on the choice of a new wife. There was much discussion

and uncertainty, but the choice finally fell upon Agrippina. That choice was significant. Agrippina was the niece of Claudius, and marriages between uncle and niece, if not exactly prohibited, were looked upon by the Romans with a profound revulsion of feeling. Claudius and his freedmen could not have decided to face this repugnance except for serious and important reasons. Among these the most serious was probably that after the experience with Messalina, it seemed best not to go outside the family. An empress belonging to the family would not be so likely to plot against the descendants of Augustus as had been this strange woman, who belonged to one of those aristocratic families who deeply hated the imperial house. Agrippina, furthermore, was the daughter of Germanicus. This was a powerful recommendation with the people, the pretorian cohorts, and the legions. In addition, she was intelligent, cultivated, simple, and economical; she had grown up in the midst of political affairs, she knew how the empire was governed, and up to this point she had lived a life above reproach. She seemed to be the woman above all others destined to make the people forget Messalina and to reëstablish among the masses respect for the family of Augustus, now seriously compromised by many scandals and dissensions. Furthermore, she did not seem to suffer too much by comparison with Livia.

Claudius asked the senate to authorize marriages between uncles and nieces, as he did not dare to assume the responsibility of going counter to public sentiment. And thus the daughter of Germanicus and the sister of Caligula became an empress.

(To be continued)



PLASTER MODEL OF IMPERIAL ROME. BY P. BIGOT

IN 1902, Monsieur Bigot, then a student of architecture at the Beaux Arts, won the Grand Prix de Rome. It had been the custom of his predecessors at the French Academy at Rome to make restorations of the ruins of different monuments, and he conceived the project of combining what had been done in that line, and to extend the restorations, so as to form a model in plaster of Imperial Rome in the middle of the fourth century, following the death of Constantine the Great, and preceding the invasions of the barbarians—representing, in fact, the summit of Rome's monumental beauty. It comprises, as shown here, more than half of Rome of that time, and includes quite all of the great structures, excepting the Baths of Diocletian and the Pretorian Camp, which would be located outside the lower, right-hand corner. The model is thirty-five feet long by twenty feet wide, has been seven years in the making, and is destined for the Sorbonne, the University of Paris.



NOTE

The key map serves for the complete model on the previous page, and for the "detail" below, which includes that part of old Rome lying between the Colosseum (built after Nero) at the left, and the Theater of Pompey at the extreme right.

That part of Rome probably changed but little between the period of "The Women of the Caesars," the subject of Professor Ferrero's papers, and the middle of the fourth century, the time represented by the model.

To the right of the Colosseum (see below) is the Temple of Venus and Rome, then the house of the Vestal Virgins, above which are the



palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine Hill.

To the right of the house of the Vestals is the old Forum with many temples, and the Basilica Julia, begun by Julius Caesar and completed by Augustus.

To the right of the Forum is the Capitoline Hill, with the Temple of Jupiter above, and the Citadel below.

To the right of the Temple of Jupiter is the Circus of Flaminius, and to the right of that the Curia, Portico and Theater of Pompey the Great. The Curia (a place of assembly) was the scene of Caesar's assassination, March 15, 44 B.C. It can be located outside the Portico of Pompey at the corner nearest the Circus.





ESKIMO WOMEN IN GREENLAND

BY ANNA BISTRUP¹

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE WRITER

THE little Greenland woman is bid as hearty a welcome to life as the little Greenland man. Even if she is the first child, she is looked at with as kindly eyes as if she were a boy. If she is the fifth, sixth, or perhaps the seventh in a row of girls, she may be less gladly received. I have known a father to clothe his fifth or sixth daughter as a boy, and to treat her in every way as if she were one. When later a brother was born, the girl received the female rights again.

The first year of her life the little one hangs at her mother's breast, or takes her daily rest in the *amaut*, an enormous sack, with a wide opening through which the mother or servant puts her head, letting the sack hang on her shoulders. In this the child is put, and stands leaning toward its bearer's back, until, in sleeping, it slides down in the sack.

The mother and the maid (even the poorest woman has a maid for her child) are both its complete slaves.

The child suckles until the next little one comes, even if three or more years lie between. At this age she has long grown away from the *amaut* and the maid, and has put on the national dress. Already she begins to walk about at her own risk. It is astonishing to see such tots running about far from the house to which they

belong, scrambling with an amazing confidence over the hills and among the rocks, and finding their way home again with a never-failing local sense. It must always be remembered that a town in Greenland in no way resembles a town, even of the least dimensions, in civilized countries. The houses lie helter-skelter among the rocks along the sea, and between them run narrow paths, clearly visible only in winter, when they are marked out by dirty footsteps on the white snow. Only twice in more than twenty-five years have I known of children in real danger.

At the age of five the seriousness of life begins with school; and, although, specially in places where there is no Danish priest, this is a very small thing, nevertheless, it is a limiting of the treasured independence and a restraint from which most of the children would prefer to escape.

Besides going to school, there are other duties, especially if there are younger sisters or brothers. To relieve the mother and the maid, the *amaut* is put on the little girl, the baby is placed in it, and away the little bearer totters with her heavy load, reeling like a boat in a high sea, with the corners of the *amaut* brushing against her heels.

At school the little girl receives only instruction from books, and this is very lim-

¹ The writer of this article, as the wife of the Danish Governor of Greenland, is qualified by experience to give authoritative information on this subject.

ited. She learns to read and write her own language, but she does both poorly. She can do a very little counting, but chiefly she is taught the catechism and stories from the Bible. Needlework and knitting—in a word, all female handiwork—she learns at home. As soon as her fingers are long and strong enough to master a needle, under her mother's eye she begins to sew on articles belonging to her own dress—first those of lighter stuff, as the chemise and the *anorak* cover; then, later, the more difficult garments, which are made of skins, as breeches and *kamiks*, with the embroideries belonging to them. The little girl must also assist in the daily carrying of water and in gathering heather for the household.

The confirmation at thirteen or fourteen years of age makes no essential difference in the young girl's daily life and duties, though she may perhaps bear a little more responsibility in the domestic life. She does not now play in the daytime any more. She prefers the twilight or the dark evenings to walk about with her friends. She takes her responsibility lightly, however; for, in reality, she does only what pleases her. If she wishes to go as a rower in a boat, especially if it is in European service, which pays her well, she will not ask permission of her parents. No one will scold or blame her for going.

At eighteen or twenty, sometimes earlier,

seldom later, she gets married. The marriage is not the result of any special love or sympathy between the two young people, but the parents on both sides make the selection.

The houses of the Eskimos are all built of stone and turf, with the windows opening toward the sun, the one entrance always being on the side that is least exposed to the wind. Along the back wall runs a platform, a pallet of boards, raised eighteen inches above the floor. It is from six to eight feet deep, and through its whole length it is divided into rooms or spaces of eight or ten feet. Each room is separated from the neighboring room by a partition of board or skin. An open passage runs the whole length of the house along the pallet rooms, and serves for the traffic of all the inmates; but each pallet room claims for its own the bit of passageway adjoining.

Each pallet room is occupied by one family, and there they stay night and day. The best pallet room is the innermost, and is always occupied by the owner of the house, or the oldest, if the house has more than one owner. The three or four, or perhaps five, rooms are occupied by the families according to their rank. If, for instance, a father is the owner of the house, then his eldest son has the next room, and the second son the next, and so on. The pallet room nearest the entrance, dark, cold, and uncomfortable, is assigned to



THE CHURCH AT SUKKERTOPPEN

the youngest son with his family, mothers-in-law, maid-servants, or foster daughters, as they are called, and other persons.

A large common bed is made for a whole family on the pallet, which is covered first with a layer of hay or straw, and

Furniture is quite unknown in a common Eskimo house. The pallet is parlor, bedchamber, dining-room, while the space under the pallet is storehouse for fuel, wet and dried skins, raw and cooked eatables, dogs with whelps in the winter, earthen



AN ESKIMO NURSE-MAID

then with seal or reindeer skin. The parents lie in the middle, with the boys on the father's side, and the girls on the mother's, the youngest ones nearest the parents, and all with their heads toward the passage. The bedclothes consist only of pillows and feather-beds, mostly very sparingly provided with feathers. Such refinements as sheets and pillow-cases are not used.

dishes, coffee-cups, and whatever they can find no better place for.

On small, three-legged stools stand the lamps, and above them are suspended wooden frames upon which wet kamiks and other garments are dried and the hunter's and fisher's implements and weapons are laid. Each member of the family has a small box in which to keep his or her things; and this is about all the furniture.

If the women had only to take care of their respective rooms, their work would be as nothing. To pile the bedclothes up against the back wall, sweep the pallet-skin over with a bird's wing, and throw the sweepings under the pallet, that nothing shall be wasted, are not overwhelming tasks. Nor is the cooking, for it is of the most primitive kind. All that is not eaten raw is boiled. Nothing is ever roasted, and there are no complicated dishes. Nor do they trouble themselves about a neat table or cleansing the utensils. The dishes are never washed either before or after a meal.

In an Eskimo community there is no division of labor. Every one is his, or more rightly her, own tradesman or mechanic. Neither are there any shops where one can go and buy the needed things or the materials from which to make the things. It is true that in almost all places where a hundred or more persons live there may be a shop kept by the Danish administration; but it contains only such things as the Greenlanders cannot procure for themselves—flour, groats, peas, coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, cotton and woolen stuffs, boards, hardware, etc. Whatever else the people need, they must produce themselves, and the work is performed almost entirely by the women.

The seal-hunting time, which begins in autumn and continues until spring, is the hardest time for the woman; for then she has to take care of what her husband, son, or brother brings home. When the hunter comes to the shore with his prey, he has already done his duty; and then it is for the women to do theirs. He leaves the heavy slain animal on the beach, while all the women from the house run down to haul it up over the icy cliff to the house; or, if it is very cold, into the house itself, where the mistress, assisted by all the other female inmates, flays the skin, quarters the body, scrapes off the blubber from the skin.

While the skin is still wet, it must be stretched with force for drying. If it is small, it is stretched on the snow-covered ground; if it is large, on frames made for that purpose. This is not agreeable work when the temperature is ten or twelve degrees below zero.

When the skin is dry, it has to be prepared according to its size and quality. A

large one is used as a cover for the women's boat or for the kayak, to lay over the pallet, or to keep for sale. A small one is used for the outer or inner kamik skin, or for breeches.

It is not necessary to describe here what perhaps can interest only a tanner, but the work of the women is incredibly hard labor, and calls for great skill and intelligence.

As soon as the skins are ready for use, the women cut them with a knife called the *ulo*, a broad, flat, half-moon-shaped knife, with a handle in the middle. The skins are cut into the strangest shapes, which no tailor or dressmaker would ever imagine could be fitted to the human form, but which, nevertheless, in their clever hands, become diverse articles of dress, with the most elaborate embroideries, made by sewing together small bits of the colored skins. The thread that is used is made of the sinews of the seal, whale, or reindeer. It is pulled out of the flesh, dried, and split. When it is used in sewing, it is rolled against the cheek with the palm of the hand. The whale thread is the best. Every sort of thread has its special use.

One of the most important labors is covering the kayak and repairing, or covering the woman's boat. The kayak of a good seal hunter has to be covered every year, while the woman's boat needs covering only every other year. It is almost incomprehensible how the slender, small women's hands can master the skins, which are stretched like the head of a drum. But the work is done so skilfully, and with such nimble fingers, that it is a pleasure to watch it, and all the while there is such a chattering, gossiping, and laughing, that no one would think the work hard and important.

All these tasks are not, of course, the work of every day; but over and above all this are the every-day returning tasks, such as the care of clothes. The Greenlanders have but few suits of clothes, which must be examined every day. When the hunter comes home, he is wet from top to toe, and every piece of his dress has to be dried over the lamp or in the open air, turned inside out, stretched, rubbed, wrung, and pulled for hours, until it gets smooth and pliable. To all this must be added the embroideries that decorate these garments, and that take



SERVANTS IN DANISH SERVICE, GREENLAND

much time. It is of course only the young folk, with their good eyes, who do this embroidering; the harder and more tiresome work must be done by the older folk.

The winter is therefore the hardest time for the Greenland women, and glad they are when the sun rises higher and higher in the sky; for then they know that soon all the labor for that season will have an end.

The short summer has come, bringing light and warmth. Now is the time to go to the *angmassat* places. The *angmassat* is a little fish in size between a sardine and a herring. These fishes are caught and dried by the million, and are, or ought to be, the chief food of the Eskimo in winter. They come in shoals to the shore to spawn for a short time in the month of June, and are then caught in scoops, shaken out on the beach, and dried in the air. The women's boat is put into the water, and five gay women seize the oars. The men follow in their kayaks.

Arrived at the place, the women instantly set about building the tent, lazily

assisted by some of the men. Last year's wall of stone and turf has suffered much from the bad weather in winter, and must first be repaired. Then the oars are arranged, like the feathers in a fan and bound together at the top, over the entrance. Old boat skins and kayak skins are spread over the oars, and fixed with heavy stones at the outer edge. Then when a pallet has been hastily made of some bottom boards from the boat, the tent is ready for use for a month in all sorts of weather.

The shoals of fish come swarming to the coast, stay only a moment, and are off again. The women and children strew those that have been scooped up on the beach, that they may dry quickly. If rain sets in, the fish will most likely be spoiled. After the fish have been turned and turned again until they are dry, they are stuffed into bags of skin and taken by boat to the winter home. There the women immediately set to work to store them away. Because their houses are too small to keep the fish there, they have storerooms (*ki-matulivis*), which are natural caves or

grottoes cut in the mountains, often a long way off.

After the fishing is ended, if the weather be good, it is time for turf-cutting. This must be done before going inland to shoot reindeer and catch salmon, that the turf may lie and dry during their absence, and be fit for use when they return.

The reindeer hunting, or the hunting of the stag, is to the Eskimo what the sports of the country or the seaside are to civilized people. The reindeer grounds are often a hundred miles away from the winter home, up the fiords, but the preparations for going are few. Before they go, they remove the roofs of their houses, that they may thoroughly air during their absence. It may be thoroughly washed too, perhaps, by the heavy showers that often fall in summer.

This stay inland is the best time of all the year. From July to September they stay on the hunting-grounds. In July there is no difference between day and night; and, if only the sun shines and the sky is clear, the people delight to lie in the hills and plains that are covered with heather and flowers, and to inhale the warm, clean air, and the odor of the sweet and aromatic mountain herbs.

As soon as possible the hunters leave the tent place (the tent has been put up in the same way as for the angmassat fishing) to go in among the mountains for deer. They are commonly accompanied by one or two women who have to cook for them, to look after their kamiks, and especially to carry the killed animals back to the tent. On these excursions they often stay several days away, and then the women who are left behind enjoy life in every way. They have little to do but to look after the salmon nets that are spread in the stream or cut up the fish when caught.

But everything has an end. When the mountains begin to cast long shadows, and the heather turns a brownish tint from the ripe berries, the time to return has come.

At the winter place again perhaps rain and sleet have done their work, and the walls of the house have fallen in. While the men contemplate the destruction, and here and there repair the framework, the women go to collecting the fallen and scattered stones and gathering heather from the nearest hills to repair the house. When the cut turf has been secured, quan-

ties of heather gathered for the winter, straw plucked and dried for an intermediate layer in the kamiks, mosses gathered for wicks for the lamps, all is ready for winter.

From Nature's hand the women are nicely formed, with slender limbs and small hands and feet. But, as wise mothers know that nature cannot always be depended upon in all details, they make very small kamiks, into which they press the little new-born baby foot, that it may not develop too quickly. It is not to give the foot another form, as the Chinese do, but only to retard its growth; and, really, a prettier and better-formed foot than that of an Eskimo it would be hard to find. The young maidens are very handsome, but they soon get rough in complexion and clumsy in form. Women that have been married only a few years look old and worn out. They rarely live to be old, but those who do, become so hideous that they are like scarecrows.

The women are quiet and peaceable, but they possess little real character. They are kind and good-hearted so far as not to do mischief, but one cannot say that they are good in the sense that they display kindness, goodness, or pity when they cannot see their profit by it. They are envious of one another, and will try to injure their adversaries by slandering them. They are clever and quick of apprehension, and are used by Europeans in their houses as cooks, chambermaids, nursery maids, but they very soon get tired of the multitude of tasks in a civilized household, and grow negligent.

The dress of the women is the same, summer and winter, and is worn in the same way. It consists first of a shift—which, in spite of the name, is, nevertheless, not shifted very often—made of common cotton stuff, and cut in the simplest possible form, with no embroideries. Over this they wear the *timiak*, of bird's skin, with its cover of colored cotton stuff for daily use, and woolen, silk, or velvet for Sundays and holidays. The hood is never used by the women, who always leave it hanging down. Around the neck the young girls wear a collar more than a quarter of a yard wide, made of glass pearls set in the most varied patterns. This pearl collar is worn only by young girls, and by wives until they have got their first

child. After that, the pearls are used as fringes and tassels for the amaut.

The pet garments of the girls, and of married women, too, are the breeches and the kamiks. They take much time to make these garments as fine as possible. The breeches, which are worn next the bare body, are made of costly sealskins or reindeer skins. They are not fastened to the body by anything, but their stiffness keeps them in place. The Greenlanders know nothing of buttons or hooks or buckles or braces, at least on the women's garments.

The kamiks consist of an inner stocking of skin with the hair inside, and an outer boot made of dyed or painted skin in the most screeching colors—bright red, blue, violet. The most valued are the white half-boots which are used on Sundays, holidays, and on certain occasions like marriages. The sole of the kamik is not hard and stiff, but soft and pliable. Between the soles of the inner and outer kamik is a layer of straw, that every day must be taken out and dried.

The hair-top, the national head-dress, is the darling of every young girl, and is put up twice or thrice a week. It is not taken down at night, and the women sleep with the top hanging out over the pillow's edge, which looks exceedingly funny if one happens into a sleeping-room at night. Round the top are wound ribbons of different colors, like standards, announcing the state of

their bearers. The wives wear blue in all shades, the maidens red, the unmarried mothers green in all shades, and the widows wear black. All other colors are forbidden. In front they like to fasten on the ribbon some shining object, a brooch or an odd ear-ring. For lack of other things, they will pin on a piece of colored silver or gold paper. To get the top

firm and stiff, the hair must be drawn very tight. In time the hair on each side of the head is torn out, and two large bald spots appear, which are not very becoming. They wear no head-cover except the handkerchief in different stuffs, cotton, wool, or silk.

The women are very coquettish. They may look decent and modest, especially when they know themselves noticed by European ladies, but they are not so.

When a woman becomes a widow, she is not, as with civilized people, an object of pity.

She must almost instantly give up the possession of the best pallet room. When she is about to die, they call together as many as possible, sing one hymn after another, and when finally the soul has left the body, they get the dead body as fast as possible into its grave, drink a large bowl of coffee, ransack the effects of the deceased, divide them among those who have come first, and then dance in the evening. The next day every one has forgotten the old creature.



ESKIMO GIRL IN FULL DRESS



From a photograph of the painting by R. D. Mackenzie. By permission of Raphael Tuck & Sons Co., Ltd.
Half-tone plate engraved by R. Vailley

A BAND OF BALUCHIS

INDIA'S RESTLESS NEIGHBORS AND THE KHYBER PASS

BY RODERICK D. MACKENZIE

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

IT was in 1897 that the Government of India had to quell a very formidable rising of the Afridis in the Khyber Pass and the tribes in the Tirrah Valley; but two years later the guarding of the pass was handed over to the Khyber Rifles, and the British troops were withdrawn.

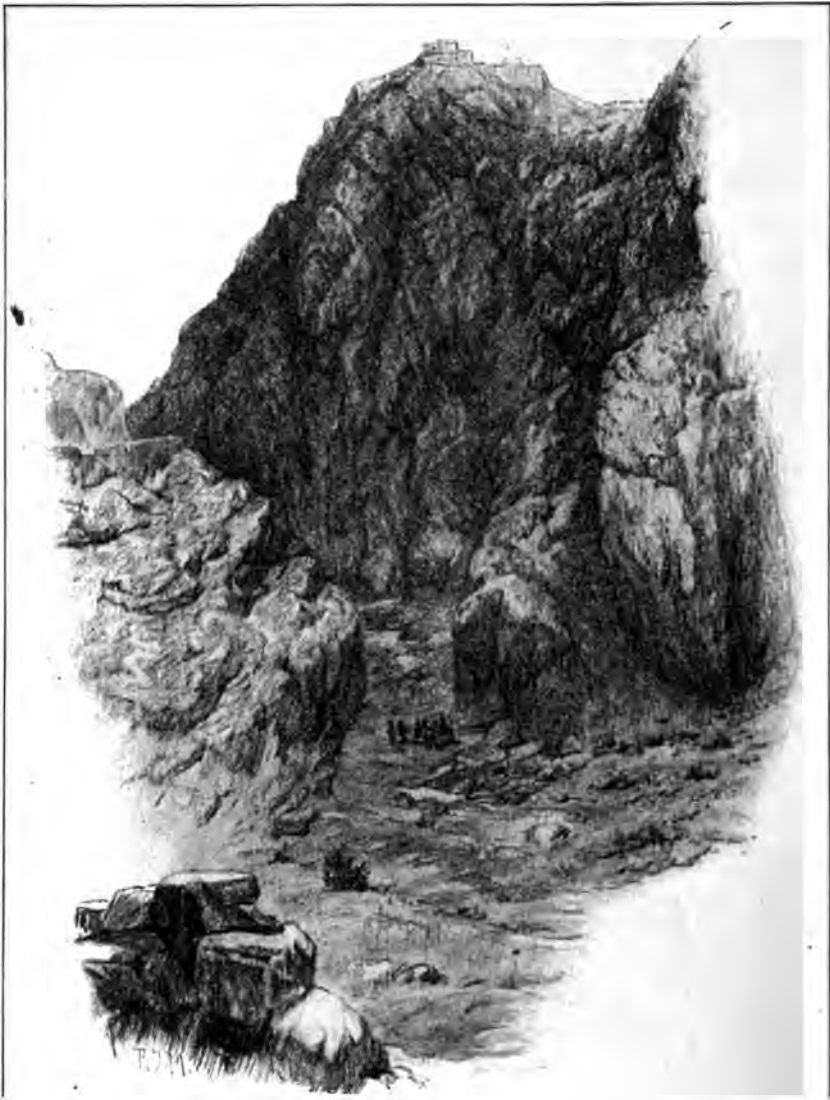
At that time some doubted the wisdom of the policy of the Government, but nearly twelve years have now passed, and the Afridis still stand loyal to this trust and to the handful of British officers who command them, despite the unrest of the tribesmen in the neighboring valleys.

The Government of India undertakes to keep this pass open, and to protect the lives and property of those who travel through it, and it is an expensive and onerous undertaking.

As individuals, the proud, independent warriors of the northwest frontier of India are men to be admired for their rugged, untamed, vigorous manhood. The curb of civilization has not yet touched them; they are types of the heroic warriors of the early ages of history, whose descen-

dants they are. Their rude, unbridled passions we call "fanaticism," though it is only an outlet to passions similar to those that the more civilized peoples are constantly exercising, in a more organized, subtle, and complex form. The ultimate means employed is always the same—strife and destruction. The two races who are face to face on the borders of India have a common admiration for each other, and each sees in the other a reflection of his own spirit. But the Afghan, or the trans-frontier tribesman, has a very limited conception of the world and little sense of proportion, and he has developed only primitive animal instincts, guarded by boundless suspicion and superstition, which envelop him like a curtain of night, and beyond which he has no desire to see or to be seen.

The valleys that honeycomb the neighborhood of the Khyber Pass are filled with tribes independent of one another and all more or less independent of Afghanistan, their big neighbor on the north and west; and although the pass connects India di-



Drawn by R. D. Mackenzie. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE CARAVAN ROAD NEAR THE FORT OF ALI-MUSJID

rect with Afghan territory, it has always been the happy hunting-ground of the neighboring tribes, as well as of its Afridi inhabitants.

By nature the country could not be better designed for highway robbery, and by nature and tradition its people are in perfect accord with the design. Peace is a sort of famine for them, while a "little war" always leaves a trail of rupees behind, which must make the game well worth the risk to their sporting and adventurous character.

The Khyber is more than the pass be-

tween Afghanistan and India, more than the gateway through which the commerce of central Asia and the early Western world has passed, followed by a procession of the world's conquerors and plunderers: through it have passed the great builders of India's treasures, temples, palaces, and mosques; kingdoms, dynasties, and empires; religion, literature, and arts. Could we but pierce the prehistoric veil, we might find this pass to have been the very genesis of that mysterious and wonderful civilization of which no man knew the existence until he found it already full

grown, and so rich as to have ever since been the coveted treasury of the world. And its bleak, rugged, gray, sinuous rocks are suggestive of the use it has served—a gateway to the strong and a trap to the weak.

The cold shadows of its arid walls of rock in winter, its burning, shadowless heat in summer, and the lurking, silent watchers on every side, undistinguishable from the broken, gray, lumpy rocks, intensify the weird silence, which is ominous, a veritable "valley of the shadow of death."

The approach to the pass is across a great flat, stony plain for a distance of about three miles from the border city of Peshawar. The hills that inclose the pass form a rugged, gray wall—a wall that grows in length and height across the north of India until it culminates in the perpetual snow of the greatest mountains of the world.

About a mile from the entrance to the pass is Fort Jumrood, which sits on the plain in shape and appearance not unlike a modern heavy-armored battle-ship. At

this point a traveler's permit is taken; he receives in exchange an officially stamped receipt, and he is expected to get back out of the pass by five o'clock in the evening. It is a thirty-mile drive in a tonga to Lundi Kotal, which is within five miles of Lundi Khana, the Afghan boundary. Permission to visit the pass is usually given only on the two days in the week when caravans are going through, and special precautions are taken for the safety of travelers.

It is interesting to see the great caravan serai opposite Fort Jumrood, with the confused mass of merchandise; the great, brown, shaggy Persian camels spluttering and gurgling in spiteful protest; and their burly, travel-stained drivers in turbans in all stages of disarray coiled about their black, oily locks of hair and tumbling over their bronzed, bearded faces. They are clad in the loose, baggy Afghan shirts and trousers, and wear sheepskin coats. Everybody is preparing for departure, packing, cooking, eating, or smoking. Each and every man apparently is having a row with



Drawn by R. D. Mackenzie. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE MILITARY ROAD NEAR THE FORT OF ALI-MUSJID

himself or his neighbor and yelling in all the dialects of Asia. It is a picture of commerce that carries with it romance and adventure.

The little tonga in which our journey

seemed to think the run a rattling good frolic. They were changed about every ten miles, and although the grade of the road rose occasionally where a cutting had been made to save distance or avoid the



Drawn by R. D. Mackenzie. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A PATHAN

was made went clanking along, the horses trotting or galloping all the time, which is the way that these comfortless but serviceable little chariots are always driven. We had to do our sixty miles in ten hours, including a two-hours' rest at Lundi Kotal; but as there was no luggage, we jolted along at a brisk pace through the keen, *exhilarating* mountain air, and the ponies

rocky bed of the pass, it was virtually level driving.

After passing through the outer foothills, the road went winding round corners and cuttings, suddenly coming into more or less open spaces. At every commanding angle of the road one observed the little "block-houses" standing sentinel on the sky-line, and half-way between the en-

trance to the pass and Ali-Musjid one stopped to marvel at an old Buddhist tope on the right of the road, where its great dome rises from a rectangular foundation built into the irregularities of the hilltop to supply the necessary base for its gigantic proportions. There it rises a sort of superimposed hill, black and hoary with the passage of centuries. One could have no conception of its huge proportions were it not for the fort that is built on the top of the dome. It looks like a toy castle, bearing about the same relation to the dome that a chimney does to a house, or, more correctly, a house to a hill.

One might well pause to reflect on the presence of such a monument in such an environment. The mental shock is about as great as if one suddenly gazed upon one of the great pyramids of Egypt rising out of the Strand or out of Broadway. There it is, as permanent as the hill upon which it is built, a monument to a great religious conviction older than Christianity. It is impossible to grasp its full meaning, for the mists of ages hide its builders from our gaze.

The hills grow heavier and higher as one approaches Ali-Musjid, and here and there we passed a solitary figure muffled up to his chin in a blanket. One wondered for a moment what he had to do, but it was only for a moment; for a searching glance from his keen, dark eyes, and about two inches of Martini-Henry just peeping out of the blanket in front of his nose, made inquiry superfluous. Further observation proved that he was not so solitary as he looked, as several of the lumpy, gray rocks on the hillside slowly changed positions, and one stood up. They were some of the tribal levies whose duty it is to guard certain portions of the pass.

The road winds out here, and we saw some slight evidence of life in men driving a dozen or so donkeys laden with stones

for repairing the road. Far off in the distance rose a tiny little column of dust, and as it approached, I got out of my tonga, withdrew from the road, and took up a position on a boulder a short distance away, where I could see to better advantage. It was the column of British troops withdrawing from the pass after two-years' occupation. I came specially to witness this, and it was a sight upon which I was later able to reflect when I reached Lundi Kotal and saw their deserted camp and its bleak surroundings.

The column was composed of British officers and soldiers and "Ghurkas," the sturdy little men from the mountains of Nepal, who are the best hill-fighters of the Indian army. They come the nearest to being real companions for "Tommy Atkins" of all the Sepoys of India; for they are a jolly lot of little men, who can and do enjoy and share the grog and pipe and sports of Tommy, as if to the manner born, and delight to call themselves the "Royal Irish" or the "42d Highlanders" or any name that happens to be conspicuously to the front at the moment.

They filed by in irregular marching order, a form which relaxes the mere military machine, and reveals the man, who although more or less incumbered with arms and military accoutrements, is not burdened with restraint as to the set of his helmet or his buttons and buckles. They must have felt like men getting out of prison, and even the poor fellows in the hospital palanquins, who were carried along in the rear of the dusty column, must have felt grateful for every jolt that took them on and out of that cage of rocks.

They were soon lost in a cloud of dust, and we continued on our way, and shortly came to a halt in front of a tiny, white-washed shrine or mosque, the famous "Ali-Musjid." It sits on the side of the



Drawn by R. D. Mackenzie

A GHILZAI

road at the entrance to a narrow gorge the precipitous walls of which rise about a thousand feet on each side. Far up on the rocks to the left of the gorge stands the fort of Ali-Musjid, the history of which is written in the blood of Hindu, Buddhist, Mussulman, and Christian. The military road is here cut out of the rock; the caravans take the stony bed of the valley, and usually pass each other at this point, for they always go through the pass from the north and south on the same day, as nothing outside of a block-house or fort is safe when once the curtain of night falls.

After going through this one narrow neck, the pass widens out into a long, bleak valley, which is the part of the pass that is called the Khyber. The hills on both sides are high and jagged, heavy with shadows, and as still as the grave. You need no one to tell you that this is not a spot in which to loiter; you instinctively feel that the sooner you get to the end of it

the better. At the end is Lundi Kotal, our destination, and the camp of the Khyber forces. In shape it is like a great amphitheater. The military camp occupies the arena, and the steep slopes at the back are studded with native fighting-towers, which resemble somewhat a lot of factory-chimneys. They are strongly built of stone and clay, and each is inclosed by a high rectangular wall built of the same material. They are in reality feudal castles, inside of which the people live. One never sees a house or a hut anywhere in the pass, but only these grim-walled towers, and no sign of inhabitants. All are as still as the rocks that surround them, and occasionally a partly demolished tower tells its own silent story—as does a quiet corner in the cold shadow of the mountain walls of this amphitheater not far from the empty camp, where the little white-marble stones and crosses each bears its simple inscription.



From a photograph of the painting by R. D. MacLennan. By permission of Raphael Tuck & Sons Co., Ltd.
Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AFGHANS ON THE MARCH

CALM

BY EMMA GHENT CURTIS

DRINK slowly; sip life's varied cup,
And taste it as you go.
The daintiest half of all they sup
The hasty never know.



SMALL BRASS CANNON, BRASS CHOW-BOWLS, AND BRASS BUYO-BOXES
OF MORO WORKMANSHIP

A COUNTRY FAIR IN MOROLAND

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES T. BOYD

Tenth Cavalry, United States Army, lately Governor of Cotabato District

IT was the custom for the governor at Cotabato to hold annually a junta at the district capital, at which all the headmen, datos and chiefs, not then warring, were invited to appear.

This year, the merchants and citizens of Cotabato decided to have a Moro fair and *fiesta* at the time of the junta. The citizens were mostly Filipinos, the merchants mostly Chinese. At the meeting for organizing the fair, the Filipinos and the two Spaniards did most of the talking. The Chinese, being asked their opinion, called for the subscription-list and put down their names, the captain Chinaman, old Celestino, heading the list with fifty pesos. Then a central committee was appointed, made of the American governor, the Moro *presidente*, a Spanish merchant, a Filipino justice of the peace, and the captain Chinaman. From this resulted the "First Moro Agricultural and Industrial Fair."

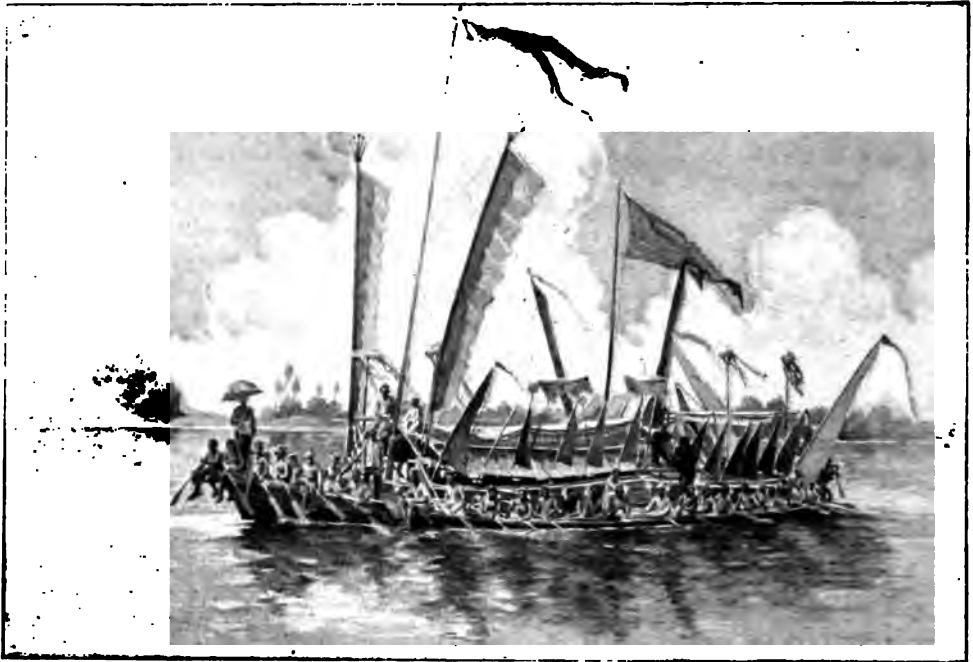
Loyola, my Moro interpreter, and the Afghan, Sherif Afdal, the high priest, wrote to all the datos to bring in samples of the best of their handiwork, of the best of their produce, and of the best of the forest products. It was explained that these samples were not asked for as a contribution, as was customary with them,

but for exhibition purposes, and that they might afterward remove or sell them as they chose.

Five weeks' notice was little to give them, but it was necessary to have the fair over before the big Mohammedan month-long feast, at which time all good Moros fast during the day and eat and howl all night.

As Cotabato District is about equal in area to that of the States of Delaware and New Hampshire taken together, Sherif Afdal's offer of the use of his Moro messengers was accepted; and because he was a person of great influence among the Moros, he was urged to make known generally throughout the district the advantages to be obtained from attendance at the fair. The sheriff was the only one who had seen a fair. While a soldier of Lord Roberts of Kandahar, he had attended fairs in India, which were in some ways not unlike the one we now planned for the Moros.

The first to reply to our invitations was Dato Kali Pandapatan, the fighting priest and chief of the Buldoon Plateau. He informed me that he would come if he was not sick. Others did likewise, and it began to appear that the fair idea was favorably received on all sides.



Dra, Kali Pandapatan, Cebu, from a photograph

DATE PIANG IN HIS BARGE OF STATE, PROPELLED BY SEVENTY ROWERS

When the time for the fair approached, Kali Pandapatan, with thirty followers, was also the first to arrive. In fact, he was several days too early. The exhibit he brought consisted of samples of the numerous cereals raised on his plateau, put up in little bamboo phials. The fighting-cocks he started with he lost en route. But he exhibited his own double-edged dragon creese, with the blade inlaid with silver, and his old and highly prized filigree buyo-box. In addition, his women, whom he committed to my care and protection, sent some burnt work of bamboo, one piece being a little stick, with one end split into many parts, to use over a baby's finger in order to protect the nail that it might grow long.

Dato Mastura, Pandapatan's traditional enemy, next sent in his exhibit. He had the collection of the princessa (now the Sultana of Maguindanao) to draw on, and so was able to make a splendid exhibit, which consisted of big, old bronze vases inlaid with silver, brazen urns, and large trays and basins of engraved, inlaid and beaten work, graceful chow dishes, silver and copper buyo boxes of antique design, bracelets of gold and silver, of great age and pecu-

liar workmanship, handsome creeses, campilans, and barbaric toilet-articles. Dato Dra, Mastura's son, exhibited his own creese, the handle of which is a remarkably large tooth of a crocodile.

Dato Bakee's exhibit was much like Mastura's, but he also displayed fancy-colored sarongs, interwoven with silk, beautifully embroidered table-covers and handkerchiefs, very pretty rattan mats, and the golden ear-rings of fine native workmanship which had belonged to his grandmother. Bakee has his own brass foundry, and from his waxen molds come much of the brass ware that is sold in Cotabato; but the brass that he exhibited was old and antique. He would not exhibit what he made to sell, nor sell what he had to exhibit.

Then down came old Piang in his barge of state, propelled by seventy rowers. From the mast he flew his own peculiar flag, yellow, red, and purple, while decorations of all kinds covered the bamboo sides and nipa root of the huge craft. As he approached, his native cannon were fired as a salute, and one of his men was badly burned and fell into the water. A rowing clown at the bow, with humorous

antics, set the time for the rowers, first a long stroke, then three short, quick ones, the small paddles splashing the water high in the joy of the motion. A little Bilan drummer, in scarlet, and a dancing fool kept time with the tom-toms of the women.

Dato Piang brought a large exhibit, but, under pretense of modesty, he hesitated to outshow the others. He is half-Chinese, very wealthy, and very crafty. Not to be outdone in anything, he subscribed one hundred pesos to the fair. He brought a pony, game-cocks, poultry, iguanas, and crocodiles. With him he had forty different kinds of cooked food, which he chose not to exhibit. He brought tobacco, tree cotton, rice, poisonous roots, much brass ware, hunting-knives with deerhorn handles, daggers with gold and silver handles and inlaid blades, working-knives, creeses, and campilans. One creese had a handle inlaid with American five- and ten-dollar gold pieces. Piang also brought many pieces of crude pottery, the product of his own factory.

Dato Kali Adam, the wise and good, was able to make only a small exhibit, because, as he stated, his people would not work. He could not even get them up at sunrise to pray, though they would get up at any hour to gamble. He asked me to order them to pray, and to give him the power to send them away if they did not obey. One of Kali Adam's exhibits was a valued chow-dish. It was made from the bowl of an ordinary American nickled lamp, with the top cut away to receive a flat cover.

Rajah Muda Mopuk and Dato Ampatuan, Ali's war chief, brought in only the products of their forests.

Of the pagan tribes, the Monobos exhibited nothing but their own weaving of coarse hemp cloth, decorated with bead-work. The Bilan tribe was too wild to do more than send a few representatives. When one of these had seen and felt ice, he asked me to give him a small piece to take back with him to show to his people in the mountains. The Tudugs did not come at all.

The Tiruray tribe, under their mestizo headman, came in with a large exhibit which would have been a credit to any fair at home. They brought hemp, rubber, sugar-cane, tobacco, corn, melons, lemons, sweet potatoes, onions, squash, peanuts,

bananas, native fruits, beeswax, rosin, oil nuts (biau) for lighting, soap-bark, colored mats and baskets, bijuca hammocks, bead belts and baskets, bows and arrows and spears decorated in colors with burnt work, canes, stools, chairs, and tables of hardwood and of fair workmanship.

So numerous were the different exhibits that space in the District Building, where they were displayed, was at a premium. And as the fair progressed, more datos with more produce kept arriving. In fact, Moros and Monobos were still coming to the fair a week after it was over.

The exhibits were finally arranged by tribal wards, and the people were admitted. With their datos, they were encouraged to make comparisons between their own exhibits and those from other parts of the district in order to incite competition and increase production.

Attention was also directed to samples of our own agricultural implements, the uses of which were demonstrated on every fair-day.

Later, at the close of the fair, prizes were awarded by a mixed committee, American, Spanish, Filipino, Moro, and Chinese, the Tirurays securing eleven prizes, Piang seven, Bakee three, Kali Pandapatan two, Mastura two, Balabadan two, Manguda sa Talayan two, Mopuk one, and Enrique one.

Dato Dra had brought in Moros from his father's ward, and with branches of palm-trees had decorated the streets. The water-front now became a line of fluttering bunting, for all the river datos had come down in barges brightly decorated for the occasion. Dato Balabadan, with three of his ten wives, was here, as was Rajah Muda Asad, who was about to lead a party on the long pilgrimage to Mecca. All the country-side turned out, and the interior as well.

The streets of Cotabato became a mass of surging, half-naked brown men and women wearing bright, barbaric colors. Spears and creeses were everywhere in evidence, though the constabulary, themselves Moros, had induced the majority of the people to leave their weapons in their boats.

Each headman, moving about the town, was followed by such a concourse of people that they blocked the streets. Wherever Adriano Acosta went, three hundred



MORO GIRLS OF THE PRINCESSA'S HOUSEHOLD POSING TO THE BEATING OF TOM-TOMS

wild Tirurays, of whom twenty were *timuays* (chiefs), followed, and they so crowded into the presidente's new house that they threw it out of plumb.

With Sultan Telekoko were three hundred Moros from Bagumbayan. With Dato Bakee came two hundred Moros from Kalaganan. Other chiefs had followers in proportion.

Along with their *timuays* came the Tiruray dancing-girls, their ears pierced from lobe to tip. Men, women, and little girls danced together to the sounds of a stringed bamboo instrument. These sounds, united with those of the numerous brass bracelets and anklets, as the bare heels stamped the ground, made pleasant music. The dancers circled about, one following the other, whirling as they went, the girls keeping time most modestly with graceful gestures of their arms, hands, and heads.

Into the midst of this rode old Piang on a prancing pony decorated with plumes and jingling sleigh-bells. Dancing in front of him came his fiercely helmeted clown, beating a snare-drum, and the little red-clad Bilan, beating a tom-tom, making music with his steps. Accompanying Piang were four hundred of his Moros, good-naturedly pushing into the crowd.

Then came Mastura with four hundred

and fifty of his people and his relative, the Sultan of Maguindanao, with the yellow umbrella. Mantauiel from away up the river, Ynuk from the swamp lake, Dilangan and Djimbangan, Sansaluna and Kulee, the pagans Cinkala and Sambulao, each, with his separate following, joined the crowd. Such numbers elbowed in that the program had to be suspended until the constabulary beat the crowd back. In the meantime the Philippine Scout Band had started playing in another place, and the music called the crowd away.

Early during the fair the captain Chinaman, old Celestino, came to ask that the rules against gambling be suspended, as the Chinamen wanted to enjoy a little diversion in celebration of the occasion. This was not allowed, but it later appeared that some gambling did occur. I had tried several times in vain to buy a huge urn from Mastura's exhibit, but on the morning after the last night of the fair Dato Dra brought it to me. He was haggard and worn. An all-night contest was written on his face. He needed money. At last he confessed that the Chinamen had had their diversion at his expense.

As the fair progressed, the agricultural implements attracted increasing interest,

and *datos* and *taos* took turns plowing, harrowing, and cultivating. The wilder the people were, the more interest they showed. Dato Ampatuan, who less than a year before was fighting us, showed the *taos* how to plow, the Sultan of Maguindanao worked the forge, Dato Ynuk managed the cultivator, and the Tirurays harrowed. The cultivators and harrows attracted most interest, as with these the most ground can be covered with the least effort. All were inquiring the prices of the implements, and Ynuk wanted to buy a cultivator and half a harrow.

To enliven things, field-events were included in the exercises. First, a sack-race occurred, the contestants being Moro, Filipino, Tiruray, and Chinese boys. This event caused some excitement, but it was nothing to that aroused by the tug of war. The Moros on one side, with my orderly, Saligidan, as captain, and the Tirurays on the other, with some army officers backing them, settled down for a steady pull. It was quite even, first one side hauled the mark a trifle and then the other. The excitement spread. Would the sons of Mohammed be outdone by the Pagan Tirurays? But the Tirurays were big fellows, and held like posts. The Moros yelled at one another and then at their team. Still the Tirurays held. This was unbearable. Hot temper came as a wave. *Allah!* they must beat the pagans! They closed their black, concavely filed teeth and, mad with fury, willed to win. A Tiruray shifted his foot ever so little, and the mark moved Moroward; then a nervous pull, and it moved farther; then, with one heart-ruining effort, the mark passed the line, and the Moros yelled like demons over their victory.

Then Moro girls from the princess's household came and danced. With hair piled high in peaks, pink-stained fingernails inches long, cheeks and lips painted red, these girls appeared in pairs. To the deafening tom-toms they posed, and moved, and struck their shapely toes, backs down, upon the mat, gracefully waving handkerchiefs on the left, while on the right they passed to and fro their spangled fans.

Next day the Scout Band called the people together to learn the uses of American tools. When they had seen them, and all the tools were purchased, they drifted to

the river for the *vinta* (boat) races; and here the Moros, in the presence of the general, the governor, and the hundred chiefs, outshone even themselves. Then came the foot-races, and although the Moro can outrow all others, he cannot run with the Tiruray, whose fear makes him fleet. The competitors were to run to a line and return. The slowest one in the race kept running until he saw the leaders turn; then he turned, and easily beat the swiftest to the starting-point; and he took away a prize, for his trick was not seen by the native judges.

Then came the Cotabato Carnival Procession, some afoot, some in bull-carts, some in mule-carts, and some astride. This merged into theatricals, in which the Conquest of Jolo was portrayed.

Toward evening, the headmen, *datos*, *timuays*, and chiefs met with the provincial and district governors in a large, open room to talk of peace, prosperity, and government by law. They listened and replied; they asked questions and were instructed. And, while so engaged, in came the pagan Cinkala. He entered in half-naked, native dignity, walked clear around them all, passed in front of the two sultans, and approached the governor. The sultans frowned, and two Moros got him and set him in his place beside the door.

The hundred chiefs then took the talk away and brought it to the subject of the coming marriage of the Sultan Magueguin with the princess. And, because they had no more important subject than this to discuss, we concluded that they were contented with the government given to them, and that they believed in our endeavors to better their condition.

On this last night an eclipse of the moon occurred. The night was clear. No one failed to witness it. The Moros believed a great fight was on between the sun and the moon, and that the moon was being eaten up. They got tom-toms, drums, kettles, pans, and horns, anything to make a noise, anything to help the moon. The night air became saturated with sound. The din was awful; but finally the moon was saved. It came out whole and uneaten. The Moros had the satisfaction of believing that they had helped in this. So homeward they went, tired and content.



THE NORTHMEN

BY CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

WHO wish no worlds to conquer, they are craven men and churls,
 Who cower from the north wind and shrink them from the sun,
 Who rot at home in quiet over tasks but fit for girls,
 Nor heed the wild sea crying where white the billows run.

The spirit of our fathers that stirs our blood to fire,
 The heritage of courage, the mighty gift of brawn
 That dowered us from the cradle, they were not meant for hire,
 Or to waste in idle chafing, when the battle-lot is drawn.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, let them stay and till the fields,
 Let them bend their backs in labor while we launch upon the foam,
 For the salt is in our nostrils, and the magic that it wields
 Is sweeping from the western sea to urge us from our home.

To bask in tropic sunshine; to battle with the storm;
 The wealth of fabled islands; and distant, unknown lands,
 Where the shady palm-groves greet us or glistening icebergs form;
 They are beckoning and calling, and our ships are on the sands.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, they will welcome us again,
 They will glory in our conquests, and will wonder at our gifts.
 The salt is in our nostrils, and the sea is whipped with rain,
 And our ships are slipping westward where the breaking fog-bank lifts.





Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE SALT IS IN OUR NOSTRILS"



KASHA AND THE YOUNG PRINCE¹

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

WITH PICTURES BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

I

ALL fatherless and motherless she came,
A wind-blown blossom from the
forest-side;

The mobile color of her cheek supplied;
And on this world of wonder, pride, or shame,
Her guileless, so sweet eyes were open
wide.

It was as though a rose, changed into flame, The rest? It was upon a day in spring
Fate brought her to the castle of the king.

¹ Adapted from the Polish of L. Rydel, a contemporary poet.



Drawn by W. L. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"AND AS EACH STEP SHE POLISHED TILL IT SHONE"

II

There, 't was her task, at night and all
 alone,
 Beneath the flickering torch, to scrub
 the stair;
 And as each step she polished till it
 shone,
 "For whom is this?" she thought; but
 half-aware,
 Then with her lips she touched the chilly
 stone,

From the roof-windows showed in wide
 extent?

There, like a hovering bird in heaven
 clear,
 She saw the chase below; then turned aside
 To cry, forsooth, yet knew not why she
 cried.

IV

The stolen, precious moments are but few
 For joy and tears like these. Yet came
 a day



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BEHIND A SCREEN OF PLEACHÈD VINE AND THORN"

"The prince—perchance his footstep
 will be there."
 And when clear water from the well she
 brought,
 " 'T is for the prince, the prince," was
 still her thought.

III

And when the hunt was up, and forth he
 went,
 With men and hounds, to chase the
 fleeing deer,
 What was it to the attic Kasha sent,
 Save that the woody country, far and
 near,

When, to the cellar sent, some task to do,
 By the dark barns, piled to their eaves
 with hay,
 Forth to the green, the beckoning woods
 she flew!

For blossoms or for berries, think you?
 Nay;
 Something so mighty drove her, past her
 will,
 'T was like a goad that urges, urges still.

V

Behind a screen of pleachèd vine and
 thorn
 She hid herself and wept—the mossy
 ground



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

“A KISS, MY PRINCE, MY FALCON—ONE!” SHE SAID”

Drank up her tears as dewdrops of the
morn.

But hark, oh, hark! the echoes all
around

Wake to the joyous clamor of the horn
And bayings loud of many a panting
hound!

Above all this, her beating heart she hears
When now the prince upon his steed ap-
pears!

VI

“Oh, never on thy beauty will he look!
A drudge thou art, and he shall wed a
queen.”

Perchance the thicket with her sobbing
shook:

The prince's eye—alack! 't was passing
keen—

He saw the shaken bough, the cause mis-
took:

It was no deer his arrow struck unseen,
But straight it flew upon its deadly hest,
And lodged it was within poor Kasha's
breast!

VII

She sinks, half-swooning, in the faint
warm stream

That from the seat of life wells up
apace;

She sees her kneeling prince (as in a
dream)

And all the pale, pale passion of his
face.

“Ask what thou wilt, thy wish shall be su-
preme,

And would that I might perish in thy
place!”

“A kiss, my prince, my falcon—one!” she
said—

And past their meeting lips a spirit fled.





THE POINT OF VIEW

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Thief of Virtue," "The Whirlwind," etc.

WHEN Melinda Westaway took Noah Bassett, everybody said 't was a doubtful feat on her part, and the hopeful believed it would turn out right and the experienced did n't see how it well could. She was a proud girl, you must know, with a rather mistaken idea of what it was to be a Westaway; and Noah had a different nature, and held that a man's haveage was nought, but the man everything. He judged of everybody by themselves and said that we must form our judgment on the value of each man or woman by studying their characters, not their grandfathers and grandmothers. All the same, he took Melinda for her outside looks, because love has a trick to play the fool with a man's opinions and make him eat his words and go back on 'em in his deeds. Noah just fell in love with her skin and shape and blue, brave eyes and mane of chestnut hair and pretty voice, like a good few had afore him; and since he was well-to-do, a master carpenter with three men in his shop, and well set up, and well thought of by the bettermost people round about, she took him.

But there was a pretty deep-seated difference in their point of view, and when there 's that, a pair must be more than common wise to keep off trouble. Noah prided himself on his sense, and reckoned himself a bit of a philosopher where clothes

and comfort and outside show went; while Melinda, with her views, liked to see everything smart and slap up and a thought ahead of the neighbors. He 'd fallen in with that when courting, of course, and gone to her in his best, and bought a new coat or two and looked to the blacking on his boots and the starch in his collar; but when he 'd got her, he very soon fell back to his easy and untidy ways, and he did n't care no more about the house-place than himself, and did n't mind litter and confusion and dirt, which was all gall and wormwood to her. Your red women generally be tidy, particular creatures; but you 'll find oft enough that if cleanliness be next to godliness o' one side, 't is close kin with a devil of a temper on t' other. And Melinda were n't no exception there, I believe, and certain 't is she was a fiery thing, with a very uncommon sense of what she owed to herself and what other people owed to her. She was exacting, and she had a will of iron where her dignity was at stake; and against this passion Noah put up a dogged and a sulky obstinacy; so it ended, as it do in such cases where two linked creatures pull different ways, in neither getting what they wanted, and both finding the chain gall 'em into living sores.

And when that happens, whether the sufferers yowl about it, or whether they

don't, the thing have got to be known. To do 'em justice, I will say both the man and the woman hid what they could; for he had his pride as well as her, and while she held her head high and pretended to be a cheerful and contented creature and did n't even grumble to her own mother, he merely went his own way and only let out, by side opinions on marriage and women over his glass of a night, what was in his mind.

But running water rubs away a stone, and self-control will fail and self-respect go under with the strongest and the best. The Bassetts went from bad to worse, and presently they were not at such pains to hide the trouble as of old. Folk passing the door often heard hard words; and it was along of that I came into their story.

Arthur Westaway, Melinda's ancient uncle it was, who first told me that things was so bad, and he only l'arned the fact by an accident. 'T was a summer night, and Arthur he 'd gone to see 'em and smoke a pipe with Noah. But as he stood on the door-step, with the knocker lifted, their voices came to him from the parlor window, which was open, and he heard her say:

"You low-minded, mean-spirited trash! If I 'd got a character like yours, I 'd go and hang myself. A pig 's cleaner and a worm 's prouder than you."

And Noah Bassett answered:

"Oh, you drive me mad with your pride and foolishness! You puff yourself up, like the frog in the fable, and I wish to heaven you 'd bust, like him!"

With that old Arthur Westaway dropped the knocker very quiet, and stole off on the tips of his toes. He was a sensible man, and not valiant, and he judged 't was n't just the evening to visit the Bassetts.

"I never was a pusher," he said when he came in my bar. "I never was a pusher, Johnny Rowland, and you 'll agree that after I 'd had the misfortune to hear them bitter speeches 't was truest wisdom for me to be gone."

And knowing his unwarlike nature, I did agree with the man; but nevertheless his sorry news set me thinking. I was younger in them days than what I be now, and braver, no doubt. Youth will rush in where middle age casts a side look and goes by; and, be it as 't will, fired by a

harmless wish to do the poor creatures a good turn, I resolved to try and make 'em listen to sense. Looking back, I see what a terrible rash act it was, and I 'd so soon go in a den of lions to-day as seek to patch a quarrel between two such fierce spirits as Melinda and her Noah; but I was just a dashing blade of forty-five or so when these things happened, and at that age a man, specially an unbroken bachelor such as me, will take on anything that comes to his hand with the pluck of a regiment of soldiers and the judgment of a goose. I meant well by 'em—never man meant better. I said to myself, "'T is the point of view must be righted if them two are to be saved alive." And then one evening I just walked to their door. Of course I knew 'em and their families quite well. And Noah would often—too often—drop in my bar of an evening and bide there till closing. And it fell out now that he had gone to my public house by a different road from mine, while I came to his. So I found Melinda alone in her parlor, and felt well pleased at that and set about her.

I began crafty and pretended I 'd come to see Noah touching a job or two calling for carpenter's work; and then I crept to the matter in hand. She was at her needle, and she sat chill as ice under the light of a paraffin lamp by the table; and me and my pipe was by the open window, where I could sit and spit comfortable into the flower garden.

"Darning his socks, I see."

She nodded, but said nothing.

"My old mother," I went on—"my good, old mother used to say when she was doing my clothes, 'Ah, Johnny, I wish I could put a button or two on your soul so easy as I can put 'em on your knickers.' And I dare say, like all wives, you wish something like that."

"I dare say I do," she said. Then she laughed at a private thought, and then she spoke.

"A bit ago my husband was mending the leg of Mrs. Maydew's table. And he said to me that he wished that he could mend my manners as easy as that. My manners, if you please! Funny to hear that mannerless oaf talk of my manners. A board-school child have got better manners than him."

"Whatever had you done to make him say such a thing?" I asked, surprised-like.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Axed him to wash the blood off his face afore he come to dinner. A splinter had struck him on the cheek, and he 'd bled a pint. And he 'd forgot it, and there 't was, a gashly mess all over his face, to spoil my meal. And all he said was, 'if I was half a wife, I 'd have been troubled for his hurt instead of my appetite.'"

"Not a very tidy man by nature."

She went on with her own thoughts, and presently let out another grievance.

"He said a bit ago that if he 'd been the first of the name,—Noah, I mean,—he 'd have took good care to leave one beast out of the ark afore he set forth. And I asked him which it was, and he said, 'My wife.' That 's how we go on."

"Only his fun," I told her.

"Yes," she answered, "his fun. 'T is a poor lookout for a woman when her husband's notion of fun be like that."

So there we were; and I took my courage in my hands, as they say, and had a dash at her.

"Melinda," I said, "you must listen to me, because I 'm an old friend of your family and terrible wishful to do you and Noah a good turn. I know what a reasonable woman you are, and I know the brain you 've got, and if I did n't, I should n't have took this upon myself, because many ordinary women would n't listen at all. But you 're big-minded, and far too wise to lose a chance of running your show better, if a chance offers. 'T is like this, Melinda: you and him can't quite get at each other's point of view, and 't is worth any trouble to do that."

"His point of view 's number one," she answered, satirical-like.

"Wait a bit. As for that, so be everybody's," I told her. "And in this world you 've got to have a pinch of selfishness, else you 'll go down, same as a bird with a broken wing, and be no more use to yourself or anybody else. In this case, you be both strong creatures with strong wills and strong opinions. You would n't have took a weak, shambling sort of man,—too proud for that,—and Noah, though he ban't so particular about appearances as you would have him be, is very particular indeed about one appearance, and that 's yours. You can't deny it."

"For his credit and renown," she said.

"A very good reason, too. He may

worry you to death; but he 's awful' proud of you, and many a fine night have he sung your praises in a full bar. He 's a shy man, like some of the best, and he won't say to you what he 'll say of you. But he 's loyal, Melinda; he 's loyal and proud of you to the backbone, as well he ought to be. And where money 's the matter, you 'd be gratified to learn his view. They was congratulating him a bit ago, because 't is well known what a snug man he groweth; and he said, ' 'T is along of my wife, for a clever head on young shoulders you won't find. She strikes the right note of thrift,' said Noah, 'and you 'll look a mighty long way afore you 'll find a man's wife so watchful for her husband's pocket as mine.' "

"He don't say things like that to me," she answered, making her eyes small, and threading her needle against the light.

"Along of that shy feeling that comes over him. He gets nervous, and then he gets clumsy with his own words. But he only wants to keep up his end of the stick, and means far less than you mean, when all 's said. So, as you are strong, you must be tender, my dear. And that brings me back to the point of view."

I preached on that text, and showed her as the tenderest point in the world be the point of view.

"If you sit down on a tin tack," I said, "you know what haps; but there 's sharper points than that, and the sharpest of all is the point of view. And if we could only train our minds and instincts to look for every man's point of view, and try to feel it afore we fell foul of him, the world would be a different place. And once you find yourself looking out at the world through Noah's eyes, mark me, there 'll come balm of Gilead into your life, and you 'll rise above yourself and above him, as if a angel had lent you wings."

She listened far more patient than I 'd got the right to hope. She even nodded now and again. Then I patted Noah on the back.

"He 's a man in ten thousand—a masterpiece of a carpenter and bound for a higher place than this village come a few years. And genius, they say, stands alone. He can't do and think and dress and behave like a common man. 'T is in his blood to be like the burning, fiery phenix," I said—"a rare invention and a creature

apart. And great men be always cruel' aggravating to their women. 'T is a law of nature; to be regretted, but so it stands."

Then she said a clever thing.

"I see your point of view, anyway, Mr. Rowland," she said. "There 's a lot in the idea, no doubt; but it 's kept you single, however."

I praised her for such swiftness of mind, and was just going on to show exactly how, in my opinion, she did ought to start on Noah at the first opportunity, when the man hisself came along the garden path. With that Melinda got up and took her work and prepared to go.

"'T is all right," she said. "You give him a treat now, if you please. I 'll come back in half an hour or so; and you can tell him about the point of view and try and hammer some sense into his thick head, if he 'll stand it. But he ban't so patient as me, remember, for all his wonderful character."

She went out, rather cold and thoughtful-like, and Noah came up to the window where I was sitting. He waited for her to shut the door, then, though well knowing it would have troubled her cruel to see him climb into the room through the window, he went and done it. And in the act he knocked over one of they big, red-flowered cactus-plants. The pot scat abroad, and the plant was broke' in two, and the soil went all over the carpet.

"Good powers!" he said. "My wife will twitter about that. 'T was give' her by her late grandmother, and she thinks the world of the prickly thing. No matter; let her pick it up again: she 's got a pair of hands, I believe."

'T was a good text for me to fasten upon, and I did so. I blamed him pretty sharp for such a slovenly, dirty act, and he seemed a good bit astonished.

"Hang it, innkeeper!" he said, "may n't a man come in his own house through the open winder, if he wants to? Why, good powers!" he said, "if I 've a mind to go down my chimney, or get in through the tiles, 't is my business surely, not yours."

I let him work up into a bit of heat, because a man in that state can be tackled roughly, and I did n't mind taking a hard blow or two at the beginning of the battle, so long as I got in a few heavy coun-

ter-strokes on him and shook him afterward.

"Don't you talk that rot, Bassett," I answered in my sternest manner. "You know me, and you know I ban't here for my own pleasure, and I 'm not in a mood to stand silliness, especially from a man so wise as you can be. 'T is a poor compliment to me," I said, "for you to answer me in that tone of voice; for I 've been a good friend to your family and to you likewise; and who would have had the job of all that woodwork at the rectory last week but for me?"

"All right, all right," he answered. "Don't get niffed, Johnny. 'T is only my fun. And whether or no, I stand to it that an Englishman's house is his castle, and he 've got a perfect right to come through his parlor winder any hour of the day or night that pleases him."

"And an Englishwoman's house is her castle, likewise," I declared, "and since 't is your wife's joy and pride to keep your house in a way no other house in the village be kept, you 're wrong altogether to take your careless, dirty line of action, and make nought of all her genteel ideas, and torture her sense of the comely and the clean and the fitting. 'T is just that coming through the winder that strikes the note of your conduct, and though you say 't is no business of mine, Noah, I 'll chance that for the sake of two clever people I think the world of—I 'll chance what you may speak against me—and assure you that you be wrong and brutal and piglike in this matter; and 't is casting pearls before swine for your wonderful creation of a wife to make your home like a fairy-land, if you will come into it through the winder. Look what your hoof have done to the white paint, and look at all that mess and dirt on the carpet. 'T is nothing in itself, but everything when you think of Melinda. She 's a genius, I tell you, and genius will have its special features and high ideas above the herd of us every-day folk. And her genius takes such a flight of soap and water as never was heard of afore. Why, every dirty thumb-mark on the wall is a nail in the coffin of her pride."

That was pretty clever for me, and I paused to get my breath. But the man misunderstood.

"If thumb-marks be nails in the coffin of her pride, I 'd plant 'em from the top

of the house to the bottom, in all the colors of the rainbow," he said. "Her pride goeth before a fall, as I've often told her. Pride, pride—curse her pride! She's house-proud and haveage-proud and clothes-proud and hair-proud and teeth-proud and voice-proud, and everything but husband-proud. Good Lord, that woman! Every word—every little word I say—she fastens on it like a hawk, and mangles it and turns it inside out, till I very near dance sometimes to see how an innocent speech can be twisted into an ugly one. And I stick up for her in season and out, and you can bear me witness that I do; but when do she say a good word for me and my parts? Her point of view—"

There I cut him short.

"The very word!" I said. "And well I knew, if we had a good tell about it, that word would presently jump to your lips. The point of view is everything, and in that lies the great hope for you and Melinda; for you're both so chock full of cleverness as an egg of meat, and once you can see from her point of view,—how life strikes upon her and what her ambitions are,—and once she can do the like, and put herself in your place, and view your manly outlook, and see your great skill with hard wood, and so on, then you'll lift her eyes, and she'll clear yours, and all will be well."

He was walking up and down, but now he went into the scullery and I after him. Then he drew a jug of beer and took two glasses off the kitchen dresser.

"Fetch a third, my son," I said, "for your missis will join us again presently, and 't would be a clever thing to let her know you was expecting her."

He did as I told him, and I went further, and said as we would n't drink until she came. "And, meantime, let me improve the shining hour," I said. Then went on at him in my best manner for a good bit longer till my throat was dry.

He stared at my fine flow of words.

"Lord!" he declared, "you ought to have been a hedge-preacher, John Rowland."

Then his wife came down house again and joined us in the parlor. And she was perfectly calm. She had cried a bit after she'd left me, as I could see; but the marks were very near gone. In fact, the only warm member present was myself.

I'd worked myself up into a pretty good heat over the job, you understand, and now Noah noticed it.

"Pour innkeeper a glass of beer, Melindy," he says; "he's sweating like a pig. And then pour yourself one, and let's see you drink it. You don't drink enough to keep a mouse alive."

She was surprised at this remark. She gave a ghost of a smile and obeyed him; but she did n't speak. However, Noah's tongue was now unloosed and he started.

"Me and Mr. Rowland here have been talking very wise about life in general, and yours and mine in particular. He's so kind as to be interested in our private affairs,—very good of such a busy man, I'm sure,—and he's pointed out to me what I never seed for myself, of course, Melindy,—namely, that you ban't the every-day kind of wife, and that I've been short-sighted and a selfish beast to you. And in his judgment I did ought to wash oftener, and not come in the house from the stable through the parlor winder, and so on. All sound sense and solemn truth; and I thank him for it."

His wife looked awful' queer, and her voice was strange to me when she answered:

"And I've heard tell from him what a clever man you are, Noah,—a thing I'd never thought of myself, more shame to me,—in fact, a genius of a man; and such men must n't be judged like common, every-day husbands. I'm going to try and look out at life from your point of view, Noah, and say my prayers to you in future because that's the backbone of married life, and Mr. Rowland thinks I'm clever enough to do it."

"And I know you are," he said. "Good powers! What is there you ban't clever enough to do, if you want to? And witty though I may be, and a master carpenter, and all the rest, of course where my love and pride and hope and joy be set I've failed—failed, and well I know it."

"You have n't failed," she answered. "'T is only now and again, I'm sure, we don't see alike; and then, no doubt, I'm far too quick to put my own point of view first. I blush for myself when I think of it now."

"Not at all," he said—"not at all, Melindy. Good powers! And why should n't you have your own point of view—a

clever, well-educated woman as took the prizes you took at school? Your point of view be worth that of any ten men every time, and 't is always dead right, as I 've told the people more than once."

"And so 's yours. You 've got a man's mind and you lift your mind up to the big things."

"And the first big thing be you," he told her, "and all else is trash and dross to me. Look there at thick broken pot—my wicked work! I 've been so wrong as to come in through the winder. Shame upon me! What the devil 's the front door for?"

"Come in how you please, so long as you do come," she said. "God knows I 've often done enough to keep you away. 'T is I that have been wrong—wrong to do a score of silly, headstrong things and fret you with my fidgets. What matter for the flower-pot? Ban't there another in the world? D' you think I don't see my sins clear enough? D' you think I wanted Mr. Rowland here, or anybody else, to tell me all my countless faults? No, I did n't. Too well I knew 'em, and too well I knew you knew 'em, too; but you was too generous and manly to name them, though an outsider could."

Bassett cast an unfriendly glance at me.

"I won't have you sing small—a woman with your family's blood in your veins, and a woman of your great renown, and with such a house and all," he said. "Good powers! Who am I that my wife should say I know her faults, when I cry out at the cross-roads every day that she have n't got none? 'T is all the other way, as Rowland have made me see very clear, though I knew it too well without his telling. 'T is all the other way, and I 'm a common, unclean thing, far below you in all my thoughts and deeds. I 'm a master carpenter, 't is true; but what 's that, if I 'm a careless, dirty man, and mess the house and break my wife's heart and don't value her wonderful character? And what if I do save money for you and work early and late for you and feel my heart-strings tight about you whenever your name comes in my mind? That 's all nought against the countless wicked, nasty, shameful things I 've done, as John here be good enough to point out so bitter' clear. But God 's my judge I did n't *know what a sinner I was!*"

"Don't go on like that, dear Noah," she said, "because I 'm only flesh and blood, and I can't stand it. I 've cried to-night—cried cruel tears to think of my mistakes and how little worth I was to win such a wonder as you. I won't hear you run yourself down afore me, and no proper wife would. 'T is all nonsense, and if you think 't is my point of view that you ban't all you should be, clean or dirty, and if you think I 'd change a hair on your head,—unless 't is some gray ones brought by my evil, scolding tongue,—then you 're wrong."

"Say no more, or I shall get angered with somebody," he answered her. "Good powers, Melindy! You make a lump come in my throat—to see a proud piece like you eating humble pie to me! 'T is horrid, and contrary to nature, for you be worth a million of me, and your precious little finger 's of more account than my whole carcass—or any other man's; and if there 's them about think they 've got the wit to teach you your duty to me—" He broke off there, and looked over my way again.

Then she went on:

"And if there 's any man or woman think to tell you what I want of you, well, all I want is your love; and I 've got it, and, please God, always shall have."

Her voice was broken.

"Have done," he said, "or I 'll—'t is all in a nutshell—a very stupid, needless, impertinent piece of work, and—certain people, with a name for sense, ought to have known better. To make a woman cry ban't no part of a man's duty at no time; and if that woman be another man's wife, and the best wife on God's earth at that—well, 't is better in my opinion if we all stuck to our own job, and the publicans kept behind their own bars and left the sinners to mind their own blessed business."

Then she takes it up again.

"Ban't I your wife? Have we got a secret from each other? No, we have n't, and never shall have. And I don't want any man to tell me your virtues, and you don't want any man to tell you mine."

And then I spoke; for I began to feel that if Noah had come in at the winder, I might find myself going out the same way.

"Not so fast," I said—"not so fast, young people. Just you hear me—"

But they would n't.

"We *have* heard you," answered Bassett. "We've heard you together and apart, and in my opinion we've heard a darned sight too much of you. There's things a man can do, and there's things a man can't do," he said, "and, for my part, it looks to me terrible much as if you'd done a thing a man can't do."

"You're a bachelor, and you seem to forget what a married man is, Mr. Rowland," declared Melinda, rather scornful and her nose cocked. "I dare say you meant well. You be so great on the point of view that Noah and me will grant that from your bachelor point of view, you did n't mean all or half you said; but there 't is: your point of view be cruel, narrow, and one-sided, and ungentlemanly, too, and you ought n't to have thought that I—"

"I'll go further," interrupted Bassett. "A woman's that tender that even under insult she'll often be patient and not answer back. And Melinda here—as be patience made alive—is a lot too kind to say what she really thinks. But I ban't so particular, and I tell you, Johnny Rowland, that there's a place for everything, and everything in its place; and it was n't your place to wait till I'd gone down to your public house and then sneak up here to bully my wife."

"Or sit and spit out through that window on my geraniums," said Melinda.

"Good powers! You to lecture her, a Westaway, and above you by birth and everything! A proud, sensitive creature like her!"

"And to tell my husband he was n't tidy," she said. "And you sitting there in the window—blowing your smoke into my curtains as if 't was your tap-room!"

"'T is a very great pity you can't see yourself to-night as other people see you, Rowland," went on the man; "because, if you could, you'd see a very silly creature, as wants all the sense he's got and a bit more for his own needs. None to spare for me and my wife, I assure you."

"And you a bachelor, too," she said again. "'T was that she found hardest to forgive, seemingly."

Then Noah got telling Melinda more of my faults.

"When I come in here," he said, "that man instantly told me I was ruining your life and a few other things; and how I'm to behave, and how I'm not to do this and not to do that. And never even invited here—unless you asked him?"

"No," she answered; "I did n't ask him, and I did n't want him. He came in and was at my throat before I knew what had happened. You might have knocked me down with a feather."

"The indecency of it!" cried Noah. "And a man who could do a thing like that to pride himself on his good sense and judgment! Why, if 't was n't so shameful, John Rowland, 't would be a trick to laugh at. But it ban't that by long chalks: 't is a beastly, pushing, indelicate thing, thrusting into a happy home with all your dangerous opinions. You come in here by night—by night you come—and poke your nose into my private affairs, and talk a lot of anointed twaddle to this woman behind my back; and then you send her out of the room when I come in, and begin upon me to the same tune. And do you know what you might have done? D' you know what might have happened, you headlong, rash man, if you had n't been dealing with the likes of us?"

I did n't answer, but Melinda did.

"You might have separated two people forever—a faithful, loving husband and wife."

"'T is properly shameful," went on Bassett, "and no smaller word's big enough. If you'd go to your good books and better your own foolish ideas, 't would be wiser, I should think. 'Those that God have joined together let no man put asunder'—there's holy words for you, you wretched creature! And yet you try—you come creeping in here—by night, too—to try and put asunder this woman and me! And you ban't ashamed of your devil's work seemingly."

"Ashamed, no; he's smiling at it," said Melinda. And 't was true. I could n't for the life of me help showing just a twinkle, though I tried to look so solemn as an owl.

But the young couple was working up into a proper fury now, and Noah's voice had got out of hand afore he let fly again.

"I'll l'arn him to smile, a insolent hound; I'll make him smile wrong side of his ugly, flat face in a minute! Drinking my beer and all! And thinks that

we're a pair of born fools to be preached at by him. But 't is he that 's the fool, and I 'll show him he is."

Then she cut in.

"And now he 'll go babbling through the village, no doubt, saying that you and me be cat and dog, and turning the people from us and telling wicked lies and—"

"Let him dare!" shouts Noah, standing still and banging the table with his fist. "Let me hear as he 's once had your name or mine on his lips, and I 'll horsewhip him fust, and have him up afore the court for libel after! A man 'like you," he went on, turning to me where I sat in a corner—"a man like you be a canker in any town, and the smaller the place, the more dangerous 't is to have such a creature in it. And, mark me, I 'll set the world against you, and tell every man and woman what a malicious, scandal-mongering dog you are. I 'll fright all your friends away from you, and tell the customers what they may expect, and warn the married men that when they be drinking your beer, so like as not you be trying to ruin 'em with their wives."

"And the next thing will be you 'll try to ruin the wives themselves, I should n't wonder," says the woman. "A cunning, underhand, hooken-snivey thing like you—Lord knows what I should have heard next if my husband had n't come home!"

"If I thought that," roars Noah, blazing like a bonfire, "I 'd wallop you here and now, John Rowland. I 'd thrash you to the truth of music, and cry you through the length and breadth of the land as a damned, scoundrelly love-hunter, not to be trusted with any honest woman!"

Well, that let me out. I 'd heard enough, and wanted change of air.

"I 'll be off," I said, "and then you can clean your house, and fumigate it also."

"No, you 've done that," she answered, quick as lightning. "All we need be a gale of wind in the house to blow your hateful ideas out of it. You 've tried your wicked best to make an everlasting quarrel between my husband and me, and I 'll never forgive you for it. I 'd be ashamed to forgive you. And now you 'd better go."

"And quick!" said Noah. "And I won't forgive you neither, and no man with any self-respect would do so."

"The first that ever tried to come between us!" she said reproachfully.

"But you 've failed, and I hope you 'll smart to your dying day when you see *how* you 've failed," he went on. "You 've failed, and if anything could make me love this woman more fierce and faithful than what I do, 't would be your mean trick to try and put me against her. Henceforth she 'll be more—far more to me than ever she was in her life. So now, then!"

"And the same here," cries t' other. "I love the ground my Noah walks on, and ever shall. And I hate the ground you walk on; and I 'll spit at your shadow every time you pass me—same as you spat on my geraniums. And now you go out of this or I 'll ask my husband to put you out."

So I bent to the blast, and did n't even try to right myself, for that might have been fatal. I just rose up and crept away like a suspicious character when he catches the policeman's eye. I sneaked out of the house in dead silence and went off with my head down, to let 'em see how properly crushed I felt; and at the door I turned half a second and just said: "Well, well, good night, my dears. And if I 'd got a tail, I 'm sure I 'd put it between my legs."

They came to the ope-way and cussed so long as I was in ear-shot, and then I looked back and saw them in each other's arms, like them old pictures of folk cut on black paper—lined out black against the light in the passage behind 'em.

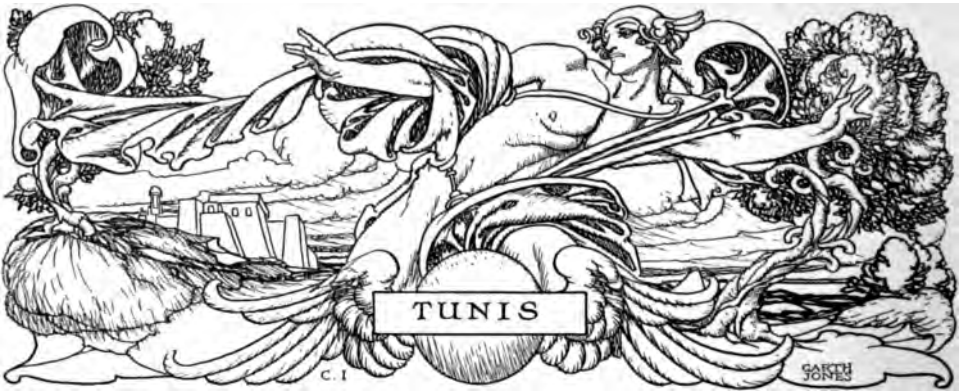
Not a word did I ever speak about it after; but be sure they did. A terrible character I got for a season, and Noah Bassett would never know me again or come across the threshold of my public house. And Melinda she cut me dead and made her family do the like. But what mattered was that something new took shape and sprang up and grew betwixt 'em from that hour. Whether 't was the point of view, or the joyful feeling of being in such close and loving sympathy against me, I can't say; but it went pretty well for 'em from that day, and a lot of nice, little, red-headed childer come in due course; and they was all so happy as life allows sensible folk to be.

Peacemaking be noble work for a man, but you must always expect, when you start stopping blows, to find the last and heaviest of 'em fall on your own shoulders.



Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I 'LL SET THE WORLD AGAINST YOU'"



MOTORING IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS

SECOND PAPER: FROM CONSTANTINE TO THE
BORDER OF TRIPOLI

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

IT'S unusual site makes Constantine a conspicuous feature in the lovely landscape. The city stands on an immense, isolated rock or, rather, series of rocks, which rise from the plain perpendicularly for one thousand feet; it is encircled on the south and east by a great gorge, one hundred and seventy meters deep, through which rushes the sinister river Rummel. Constantine is the Cirta of the Romans, and was considered by them, as it is considered by the French to-day, virtually impregnable. Nevertheless, though it has withstood eighty sieges, it has been conquered by the Arabs, Turks, and French.

There are two entrances to the chasm, one being near the handsome bridge which connects the city with the railway station. It was this entrance that we elected to take. We descended a flight of steps into what appeared to be a pretty ravine filled with flowering fruit-trees and shrubs. The day was charming. A roar as of many rushing torrents mounted up to us. Dashing waterfalls came darkly foaming from the steep, slimy walls. The sun had vanished suddenly without warning, and brooding twilight reigned. We continued to descend. A frail, wooden suspension-bridge spanned the chasm, from the middle of which a view up and down the

gorge was obtained. On one side the precipitous walls rise six hundred feet; on the other, one looks into the mouth of a black, dome-shaped vault of extraordinary height, through which the Rummel thunders and takes a glorious leap into the valley.

On a fresh, pleasant morning we said good-by to Constantine, and took the road to Philippeville. After a few hours' drive over mountains as bare as billiard-tables, we reached El Arrouch, and descended into a lovely valley dedicated to the culture of the olive and the vine. La Calle, to which we motored the next day, is the frontier town of Algeria. Tourists never loiter here unless it is for the purpose of being reimbursed the duty paid on an automobile when entering the country.

We arrived at noon, and, after lunching at the clean little hotel, went hopefully forth to the custom-house, only to be informed that it was a holiday and no business could be transacted until the morrow. As 1198 francs were to be refunded, there was no alternative but to spend the night in La Calle. The people—French, with a scant sprinkling of Italians, were pleasuring on the bay or picnicking inland in the woods. Toward evening they began

to return, a merry crowd, singing and dancing along the street, with arms interlocked. In the bright, little town there is

indisposed or not, as a preventive against fever.

A few miles beyond La Croix we en-



THE SITE OF CONSTANTINE (ON THE TOP OF THE ROCK AT THE LEFT)
AND THE GORGES OF THE RUMMEL

much gaiety, yet I fear there is also much illness, for in the post-office could be read a notice in French and Arabic advising every one to take from twenty-five to thirty centigrams of quinine daily, whether

tered Tunis. Vast forests of cork-trees abound in the region. The trees are not so tall or so fantastically shaped as I have seen them in the mountains of Spain, but commercially they are quite as valuable.



THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE AND THE REMAINS OF HER HARBORS

Every ten years the tree is stripped of its bark, and when full-grown it yields several hundred pounds of cork.

In Babouch, the first Tunisian village, we were detained a short time by the courteous officials of the customs, and again followed the magnificent mountain causeway, which there made a sudden drop to the borders of the Mediterranean. We had enjoyed the drive over the mountains in a manner almost jubilant, but truth compels the admission that there were certain steep descents which lent a doubtful charm to the landscape.

Before noon we reached Tabarka, on the sea, and after replenishing our gasoline and taking luncheon, we continued our journey to the capital, called by the Arabs "The White Burnoose of the Prophet." Along the coast were high sand-dunes of deep orange-red. After crossing an immense plateau, we descended into a fertile plain dotted with well-cultivated farms and low, whitewashed farm-houses. The evening was still young when we entered Tunis la Blanche, Tunis l'Odorante, long held by the Mussulman to be the most beautiful of Eastern cities. It is undoubtedly a city that captivates; it possesses the mysterious charm of the Orient, with the prosaic comforts of the Occident. From the modern French town one can step into the land of the Arabian Nights and wander with the rich merchant of Bagdad through strange, fascinating streets which never affront the most sensitive sense.

The moment you pass through the Porte de France and enter a tangle of little streets, the trammels of your identity drop from you like an inconvenient mantle; your Western personality ceases for the time to be the center of the cosmos,

from which you gaze with condescension upon your strange environment; you are Zadi Abou-Hassan or Ahmed Mustapha, and Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. And something else happens: you have lost your way, and care not a fig, not an amber-colored date, that this is so. After wandering through a labyrinth of little streets, you finally arrive at the "souks," the bazaars of old Tunis, and one look convinces you that they are the same to-day that they were five hundred years ago. There are a hundred thousand Mussulmans in Tunis, and you are willing to believe that ninety thousand are shopping, or selling, or strolling in the souks.

Hadj Mohammed's shop cannot be entered; it is too diminutive. You sit on a convenient bench before the door, and he sits cross-legged in the middle of the shop, from which, by stretching out his hand, he can reach every article of his valuable and fragrant stock. He opens his bottles of essences, rose, heliotrope, amber, violet, geranium, one after the other, and rubs a drop of each on your glove, your sleeve, your shoulder, till you are intoxicated with sweet odors. He does this for the pleasure of your company, and by no means because he desires you to buy. He converses in excellent French on the increased cost of living in Tunis since the tourists have come; on the high price of chickens; on the scarcity of good vegetables; and in the same breath calls your attention to the delightful fragrance of the "vrai jasmin de Tunis" by a perfumed drop on the lapel of your coat. In the meanwhile Achmet or Morabec or Imbrahim brings black coffee in small, white cups, and Hadj Mohammed Cabet begs you to honor him by drinking; and what with the cof-

fee, the perfumes, and the graceful attentions of the incomparable Hadj, you end by gaily purchasing more than you want. When you enter your hotel three hours later, every person in it with a nose is aware that you have that day been to the Souk el Attarin.

Each morning an auction is held in the Souk el Trouk. In the narrow streets, packed with Jews and Arabs, every one is crying, bargaining, disputing prices, and no one ever seems to buy. The auctioneers walk up and down, pushing their way through the human mass, holding high above their heads a single vivid-colored waistcoat, a shawl, or a soiled, white burnoose, and shrieking the prices. Women sit at the entrances of diminutive shops and watch with eyes peering through black veils. They have brought articles to sell, and are waiting the return of their auctioneers. Now and then a tall Arab halts before a cluster of chattering women and, singling out one, offers her a pinch of snuff. With her thumb and forefinger she takes the snuff, and sneezes gratefully. If a foreigner purchases anything of value

in a shop, before eventide every merchant in the souks knows the exact article he bought and, to the ultimate sous, what he paid for it, and every guide in Tunis is equally well informed. It is safe to assert that if that same foreigner escapes the lures awaiting him next day, or any day during the remainder of his sojourn in the town, he either possesses the wisdom of Solon or has no money left to spend. It comes to the same thing in the end, and that, somehow, remains a comforting thought.

The imperative trip to take from Tunis is to the site of ancient Carthage, and one's interest does not languish on discovering that absolutely nothing remains of the famous city and that the few scattered monumental ruins are of Roman, not of Phenician, origin. The beauty of the panoramic view from the crest of the Byrsa (the hill formerly occupied by the citadel of Carthage) is as great now as when the fugitives from Tyre gazed upon it. The Gulf of Tunis shines as deeply blue, the distant islands Zimbra and Zinbretta are as lightly slumberous in their



From a photograph, copyright by Lehnert and Landrock, Tunis

REMAINS OF THE ODÉON THEATER AT THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE



THE MARKET-PLACE
AT SUSA

sea-cradle, and the tinted chain of bay-encircling mountains are as grand. But there is a charm in the view to-day that was not there then. It lies in the white, flat-roofed houses glistening behind waving palm-trees, in the flower-studded gardens, in the wide fields of wheat, red poppies, and yellow daisies, in the majestic sweep of ocean-going steamers.

Yet for all the beauty of the present, we are held in the spell of the past. Hamilcar and Hannibal move here in mighty strides; Hasdrubal, and his patriotic wife (she who strangled her children and threw herself into the flames of the burning citadel rather than submit to the enemy) rise from the shades of the ages. Here Scipio hurls the power of Rome against a vanished glory, and Cato the eloquent calls across the sea, "Carthaginem delendam esse." And above all these great and terrible figures stands Dido, the love-lorn queen of whom Vergil sang. With careful eye I measured the land that was inclosed by a bull's hide, cut into fine strips by the astute lady; and I selected the place where later she caused her funeral-pyre to be erected when the faithless Æneas left her.

From the high tower of the mosque in the Casbah of Tunis a white flag is raised every day at noon. It is the town clock, *and is half an hour faster than the clocks*

of Paris. It is a curious sight to see the Arabs in the streets below dive into the voluminous folds of their garments and bring forth watches of every size and kind, to regulate them carefully after a squint at the tower.

One morning, long before the noon-flag was raised, we were motor-



OUTSIDE THE SOUTH GATE OF SUSA

ing leisurely south toward the borders of Tripoli. Our route led us over the vast plains of the Sahel, through the charming little seaport towns of Susa and Sfax, and finally into the great desert again. Ninety-five miles of desolate, uncultivated country not unlike the barren regions of certain portions of Arizona and New Mexico separates Tunis from Susa. Herds of camels, tents of Bedouins, and half-naked little Bedouin children, who, when not guarding small flocks of multicolored sheep, skipped nimbly back and forth in front of our automobile, to the nerve-racking anxiety of the chauffeur, made the landscape far from monotonous.

After leaving Susa, the road is lined with tall, prickly-pear bushes, the fences of the country, and traverses magnificent stretches of olive-trees. I remember in particular one grove with trees so ancient that their gnarled and hollow trunks had been filled with packed earth to give them stability. One is struck with the absence of vineyards in a land where the grape flour-

ishes wherever planted. But the Mussulmans of Tunis pride themselves on a close observance of the precepts of the Koran.

From forests of olives we passed again into vast, treeless, shrubless plains. It was here we saw a sight disturbing to our instinct of harmony. An automobile stage sped past, crowded inside and out with Arabs, the peaked hoods of their white burnouses drawn well over their heads, their dark eyes peering out at us with a kind of somber gleefulness of expression. We felt that cherished traditions had somehow been frivolously violated, though our own automobile had never disturbed our sense of the congruous. "A foolish consistency," as Emerson observes, "is the hobgoblin of little minds."

Suddenly we discerned half a mile away, in the midst of a vast, empty plain, an amphitheater of magnificent proportions. It was El Djem, the grandest Roman monument in Tunis, and perhaps the best preserved amphitheater in the world. Now in the midst of desolation, it was once part of a flourishing Roman city.

The walled town of Sfax is noted for its gardens and for the cultivation of the olive. When the French took possession, they quickly discovered that in the matter of arboriculture they had much to learn. Large sponge-fisheries employ over a thousand boats manned by Sicilians, Greeks, and Arabs, who give to the harbor a very animated appearance.

In Sfax many of the inhabitants wear the green turban indicative of a hypothetical descent from the prophet. It was here that we were privileged to enter as guests the house of a wealthy Arab, the vice-consul of Tripoli. With outstretched hands he met us in the courtyard of his house. Two serious young men were introduced as his sons; they could speak a little French. While the men were conducted by one of the sons to a different part of the house, we women were led to a room where we were received by the wives of the vice-consul, two young women gorgeously gowned who had a certain nobleness of carriage. The younger, perhaps eighteen, who looked very sad, wore a pink-silk, embroidered gown which reached to her well-turned ankles and just showed the wide, white silk trousers beneath. Her slender feet were bare. Great gold loops hung from her ears; a gold necklace encircled her throat, and fell almost to her waist. A head-dress fitted the head closely, and was heavily embroidered with gold, and long tabs touched her shoulders. Her eyebrows were finely penciled, and the pallor of her cheeks was hidden behind a coating of rouge not very artistically applied. She was altogether a pathetic, pretty creature. Her companion, robed in the same fashion, with the exception that her tunic was blue and her feet incased in sandals, was plump and merry-looking, though her grayish-blue



THE SOUTH GATE OF SFAIX

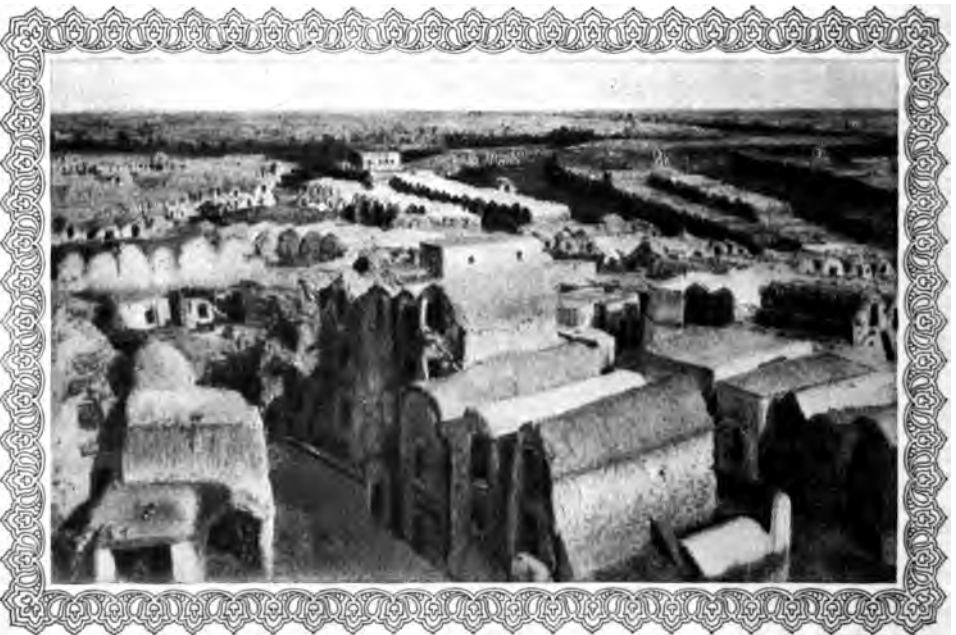


REMAINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATER AT EL DJEM

eyes had that about them which made one think they could snap angrily when displeased. She took precedence in all things over the wife in pink. Conversation was carried on through the medium of the vice-consul's son, who, by the way, must have

been five or six years the senior of his two pretty stepmothers. An elaborately dressed infant, the son of the wife in pink, was presented by the vice-consul as his youngest child.

We were then interrogated as to the



THE TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MÉDÉNINE

number of our sons. One was listened to with approval so marked that the other hoped to escape interrogation, for gray hair and single-blessedness are invariably regarded with amazement by the Arabs. She retained a vivid remembrance of the Arab guide who, hearing her referred to as "Mademoiselle," stared at her, and exclaimed in loud surprise, "I never saw a mademoiselle with white hair before!" When our host had extracted the truth, his profound astonishment was shared in full measure by his wives. A few quickly spoken words of command from the vice-consul caused one of the Arab ladies—she of the sad eyes—to unlock a cabinet drawer and produce a necklace of gold spangles, which was clasped around the throat of that husbandless guest. Bracelets were slipped upon her arms, her hat was removed, and a barbarously splendid head-dress, studded with handsome stones, was substituted. To complete the picture, a pink-silk tunic, gold embroidered, was cast over her shoulders. She stood arrayed a veritable Oriental of high degree. The old man chuckled and rubbed his hands, the merry wife clapped her little henna-stained palms together, but the sad-eyed one gazed with an expression that was inscrutable. Then the vice-consul gracefully extended a dinner-invitation for the morrow to our entire party; but we had to decline, as we meant to continue our tour early in the morning. Still, in the outskirts of Sfax we visited his villa and gardens, inclosed by high earth walls topped by a great growth of prickly-pear bushes. We walked long lengths of plowed ground between lines of orange-, lemon-, pomegranate-, and almond-trees, the ripening fruit imparting a faintly spiced perfume to the air. From an ornamental point of view the gardens were disappointing. There was an absence of flowers, of grass, of pretty paths—an absence which disqualified them forever for pleasant loitering-places on beautiful summer days, despite the cool, velvety brown of the upturned earth. Indeed, the impression would have been disturbing had we not known that the gardens of Sfax are mainly utilitarian. The white villa of Arab architecture was surrounded by tall palm-trees, and formed a finished little picture. Coffee was served, and we drank it standing in the shadow of the trees, for the time of our

departure was pressing close upon us. Later our guide informed us that the son who had acted as interpreter had refused to marry an Arab wife, boldly proclaiming his preference for a European woman.

Taking the route southward, we motored through miles of green-gray olive-groves, then struck out across the desert with a sense of adventure, of subtle joy, which the breath of the desert brings to those who enter it. In the attesting presence of the Kabyles, the glamour of the desert came to us even before we entered the sun-steeped, broad expanse with the yellow-white distances in it. They are wonderfully handsome, these children of the sun, and here in southern Tunis are more smiling, more friendly in aspect, than those we encountered in Algeria, and the tattoo-marks on the faces of the women are more exaggerated.

Before the end of that day's ride we met our first mishap since leaving the capital of Algeria—a punctured tire, which delayed us half an hour under a blazing sun. Large herds of camels browsed in the luminous distance. The animals were watched by a group of Bedouins gathered about an artesian well. In splendid efforts to reclaim the Sahara, French engineers have sunk many of these wells, tapping underground streams and springs, and have restored the old Arab wells, which had silted up.

After sundown we came to a region of magnificent date-palms bordering the sea, which we followed to the sleepy little oasis town of Gabes. Our sudden appearance brought consternation to the landlord of the inn. He was a Frenchman, rubicund of hue, with a countenance of bucolic aspect, and a broad, round anatomy which somehow made one think of the full moon on stilts. His long, brown hair hung low on his neck, and his brown mustache curled prettily. We had failed to notify him of our intended arrival; his accommodations were limited; another motor-car was expected. All this we gathered between his voluble assurances that we must on no account descend from our car. When we protested, he raised his shoulders and spread out his chubby hands pathetically, apologetically, till we saw visions of a night spent in the desert in the tents of Bedouins or under the myriad shining stars, and one of the party with a zest for

experiences was graceless enough to be glad. But the host had a wife who possessed the intelligent, helpful attributes characteristic of the Frenchwoman whose husband is commercially employed. It was therefore due to her that we were triumphantly established as guests.

Gabes is not much more than a military post surrounded by the captivating palm-gardens of the natives. In a shallow "oued" at one end of the town, women, with bright-colored skirts tucked up above their knees, were leisurely pounding a choice assortment of rags, which I took to be their clothes. Pretty children, bronze-colored and naked, were splashing one another in the water and shouting merrily. We took a path which led behind clay walls to a veritable jungle of date-palms. Beneath the tall, scaly trunks were green patches of young wheat, squares of vegetable gardens, and small orange-, lemon-, and fig-trees, all watered by a network of irrigating-ditches. Here and there small mosques and adobe huts with thatched roofs nestled in the shadow of the palms. The natives were grouped about, smoking, chatting, or working, turning over the rich soil with short-handled hoes, and cutting off large sprouts from date-palms for replanting.

There is a charm about life in the oasis which, though indefinable, is very potent—a charm felt by the homesick soldier, by the exiled foreigner, by the passing tourist. Indeed, the latter acquires a taste for the desert and for the oasis in the desert which haunts him persistently. Long after he has said good-bye to them, the music of the wind-stirred palm-trees lingers in his memory.

Gabes lies one hundred and fifty miles farther south than Biskra, and Médenine lies fifty miles south of Gabes. Between them an edge of the desert stretches along the foot of the Matmatas Mountains, and sweeps down to the sea, but without mitigating the heat, which on the day we motored to Médenine seemed to come from a red-hot furnace. It was noon when we entered Médenine, the strangest village in all Tunisia, a large troglodyte village and the principal frontier post of the French army, for a few miles beyond lies Tripoli. After leaving the car at the little hotel, we walked through a small avenue of brilliant *pepper-trees*, passed a few white houses

of Europeans, then over a fiery stretch of baked earth, and entered the native village. The troglodytes are supposed to be "dwellers in caves," and Médenine one of the most curious of their villages. As a matter of fact, the houses, built of stone, are a succession of small, windowless, and for the most part doorless vaults, constructed one on top of the other to the height of four or five stories. Projecting stones on the outside form staircases which permit access to the vaults on the upper floors. Many of these are used for granaries, while others, in no way differing from them, serve as dwellings. At the time of our visit, the granaries were empty and the people pathetically poor, their harvest having failed for two successive years; yet they did not beg of us, offering in this respect a striking contrast to the poor among the Arabs, Kabyles, and Jews in other parts of Tunisia and in Algeria.

Though the powerful protection of France has for many years been extended to travelers throughout the regency of Tunisia, there remained certain places in the country where until a comparatively recent period it was deemed by the French government necessary to supply armed escort to foreigners who visited them.

The beneficence of French rule in Tunisia is nowhere more strikingly shown than among the fanatical inhabitants of Kairwan, one of the four holy cities of the Mussulman, the others being Mecca, Jerusalem, and Medina. Seven pilgrimages to Kairwan are equivalent to one to Mecca. It is essentially an Arab town, with a population numbering twenty thousand, of which two hundred and fifty are French.

As we drew near, the holy city blazed like a white jewel in the sunlight, with its white, crenelated walls, its white towers and bastions, its great white-fleeced domes, and its lofty white minarets, where the muezzins call to prayer.

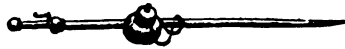
After obtaining permission to visit the mosques, we set forth to see the Grand Mosque, built by Sidi-Okba. It is near the ramparts, on the northeast corner of the city, and is surrounded by high walls. It has, as one approaches it, somewhat the appearance of a Moorish stronghold, as though it had been constructed for defense rather than for prayer. The impression disappears with the opening of the great doors, and one steps into a court sur-

rounded by a beautiful arcade of marble columns. The mosque itself is one of the noblest in northern Africa.

A certain distance beyond the city walls is the "Mosque of the Barber of the Prophet," which, properly speaking, is not a mosque at all, but a place of pilgrimage, a college for students of the Koran, and a refuge for religious mendicants. After the Alhambra, to portions of which it bears a family resemblance, it is the most perfect thing of its kind in the world.

Outside the mosque, a score of boys, sadly soiled as to clothes and complexion, waited us with petitions to ride in the car. Our guide fiercely dispersed them, but one small Arab managed to elude him and tucked himself most incomprehensively under the car, where later, in the market-place, he emerged smiling mischievously.

In a dirty inclosed court near the market, we saw the snake-charmers of Kairwan, who form a well-known religious sect, and who treated us to an exhibition of antics and snakes, including the deadly cobra. In the market-place, surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, and accompanied by the same mischievous little imp who had motored uninvited with us from the Mosque of the Barber, and who now was contentedly smoking a cigarette and explaining matters of interest to us in choice Arabic (so at least I took his fluent speech to be), we forgot the unpleasant episode of the snake-charmers and lost ourselves in the contemplation of a bewildering display of Oriental rugs. A week later, under the gold of the stars, with a crescent moon brightly shining, we sailed from the shores of Tunis la Blanche, Tunis l'Odorante.



THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

(AFTER READING "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS")

BY J. H. WALLIS

I WOULD not linger at the Wicket Gate
 Except as any loving worshiper
 Would gaze upon the Great Compassionate;
 Nor in the House of the Interpreter,

With all its wealth of good exemplified
 In wondrous picture or impressive sight,
 Would I a guest be willing to abide
 More, in impatience, than a single night.

No fear have I of snares that guard the goal;
 I should be safe from foes the strong might flee,
 Because a humble and a contrite soul
 Is inconspicuous to the Enemy.

I might not see the Mountains of Delight,
 Whose height and grandeur surely would not suit;
 In Beulah Land the light would be too bright,
 And noisy praise might make my spirit mute.

Here is the gentlest place of all the Way;
 Green fields and lilies everywhere I see,
 So that forever I am fain to stay
 In this sweet Valley of Humility.



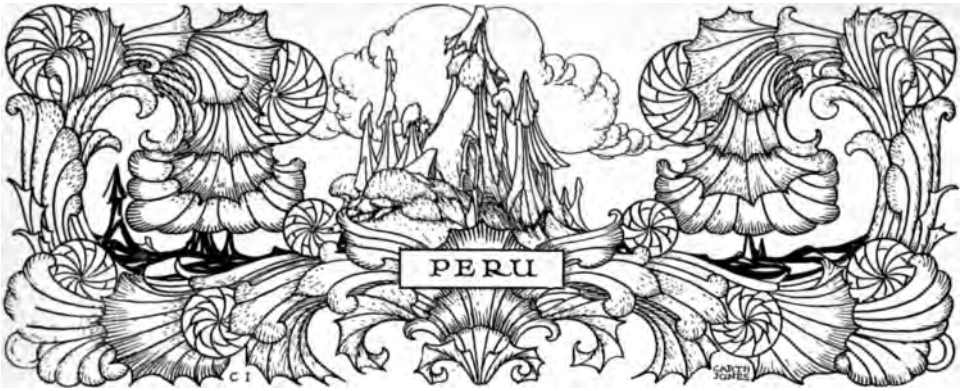
TYPICAL VIEW IN THE
ROCK FOREST



VERTICAL WALL SEVENTY-
FIVE FEET HIGH



ISOLATED COLUMN ON THE MARGIN
OF THE ROCK FOREST



THE ANDEAN "GARDEN OF THE GODS"

BY WILLIAM V. ALFORD, F.R.G.S.

IN the Andes, half a thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak, is to be found the Peruvian "Garden of the Gods," admired by every traveler fortunate enough to visit it. It is locally called the "Rock Forest," though in no sense of the word is it a forest: it simply resembles one when viewed at a distance of ten miles. The traveler may be forgiven the error of thinking it a forest as he sees it for the first time, and forgets that he is no longer where trees grow, but within half an hour's ride of the highest city in the world, Cerro de Pasco, perched, like a condor, on the high peaks of the Andes.

Geographically the forest is very near the middle of Peru, and on the eastern slope of the Cordillera Real, where it breaks off into the plains of Junin. A more exact location would be, Lat. 11° S., Long. $76^{\circ} 15'$ W., but this is definite only to the geographer. To the layman it would be better to define the route of travel as being over the famous Oroya Railroad of Peru, crossing the Andes through the Galera Tunnel, 15,665 feet above the ocean. Turning northward from Oroya, the traveler takes the Cerro de Pasco Railroad, and in less than three hours he sees, far to the westward, beyond the rolling pampas of the upper Andes, the dim outline of what has so far appeared to indicate a great forest.

In riding toward it across the pampa, more than half the distance will be covered before any perceptible change is noted. A closer view discloses a vast area, fully twenty miles long, by five miles wide, thickly covered with grotesquely formed stones of all sizes and shapes. Some stand alone, like factory-chimneys; others like cathedral spires jutting out from great masses of rock; while others, like Cleopatra's Needle and the great obelisks of the prehistoric ruins of Copan, dot the valleys that reach up into the Cordillera as thickly as the limbs that shoot out from the trunk of a tree. One's imagination need not be elastic to see in this Andean "Garden of the Gods" the beautiful façade of a Notre Dame, hundreds of petrified antediluvian reptiles, or myriads of veritable monuments. By their very proximity, the large areas covered with such tall, spire-like stones stand out in sharp contrast to equal areas of low, scattered masses of rock. Again, in any one of these areas may stand groups of colossal columns, rising a hundred feet or more in the air, and not infrequently on their very summits will be seen balanced stones as large as a small cottage. This grouping of tombstones, columns, and cathedral spires is not isolated. So thickly strewn are they over this large area that if one particular stone is lost sight of, hours and



ON THE EDGE OF THE ROCK FOREST LOOKING ACROSS
THE VALLEY TO A LIMESTONE RIDGE



ONE OF THE SINGLE ROCKS FIFTY TO SEVENTY-FIVE FEET HIGH
In one cluster there are nearly two hundred like this.

even days would be required to retrace one's steps to the object sought.

Narrow, irregular lanes, like streets walled in by skyscrapers, lead back from the vertical walls that often face the sides of the valleys. These lanes join others just as irregular, and continue their course up the sides of the hills to the backbone of the ridges. Standing on the summit of one of these ridges, the visitor may look down over the edge of a perpendicular cliff into an open court often a full hundred feet below. This court will be almost completely surrounded with stones of every shape and size. Possibly, a break in the wall will permit the visitor to work his way down into the open space. If so, he will find it a wet, boggy piece of *champa*,¹ from which a hundred tiny springs of water bubble up, cold and as clear as crystal, and highly impregnated with lime. The small stream of water finds its way to a larger stream in a broader valley. Out in this open valley, as level as a floor, and possibly a quarter of a mile wide, stand single columns of rock, like sentinels on the outposts of a sleeping army. Not one valley alone, but hundreds, cut this remarkable region into a thousand irregular plots, each vying with its neighbor in the wild beauty of confused and grotesque rock formation. The "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado boasts of a few spectacular rocks; but they are few in number, and the area which they cover is not large. The Andean "Garden" covers nearly a hundred times the ground, and in beauty and interest surpasses its Northern counterpart in the same ratio.

In many places extensive remains of a past civilization are to be found along the lower reaches of these valleys. At the southern end of the forest, through which the Montaro River flows, there is still standing the abutments of what was probably a suspension-bridge. This bridge was crossed by a paved road, which led back to a solid mountain of rock salt, less than a league away. The historic highway from Cuzco to Quito is only a short ride from this bridge.

There is still another interesting feature, though not new, to be found in the lower end of the forest. At some remote

date the Montaro River was many times its present volume. The shrunken river has left long stretches of bare rock that was in past ages the bed of the river. Here the interest centers in the great number of pot-holes bored into the rock by the rotation and grinding of small flint-like boulders. In shape, the holes resemble the old-fashioned stone churn of a generation ago. In size they have a wide range, some being only a few inches in depth, while others are more than twelve feet deep. The larger holes are fully five feet in diameter near the top, and gradually taper down to less than a foot in diameter at the bottom. In all the larger holes there are crevices in the rock, which permitted the escape of the water at the bottom as the grinding process went on. What little is left of the boulder that started this work of drilling by rolling round and round in a small cavity of the bed-rock is interesting, owing to its shape and regularity. All are spheroidal and greatly elongated.

The topography of this region would be an interesting study, and to the geologist, almost a complete laboratory; and if he were skilled in reading the fragmentary records, he would have spread out before him torn leaves from many a volume. There would be a fragmentary volume telling of the quartz that forms the odd-shaped stones in the forest; chapters dealing with the limestone strata that have been pushed up, twisted, and bent; paragraphs telling the history of the sandstone ledges and granite walls that are thrown together in utter confusion. A singular geological feature is to be seen in one of the level valleys, and close to a group of columns and spire-like stones. A limestone stratum has been pushed up, and bent into a circle. The long chord of the arc, which is the surface of the ground, is nearly five hundred feet, while the middle ordinate is approximately fifty feet. The stratification is almost vertical, and is the only indication of lime-rock in the valley. Other interesting features multiply as the geologist wanders through this labyrinth of stone figures. Sea-shells are found here at an elevation of 14,000 feet. It almost seems as if Nature had purposely hidden away on top of the highest Andes a library of world history, telling of its making.

¹ The Indian name given to the turf, peculiar to the high Andes, in which the roots of the grass are thickly woven and matted together.



MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

TENTH PAPER: MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

NOT far from the banks of the Mulde, just above the town of Grimma, stand the ruins of the wealthy Cistercian convent of Nimbschen. In 1523 one of its inmates was Katharine von Bora, daughter of a nobleman, Hans von Bora, whose modest estates lay only a few miles to the west. She was born on January 29, 1499, probably in the little village of Lippendorf, where her father had a residence. Her mother died and her father married again when Katharine was but a small child, and after spending some time away at school, she was set apart for the religious life, and put into the convent at Nimbschen when only nine or ten years old.

Like many another, this particular convent drew its inmates chiefly from the daughters of the local nobility. At the time of Katharine's entrance, one of her relatives was abbess, and her father's sister was among the nuns. The residents numbered more than forty, and included many young girls like herself in training for the religious life. The life was not of her own choosing, but she grew into it naturally, as her companions did, and was quite ready to take the veil when she reached the age of sixteen. The discipline of the convent was not over-strict, and

Katharine and her sister nuns were apparently happy and contented until the influence of Luther's movement began to be felt. The convent, with the neighboring town of Grimma, lay within the borders of Electoral Saxony, in a region permeated with the new ideas. As early as 1522, the prior of the Augustinian monastery at Grimma, a relative of two of the Nimbschen nuns, renounced monasticism with a number of his monks. It was perhaps the contagion of their example that led some of the inmates of the near-by convent to wish for freedom, and when their relatives refused to do anything for them, they appealed to Luther for help. Since they claimed that their consciences, enlightened by the gospel, did not permit them to remain longer in the convent, he felt in duty bound to come to their assistance. A Torgau friend, Leonard Koppe, who had business dealings with the convent, was commissioned to arrange the escape. On Easter eve, 1523, a number of nuns, including Magdalen von Staupitz, a sister of Luther's old superior, and Katharine von Bora, left the place secretly, and made their way hurriedly to Wittenberg, where they arrived on Tuesday of Easter week.

A month later a Wittenberg student

wrote his old teacher Beatus Rhenanus: "I have no other news to write except that a few days ago a wagon landed here full and loaded down with vestal virgins, as they call them, who desire as much to marry as to live. May God provide them husbands, that they may not in course of time fall into worse evils!"

As Luther had helped the nuns to escape, he felt responsible for their welfare, and put them up temporarily in the Wittenberg cloister, already emptied of most of its monks. Immediately after their arrival, he wrote Spalatin of his plans for them, expressing the hope that he could find homes for some of them and husbands for others. At the same time he asked for money to support them until they were properly disposed of, for he was too poor to help them himself. Luther's colleague Amsdorf also wrote Spalatin:

Not nine, but twelve, nuns escaped. Nine of them have come to us. They are beautiful and ladylike, and all are of noble birth and under fifty years of age. The oldest of them, the sister of my gracious lord and uncle, Dr. Staupitz, I have selected, my dear brother, as your wife, that you may boast of your brother-in-law, as I boast of my uncle. But if you wish a younger one, you may have your choice among the most beautiful of them. If you desire to give something to the poor, give it to them, for they are destitute, and deserted by their friends. I pity the creatures. They have neither shoes nor clothes. My dearest brother, I beg, if you can get something for them from the court, you will supply them with food and clothing. You must make haste, for they are in great poverty and anxiety, but very patient. I wonder indeed how they can be so brave and merry when in such distress and want.

Within a short time six of the nuns were taken in charge by relatives or friends, while three of them remained in Wittenberg, two sisters finding a home with the Cranachs, and Katharine von Bora with the family of a prominent lawyer, Philip Reichenbach. Katharine was a girl of considerable spirit, and apparently held her head high. When she reached Wittenberg a former student, Walter Baumgärtner, son of a patrician family of Nuremberg, was visiting Melanchthon.

He and Katharine speedily fell in love, and it was hoped a match could be arranged between them; but he returned home in June, and perhaps because of the objections of his family to his marriage with an escaped nun, the affair was broken off. Nearly a year and a half later Luther still hoped they might yet marry and wrote Baumgärtner: "If you wish to keep your Käthe von Bora, make haste before she is given to another who is at hand. She has not yet conquered her love for you, and I should certainly rejoice to see you joined

to each other." Whether Baumgärtner replied to this letter, we do not know. At any rate, nothing came of it, though Luther, and Katharine, too, for that matter, remained his friends as long as they lived.

The new suitor referred to by Luther was the theologian Casper Glatz, rector of the Wittenberg University. Not finding him to her liking, Katharine refused him, and in March, 1525, when the wealthy bachelor Amsdorf, then pastor of the city church in Magdeburg, was visiting Luther, she begged him to urge the latter not to force her into a marriage which was distasteful to her. At the same time she naïvely assured him that while she was unwilling to marry Glatz, she



KATHARINE VON BORA, THE WIFE OF
MARTIN LUTHER

From a medallion made in 1540 and now in the church at Kieritzsch.



From a photograph, copyright by Franz Hausenagl

THE WEDDING OF MARTIN LUTHER
FROM THE PAINTING BY WIEGAND

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

would take either Amsdorf himself or Luther, if she were asked. Amsdorf, feeling no inclination to marry either then or later, passed the information on to Luther,

von Schönfeld, as he remarked years afterward. But Katharine's suggestion seemingly had its effect. He began to regard her in a new light, and within a few



KATHARINE VON BORA IN 1526

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH

who began to think of Katharine, apparently for the first time, as a possible wife for himself.

He had not been attracted by her at first. She seemed over-proud. And if he had been in a mood to marry at the time, he would have preferred her friend Eva

weeks had made up his mind to marry her himself. She was not beautiful, as her existing portraits abundantly show, but Erasmus once spoke of her, probably on the authority of Wittenberg friends, as wonderfully charming, and she was at any rate a girl of strong character and unusual



by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

MARTIN LUTHER

This portrait was painted by Lucas Cranach in 1526, a year after Luther's marriage, and is usually considered the best portrait of him.

gifts. She was highly thought of in Wittenberg, where she was known among her young companions by the name of Katharine of Siena, and the best people in town were her warm friends. When the exiled King Christian of Denmark was visiting Lucas Cranach in the autumn of 1523, he presented her with a gold ring which she prized as long as she lived. She was certainly no ordinary girl, and her remark to Amsdorf shows her own appreciation of the fact.

Luther himself had for a long time been gradually growing accustomed to the thought of marrying. One after another of his followers had renounced his priestly or monastic vows and taken a wife, and he had been repeatedly urged to do the like. Others were putting his principles into practice; why should he hold back? It was hoped he would marry a wealthy woman of some prominent family, and more than one eligible young lady was warmly recommended to him by his friends. In the summer of 1521 he wrote Spalatin from the Wartburg: "Good God! will our Wittenbergers give wives even to the monks? But they shall not force a wife on me!" In his Church Postil of 1522, after attacking the monastic vow, he remarked: "I hope I have come so far that by God's grace I can remain as I am. At the same time, I am not yet over the mountain, and do not venture to boast of my continence." We hear no further references to the matter until November, 1524, when he wrote Spalatin:

I thank Argula for what she writes me concerning my marrying. I do not wonder at such gossip, for all sorts of reports are circulated about me. Thank her in my name, and tell her I am in God's hands, a creature whose heart He is able to change and change again, to kill and make alive every hour and moment. But so long as I am in my present mood I shall not marry. Not that I do not feel my sex, for my heart is neither wood nor stone; but my inclination is against marriage, for I am in daily expectation of death and of punishment suited to a heretic. I will not on this account set bounds to God's work in me, nor will I rely upon my own heart. But I hope He will not let me live long.

Although in 1521 he had admonished

Spalatin not to marry, and so incur tribulation of the flesh, in April, 1525, he wrote him: "Why do you not proceed to get married? I am urging others with so many arguments that I am myself almost persuaded; for our enemies do not cease to condemn this way of living, and our wise-aces daily laugh at it." A few days later he wrote again, in a jocular vein:

So far as my marriage is concerned, about which you write, do not be surprised that I do not marry, celebrated lover as I am. Rather wonder that I who write so much about marriage, and have so much to do with women, am not already a woman myself, to say nothing of taking one for a wife. But if you desire me for an example, behold I have given you a most signal one. For I have had three wives at once, and loved them so ardently that I have lost two of them, who have taken other husbands. The third I scarcely hold on my left arm, and am perhaps about to lose her, too. Tardy lover as you are, you dare not be the husband even of one wife. But take care lest it happen that I, with a mind strongly set against marriage, yet anticipate your most imminent espousals, for God is accustomed to do what you least hope. Joking aside, I say this that I may induce you to do what you have in mind.

On the fourth of May, in a letter to the Mansfeld councilor John Rühel concerning the riotous conduct of the peasants, he remarked in passing: "If I can manage it, to spite the devil, I will yet marry my Käthe before I die, if I hear that the peasants go on as they are doing. I hope they will not take from me my courage and my joy." On the second of June he wrote an open letter to the Archbishop of Mayence, urging him to marry and turn his dominions into a secular principality. The next day he sent a copy of the letter to Rühel with a note in which he said:

If his Electoral Grace should again ask, as I have heard he has, why I also do not take a wife, when I am inciting every one else to do it, tell him I am still afraid I am not clever enough. But if my marriage would be an inducement to his Grace, I should be ready to set him the example, for I have already had it in mind, before departing this

life, to enter the married state, which I regard as commanded by God.

Ten days later, on Tuesday, June 13, he and Käthe were married in the cloister, in the presence only of Jonas, dean of the castle church; Bugenhagen, the city pastor; Apel, a colleague of the law faculty; and the town councilor Lucas Cranach and his wife. In a letter written the next day to Spalatin, who was at the time in Torgau, Jonas announced the event, speaking of the mingled emotions with which he had witnessed it, and added: "To-day he gave a small breakfast. A fitting service I suppose will be held in due time, when you also will be present." Two days later Bugenhagen wrote Spalatin: "Malicious talk has brought it to pass that Dr. Martin has unexpectedly become a husband. After a few days we have thought these sacred nuptials should be celebrated before all the world by a public ceremony, to which you also without doubt will be invited."

Accordingly, a fortnight later, on the twenty-seventh of the month, a service was held in the city church, and a wedding-feast was given in the cloister, Luther's father and mother, with a large circle of friends, being present. A few extracts from the invitations sent out for this occasion are worth quoting for the light they throw upon the mood he was in and the motives prompting him to marry.

To Rühel and two other Mansfeld councilors he wrote:

What an outcry, dear sirs, I have caused with my book against the peasants! All is forgotten that God has done for the world through me. Lords, priests, peasants, and everybody else are now against me, and threaten me with death. Well and good, since they are so mad and foolish, I have determined before my death to be found in the state ordained of God, and so far as I can to rid myself entirely of my former popish life, and make them still madder and more foolish, all for a parting gift. For I have a presentiment that God will one day give me His grace. So, at my dear father's desire, I have now married, and have done it in haste that I might not be hindered by these talkers. A week from Tuesday I purpose giving a small party, which I want *you as good friends* to know about, and I

beg you will add your blessing. Because the country is in such a turmoil, I do not venture to urge you to be present. But if you can and will kindly come of your own accord with my dear father and mother, you may imagine it will give me special pleasure.

To Spalatin:

I have stopped the mouths of those who slandered me and Katharine Bora. If I can manage to give a banquet as a witness to this marriage of mine, you must not only be present, but also lend your aid, if there should be need of provisions. Meanwhile, give us your benediction and your good wishes. I have brought myself into such contempt by my marriage that I hope the angels are laughing and all the demons weeping.

To Amsdorf:

The report is true that I married Katharine suddenly that I might not be compelled to hear the noisy talk customary on such an occasion. I hope I shall still live for a little while, and this last service I did not wish to refuse my father, who asked it of me. At the same time I wished to confirm what I had taught by my deed, for I find so many pusillanimous despite the light of the gospel. Thus God has willed and done. For I am not passionately in love, but I esteem my wife. And hence to celebrate my marriage I shall give a banquet next Tuesday, when my parents will be present. I want especially to have you here; wherefore I now invite you, and beg you will not stay away if you can possibly help it.

To Marshal von Dolzig:

Doubtless you have heard the news of my venture upon the sea of matrimony. Although it seems strange enough to me, and I can hardly believe it myself, the witnesses are so positive that I am obliged in honor to credit them. I have therefore undertaken, with my father and mother and other good friends, to set a stamp upon the affair and make it certain by a banquet to be given next Tuesday. I beg that, if convenient, you will kindly support me with venison, and will be present yourself and help seal the affair with joy, and do whatever else the circumstances demand.

To Leonard Koppe:

Suddenly and unexpectedly God has taken me captive in the bonds of holy matrimony, so that I must confirm it with a banquet on Tuesday. That my father and mother and all my good friends may be the merrier, my Lord Katharine and I beg you will send us as soon as possible, at my expense, a keg of the best Torgau beer you can find. I will pay all the costs. I would have sent a wagon, but I did not know whether I could find what I wanted. For it must be seasoned and cool, that it may taste well. If it is not good, I have determined to punish you by making you drink it all yourself. In addition, I beg that you and your Audi will not stay away, but will appear in good spirits. Bring with you Master Gabriel and his wife, if you can do it without expense to him, for I well know he is almost as poor as I am.

Luther's marriage raised a great hue and cry. The union of a renegade monk with an escaped nun, violating as it did their own personal vows, and ecclesiastical and civil law as well, seemed to many to throw a sinister light upon the whole reformation movement. Now, they declared, the significance of the Reformation was revealed to all the world, and it was clear what Luther had had in mind from the beginning. Satirical attacks appeared in great numbers. Slandorous tales were spread about him and his bride. Even many of his friends were thrown into consternation, and feared he had dealt a death-blow to the cause. The lawyer Jerome Schurf, when he heard the report that Luther was contemplating marriage, remarked: "If this monk takes a wife, the whole world and the devil himself will laugh, and all the work he has accomplished will come to naught." Others, though wishing to see him married, regretted that he had chosen K  the rather than some woman of wealth and position. The time, too, seemed to almost everybody particularly inopportune. His prince and supporter, the Elector Frederick, had died only a month before, and all Saxony was still mourning him, as Luther was, too, for that matter. Moreover, the peasants' war was not yet ended, and the whole country was in an uproar. In these circumstances many not unnaturally felt as though the great re-

former's mind and heart should have been full of other things than marriage.

But Luther, as usual, was unmoved by the criticisms of his friends and the attacks of his foes, and never regretted what he had done. His reasons for the step were many. The varying accounts he gives of them are doubtless all true to the facts. His motives were complicated, as might be expected, and he could not himself have analyzed them fully. He had long believed and taught that marriage was higher than celibacy, and the conviction had been forcing itself upon him that he ought sometime to put his principle into practice, and thus bear public testimony to his own attitude and give his followers the benefit of his example. He had at first no personal inclination to the step. He had had very little to do with women, and was so absorbed in his great work that marriage was the last thing he cared for. But the unhappy experiences of the spring of 1525 led him to believe the end of the world, or, at any rate, his own death, imminent, and he began to think it time to marry, if he was ever to do so. His naturally belligerent temper, excited to an unusual pitch at this time, also urged him on. The more his enemies raged against him, the more he loved to provoke them. Many men in his position, Melancthon for instance, would have avoided all unnecessary grounds of offense; but Luther was of a different type. Though he would do nothing his conscience disapproved, he was glad enough when his deeds offended those opposed to him. As he often said, he never felt so confident he was right as when they denounced his conduct.

It is not surprising, the situation being what it was, that Katharine's suggestion to Amsdorf should find him in a receptive mood. To marry a nun would only make his testimony the stronger and the hostility of his opponents the more bitter. As if all this were not enough, he visited his parents in Mansfeld late in April, and was impressed with his father's eager desire that his oldest son, now finally freed from his monastic bonds, should marry, as he had wished him to do long years before. To please him thus became an added motive for the step. And it may be he felt he owed something to K  the herself, whom he had assisted to escape from the convent, and for whom he had failed as yet to find a

husband. Perhaps he was thinking of this when he once remarked that he married his Käthe out of pity.

When he came to an understanding with Käthe we do not know. He probably met with no obstacles from her after he had decided to press his suit, and his courtship, it may fairly be presumed, was brief and matter of fact enough. Neither he nor Käthe was violently in love. Her willingness to accept either him or Amsdorf shows that her own heart was not deeply engaged, and Luther himself no doubt correctly described his feelings toward her in the letter to Amsdorf already quoted. But a protracted engagement was the last thing he desired. Constantly under the eyes of the whole world as he was, with enemies and friends observing his every movement, he naturally wished the matter concluded as speedily as possible. Years later he remarked, "It is very dangerous to put off your wedding, for Satan gladly interferes and makes great trouble through evil talkers, slanderers, and friends of both parties. If I had not married quickly and secretly, and taken few into my confidence, every one would have done what he could to hinder me; for all my best friends cried, 'Not this one, but another.'"

Melanchthon, who was kept in the dark until the wedding was over, was almost beside himself with annoyance. On the sixteenth of June he wrote the following characteristic letter to an intimate friend:

On the thirteenth of June, without informing any of his friends of his intention, Luther unexpectedly married Von Bora. The customary ceremony took place in the evening, Bugenhagen and Lucas the painter and Apel alone being invited to the feast. You will perhaps wonder that in this unhappy time, while good and right-minded men are everywhere sore distressed, he does not sorrow with them, but rather, as it seems, lives voluptuously and tarnishes his reputation, when Germany specially needs his wisdom and strength. I suppose it has happened in this wise. The man is very accommodating, and the nuns fell upon him and plotted against him with all their wiles. Perhaps his much association with them, though he is honorable and high-minded, *softened* or even inflamed him. In this way *he seems to have fallen* into this untimely

alteration of his mode of living. But the rumor that he misbehaved with her beforehand is an evident lie. Now the deed is done, you ought not to take it ill or find fault with it. I suppose marriage is a natural necessity; and the married life, though humble, is at the same time holy and more pleasing to God than celibacy. Because I see that Luther himself is in somewhat low spirits and disturbed over the change, I try as earnestly and wisely as possible to encourage him, for he has as yet done nothing deserving to be called unworthy or inexcusable. I still have evidences of his piety, and so cannot condemn him. Besides, I should prefer to have him humble rather than exalted and lifted up. The latter is dangerous not only for the clergy, but for all other men as well. For success becomes the occasion of evil thoughts, not only, as the rhetorician says, to the foolish, but also to the wise. Then, too, I hope his marriage will make him more sober, and lead him to give up the buffoonery we have often blamed him for.

Luther evidently understood his friend, and had good reason for not taking him into his confidence. But despite Melanchthon's impatience at the event, he was soon reconciled to the new order of things, and became a stanch friend and warm admirer of Frau Käthe.

Luther himself, though not at first deeply in love, grew very fond of his wife, and cherished her warmly to the end of his life. We have only a few of the many letters he wrote her. They contain no particular endearments beyond the greeting "Meine herzliche Käthe" in one case, and the signature "Dein Liebchen" in others. But they show clearly the good terms on which husband and wife lived and the sympathy and understanding they could count upon from each other. In the summer of 1526 he wrote a friend: "Käthe sends greetings, and thanks you for thinking her worthy of such a kind letter. She is well, by the grace of God, and is in all things more compliant, obedient, and obliging than I had dared to hope,—thanks be to God!—so that I would not exchange my poverty for the wealth of Cræsus." Some years later, referring to his marriage, he remarked: "It has turned out well, God be thanked! For I have a pious and true wife, on whom

her husband's heart can rely." To Käthe herself he once said: "Käthe, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress." And on other occasions he declared he held her dearer than the kingdom of France and the dominions of Venice, and even loved her better than his own life. To be sure, he did not think her perfect. He recognized her faults as well as his own. He was hot-tempered, and she had a quick tongue, and often hard words passed between them. But despite such temporary ebullitions, they lived for the most part on good terms, and he found her congenial despite the great difference in their temperaments and interests.

The following words throw a flood of light upon the experiences of his married life:

Ah, dear Lord, marriage is not an affair of nature, but a gift of God. It is the sweetest and dearest, yes, purest life. It is far better than celibacy when it turns out well; but when it turns out ill, it is hell. For though all women as a rule know the art of taking a man captive with tears, lies, and persuasions, and are able to distort everything and employ fair words, nevertheless, when truth and faith, children and fruits of love, are there, and marriage is regarded as holy and divine, then it is indeed a blessed state. How eagerly I longed for my dear ones as I lay deadlly ill at Schmalkalden! I thought I should never again see wife and children here. How I mourned over the separation! I am convinced that the natural longing and love a husband has for his wife and parents for their children are greatest of all in those who are dying. Now that I am by God's grace well again, I cherish my wife and children so much the more. No one is so spiritual as not to feel such inborn love and longing. For the union and communion of man and wife are a great thing.

Luther's ideas about woman were not modern. She was the weaker vessel, he maintained, and was made to be subject to the man. Her true life was in the home. The faithful, obedient, and efficient wife fulfilled the highest ideal of womanhood. The eloquent description of a virtuous woman in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs he regarded as valid for his own time and all times. Of the so-called emancipation of the sex he knew nothing, and

would have been entirely out of sympathy with it, had he heard of it. But he performed an incalculable service in dignifying married life and ascribing to it a sacredness above the career of monk or nun. Instead of a temptation to a less perfect way of living, as woman was too commonly represented by the religious teachers of the middle ages, he saw in her one ordained of God to be the companion and helpmate of man, and in their union, not in their separation, he found the ideal life. Religion had been making too much of the abnormal. Luther's greatest service to the modern world lay in his recognition of the normal human relationships as the true sphere for the development of the highest religious, as of the highest moral, character.

Luther's marriage took place in the cloister where he had lived ever since he came to Wittenberg. Here he and Käthe made their home for the rest of their lives. It was a roomy building, and had accommodated at one time as many as forty monks. While Luther was at the Wartburg, its inmates, under the influence of his teaching, began to renounce monasticism and to return to the world. He himself had no inclination to follow their example. Writing to Link in December, 1521, he said: "Do thou meanwhile continue with Jeremiah in the ministry of Babylon, for I also will remain in this habit and rite unless the world become another."

The exodus went on steadily until in 1523 only Luther himself and the prior Brisger remained in residence. Although criticized and laughed at both by enemies and friends for not putting his own principles into practice, and turning his back upon the monastic life, he continued for a long time to observe the monastic rules and to keep up the required devotions. But gradually one after another of the traditional ceremonies and practices fell into abeyance, until finally the building ceased to be a monastery in aught but name. At the same time the traditional monastic hospitality was still maintained, and the place was overrun with escaped monks and others temporarily in need.

In 1523, Luther laid off the monastic dress when in the convent, but continued to wear it in public, "to strengthen the weak and to spite the pope," as he re-

marked in a letter to a friend. Finally, in October, 1524, he discarded it altogether, and appeared thenceforth in the ordinary costume of a university professor.

In December of the same year, when he and Brisger proposed to vacate the monastery and let it be devoted to other purposes, the elector virtually made Luther a present of the building, with the court in front and the garden behind, and put a small house belonging to it at the disposal of Brisger. The gift to Luther was legally confirmed seven years later by Frederick's successor, the Elector John. The building in which Luther was married, and where he continued to live for the rest of his life, was thus no longer a cloister, but his own private dwelling.

While the monastery was still flourishing, he depended entirely upon it for his support, as all the other monks did. But with the exodus of most of its inmates, and with the waning respect for monasticism in Wittenberg and its neighborhood, the income of the monastery from begging and from the voluntary gifts of the faithful was greatly reduced, and it was found difficult even to collect the rents and other taxes legally due, as Luther frequently complained in letters to the elector and Spalatin. The situation was finally met by giving him a salary for his university work, and for the rest of his life this remained his only regular source of income. For his services as preacher in the city church he received nothing, and in accordance with a not uncommon custom of the day he refused to take money for his books, though more than one publisher made a fortune out of them. His salary at first amounted to a hundred gulden, intrinsically equal to fifty dollars of our money, but probably the equivalent in purchasing power of six or eight hundred dollars to-day. When he married, it was doubled, and some years later another hundred was added, making with the payments in kind regularly allowed him by the elector, an assured income of about four hundred gulden. This was the same amount received by Melancthon, and was unusually large for a university professor of the day.

In addition, gifts of all sorts poured in not only from the elector and the town council of Wittenberg, but from admirers in all parts of the world. Occasionally he

had to protest that he was given too much, as, for instance, in the following letter to the Elector John, written in 1529:

I have long delayed to thank your Electoral Grace for the clothes and the gown you sent me. I respectfully beg your Electoral Grace not to believe those who say I am in want. I have, unfortunately, especially from your Electoral Grace, more than I can conscientiously bear. It does not become me as a preacher to have a superfluity, nor do I desire it. I feel your Electoral Grace's all too mild and gracious favor so much that I am beginning to be afraid. For I should not like to be in this life among those to whom Christ says, "Woe unto you rich, you have your reward." Besides, to speak humanly, I do not want to be burdensome to your Electoral Grace. I know your Grace has to give to so many that nothing remains over; for too much destroys the sack. The brown cloth is too splendid, but, in order to show my gratitude to your Electoral Grace, I will wear the black coat in your honor, although it is too costly for me, and if it were not your Grace's gift, I should never wear such a garment. I beg your Electoral Grace will henceforth wait until I ask, that I may not be prevented by your Grace's anticipation of my wants from begging for others who are much more worthy of such favor.

As this letter suggests, he was continually asking gifts for others, but he did it rarely for himself, and as a rule only when he needed venison or wine for some social festivity. From the city council he apparently never solicited anything on his own account, but they knew the city owed its growth and prosperity largely to him, and frequently showed their appreciation of the fact. He would not consent to be relieved from taxation, but scarcely a year passed that he was not voted substantial gifts of one kind and another. Despite it all, the early years of his married life were full of money troubles. He was very free with what he had, giving away his last gulden without hesitation, and when there was no more money, tableware and household ornaments, presented to Käthe or himself by admiring friends, would often go to relieve the wants of the needy. Käthe kept as firm a hand on him as she could, and many a gulden was saved which would

otherwise have found its way into the pocket of some friend or stranger. On the occasion of Agricola's marriage, he wrote him he was sending as a wedding-present a vase received sometime before from another friend; but in a postscript he had to inform him that Käthe had hidden it away, so it could not be found.

Curiously enough, a wedding-gift of twenty-five gulden was sent him by Archbishop Albert of Mayence. Luther himself declined to receive it; but the more thrifty Käthe accepted it without his knowledge, and when he learned of it, he did not know whether to be more annoyed or amused.

He frequently got into trouble through indorsing notes for his friends when he had no money of his own to lend. In order that he might not altogether impoverish himself, Lucas Cranach and other capitalists of the town finally refused to honor his signature, and this way of helping the needy was thus closed to him. He was rather deeply in debt when he married, and it took some time for Käthe, by judicious management, to straighten out his tangled affairs. In 1527, he wrote Brisger that his own imprudence made it necessary for him to plunge still deeper into debt and to pawn some silver goblets. A little later he could announce the payment of all his debts, but he not infrequently had to lament the burden of new ones. "I justly remain in the catalogue of the poor," he once remarked, "for I keep too large an establishment." Gradually, despite his free-handedness, a certain measure of worldly prosperity was attained through Käthe's energy and economy, and they were able to make considerable improvements in the Wittenberg house, to buy an orchard, a hop-garden, and some other pieces of land in the neighborhood, where Käthe raised cattle and did farming on a small scale. Finally Luther purchased from her brother a farm at Zulsdorf, a part of the small family inheritance, not far from her birthplace. In the management of this she took particular delight. One of Luther's letters to her opens with the playful greeting, "To the rich wife at Zulsdorf, Frau Doctor Luther, in the body at home at Wittenberg, but in spirit busy at Zulsdorf."

Even then petty economies were still necessary, and ready money was often en-

tirely lacking. As late as 1540 he had to go for weeks without his nightly glass of beer because there was none left in the house and no money to buy more with. In 1542, when he made his will, he carefully reckoned up his possessions, and wrote out detailed accounts covering a number of years. We still have some of the original pages, decorated with amusing rhymes, ruefully lamenting his extravagance and making sport of his lack of business capacity. At his death he left a respectable property, perhaps amounting, all told, to eight thousand gulden; but most of it was unproductive, and Käthe found considerable difficulty in making both ends meet. She once complained that he might have been a rich man had he wished; but wealth was the last thing he cared for, and with his disposition he could hardly have compassed it had he tried.

Käthe was a vigorous and efficient housewife. The monastery had been sadly neglected before she became its mistress. Luther had lived very carelessly, often leaving his bed unmade, as he once remarked, for a year at a time, and tumbling into it at night too tired from his strenuous labors to notice the difference. His marriage brought order into the place, and transformed the bare and cheerless monastery into a real home. In 1536, after a visit to Wittenberg, Wolfgang Capito of Strasburg wrote Luther: "My greetings to your wife, Lady Katharine, best of women! When I have returned home I will send her something to remember me by. I love her with all my heart. She was born to look after your health, that you may the longer serve the church which has come into existence through you."

Luther's own personal habits changed little. He remained negligent about his dress, as he had always been, and his study continued a wilderness of disorder. Desks, tables, chairs, and every available spot were covered with books, letters, and manuscripts, and he often lost things altogether in the confusion of the place. Even before his marriage he kept a dog, which frequently played havoc with his papers. He was also careless about his food. Before Käthe came upon the scene he ate very irregularly, often forgetting his meals altogether. His bodily needs, indeed, meant little to him. As he once wrote

Melanchthon, when he could not get meat and wine, he contented himself with bread and water. On the other hand, he was often as imprudent in his eating as in his fasting. Käthe set a bountiful table, and whatever the condition of his health, and despite her protests, he was apt to eat anything that seized his fancy, bad as it might be for him. His irregular habits and his strenuous labors combined with the ascetic practices of his early years to undermine his health. He was a sufferer from severe kidney and liver trouble during most of his life, and had to endure a great deal from headaches, which often completely incapacitated him for work.

A masterful person Käthe was, with a mind and will of her own. The cloister she made her particular domain, and ruled it with a strong hand. Strength and energy, indeed, were her prominent characteristics. Among her neighbors she bore the reputation of being a capable but somewhat over-thrifty housewife, and while generally respected, she was not generally liked. To many she seemed proud and domineering. As the wife of the great reformer, it was not unnatural that she should hold her head high and expect her will to count in the little university city. Luther once compared her to Moses and himself to Aaron, and he often spoke of her jestingly as "My Lord Käthe." In October, 1535, he wrote his friend Jonas: "My Lord Käthe greets you. She rides about, cultivates the fields, raises and buys cattle, brews beer, and the like. At the same time she has begun to read the Bible, and I have promised her fifty florins if she finishes before Easter. She is very earnest about it, and has already reached the fifth book of Moses." Her reason for taking up the reading of the Bible at this particular time, it may be remarked, was the recent appearance of Luther's German version in its first complete edition.

With all his playful raillery, he valued her highly for just those practical qualities he lacked himself, and was very glad to turn the management of family affairs wholly over to her. Though we hear of her chiefly as a housewife, she was not simply that. While her tastes were not intellectual or literary, she had a fair education, and knew enough Latin to *understand and bear her share in the table conversation*, commonly carried on in a

curious mixture of German and Latin intelligible only to one acquainted with both. A pious woman she was, too, and deeply interested in Luther's great reforming work. As his references to theological and ecclesiastical affairs in some of his letters to her show he took her into his confidence and talked matters over freely with her. Evidently she understood and appreciated what was going on, and at times made her influence felt even in important affairs, as when she induced him, against his will, to engage in open controversy with the great Erasmus.

Their home was the center of a very active social life. Not only his colleagues and neighbors were frequently with them, but guests from abroad were numerous; for Wittenberg was more and more the Mecca of Christians from all parts of Europe, and Luther's hospitality to all-comers was generous and abundant. Among the regular members of his household were many university students. Following a custom common among the Wittenberg professors, Käthe began immediately after her marriage to take boarders, and kept up the practice to the end of her life. It is to some of them we owe the interesting records of Luther's table-talk, through which we catch many fascinating glimpses of his home-life. Beginning in a small way, early in the thirties, certain of his student boarders finally got into the habit of writing down under his very eyes and while he was talking the substance of his conversations. At times his dining-room must have presented the aspect of a class-room, with the auditors diligently transcribing the lecturer's words of wisdom. It might seem as if the effect would have been to take all spontaneity and naturalness out of his talk, but this was by no means the case. Even the most carefully edited collections are full of informal and unstudied expressions of opinion on every conceivable subject, grave and gay, serious and trivial, while some of the original records more recently recovered show that he talked as freely and unconsciously as if no faithful scribes were waiting upon his words. Often the talk, as we have it, sounds commonplace enough, but again it flashes with brilliancy and reveals rare wisdom and insight.

The records of course have to be used with caution, for we cannot always be

sure he was rightly understood or correctly reported, but frequently we run upon characteristic sayings which could have come from no one else and enrich and add to the vividness of our portrait of the man.

His conversation was apt to be much freer than would be at all admissible today. In that respect he was a child of his age, for high and low alike were less careful in speech then than now. To be sure, he was often coarser than even the loose standards of the day approved. His humor was broad rather than subtle and delicate, and to men of the type of Erasmus and Melancthon it often seemed only buffoonery. To the end of his life he retained many of the characteristics of a peasant, and he wielded in talk, as in controversy, an ax rather than a Damascus blade. But with all his lack of refinement, he was essentially a wholesome and clean-minded man. Despite the many unquotable things he said and wrote to illustrate a point or enforce an argument or give sting to his polemic, there is surprisingly little vulgarity or obscenity for its own sake either in his table-talk or in his writings.

Pure he was in life, too. Attacks of course were made upon his moral character by his enemies, and all sorts of unsavory stories were told about him. But for none of them can a shred of evidence be found, though he lived for twenty-five years in a blaze of publicity, observed of all the world and spied upon by countless critics. The most his bitter enemies, the radicals, who lived near by and knew him well, could urge against him when they tried to blacken his character was his liking for society, his fondness for playing the lute, his luxurious living, and, strange to say, his fine dressing, for on state occasions, it seems, he was fond of wearing starched cuffs and a gold chain. The radicals were the Puritans of the day, and their standards were very rigorous. Luther himself was certainly not a Puritan. He believed in innocent pleasure, and had no desire to make of Wittenberg what Calvin later made of Geneva. He liked particularly to see young people enjoy themselves. Dancing and private theatricals he approved of for them, and he played at bowls and chess himself. He was fond of pictures as well as of music, and had a Madonna in his chamber, to the great scandal of the Protestant rigorists.

His chief relaxation he always found in social intercourse. Particularly when depressed, as he often was, he sought comfort and relief in the society of others. When in the mood he could be a fascinating companion, and many were the merry hours spent at table with colleagues and friends. Speaking once of his faith in the gospel and of his confidence in his divine call, he added: "But when I consider my own weakness, how I eat and drink, and at times am merry and a good table-companion, I begin to be in doubt." On another occasion, when entertaining some of his colleagues at dinner, he called the company's attention to a large wine-glass encircled with three rings. The first, he said, represented the Ten Commandments, the second the Creed, and the third the Lord's Prayer. Having emptied it at a single draft, he filled it again and passed it to Agricola, something of a fanatic on the subject of faith, who was able to get no further than the Ten Commandments, to Luther's great amusement.

Beer and wine he partook of freely, as was the custom of his countrymen, and his table-conversation may often have been less restrained in consequence; but his enemies exaggerated when they accused him of being a hard drinker. While he never criticized the moderate use of wine and beer, he always severely denounced over-indulgence in them, not sparing even his own elector, John Frederick, who, with all his piety, was prone to frequent intoxication. According to Melancthon, Luther was always abstemious both in food and drink, and often, when absorbed in work, fasted completely for days at a time. An immoderate drinker, at any rate, he certainly was not. Had he been, he could not possibly have kept up year after year, day in and day out, to the very end of his life, his tremendous and unremitting labors. Almost superhuman they seem, as we look back upon them. Only a man of extraordinary self-control and constant concentration of purpose could have accomplished what he did.

Despite his public labors, which continued unabated, Luther showed himself no little of a family man. He did considerable gardening, and took a great interest in getting rare plants from distant parts of the country. Not long after his marriage he wrote Spalatin: "I have

planted a garden and dug a well, and both have turned out successfully. Come, and you shall be crowned with lilies and roses." He provided himself with a carpenter's bench and a turning-lathe, securing through his friend Link in Nuremberg the best tools to be had, and he proved not unskilful in making useful articles for the house. He continued to mend his own clothes, not, as he declared, for the sake of economy, but because the tailors were so poor. On one occasion Käthe had to complain that he had cut up one of the children's garments to patch his own trousers with.

Instead of working night and day, as he commonly had before his marriage, he now permitted himself more leisure of an evening, and confined his study and writing chiefly to the daytime. It was his custom, so he remarked in 1537, to go to bed regularly at nine o'clock, an extraordinary contrast to the late hours he kept in earlier years. When the children came, he loved to spend such time as he could spare with them, and they were devotedly attached to him. From Torgau he once wrote Käthe: "Although it is market season here, I can find nothing in this city for the children. Have something on hand if I should fail to bring anything home for them."

Their marriage was blessed with six children, Hans, who was named after Luther's father; Elizabeth; Magdalen; Martin; Paul, named for his favorite apostle; and Margaret. Elizabeth died in infancy. Immediately afterward, in a letter to a friend, Luther wrote: "My little Elizabeth, my wee daughter, is dead. It is wonderful how sorrowful she has left me. My

soul is almost like a woman's, so moved am I with misery. I could never have believed that the hearts of parents are so tender toward their children. Pray the Lord for me!"

The great grief of his life was the death, in 1542, of his favorite child, Magdalen, when thirteen years of age. She was a sweet and gentle character, and her parents' hearts were wrapped up in her. As she lay dying, a friend tells us, Luther threw himself on the floor beside her bed, weeping bitterly and praying for her restoration; but she passed away in his arms, while Käthe stood apart, overcome with emotion. For all his Christian faith and the consolations of the gospel he had brought to many others in similar affliction, he realized now, as he never had before, the clamorous insistence of human grief. "It is strange," he exclaimed, "to know she is certainly well and at peace, and yet to be so sorrowful." Her parents never ceased mourning her. Not long before his death Luther wrote a friend: "It is extraordinary how the loss of my Magdalen continues to oppress me. I cannot forget her."

Despite these afflictions, Luther's married life, taking it as a whole, was genuinely happy. Few of the world's greatest men have been privileged to enjoy for many years the solace and comfort of home and family as he did. It seems at first almost incongruous. The modern world's foremost prophet living the life of a family man and interesting himself in the petty affairs of a German professor's home! But it helped to keep him human, and it should help us to realize his humanness.

(To be continued)





THE PEACOCK GIRL

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS



BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "The Belsnickel," etc.

"TINY," began Louisa, with tears. Louisa was forty years old, married with good fortune far beyond her deserts to Miles Barrett, and the mother of six children. "Tiny—"

Wilhelmina answered long before the eyes of her other sisters, Harriet and Mary, had had time to flash to each other disapproval of Louisa's tactlessness. Harriet was Mrs. Herbert Wilson, Mary was the wife of the Rev. John Smith.

"My name is not 'Tiny,' Louisa. It is Wilhelmina, and I wish you to remember it. I was perfectly willing to be called 'Tiny' when I was a baby, but now that I am forty-two years old and five feet nine inches tall, I do not like it, especially from persons younger than I."

"Very well," assented Louisa, dully. She said to herself that she would have assented to anything, if only this horrible business could be cleared up. But of that Louisa could see no prospect, even though the minds of all of them were bent upon its solving. Their father was at hand also, working at his desk in the next room, but he could not help. Father did not count, had never counted. Within his book-crammed library he was allowed to be as queer, as untidy, and as irritable as he liked; outside it, his wife and his younger daughters had always treated him like a child. He was supposed to understand them no more than they understood his Arabic texts. Harriet always spoke of the texts as Choctaw.

Now he worked away calmly, making the strange noises in his throat to which his women-folk had long since grown accustomed, and remaining totally oblivious to the fact that there was in progress the first serious difficulty of their amiable lives.

The slight testimony he had given had only complicated the matter for Wilhelmina.

Either by chance or with great tact John Barrett had taken himself off. He was Miles Barrett's brother, held in enormous awe by Miles's wife. When he had arrived unexpectedly from Boston she had sent him as usual to her father's. This time her guest-room was being papered, and John was not a person to whom one could offer less than one's best. Louisa and Harriet and Mary all sent unexpected guests or bothersome children to their father's. And John Barrett always frightened Louisa, he was so important a person, and exceedingly cultivated. Louisa never knew what to say to him. She often wondered what he thought of Wilhelmina, and hoped that the superior creature comforts which one had at "father's" would compensate for the dullness of mind of an unmarried woman of forty-two. She had advised Wilhelmina to send his breakfast to his room in the English fashion. Fortunately, he was not there for many other meals. Louisa still prayed that he might have been away all of last night. It was bad enough to have a sister unmarried at forty-two; it was horrible to feel that that sister had been guilty of an amazing indiscretion and that a person like John Barrett knew it.

Wilhelmina stood by the window, the sunshine on her curly hair. Her sisters had always envied her her curls and her slenderness. They envied her the more now as they themselves grew fat and gray. It seemed such a waste for Wilhelmina to be so pretty.

Wilhelmina made no defense; she pretended not to know what they meant.

"It was this way," explained Harriet. She was not tearful like Louisa; emotion made her almost savage. She had been outrageously treated, and she meant to speak her mind. Her husband's deprecatory cough had no effect upon her. "We came into town to the theater and we missed our train."

"As you very often do, Harriet," interrupted Wilhelmina, calmly. Already in the position of the greatest strategic value with her back to the light, she now sat down and took up some knitting as an additional support. She never sewed; she hated putting in tiny stitches. It was not until much later in the day that any one remembered that for the first time in her life she had knitted on Sunday.

"It does n't make any difference whether we miss it or not," Harriet went on. "The children are well taken care of, and it gives Herbert a longer night's rest."

"We always have to waken Wilhelmina," reminded Herbert, uneasily.

Harriet proceeded, unheeding. She never paid any attention to what Herbert said. She had learned from her mother how to manage a husband.

"It is perfectly right that I should come to my father's house. It is still my home, just as though dear mother were still with us. As I said—" She turned her frowning brows from Herbert to Wilhelmina. There was not only disapproval in her eyes, but there was real concern, almost fright—"as I said, we missed our train and came to my father's house to spend the night. And—" Harriet's voice rose tragically—"and we could not get in; the door was locked against us!"

"The maids cannot hear the bell in the third story," said Wilhelmina. She spoke quietly. They all spoke quietly, being well-bred women. "And father cannot hear."

"We have always got in before," said Harriet.

"Because you rapped on the pipe that runs down by my window," answered Wilhelmina. "I always heard you, and came down and let you in, and made up your beds, and got you something to eat."

"And you did n't hear us last night?" asked Harriet, slowly. Her tone offered to her sister an opportunity to confess.

But Wilhelmina was dull.

"No," she said; "I did n't hear you."

"I should think you would have a bed made up constantly for such steady visitors, Wilhelmina," laughed Miles Barrett, a little unasily. He was as fat as his wife, but much handsomer. He had always been fond of Wilhelmina; he pitied her now, with all these women after her. If it had been any morning but Sunday, he would have been at his office instead of in attendance at this family council. And why did they not come to the point? It was perfectly true that Wilhelmina had done a strange thing,—at least the women thought it was strange,—but he was perfectly sure that Wilhelmina could explain.

Wilhelmina smiled back at him.

"Harriet can't sleep in a bed that is n't freshly made up," she said. She turned to look smilingly at Harriet. "I'm sorry, Harriet, but I can't see that it is anything to be angry about. You've been married for fifteen years, and you've missed your train at least once a week ever since, and I've never failed to let you in and make you comfortable. Have I?"

"It is my father's house," protested Harriet. "I've always advised you, and helped you run it. I ought to be 'let in,' as you call it."

"No, Harriet." Wilhelmina laid down her knitting for an instant. "It is father's home, and it will be all his life, but it is not his house. It is *my* house. Aunt Wilhelmina gave it to me, as you know. And—" Wilhelmina paused for an instant, then went on with the deliberation of one who has long weighed her words—"the furnishings are mine. Mother left them to me in her will, as you know. I am delighted to have you and Herbert come in at any time, even in the middle of the night, and I am perfectly willing to get up and let you in. I do not mind Louisa's sending Mr. Barrett here—"

"Does he know?" faltered Louisa.

Wilhelmina looked at her. "Does he know what, Louisa?"

It was then that Louisa remembered that the main issue had not been touched. "Oh, nothing," she groaned. "What were you saying, Ti—Wilhelmina?"

"And I am perfectly willing," went on Wilhelmina, even more calmly, "to have Louisa's four children here for a month while the other two have the mumps, and then to have the two while the other four

have the mumps. I am glad—that is, I have been glad to leave the furniture exactly where it has been for the last twenty years because Mary has a sentimental fondness for having it the way mother placed it, even though it's inconvenient and mother would have changed it long since, but I wish you would realize that it is because I like to please you, and not because I consider it my duty. And hereafter—"

"But—" began Harriet.

"But, Tiny!" gasped Louisa.

"Why, Wilhelmina!" cried Mary.

"She's perfectly right," said Louisa's husband, and the other men nodded. They became each moment more desirous of escape. Their errand began to seem insulting. Mary's jolly preacher husband reminded her that church-time was approaching, and she answered that there was still an hour.

"But, Wilhelmina!" Harriet's voice choked. She was getting to her subject at last. Louisa began to cry, red spots came into Mary's cheeks, and the men looked at the floor. "Where were you last night?"

"Where was I last night?" repeated Wilhelmina.

Harriet looked at her, gasping.

"I—I—don't want to seem like a spy, Wilhelmina,—none of us does,—and we would n't d-dream you could do anything wrong. As I said, we missed our train, and then we could not get in. We did n't mind standing in the snow and banging at the pipe. And we might have gone right to a hotel, only I had to borrow overshoes to go home to-day, on account of the snow, and, besides, I was frightened. So we went to the chemist's at the corner and rang his night-bell, and he came down and let us in, and Herbert called you up on the 'phone, and there was no answer. It was twelve o'clock, Wilhelmina."

"The maids are n't expected to answer the 'phone after eleven."

"But the extension 'phone is in your sitting-room, and you sleep with the door open and you are a light sleeper. You were n't in the house, Wilhelmina!"

"Well," said Wilhelmina.

"And you had n't told any one you were going out, and there has never been a night in your life that we did n't know where you were, and—"

Wilhelmina laughed almost hysterically. "I am seven years older than you, Harriet."

"But I am married. And I have had children, and I—I know the world, and we have always planned everything for you, and we have tried to make it up to you because you were n't married, and—"

"Don't you think it is time I had a little liberty?" asked Wilhelmina, lightly.

"And so this morning early we called up the house again, and got father, and he said you were home last night."

"Did n't you believe him?"

"Our dear father," sobbed Mary, "it would be so easy to deceive him."

Louisa too burst into sobs. "And John Barrett must have known it," she said. "I had to send him here because the room was being papered. I don't know what he will think. I—"

Wilhelmina got slowly to her feet and looked round at them—at her three fat sisters and their greatly superior husbands, and over their heads at her father working away in the library. Her eyes seemed to say that the joke had gone far enough.

"Will you good people please tell me what you mean?" she asked sharply. "Miles, what is it?"

There was no cutting in before the flood of Harriet's speech.

"So we called a taxicab and drove to Louisa's, and there—and there—" The flood of words ceased. Harriet too resigned herself to tears.

"Miles!" begged Wilhelmina.

"It's all nonsense, I'm sure," he said.

"Louisa and Herbert came in, terribly wrought up, and we could n't get the house on the 'phone, and then our Helen came in in great excitement to say she'd seen you going into a restaurant with a man. I told her she must be mistaken, but she insisted that she knew your hat or coat or something. The women thought it was late for you to be out, that's all."

"Then what was my niece doing out at such an hour?" asked Wilhelmina.

"She had been to the theater," explained Louisa. "She was driving home with Mrs. Wentworth. She was chaperoned, Wilhelmina, and you were not. They all saw you, and poor Helen was so mortified she almost cried."

Wilhelmina's eyes traveled from one to

the other. The eyes of Louisa and Harriet and Mary were averted. The hysterical note returned to Wilhelmina's voice.

"Eighteen-year-old Helen weeping over the sins of her forty-two-year-old aunt! Does n't that seem a trifle ridiculous? And suppose I did go to a restaurant for supper after the theater!"

"Wilhelmina!" said Louisa.

"Wilhelmina!" cried Harriet.

"Wilhelmina!" groaned Mary.

"You don't know how often I have been there."

"That," wailed Louisa, "is the awful part."

"Or how often I may go there in the future."

Her three brothers-in-law, even the Rev. John Smith, stared at her with astonished, amazed approval. Her three sisters stared at one another aghast. That Wilhelmina, in the foolish immaturity of an unmarried person, might yield even once to the temptation to be unconventional was hard to believe; that she boldly purposed to repeat the offense was incredible.

There was a middle-aged woman of their acquaintance, a widow, who surrounded herself with a circle of admiring young men whom she took yachting and automobiling. Was Wilhelmina, staid, forty-two-year-old Wilhelmina, to become another Anna Lenwood? They knew no wrong of Anna Lenwood, but her behavior was undignified, unconventional, mad.

They remembered with terror the elderly men, friends of their father, and the boys, sons of friends of their own, who liked to go to see Wilhelmina. They remembered also their own children, Wilhelmina's nieces and nephews, whom they had expected her to enrich as their Aunt Wilhelmina had enriched her. Suppose Wilhelmina should buy a yacht and an automobile!

Harriet found her breath first.

"No unmarried woman should go to a theater or to supper alone with a man if she is eighty," she declared. "The newer set may do those things. We do not."

"But suppose," said Wilhelmina, slowly, "suppose I should say I was going to be married."

Louisa spoke as though she were planning Wilhelmina's funeral.

"Father would have to—to announce your engagement," she faltered. "And you could have a matron of honor. Any one of us could be it. And we would give you luncheons and—and—but, oh, Wilhelmina, *why* do you do it?"

Wilhelmina ignored the last despairing wail.

"I think that such weddings are vulgar."

"Vulgar!" cried Harriet and Louisa and Mary together. All their weddings had been six-week pageants of dinners and luncheons and theater-parties. Again their husbands looked at each other slyly.

"Yes, vulgar," said Wilhelmina.

"Well, I give up!" cried Harriet.

"And to whom," faltered Louisa—"to whom would you like to be married?"

"I am married," said Wilhelmina. "I was married last evening at Dr. Pryor's. Then we went to the theater. We sat two rows behind Helen and Mrs. Wentworth, and we went out early on purpose to avoid them. I never thought of their driving past *our* restaurant. Then we came home. I sent you announcements this morning by special messenger. If you had waited a little longer you would have got them. The others have gone by mail."

"Announcements," cried Harriet—"to your sisters!"

"I did n't wish to be talked over even for a week."

"And who—" gasped Louisa, in her mind a dozen frantic possibilities of attractive, foolish boys and unattractive old men, each of whom was an enemy taking an inheritance away from her children—"who is the man?"

"The man?" Wilhelmina flushed crimson. A man appeared suddenly in the doorway. At sight of him Louisa groaned once more. It was John Barrett. She had been praying that he would not appear.

John Barrett seemed to be very much at home. He walked across the room, put his arm round Wilhelmina, and called her Tiny.

"What do you think of it?" he asked them all.

"John!" said Miles Barrett.

"Is it *you*?" cried Louisa.

"Of course," said John Barrett. "None

of you supposed that a man could live in the same house with her without falling in love with her, did you?"

His brother, and newly acquired brothers-in-law rushed forward to seize his hand. To each of them Wilhelmina presented a flushed and dutiful cheek. Her sisters did not come forward. Harriet managed to cross the room to put her arms round her father. He had come into the room not to assist in the discussion,—he had not known that a discussion was in progress,—but to find a book which he had mislaid. In the years of Wilhelmina's gentle administration he had occasionally

forgotten that he had been trained to keep his books in the library. Harriet embraced him tenderly.

"We can forgive her for treating us this way," she mourned; "it is you for whom we resent it, Father. To go out of your house alone, and be married at the clergyman's without an engagement, without attendants, without—"

Father shook himself free.

"Now, Harriet," he said, "don't be a goose. If you are talking about Wilhelmina's wedding, she had an attendant. I was the attendant. Wilhelmina, where is my book?"



COMING HOME

BY E. SEWELL HILL

THEY have hauled in the gang-plank; the breast-line crawls back;
It is "Port, and hard over!" and out through the black
Of the storm and the night, and across to the mouth
Of the harbor, where stretching far out to the south,
Run the lights of the town.

Swinging slowly, we turn,
Pointing out for mid-lake, past the long pier, where burn
The red harbor-lights, where the great billows churn,
Blow on blow, on the spiles, spilling down the white foam—
But I 've written the home-folks that I 'm coming home.

And I 'm coming; huddled close by the slow-falling rail,
Blinking red through the mist and the spray, while the hail
Rattles down the wet decks, lifting high, with the wail
Up the wind of the fog-horn, and behind on our trail,
And we nose straight out in the teeth of the gale,
I know by the throb that the engines prevail,
And—steady, my courage!—unless the stars fail,
We 'll make it.

But tell me, O gray eyes and blue,
Did you know, in your watching, O dim eyes and true,
In that black night's wild fury, while the storm-signals flew,
While the waves beat us back, and the hoarse whistles blew—
Did you know, O my dear ones, I was coming to you?

The silence of midnight; the hiss of the swell;
 The creaking of timbers; the close cabin smell;
 The slow-swaying shadows; the jar of the screw;
 The wind at the shutter; the feet of the crew;
 The cry of a child—is he coming home, too?

There 's a rent in the night, and a star glimmers through;
 The skies clear above us; the west banks up brown;
 The wind dies across us; the sea 's running down;
 And across the dim water, still breaking in foam,
 Stretches out the far shore-line—and I 'm coming home.

The hills smile a welcome, the long night is past,
 And the ship 's turning into the harbor at last.
 The engines slow down; we steal through the slip,
 Past the low-burning lamp, and with quivering lip,
 Call down to the life-savers, cheering us on.

The weary throb sends us straight into the dawn,
 Fair and white up the bay, half asleep, all adream,
 In its translucent purple and pearl. Just a gleam
 Out there of the earliest sail; here the curl
 Of the first lazy smoke from a cabin,—a girl
 Loops up the long vines at the doorway. A swirl
 Of white water behind us; then a stir at the dock.
 Steam slowly! The head-line—the stern-line—the shock
 As we swing alongside, and across the plank flock
 Wan faces, with breath still a-quiver, the roar
 Of the night still above and about them, the floor
 Still uncertain; but over the grateful, brown loam
 We crowd to the shore-boat—and I 'm coming home.

And away to the north, over depths of cool green
 From the bluffs overhead, where the deep-set ravine
 Digs down to the heart of the wood, while a stream
 Trickles out over sands drifting white and the pier
 Reaches out through the water to meet us! We 're here!

From the pier to the boat-house and far down the shore
 Flutters back to the group at the old farm-house door
 The word that I 'm coming; and from wrinkled old hands,
 As the dear old feet toil through the weary, white sands,
 Bringing welcome and welcome, from boat-house and strand,
 The hurrying, white-wingèd signals all come—
 God pity the mortal who has never come home.

And I? I 'm not worth it. But, gray eyes and blue!
 While the storms beat about me, O dear hearts and true!
 Or the fogs, flinging far, blot the stars from the blue,
 If the pole-star leads on or the rudder swings true,
 It 's not heaven I 'm after—I 'm coming to you.

But heaven it will be when down the blue dome
 Flutter out the white signals that I 'm coming home.

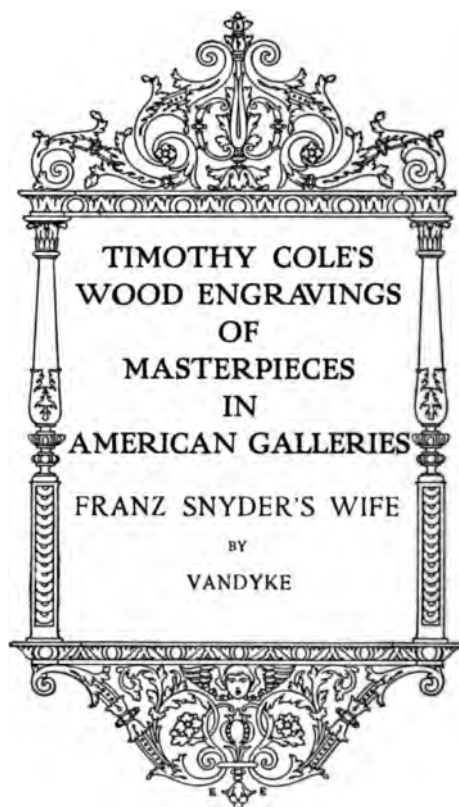




Owned by Mr. Henry Clay Frick

FRANZ SNYDER'S WIFE. BY VANDYKE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—V)





SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 22, 1911

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL, BASED ON SKETCHES MADE DURING
THE REHEARSAL AND THE ACTUAL CEREMONY

The center of the picture shows the "theater" with steps, erected at the junction of choir, sanctuary,
and transepts where the King, after being crowned, sat enthroned, and received homage.



CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

MANY things have been said of the foreign missionary work, some of them extravagant, most of them unkindly, a few witty, sparkling, cutting, and in many cases wrong.

This, frankly, is no defense of the foreign missions; it is not even a Christian view of the work.

I am a Japanese by birth—a mere heathen. It is, therefore, an impression of an outsider pure and simple, and these I know to be facts.

Forty-odd years ago, at every gate to both the Flower Capital of the mikado and Yedo, city of the shogun, at many of the entrances to the towns and villages of Nippon, there stood a large notice-board. It was official. In bold, heavy, black, fat strokes, so that he who ran on the highway might read, was the following:

KIRISHITAN JASHUMONNO GIWA, KORE-MADENOTORI KATAKU KINSEINO KOTO!

That is to say:

"The evil sect Kirishitan [Christian] is firmly forbidden as hitherto!"



VICE-ADMIRAL URIU

He studied at the United States Naval Academy, married a Japanese who was a Christian and was graduated at Vassar, and during the war with Russia held high command under Admiral Togo.

To-day you may see a few of the same old notice-boards, and read the same historic inscription, but you must go to the Tokio Museum to find them. They are no longer on the streets. Thirty-five years ago there were eleven baptized Protestant Christians. To-day there are seventy thousand of them in Japan; they own 600 churches; in their Sunday-schools they teach 100,000 children.

Is this the fruit of the Christian missions in Japan? Certainly. But not

the only result, and not the most important.

Fifty years ago there was no such expression as "religious freedom" in the entire range of Nippon literature. To-day the phrase has been written into the constitution of the land. Less than fifty years ago, if you wished to have a free fight on the spot, without loss of time, all that you had to do was to call a gentleman a "Yaso"—that is to say, "Jesus." And to-day? Admiral Uriu, who battered the

AWAY back in the early seventies of the last century,—in those days when the new Nippon was being born,—there was a time when the empire went drunk on the heady wine of Occidental civilization. To know something about the wonderful West, out of which came those wonderful black ships of war which had compelled the powerful shogunate to do its sweet pleasure, was the order of the day. Every daimio, or lord of a clan, established a school where foreign languages and sciences were to be



A JAPANESE NOTICE-BOARD (IN THE FOREGROUND)

The large buildings are the government offices on the street by the castle road in Fukuoka. A usual form of notice read: "The evil sect called 'Christian' is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." These anti-Christian edicts were written on boards about two feet long and one foot high.

fine Russian cruiser *Variag* in the harbor of Chemulpo, is a Christian; and many other officers of the navy and army of Japan of to-day are proud to be called Yaso. The editors of some of the leading metropolitan dailies are Christians. In 1890, when the Imperial Diet was convened for the first time in the history of Japan, the House of Representatives had a Christian for its president. His Majesty the Emperor of Japan contributes regularly to the funds of the Y. M. C. A. To-day no one can irritate a Japanese by calling him Yaso. These are some of the fruits of the missionary work in Japan. Not the fruit, however.

taught. Our lord of Kumamoto clan also established one. But how to secure a foreign instructor who would teach the Western knowledge to the children of the samurai of Kumamoto, there was the rub, and more especially because the lord of the Kumamoto clan was particular. The clan of Kumamoto, as all the empire knew, was proud of two things, its historic castle, built by Kato Kiyomasa, and the heroic tradition of its warriors as brave as the builder of the castle. It was all very well for other effete clans to employ foreign bonzes—that is to say, missionaries—as instructors to their young men; but not for Kumamoto. The clan of Kuma-



COUNT OKUMA

Ex-Premier of Japan, founder and president of the Waseda University. Though a very busy man, he finds time to act as home manager of the base-ball team now in the United States.

moto must have a soldier for its instructor. No priest, no mere man of letters who was little better than a woman; he would hurt the *esprit de corps* of the clan. All these emphatic wishes of the lord of Kumamoto clan were, therefore, detailed to Dr. G. F. Verbeck, who was a sort of national adviser in such matters, and on his recommendation Captain L. L. Janes went to teach the young samurai of Kumamoto.

Most assuredly the captain was no bonze. But it was also true that, in comparison with that white-flaming tower of zeal for God that was in his bosom, an every-day missionary would have looked like a penny candle flickering and fading before a typhoon. Captain Janes was a soldier, and an officer, of course. In a thousand times more emphatic sense, however, he was a soldier of the Cross.

For nearly three years Captain Janes said nothing of Christianity to his Kumamoto boys. Think of the apostolic ardor such as that of Captain Janes looking upon silence as golden, and for three patient years! How could he have managed it? The entire credit, I am half afraid, does not belong either to the miraculous *patience* or to the still more wonderful

wisdom and tact of Captain Janes. For one thing, he could not speak Japanese well enough to preach the Gospel in it, and his students could not understand English. But as of yore,

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

Because he could not preach with words. Captain Janes lived out a Christlife in his every-day actions. And I believe no sermon has ever been known to be quite eloquent enough to compare to the eloquence of a simple Christian life. And the magic eloquence of it touched the hearts of the rugged children of the Kumamoto samurai. "He gave his whole strength," writes one of his old pupils, recalling those Kumamoto days, "teaching English and the sciences. But he was so kind and fatherly in his treatment of his pupils that they came to forget that he was a foreigner." Let me put it in another way: the three years' wordless work of the captain built a bridge over which his thoughts could pass into the understanding, not only mental, but sentimental as well, of his



From a lithograph. Paint by Dr. W. E. Grimes

WAKASA, THE FIRST PROTESTANT
CHRISTIAN IN JAPAN

He was a pupil of Dr. G. F. Verbeck.

boys. Therefore at the end of three years one day he said to his students: "I shall teach the Bible on Sunday. Any one who wishes may come to my house."

In this short sentence the historian will find one of the foundation-rocks of the Christian church in Japan.

"We still hated Christianity," writes Mr. Kanamori, one of Captain Janes's pupils, and who later became famous as the Paul of the Japanese missions because of the persecution he suffered for his faith

to believe it, but to study its strong and weak points in order to oppose it. And so of the few who went some went simply out of curiosity, others for amusement, others that they might oppose, none with the desire to accept it. During his prayer, which seemed tedious to us, we sometimes opened our eyes and looked upon his face, with its closed and tearful eyes, and then we laughed, saying, 'Even Americans weep!'"

For another year, patiently, always



From a photograph taken on New Year's day, 1874

DR. SAMUEL R. BROWN'S HOUSE AT YOKOHAMA

In this house the New Testament was translated into Japanese by American scholars and missionaries between 1874 and 1880. Dr. Brown presided at most of the meetings of the committee.

and of the zeal with which he devoted his life to the work of Christ, "as though it were a snake, and did not like even to see a Bible; but we so respected him that we concluded to go to the meeting. One of us went to the teacher of Chinese [a teacher of Chinese in those days was also a preceptor in the doctrine and teachings of Confucius, for the Japanese boys all studied classic Chinese with the sacred books of Confucius as their readers] and asked his consent. He replied that we might go to learn about Christianity, not

backed by his Christian life, a thing which was both new and wonderful to the Kumamoto boys. Captain Janes taught them the Bible. He never asked the young men to become Christians. Two of the boys tried to impose upon his judgment; they went to him one day and said, "We wish to become preachers of the Gospel." He told them bluntly that they were not worthy to be anything of the kind—a rather striking contrast with certain other missionaries and their methods. The sharp, unexpected contrast impressed the

young men. In 1875—that is to say, at the end of about one year's Bible-teaching—his work began to tell. It divided the Kumamoto school into two camps, one eager for the light that was in Christ and his life, and the other which tried to crush the pro-Christian elements by reviving the

tended,—“sometimes three hours long,—but as we had become interested in Christianity, they were never tiresome to us.”

Soon after, these Kumamoto boys, who had never in all their lives even so much as heard of the word “revival,” had the visitation of the Spirit that was Pente-



THE HARADA FAMILY

Dr. Tasuku Harada, the head of the family, was graduated from the Yale Divinity School, class of 1891, and was given a degree by the University of Edinburgh in 1910. He is the president of the Doshisha ("one endeavor") Christian University in Kyoto. His wife was educated at a Christian school.

study of the sacred texts of Confucius. The teacher of Chinese was active in the work. Every Sunday morning he expounded the teachings of the great sage of China. For a time every Sabbath the students went to the teacher in Chinese in the morning and in the afternoon to Captain Janes. Then Captain Janes added preaching to his study of the Bible. "His sermons were long," writes one who at-

costal. "We wondered why our spirits burned like a fire and why we preached the Gospel like mad men. One said, 'May not this be the work of the Holy Spirit mentioned in the Bible?'"

And the classic city of Kumamoto was treated to the greatest scandal in all its ancient life. "What," said the people in utter consternation, "are our own children—the children of samurai—turning into

Yaso bozu [that is to say, Christian priests]!" "Can such things be borne with patience and in silence? And how are we to apologize to the ghosts of our ancestors?" The widowed mother of one of the boys tried to commit suicide to apologize to the spirit of her departed husband because she had failed to rear the son in the virile and noble path of the samurai. A father told his son, in a calm and very solemn manner, to go out to the porch leading down to the garden.

"My son," said the father, "since you do not renounce the evil faith, I shall do you the honor, which you scarcely merit, of putting an end to your life with my own sword. That is the least apology which you and I can make to the memory of our august ancestors."

"If it be for the sake of the Way," the son made answer, "let it be so, Father above."

Seating himself on the edge of the porch, polished like a mirror and without a railing, the son stretched forth his neck to receive the blow from the father's blade. The father looked at the son fixedly for a moment. From the first he had no idea of murdering the son; he wished to test the extent of fanaticism of his boy, as he considered it.

"*Kono bakayaro!*" cried the father. That is to say, "You big fool you!" I am sure the old gentleman would have put in a choice touch of profanity, if only the Japanese language had had a "cuss" word; but of course it had not.

So saying, he kicked the son off the porch to the garden flag and left him in disgust. Persecution raged, and had precisely the same effect as in the cradle days of the Christian church.

It was the last Sunday in the first month of the year of grace 1876, and the spring-like Kyushu weather was all a-smile. The Christian students of the Kumamoto school went out to a hill to the southwest of the castle city called Hana-oka yama, or the Hill-in-bloom. Seating themselves in a circle on the crest of the hill, they banded themselves under solemn oaths. Let other young men chase the will-o'-the-wisp of worldly wealth and honors, let others aspire to the noble work of the defense of the Home Land of the Sun, of carrying forward the torch of civilization, but for the Kumamoto boys, however,

none of these things. There was one thing to which they would devote their entire lives—the spiritual rebirth of the empire of Nippon; nothing less.

This, then, is the story of the famous Kumamoto Band, which helped to lay the foundation of Christian work in Japan.

It was in the city of Kioto, and the time was the summer of 1875. Two men sat talking in a humble cottage that might have commanded the monthly rental of ten dollars at the most. It was specially modest for the two gentlemen who sat and talked therein, for one of them was Mr. (later Viscount) Tanaka, who was then the active head of the Department of Education of the newly formed Imperial Government and the other was Dr. Niishima.

"I have come," Mr. Tanaka was saying, "to press a strong claim of our country upon you. You know as well as I through what a critical hour our country is passing at present. It is the one season in a thousand autumns. If ever Nippon needed her sons to come to her rescue, now is the time. I need not 'preach to the Buddha'; you know all this. You know the West and Western civilization and its institutions; your knowledge of them would be invaluable to the Government. The country has sore need of you."

"This is indeed an honor for which I am utterly unworthy," Mr. Niishima made answer, "and believe me, I have no words to express my appreciation for your kindly suggestion; but—"

"Ah," said the head of the Department of Education, "I have been afraid of that 'but' of yours. I have been afraid that you might say it."

"Yes, I regret to say—"

"Wait," interrupted the other. "Whether you decline or whether you accept, you should not act on so weighty a matter as this so quickly. Would it not be well for you to think the matter over thoroughly, look upon the situation from all possible angles? If you like, discuss the matter with me. Many things can be said both for and against your accepting such a governmental position as I have suggested."

So it came to pass that the two friends sat down to discuss the question, the offi-

cial ever urging Mr. Niishima to take up an important work for the state. He was one of the closest friends of Dr. Niishima, and the way they first met was at once singular and dramatic.

It was at Washington, District of Columbia, and Mr. Tanaka was then with the famous Iwakura Embassy, in the year 1872, perhaps the most significant year in the history of the new Nippon since the restoration of the actual sovereignty to the emperor. It was the second and by far the most important embassy sent abroad by the newly formed imperial régime. Okubo and Kido were the leading spirits of it, the two great and magic names to conjure with in those days. Ito (the late Prince Ito) was also one of the members of the commission. The embassy was "first to study the institutions of the civilized nations, adopt those most suited to Japan, and gradually reform our Government and manners, so as to attain the status equal to that of the most civilized nations." There was no lack of brains among the men of the embassy. One thing was missing, however, the gift of tongue. The embassy needed an interpreter, and needed him badly. In this sore hour of need, they were told that there was a school in a town called Andover, in the State of Massachusetts, and in it was a Japanese student. He was reported to be studying the "science of God." It was plain that he could handle this trying invention of the darker power called the English language.

It did not take those wise gentlemen from Japan many minutes to decide on their course of action. At once they summoned the theological student with all the authority of the Imperial Government, with which they were vested. He did not answer post-haste and in person, as the gentlemen of the commission confidently expected. Instead, there came a letter. It was one of the most remarkable documents they had ever read, and they had seen all sorts of things in their day. For audacity and frankness it surpassed a dun for a ten-year-old debt. For the dictatorial tone of it, the writer, a humble student, even if he were presumptuous enough to be studying the "science of God," might have been the Czar of all the Russias. And he explained in the said remarkable letter that he was an outlaw, according to the

laws of Japan in the days when he had left it.

The outlaw had "the nerve" to dictate terms to the imperial embassy!

He was willing, he said, to serve the embassy as an interpreter, but, in the first place, the imperial commission must recognize him as an honorable and upright citizen of Nippon. He had not committed any other crime than to run away from the country with the sole desire of studying the institutions of America. (That act was punishable by death, according to the laws of the shogun's government.) The imperial commissioners must greet him as an equal, and must not expect him to fall upon his forehead, as was the usage at the court of Japan. That was not all: the ambassador must shake hands with the writer after the most approved American fashion! There were many more demands of this sort.

What could the embassy do? It accepted all the demands unconditionally, and Mr. Niishima joined the Iwakura Embassy. It was there that he came to know Viscount Tanaka; with him he traveled all through Europe and America; the report on the educational work of Europe and America presented to the throne by the embassy on its return was based on the joint investigations of the two men.

Thus the two friends of former days sat in the humble Kyoto cottage of Dr. Niishima.

Did Niishima wish to propagate the Christian faith among the Japanese? Would his high standing among the officers of the Government hurt such a work? Was there, could there be, any more effective method than to become a great national factor himself, and then bring about the spiritual salvation of Japan, and show to all the people that a Christian can at one and the same time be a patriot as well? Viscount Tanaka sat with Niishima and talked for three days and two nights.

To all the arguments of his friend, Dr. Niishima had nothing more to say than this:

"I have only one answer: my life is not my own. It belongs to Jesus Christ. Many years ago I solemnly swore to devote my entire time and effort to his cause. I can not take back my words and my heart. I can not do it."

As twilight was purpling on the historic hills of Kioto, fragrant with the memory of a thousand years of culture, Viscount Tanaka rose. He had reached the end of his patience. He was a simple-hearted man. He was a patriot; he could not understand the language of the man of religion. How could he? Without the slightest hesitation, he would have sacrificed all the Buddhas in the world and his life as well if they could but add even a trifle to the prestige and power of the state. He was disgusted with the attitude of Niishima. He was "mad, clean mad."

"Well, Niishima," he said, "I'm going. I am sorry. You are indeed the slave of Jesus Christ. Good-by."

And years ago, when I was a school-boy in Tokio, I heard Professor J. D. Davis say, telling this story, that it was "the proudest title ever given to man."

The cottage in which the two men talked became the foundation of the Doshisha University of to-day, away and beyond the greatest Christian university in the Far East.

And Dr. Niishima lived a Christian life. It stamped the age in which he lived; it colored the history of his country.

Tokutomi Iichiro, the editor and founder of the "Kokumin," one of the leading metropolitan dailies in Tokio to-day, is one of the Doshisha boys who has always carried the moral crest of the Niishima clan. At the death of Niishima he wrote:

Individually, we have lost him to whom we looked, as to a father and teacher, for strength and light and love. . . . As a society we have lost the leader of the cause of moral reformation in Japan. . . . An elaborate eulogy, a magnificent funeral, a splendid monument—these would not please him. Far better is it for us to do our daily duty, to help forward little by little, with our whole heart and life, the moral regeneration of society, that our land may be the home of men and women loving liberty, truth, charity, and God.

I do not know whether the name of Tokutomi Iichiro is on the membership list of a Christian church, and it matters little. I do not know whether Tokutomi understood the Christian creed as Mr. Niishima did; this also matters not so much. For it is true that many of the

people whose lives have been modified by the life of Niishima do not even know the difference between the Congregational and the Unitarian churches.

What I do know is that Onchi Seiran was in no way connected with the Christian church. At the time of Mr. Niishima's death he was one of the shining lights of the Buddhistic sect called Shinshu, in the city of Tokio. To the students and the family of Mr. Niishima he wrote:

Having been informed in the newspaper of the death of Mr. Niishima, president of your school, I am full of heartfelt grief. Since I am a believer in the faith of Buddhism, I stood opposed to him . . . but in regard to his stirring the religious heart of our people with his zeal I have no doubt. I was especially impressed with this when I once called on him . . . it seemed to me at that time that if I was not a believer in Buddhism I should have become his friend and accepted Christianity. All who are the ministers of any religion must become as he was.

Inspiring the imagination of the new Nippon with the charm and nobility of the character of Jesus—that certainly was the greatest achievement of Mr. Niishima. He made his countrymen fall in love with the life of Jesus as Niishima himself lived it out in the Kioto of the seventies.

Niishima and his fellow-workers, notably Professor J. D. Davis, upon whom Mr. Niishima was wont to lean as upon the very staff of life, gave Japan a new national ideal. No achievements of man can be greater, more ambitious than this. In this the missionaries succeeded. Here, then, is the great fruit of the Christian missions in Japan.

When our foreign friends came to us and told us to open up the country for international intercourse of all sorts, the elders of the shogunate did not like it. When Commodore Perry told us to open our country whether we wished to or no, some of our forefathers lost their temper. We have changed our mind a good deal on that point. We look back upon the day when the black ships of the American navy got on the nerves of our old forefathers so dreadfully as the day of glorious fortune. And the thing which made us change our mind was the life lived among

us by the gentlemen who came to us in the name of Jesus, their Master.

And for this reason: many of the missionaries who came to Japan in those early days were scholars long before they were missionaries, and they were MEN (and all the capitals in the language can not possibly do them justice) long before they were scholars.

Take Dr. Verbeck, Dr. Hepburn, Bishop Williams, Professor J. D. Davis, Dr. S. R. Brown of Yokohama, Bishop Harris and the Rev. J. H. DeForest of Sendai, Professor Clark of Supporo Agricultural College, Professor William Elliot Griffis of Fukui Gakko and the author of the "Mikado's Empire," and Captain Janes of Kumamoto Ei-gakko.

Perhaps this is not a long list. It should not be. Great men never did grow like weeds anywhere at any time. The wonder is that so many of the really great of earth should have found their way into the then almost unknown land of Nippon.

And it was the Christlike life of these men, not their theology, which told so stupendously for the cause of the Christian missions in Japan.

On the fifth of October, 1909, in the city of Tokio, a number of Christians, and a number of those who were not, gathered to celebrate the "Semi-Centennial of Protestant Christianity in Japan." Count Okuma was one of the many non-Christians present. As usual, what he said had a national and a world-wide significance:

I came in contact with and received great impulses from some of the missionaries of that early period. Particularly from Dr. Verbeck. He was my teacher in English and history and the Bible. I can never forget the great and virtuous influence of the man. At that time Dr. Verbeck could do but little direct evangelical work, but all his work was Christian. In everything he did his Christlike spirit was revealed. . . . *Only by the coming of the West in its missionary representatives and by the spread of the Gospel* did the nation enter upon world-wide thoughts and world-wide work.

Here, then, is Count Okuma's answer to the question, What is the greatest fruit of the Christian missionary work in Japan? Count Okuma is not a professing Christian or a member of a Christian church. There are others like him. And the life

and work of just such men as Count Okuma have told on the life of the nation in a much more potent fashion than figures and adjectives know how to show.

The "Kokumin," the prominent Tokio daily to which I have referred before, devoted almost two columns and a half to the editorial comment on the "Semi-Centennial Celebration" of the missionary work in Japan in its issue of October 5, 1909. It said:

In this world there is nothing that is as big as the power of character. Especially is it so in religion. The propaganda of the Jesuits of the Genki and Tensho Periods (1570-91) has not left even a shadow on the Japan of to-day. But the life influences of the one great, brilliant star of the movement, Francis Xavier, is still seen here and there like a mountain rill sparkling from under the heaps of dead leaves. I myself know [the editorial was evidently written by Mr. Tokutomi himself] that the influences of such men as Brown of Yokohama and Janes of Kumamoto in the education of our people . . . was by no means light.

Some missionaries can not understand why the Christian speculative philosophy and systematic theology are not as popular among the Japanese as the "stove-pipe hats" of the year-before-the-last season, which are the chief features of all the social functions in Japan of the transition. Some people think this is because the Japanese do not have a speculative turn of mind. They are wrong in that. We do not admire the patient work of the schoolmen of the Dark Ages who tried to figure out how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Our reason for this is entirely different, however, from that of a Wall Street man. We are not too busy, but we find the Occidental speculative philosophy too tame and colorless. Compared to the depth of the Hindu philosophy, it looks like a "tea-pot tempest." Compared with the Hanayana Sutras, the transcendental idealism of Bishop Berkeley sounds like a lot of nursery rhyme. That is the real reason why the Japanese do not rave over the profundity of Christian thought.

Also there are people who say that the Japanese nature is essentially non-religious. That our attitude toward all the gods and all things religious is "polite-

ness toward possibilities." Anybody can see that that is wrong,—anybody who has read the story of the Christian persecution in Japan and heard of the men and women who marked the blood-trail and charred trail (for there were many native converts who preferred to be burned at the stake rather than renounce their faith in Jesus Christ, their Saviour) which led to the horrible struggle of Shimabara and which made Pappenberg Rock in Nagasaki Har-

bor forever famous in history, for it is the place from which thousands of the native converts were thrown into the sea. Oh, yes, the Japanese nature is highly religious. Both in the number of shrines and of gods, we beat the Athenians upon whom we have St. Paul's pronouncement. Christian missionary work did not deepen the religious nature of the people, but it gave a new star to which it might aspire—the life and character of Jesus.

COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING PAPER

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

MR. ADACHI KINOSUKE bears true witness to the Japanese mind of forty years ago and that of to-day concerning Jesus. Living in the far interior of feudal Japan, in 1871 I found the anti-Christian edicts everywhere in evidence. The very name of "Yaso" made a peasant's face blanch. Inquisition into family life was rigid. "On the true faith of a samurai," every householder must report annually that no kinsman or servant of his was of "the accursed sect called Christian." The ban lay also on the graveyard, controlled by Buddhist priests, and it was not until constitutional times (1889) that a Christian could be buried as such. In old Japan tradition and custom made law, since no code for the common people was known until 1880. To us, in 1870, it was an awful revelation of the depths of tradition that even the government of Meiji (enlightened civilization) was republishing the ancient ban of 1614, intimating that Christianity was the black art and Jesus a devil of some sort. Deaf to all foreign pleas and warnings, they tore from their home four thousand peasants holding to the ancestral "Yaso" faith and imprisoned them in mountain craters and other isolated places. In 1871, in Echizen, I saw one party of these, men, women, children, and infants, dressed in the criminal robes of red, roped together by their wrists, and marched under guard northward. In the first Christian church formed at Yokohama, in 1872, I was present, expecting every moment

the catchpole and jailer for the native communicants.

In the new hope kindled and new national outlook given, as Count Okuma acknowledges, through the teachings of the American missionaries, other bands beside that of Kumamoto (of 1874) went forth as torch-bearers. The pupils of Dr. S. R. Brown in religion, journalism, and literature, and of Dr. J. C. Hepburn in science, healing, and diplomacy (1858-76), took notable part in the making of the new Japan. Yet, however important the forces of intellect, these, after all, form only part of the potency of national renaissance. Even Christianity has many forms, some more disturbing and yet reconstructive than others. No view of the potentially Christian Japan can overlook what the churches of the Roman and Greek order have accomplished. Entering after the Townsend Harris treaty of 1858, the Roman Catholics had the advantage of continuity of tradition and labor as well as the obstacle of prejudice to confront them. Quietly and with little observation, and not antagonizing the government administration, as in China, the Roman Catholics in Japan have ministered most effectively to the bodies and souls of the humbler classes. As for the work of the Russian priest Nicolai, dating from 1860, it is scarcely less wonderful than that done by a primitive apostle, his effort being to establish a truly Japanese church, of the Greek Catholic order, yet introducing no foreign element, and chang-

ing no custom except as it pertains to universal Christianity to do. His success in vocal music in the Cathedral of the Resurrection in Tokio has been amazing.

Of the Protestant Christians to-day, nine tenths are away from home, from the village priest and the graveyard. Rural Japan is hardly touched. Yet apart from the church, a quiet and sure work is proceeding among the Japanese themselves, not by individuals, but by families. Harsh native critics of missionaries who refuse dogmatic Christianity declare that there are more Christians without than within the churches. My own view is that at least five million Japanese see in Jesus their Master and in pure Christianity the only hope for Japan, and they more or

less earnestly strive to live after his example. The Japanese as a nation will never become Christians by multiplication of individuals, but rather of families; for Nippon's life and civilization, as all her history shows, is a matter of families, the units of society.

Is Japan becoming a Christian nation? If the answer must be given to mean the acceptance of the theology made in Europe, I reply, "Never." Christianity in Japan will develop without our traditions, classifications, and controversies. If answer must be by statistics, in terms of mustard-seed phenomena, I answer, "Perhaps." If in terms of leaven and transformation, there can be no other answer than an emphatic "Yes."



From a color print. Lent by Dr. W. E. Griffiths

JAPANESE TRANSLATIONS FROM THE BIBLE

The passages quoted are from John xiv. 15 and 16: "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."



A ROYAL CREMATION

BY K. VAN DORT

THE cremation of the remains of the late King of Siam took place at Bangkok on March 16, amid circumstances of pomp and splendor that were probably without precedent in a land that is accustomed to pageants of semibarbaric magnificence.

In Siam, as the reader may or may not know, cremation is general, the interment of the dead taking place only when certain diseases are responsible for the demise. The higher the rank of the deceased, the more impressive are the appointments and the mise en scène of the cremation. Where royalty furnishes the silent principal to the solemn function, the incidentals are as elaborate as they are costly. So it was in the present instance.

The death of King Chulalongkorn took place just a year ago. In accordance with the etiquette of the Siamese court, the embalmed body has been kept in the palace in the interval, surrounded day and night by a guard of honor. Incidentally it may be remarked that the elapsing period between the deaths of royal personages and the lighting of their funeral-pyres has been gradually reduced within recent years. The remains of the grandfather of the present king were kept nearly two years before being consigned to the flames. Those of the then crown prince, who died in 1895, were not cremated until 1901.

The preparations for a royal cremation

are as follows: a crematorium, or *phra moro*, or *premane*, as it is sometimes called, is erected, and decorated in lavish fashion. The site of the *phra moro* is a large plot of land in front of the palace at Bangkok that is known as the Premane Grounds. Ordinarily the ground is used by foreigners as golf-links, cricket-grounds, and for other sports. Around the crematorium, which is of wood, are built other wooden structures, to be used by the priests and for the shows and festivities, secular and religious, that form an important part of the total function.

The ceremonies last several days. Each morning begins with religious rites, hundreds of priests conducting the services. Following these come theatrical shows, the Siamese equivalent for vaudeville, wrestling-matches, and so forth; and at night there are fireworks in profusion. The new king, the royal family, the nobles, and the court officials are among the spectators from the beginning to the end of the daily functions.

On the last day of the religious observances, usually lasting a week or ten days, the remains of the deceased are placed in a jeweled urn, which is placed on a pyre of dried fagots. The king starts the fire, specially invited spectators throw holy candles and sandalwood on the flames, and the priests chant prayers meanwhile until the body is consumed.

After the pyre has burned itself out, the ashes of the body are collected amid further ceremonies, put in an urn, and placed in a building in the palace in which are kept the urns of the reigning family.

With the dawn of the morning appointed for the recent royal cremation, minute-guns began booming in various parts of Bangkok. All else was still, traffic being stopped, and the usually chatting, laughing Siamese for once were hushed and subdued. From a very early hour of the day the streets presented a unique aspect. White being the Siamese

from a semibarbaric state to an independent kingdom, he abolished slavery, and, more wonderful still, by his energy and constant devotion to duty, he inspired his people with an enthusiasm which has had an effect on the national character; for the Siamese of to-day are not the indolent, pleasure-loving people we knew them to be thirty years ago.

The Siamese people somewhat resemble the Japanese in their love of artistic effect and display. There is the same minute attention to detail, the same harmonizing of bright colors, and an equally fervent de-



From a photograph, copyright by K. Leuz, Bangkok

PLACING THE URN IN POSITION IN THE CREMATORIUM

mourning color, the spectacle of several thousand people so dressed, and packed closely together, wending their way slowly and reverently to the Premane Grounds, gave one the impression, when viewed from above, of a river of white on which floated the heads of the people.

What made the ceremonies specially interesting was the remarkable enthusiasm shown both by Siamese and foreigners to make the event a testimonial to the worth, and a fitting close to the remarkable career, of a great monarch. King Chulalongkorn was generally loved and respected; he took a great and personal interest in the welfare of his people, and was by natural gifts eminently qualified to rule his people. He saw his country emerge

votion to national style and conventions. In the construction of the royal crematorium they showed that the Siamese style of architecture—which may be described as ornate, for everything is sacrificed for the sake of elaborate ornamentation—is capable of much dignity and grandeur.

For several months many hundred skilled artisans, working under the directions of the king's architect, had been busy night and day at the construction of the *meru*, or central building, and the pavilions surrounding it. The *meru* was designed to carry the large golden and jeweled urn in which was placed, in a kneeling posture, the body of the king. It stood 110 feet high, rising from a base ninety feet broad, and consisted of three



From a photograph, copyright by R. Lenz, Hancock

THE MARCH OF THE PROCESSION AROUND THE CREMATORIUM, THE TALL BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE

platforms, on the top and middle one of which was a golden frame which was to receive the royal urn, and under which, within the closed middle chamber, were a closely packed pile of dry fagots.

At each of the four corners of the large main platform were the praying-towers, where the yellow-robed priests sat reciting the Buddhist scriptures.

The pillars and walls of the crematorium were beautifully ornamented with a groundwork of gold, over which scenes from the sacred books, worked in blue silk, gave a charming effect. On each platform were delicately carved figures of angels and of *yaks* (devils), the former in attitudes of devotion and prayer, the latter holding the large pagoda-shaped umbrellas, the emblems of royalty. The ceilings had a beautifully chased design in gold and blue, alternating with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and from the inside of the eaves hung great golden curtains lined with red.

When we consider that almost every inch of this enormous building was elaborately ornamented in hand-painting, carv-

ing, or inlay-work, some idea may be formed of the time and money spent upon it—all to be destroyed in a few minutes.

As we took our seats in one of the pavilions that surrounded the crematorium, and awaited the entrance of the royal procession, about us was a living sea of white, silent and expectant. Already the priests in the praying-tower had begun their monotonous incantation. There was a slight smell of burning incense, and the stewards were making final preparations for the reception of the distinguished mourners. There was a moment of hushed expectancy, and over the still and torrid air came the sound of a low wail, which grew louder and louder as the Tamruet Band, 300 strong, clad in scarlet, came marching slowly along the broad Palace Road, the drummers leading, behind them the silver trumpets, then the long line of conch-shells, and last the clarionets and flutes. Some distance behind the band, looking very pompous and sedate, marched the high officials, carrying great jeweled swords, long silver spears, golden vessel,



From a photograph, copyright by R. Lenz, Bangkok

THE CREMATORIUM AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT

and the insignia of state. Next in line was the holy prince priest (brother to the late king, borne aloft on a high palanquin, and reciting passages from the sacred books.

Immediately behind the prince's palanquin came a force of 220 men, clad in scarlet and gold, who drew by a double rope the great state car on which rested the jeweled gold urn in which reposed the body of the king. Two of his sons knelt in front of the car, and two behind. On each side marched officers of the dead king's household, bearing the insignia of royalty,—white, pagoda-shaped umbrellas,—great clusters of peacock feathers, and enormous fans.

Two standard-bearers came next, and then the chief mourner, the young King Kajiravudh, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform. He looked a pathetic figure, walking alone, with head bent low and evidently feeling his loss very keenly. A few paces behind marched a number of princes dressed in the picturesque court costume of King Mongkut, with flowing white silk cloaks and quaint, green, conical hats.

Then came the various representatives of foreign powers in conventional garb, offering a strong contrast to the Oriental

nature of the scene, and to the very picturesque costumes of the group who marched behind them—the chiefs of various petty Eastern states. The length of the naval and military procession that followed may be gathered from the fact that it took one hour to file past and take up its position round the grounds.

Before the steps of the crematorium the prince priest conducted a religious service and preached a short and eloquent sermon, which seemed to appeal forcibly to the nobles and members of the royal household, and then, amid much ceremony, he sprinkled holy water on the urn, which was being slowly moved from the state car to its lofty position on the pyre.

A moment later, all being in readiness, the young king was seen mounting the steps leading to the middle portion of the crematorium. The great curtains swung to, and for the last time he was alone with the dead body of his father. There was an impressive silence. Then suddenly the silver tones of a trumpet rang out sharp and clear. It was the signal that the king had lighted the great pyre, and the bands struck up the national anthem. The people of Siam had taken their last farewell of a great monarch.



YESTERDAY'S GRIEF

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE rain that fell a-yesterday is ruby on the roses,
 Silver on the poplar-leaf, and gold on willow-stem;
 The grief that chanced a-yesterday is silence that incloses
 Holy loves where time and change shall never trouble them.

The rain that fell a-yesterday makes all the hillside glisten,
 Coral on the laurel and beryl on the grass;
 The grief that chanced a-yesterday has taught the soul to listen
 For whispers of eternity in all the winds that pass.

O faint-of-heart, storm-beaten, this rain will gleam to-morrow,
 Flame within the columbine and jewels on the thorn,
 Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be sorrow,
 Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn.



Drawn by Charles Johnson Post

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HER MIND HAD BECOME THE REFLEX OF SIS' MAME'S"



THE CHEERFUL HOODOO

OR, THE SHEDDING OF THE HEART OF SIS' MYRA

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

"LIDDIE LADY MYRA" danced and sang no more. The washing-beach no longer heard her laugh, nor the public square, when on market-days her friends came down from the hills with calabashes piled high with red and golden fruit, and yams, and yellow meal. When, with the swift fall of the tropic night, the signal conch-shells blew along the heights, and the chattering pleasure-seekers went past on the dark street, the glimmer of their light dresses fluttering in the night wind like wavering moths, she would crouch on the door-sill, and, chin in hand, gaze out across the darkness with sullen, hopeless eyes.

For the blight of the hoodoo was on Myra. Her piquant little face grew thin, and shadowy rings deepened about her eyes, which gave no answering look to the awed and furtive glances of passing friends. Though she was dying there before their eyes, no one openly recognized the change. It stood like a wall between them, weird and mysterious, but as impassable as the wall between the living and the dead.

Only Gumbo Jim braved her introspective hopelessness. Night after night he would saunter up the road, and, dropping on the step at her side, with a fine assump-

tion of gaiety, would veil his shy love-making under an incessant stream of gossip. Though she never welcomed his coming, and rarely spoke, she missed him when suddenly his visits ceased. His presence had been a check on her brooding thoughts, and now in her long, solitary vigils under the quiet stars, to her naïve, superstitious mind every rustling leaf seemed a whispering voice, and the night wind blowing across her cheek the touch of a ghostly hand. Then one sunset she saw his tall, shambling form come up the path again, and her heart stirred faintly with the first thrill of pleasure that it had known for months. Nevertheless, she gave him only a curt nod in greeting.

"Well, heeh Ah am once mo', lak a bad penny," he said lightly as he seated himself. "Seem' lak Ah been gone a yeah."

She bridled at that.

"Nobuddy as' yo' tow come," she said, "or done miss yo'."

He laughed, unnoticing her mood.

"Ah done miss maself," he replied, "an' nobuddy yen't goin' keep me away. Sis' Rose Ma'y she done call out tow me, yen't Ah comin' tow do Co'al Bells' ball dis ebenin', an' Ah say I got somepin' betteh tow do dan shakin' ma foots wid obbe dem—an' heeh Ah ahm a-doin' it." He

glanced at the girl, hoping to see some little flicker of interest soften the impassiveness of her averted face; but saw none. He sighed, but went on: "Ah done been tow St. Thomas—on business. Seem' lak a long ways f'om home, Sis' Myra."

"Forty mile'!" she said, with a scornful toss of her head.

"Dat so," he agreed; "but forty mile' is bad as a million when yo' cain't see what yo' wan' tow see—an' is longin' tow see."

She made no reply, and he dropped into her silent mood, and watched the closing day. As he looked, the red, white-crossed flag on the fort at the water's-edge, standing straight out on its staff, dropped swiftly as the boom of the sunset gun echoed among the hills. Far down the street Sis' Angelica, crying the last of her hot arepas, lifted her voice in a whining treble. On the white road, a donkey, drawing a high cart, trotted past with drooping head, its long ears flapping in unison with its dainty stepping. The jut of land northward changed from white and green to gray and brown madder, and then suddenly became black. All at once the silent lover was aware of the stars blazing overhead.

"Yen't yo' goin' speak tow me no mo', Myra?" he asked pathetically.

She laughed with sad bitterness.

"What Ah got tow speak erbout tow anybuddy?" she asked. "Ah done come down tow da Valley o' da Shadeh. An' Ah 'm walkin' in da darkness; Ah cain't see da light no mo'. How Ah goin' speak tow yo', 'way up in da high, light places?"

"Lift up yo' liddle hands, an' Ah raise yo' up," he cried eagerly. "Lift up yo' eyes, an' Ah draw yo' back tow da sunlight. Trus' tow me, Sis' Myra. Trus' tow me."

She shook her head hopelessly.

"Dat all done pass," she said. "Ah done been marked faw sorreh."

He shifted his ground.

"Yo' know me—what Ah ahm," he pleaded. "Some folks call me Gumbo Jim, an' some say Laughin' Jim. Dat 's right. When Trouble comes a-knockin' at ma do', Ah laugh an' say, 'Come in, ma frien'. An' he doan' come. Ah 'm da bes' stevedo' on da beach. Missa Roach say so; ebyrbuddy say so; faw Ah doan' dribe ma men: Ah *lead* 'em. Ah *lead* 'em wid a laugh. Gimme da chance, honey,

gimme da chance, an' Ah lead yo' right smack out in da sun, laughin' lak yo' ust tow."

She had listened, crouching low over her knees; but now she sprang up, flinging her arms wide, like one stifling.

"It yen't no sorteh use talkin' lak dat," she cried; "faw Ah done tuhn ma back on joy, an' cain't tuhn no mo'. Ah nebber can laugh no mo', er sing, er dance. Ah 'm done wid obbe dem."

"'T will all pass erway—all pass erway," he urged. "Yo' know ma house—who 's got er betteh? Yo' know me—what Ah can do faw yo'. An' Ah 'll do it, an' mo'. Mah'y me, an' come home tow joy." He looked about him with an affectation of dread as he continued: "Ah tell yo', Sis' Myra, dis yerry yen't no place faw a young gal; no 'm. Hit 's tow whispeh'y. Heah dem trees a-blowin'! Heah dat bird a-singin' mou'nful!"

She looked up with shuddering fear.

"Don' Ah heah it all?" she cried. "An' mo'; yes, mo' 'n yo' heah."

"Den tuhn erway wid me!" he urged. "Tuhn erway, Myra gal!"

A primal creature, she was being wooed by the practical side of life—she who had sung with her lost lover by moonlight on King Hill, and had danced with him in an ecstasy of emotion, with the threat of death in the air. She missed the romance, but she longed, too, for rest and peace. But she could not yield.

She sprang nervously to her feet.

"No sorteh use!" she exclaimed. "No sorteh use!" and passed into the house. He could hear her walking restlessly about in the dark.

It was then that Gumbo Jim, going away, met Sis' Mame, the obi-woman.

She was walking in the middle of the road, shaking her head and muttering to herself; but she turned sharply at the sound of Gumbo Jim's melancholy but courteous, "Good ebenin', Sis' Mame." He was passing on, but she called him back peremptorily.

"Seems lak some folks mighty low-sperited dis ebenin'," she said good-naturedly. He looked down at his feet and sighed.

"No eend o' trouble an' mis'ry, Sis' Mame," he replied; "no eend, an' dat 's er fac'."

"What yo' call mis'ry?" she demanded.

"Won't dat gal Myra look at yo'?" She laughed.

He shuffled his feet in an embarrassed way as he replied in a low voice:

"She yen't nebber goin' look at no-buddy on dis yerth, Sis' Mame: she done marked faw death."

Sis' Mame laughed light-heartedly.

"Plumb fool talk, Jim; plumb fool talk," she assured him. "She 's jes er-sheddin' her heart."

He looked at her blankly, and she gave a little scornful sniff, and took up her sidling march up the middle of the road again; but fifty feet away, she turned and sent back a cackling call.

"Doan' yo' b'liebe Ah know what Ah know?" she snapped. "Go 'long, fool yalleh man! Ah was suckin' aigs. 'fo' yo' mammy cut her toofs; er yo' gran' mammy, eider. Yah!" And turning her back again, she derisively waved her staff over her shoulder, and went muttering up the road.

MYRA was sitting on the door-step in the hot morning sun as the figure of a woman appeared on the steep, white road that curved upward to her gate. A brown dress flapped in the trade-wind about her meager form, and round her head was bound a high, spotlessly white bandana. She came sidling up the road, leaning on a stout stick, first one long step, then two short hitches with the other foot; she stopped frequently to rest. One could see her head wag, as if she talked vehemently with herself. It was Sis' Mame.

It was not until she turned in from the road and stopped to rest under a tamarind-tree that she lifted her eyes to the girl. She cackled breathlessly, throwing back her head as she laughed.

"Oh, ma Lawd!" she exclaimed, "dis yerry hill done beat da ol' 'ooman! Ya! ya!" She sidled up and dropped on the ground in front of Myra, fanning herself with her skirt. "Marra, chile. Yen't yo' goin' say 'Marra' tow Sis' Mame, comin' all da way up yerry hill faw tow see how yo' is?" she demanded, glancing about her carelessly.

"Marra, Sis' Mame," replied the girl. "How yo' is dis marra?"

"Me? Libely 's er lizard." She ducked her head in soundless laughter. "How yo' is yo'self?"

Myra turned away her eyes.

"What yo' eyes faw if yo' cain't see widout tellin'?" she asked sullenly.

"Who? Me?" demanded Sis' Mame. She lifted her claw-like hand to her mouth to hide her laughter, then leered into Myra's face, her own darkly grim. "What ma eyes faw?" she repeated. "Tow see mo' 'n yo' kin, gal—tow see da libin' an' da dead, an' obbe doin's. Huh!" She snorted scornfully.

For the first time the girl looked at her with other than indifferent eyes. A grayish hue of fear settled upon her tense face.

"What yo' see, Sis' Mame?" she whispered.

The old woman gazed long in her face. At first the girl dropped her own eyes, but that narrowed, unwinking look held her like a bird in a snare. It was a serpent threatening to spring, a wave about to engulf her, and, like one in a nightmare, she could not resist. With a moan of surrender, she raised her eyes to its compelling insistence.

"What yo' see, Sis' Mame?" she repeated tremulously.

Sis' Mame caught at the girl's dress.

"Ah see yo' foots go creepin', creepin' down in da Valley o' da Shadeh," she muttered hoarsely; "Ah see yo'—"

With a little cry Myra threw her skirt over her head and rocked to and fro in terror. "Doan' say da wud, Sis' Mame!" she moaned. "'Foh Gord! doan' say da wud!"

Sis' Mame seemed not to hear. She had locked her hands about her knees and, rocking slowly on her heels, dropped into a singsong drone: "Yo' go creepin' down dah, an' den Ah cain't see yo' no mo', faw dah yen't no light; an' Ah cain't heah yo' foots, faw dey done gone die; but Ah heah yo' soul er-flyin' roun' an' er-cryin' an' er-mou'nin' 'ca'se it cain't find yo' body. But Ah *feel* yo' body go walkin' by; but it doan' know, an' it doan' see, faw yo' soul 's done gone erway."

Myra could hear no more. From the terrifying realism of Sis' Mame's picture of her actual dissolution she shrank with an unspeakable horror that her old morbid resignation to the thought of death had been far from bringing. With a wailing sob she threw herself forward, clasping Sis' Mame's knees. "Hush, Sis' Mame."

hush!" she moaned. "Yo' wan' kill me befo' ma time! Ah don' wan' tow die lak dat; Ah 's tow young, Sis' Mame, tow go down dah in da dark all alone. Ah 's afraid."

"Yo' stop ri' dah, gal!" sternly commanded Sis' Mame. "Yo' heah me—ri' dah! Ah yen't say yo' *was* dade—ninny! Dat 's jes er sign, gal; it yen't come true—yit."

to her feet and walked back and forth before Myra in a grotesque but startling mimicry of Rose Mary. Then with a wag of her head, she stooped for her stick as she added: "Ah reckon Ah 'll prance er-long maself. Missa Sun 's gittin' mighty hot an' high; no place faw ol' bag er bones lak me on da road, takin' *his* sass." She turned, but Myra called timidly:

"What it mean, Sis' Mame—dat sign



Drawn by Charles Johnson Post. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"FOR HOURS THE SOLITARY GIRL WATCHED ITS SLOW MARCH
TO THE WESTERN HORIZON"

"What it mean, Sis' Mame?" gasped the girl. She shrank from the answer as from a threatening blow.

But Sis' Mame made no reply. With a quick revulsion to her lighter mood, she turned to look down the hot road, exclaiming:

"Dah, now, if dah don' go Sis' Rose Ma'y lumbe'in' erlong lak en ol' cow! Ma Lawd! dat 'ooman 's da beatenest! She suh is. Jes watch her prance er-long!" She doubled over with laughter. "Hoo-la! Ah 's goin' trim her wings faw her some fine day; yas 'm." She sprang

yo' been see?" Her voice was husky with unspoken dread.

"Dah yo' go!" exclaimed Sis' Mame, turning with a quick look of reproach. "Yen't Ah got sorreh 'nough now, widout weah'in' maself out faw fool gals what doan' know da shadeh f'om da sugah-cane stalk?" She paused in sad deliberation, sighed, then dolefully shaking her head, added: "Well, if Ah mus', Ah mus'." She drew nearer to the girl. "When da moon drop down behin' da sea-watch tow-night, rise up an' come tow ma do'—an' come *slow*. An' don' look

behine yo', an' don' look beside yo'. Yo' heah, gal?" And at that she turned and went shuffling down the hot road, with her snuff-colored skirt flapping straight out in the gale.

That night the moon set at eleven, and for hours the solitary girl watched its slow march to the western horizon with a gaze numbed by terror to sheer impassiveness. As it dipped to the sea, a blood-red drop seemed to elongate its lower rim and clutch at the edge of the world. With quick-beating heart, Myra watched it disappear. Above her on the heights a dog howled dolefully, and a dark shape, bat or bird, flitted unheeded before her eyes as the red upper rim vanished and dark night fell like the sudden closing of a door.

At that moment, as she rose, a tragic little figure, from the door-step, she presented a well-nigh sublime example of masking flesh triumphing over the indwelling spirit. For it was as automaton, rather than as compelling mind, that she now moved mechanically to her appointment, alive only to the mysterious injunctions that Sis' Mame had given her for her guidance.

It was early in the week, and therefore not a festival night with the negroes, and the quiet little town had long since given itself to slumber. Only the night wind, softly blowing through the tops of the trees, went with her—her whispering voices. Mindful of Sis' Mame's parting injunction, she went on slowly, with eyes steadfastly fixed ahead until, toilsomely mounting the steep stairs that led her to Love-Lady Court, she saw within Sis' Mame's open doorway the flickering glow of a hidden fire. Shaken by soundless sobs, Myra laid her hand on the top of a broken wall.

"If yo' ebber goin' help me, oh, ma Lawd!" she whispered brokenly, "den help me now; faw Ah cain't go on an' Ah cain't go back! Lemme die right heeh, Lawd, an' now! Lemme die, an' en' ma mis'ry!"

With streaming eyes she looked up at the sky, but even the stars were now hidden; the wind had suddenly dropped: it was as if all nature stood remotely unresponsive to her distress. The shadowy world in which she had lately moved had come, with her profound conviction that she was under the spell of the obi, or hoo-

doo, to be merely a place of portents and malign influences, and it was with the mysterious rites of the obi cult that she had now to do, Myra was aware. It was therefore with a deepening sense of her remoteness from all sympathy or aid that she again took up her slow progress toward Sis' Mame's door, now ominously near.

As she paused irresolutely in the open doorway, it was with an assumption of well-feigned surprise that Sis' Mame greeted her, looking up from the lighted brazier where she sat crouched on the floor, warming her hands at the feeble flame, though the night was hot and close.

"Ma Lawd, chile, is dat yo' yo'self!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands in amazement. "If Ah did n' t'ink it was yo' ha'nt!" She ducked her head, doubling over with laughter. "Says Ah tow masef: 'Poor Sis' Myra 's done gone at las', scrummagin' roun' in da dahk lak dat *dis* time o' night. Tow be sueh! tow be sueh!" She laughed again, then beckoned hospitably. "What yo' standin' dah faw, wid yo' eyes all starry? Come in! Come in, if yo' cain't fin' no betteh comp'ny dan er ol' open-eye lak me!"

"Yo' tol' me tow come, yo' know, Sis' Mame," Myra answered timidly, as she advanced uncertainly into the room. "Ah doan' wan' 'sturb yo'."

"Who? Me?" laughed Sis' Mame, with scorn. "Yen't nobuddy nor nuttin' goin' 'sturb no ol' fly-high, fly-low bat lak me. Lawd! gal, dis jes ma time o' day! Ah feel lak Ah got wings on ma hoofs."

As she spoke, she leaped to her feet, and shuffled through a fantastic little dance, holding her skirt high that she might watch her moving steps. Suddenly she sprang erect, and with wide-spread arms whirled round and round on her toes. It was with an almost incredible suddenness that at last she paused, and with her hands on her knees stood leaning forward, peering at Myra. Her pointed chin and sharp, long nose, wholly unlike the Kongo negro's, seemed almost to meet beyond her toothless mouth. Her smile had vanished. Under the fixed, uncanny stare of her narrowed eyes, Myra's own dropped, and a tremulous sigh escaped her. Sis' Mame softly closed the door, and went back to her crouching position by the brazier.

The fresh charcoal with which she had filled it had burned itself out, and now lay a mass of ruddy coals, alternately paling and darkening, making in the bare, mean room its one spot of light, above which Sis' Mame's lined and yellow visage, with its somber eyes, seemed a grotesque caricature of humanity. Indeed, at first it seemed rather a symbol of that humanity rudely carved in wood, so motionless was she. But as Myra's first sensation of benumbing fear gradually gave way to an awed and curious interest in the spectacle before her, she noted that Sis' Mame's face had relaxed. Her lips now moved in rhythmic regularity, as if in time to whispered music; her head, nodding, seemed to be marking the same cadences, while momentarily a spasmodic shiver ran through her shoulders and jerked her arms like those of a marionette. Then all at once she broke into a crooning song of the obi worship.

At first a mere croon, the song gradually increased in volume and time as the singer's movements became wilder. Suddenly, still chanting the barbaric measure, she rose to her feet, and in a sort of processional dance went from point to point of the room, collecting the strange objects used in the heathen worship and setting them in orderly array about the brazier. With them she brought candles, placing these in a circle about a closed box, surmounted by a bell, which seemed the center of the ceremony.

As the mystic rites gradually composed themselves in a series of incantations and frenzied dances about the mysterious box, from which now Sis' Mame no longer turned her eyes, Myra was borne further and further away from the inertness of body and spirit that had long bound her, as it were, in chains. An odd physical interpretation of any mental distress from which she longed to escape, which her childishly imaginative mind had always pictured as a stifling room wherefrom a door might suddenly open to boundless space, now came to her anew. Somewhere near, she thought, there was surely an open door back to her old joyous life.

She had not seated herself on entering, but standing at first at a distance, step by step she had drawn nearer to Sis' Mame as, under the influence of her growing excitement, fear had gradually dropped

away. In her absorbed and fascinated attention she was wholly unaware that her mind had become the reflex of Sis' Mame's, transmitting every movement of the older woman's body to her own in unconscious though lessened mimicry. It was therefore with no shock or revulsion of feeling that, as she found herself at Sis' Mame's side, she felt her hand seized, and was guided forward toward the mysterious box, keeping step, in momentary pauses, with the queer, shuffling dance with which the old negress broke her hesitating advance. As they stood at last above the mystic receptacle, suddenly Sis' Mame began a quick-moving series of genuflections, directing her gaze toward the box and chanting in a low, staccato recitative:

"Miche' Nabo, Miche' Nabo.
 What dat shinin' een yo' eye?
 Ha'nt ob dade man, Miche' Nabo?
 Soul ob gal dat wants tow die?
 Sin an' sorreh, Miche' Nabo?
 Load o' lies an' heart o' thief?
 Fire an' watch, Miche' Nabo?
 P'ison flower an' p'ison leaf?
 Miche' Nabo, cain't yo' sabe?
 Some one 's walkin' on ma grave."

With both women the crouching dance had now become a series of rapid movements, the song a breathless croon. As they rose and sank in exhausting frenzy opposite each other, they pushed the box back and forth, with a constant jingling of the small bell topping it.

But the limit of human endurance was at last reached, and suddenly Myra fell, and lay prone upon the dirt floor, her hand still gripped by Sis' Mame, who crouched above the box, breathing in quick gasps. With a quick movement she flung back the lid and sank upon her heels. In the half-stupor of complete prostration, Myra's eyes, dumbly watchful, dilated with the paralyzing sickness of an unspeakable fear as slowly above the uncovered receptacle the green head of Miche' Nabo, a snake, rose and began to weave back and forth with a lightning-like darting of its forked tongue. With a moan, Myra closed her eyes and lay limp, lost to all things but the expected blow that she had no strength to escape.

She never knew how long that breathless silence lasted. She seemed to herself

to have died a thousand times when something sharply flipped her cheek. Even then she did not know that she shrieked; she was only aware that she seemed to be drifting out on the tide of blackness, and blessed unconsciousness, which she thought death, folded her in arms of tenderness.

She must have wakened with the first cool rush of the morning wind, after that stifling room, for life seemed to her to come back with a spring, and all at once her world lay unrolled before her eyes hardly a step from Sis' Mame's door—the steep stairway of Love-Lady Lane; the mean hovels lining it, but dignified now with the translating glamour of the morning twilight; the whispering trees; and, far beyond, the ocean stretching wide, with the first faint hint of dawn flushing its sky.

She knew that she was being rapidly though tenderly borne over the familiar road to her own home, but she had no curiosity. Her utter exhaustion for the moment left her dulled to everything but the grateful coolness and sense of rest. And just then again, though gradually, amid the awakening memories of the wild night now passed, through the old, familiar passage-way of fear, there came the thought of the sharp blow upon her face. With a sudden convulsive lifting of her hand to her cheek, she moaned.

"Whah yo' huht, honey chile?" It was the voice of Gumbo Jim, her bearer. She turned her face quickly, looking up into his suffering eyes.

"Heeh," she whispered, and touched her cheek with trembling fingers. "He bit me—dat Miche' Nabo." Her voice broke in a sob.

His own was choked with impotent rage as he answered:

"He won't bite no mo'; Ah done kill him wid ma heel. But yo', liddie gal! Oh, ma Lawd!" In a blind frenzy at the thought of his own helplessness, he broke into a shambling run, continued to her very door.

Then, struggling, she freed herself, and sank upon the door-step, covering her face with her hands. He bent over her.

"Lemme see yo' face, liddie gal," he said.

Hesitatingly she drew her hand away, as he bent closer in the growing light. He gazed long.

"Chile, dey yen't no mahk—not er scratch!" he exclaimed at last.

"Dat 's whar he bit me," she persisted, "an' it huhts. Oh, Jim, is Ah goin' tow die?" She seized his hand, clinging to it. "Doan' lebe me! Ah doan' want tow die all erlone."

"Ah yen't nebber goin' tow lebe yo' no mo'," he replied; "not 'ca'se yo' goin' tow die, but 'ca'se yo' goin' tow libe. Dat snake yen't huht yo'; dey yen't no mahk."

Doubtfully she rose, and passed into the house, returning a moment later with the broken bit of a looking-glass in her hand. The eastern hills still hid the risen sun, but the white radiance of day was flooding the sea beyond the point of cocoa-palms.

Crouching on the door-step, Myra dropped to her lap the mirror into which she had been gazing.

"Ah doan' unnerstan'," she murmured. "He bit me, an' Ah done pass erway; but dey yen't no mahk, jes lak yo' tell me; an' it doan' huht no mo'." She looked up doubtfully at her companion, sitting at her side. Half-unconsciously she laid her hand on his shoulder. A new light came to his eyes.

"Mebbe he done cure yo', liddie gal," he said eagerly.

She nodded thoughtfully, and wearily let her head fall against the doorpost.

"Mebbe," she agreed. A trembling came to her lips, and her fingers tightened on his sleeve. "Anyway, Ah doan' want tow be erlone no mo'. Ah 'm sick o' sor-reh."

He leaned toward her eagerly.

"Yo' want me, liddie Myra?" he whispered.

"Ah want somebuddy," she replied in a low voice.

"Well, dat 's me, chile—dat 's me," he exclaimed.

"Yass," she said dutifully.

He sprang to his full height, and, leaping high, brought his feet sharply together. "Heah dat!" he laughed. Then stooping, he let his hand fall tenderly to her shoulder. "Now yo' go res', liddie gal; go res'. Ah mus' go tow wohk, but wid joy. An' Ah come ergain wid joy."

But she held him a moment longer.

"How yo' know how tow fin' me?" she whispered.

He grinned sheepishly.

"Me? Oh, Ah was jes er-prowlin' roun', an' Ah heah yo' call."

"Yo' always goin' come when Ah call?" she asked.

"Try me, liddle gal; jes try me," he said tenderly.

Day had fully come as he went down the road to the landing, going now with a light heart. Sounds that he knew well were beginning to be heard; high on the hill he caught the creaking of the arms of a windmill, beginning the day's grinding, for the sugar-cane was now ripe; he could hear, far below, the shouts of the negro boys riding their horses into the roadstead; he could hear their plunging. In front of a house a negro stood yawning, looking sleepily up at the round trade-wind clouds marching across the sky like a flock of sheep on a blue hill. As he passed the foot of Love-Lady Lane a sharp call halted him.

It was Sis' Mame, sitting on her doorstep with her pipe in her mouth, and apprehensively he went up to meet her. Her own face was full of peace.

"Marra, Jim," she called. "How yo' is?"

"Marra, Sis' Mame," he responded. For a moment he stood before her, awkwardly shifting his weight from foot to foot. His troubled eyes avoided her gaze, as he went on: "Sis' Mame, Ah doan' mean faw tow go tow huht yo' frien' lak

Ah done; 'foh Gawd, Ah doan'. Ah done los' ma tempeh when Ah kill him wid ma foot. Ah—"

Sis' Mame laughed.

"Who huht him? Yo'?" she asked derisively, and, rising, beckoned him into the house. In a far corner of the room she stooped above a box and threw back the lid. Above its coiled length Gumbo Jim saw the green head of a snake swiftly rise. Jim's jaw dropped in amazement as Sis' Mame snapped back the lid and grinned in his face. She gave him a playful push.

"Go 'long, yalleh man!" she scoffed. "Dey yen't nuttin' goin' huht no ol' open-eyes lak us. We done cut our toofts befoh yo' was thought of, an' we 'll be scrummagin' roun' when yo' is done forgot."

"Ob co'se, Sis' Mame; ob co'se. Dat 's yo' right," he said politely. Bewildered, but relieved, he turned away; but at the door he paused for a moment. "Ah doan' unnerstan'," he said gratefully; "but Ah know dis, Sis' Mame: Ah yen't goin' fergit what yo' done faw me, an' Ah yen't goin' let yo' fergit. No 'm."

She had followed him to the door and stood with her hands braced against the doorposts, nodding her head ruminatively.

"Some t'ings Ah doan' want tow fergit, an' some Ah does, an' some Ah cain't; so thah yo' be," said Sis' Mame.





PERHAPS IT DID N'T MATTER

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.

IF you are a citizen of the Great Democracy and are aware that all things change, you should take some account of the direction in which your civilization is growing. In this story you will discover a dreadful example of what may happen if American institutions should grow in a certain direction in which at present they are not growing. Just as in another story I could give you a dreadful example of what may happen if they keep on in the direction in which they really are growing.

The names and pedigrees of the persons in this episode would grace any drawing-room table, printed in the best of our publications. For though not people of title, they were of the same blood with people of title whom they called by their Christian names, and all that there was in English tradition, birth, and breeding, coupled with sufficient wealth, was theirs; so that they possessed everything worth having in this world except imagination, music, and your sense of the ridiculous. I take some credit to myself for writing about them at a time when the pages of our most polite periodicals are filled with accounts of people who probably black their own boots, dine at midday, and take twice of the soup.

They were products of that finished civilization which a century of undisputed national supremacy, of wealth, and of natural solidity has made, from one point of view, the finest in the world. That point of view is England's; and on the whole I agree with it. I am forced to, because, seeing that the same supremacy and wealth and a like blood-quality are molding our own institutions, I should otherwise despair of the future, which

would prove that I am not an American, which is an absurdity.

I am spared describing, and you are spared reading about, the ancestry, the estate, and the solid characteristics of Colonel and Mrs. Teddington Fyles, because you have read about them already in several standard English novels. Or, at any rate, you pretend to have read about them, because you keep those books in expensive bindings on your shelves. (The story is not interesting unless the reader is well bred enough to maintain this pretense.) The ancestral home was in Sussex; there was a proper acreage, gate, lodge, keeper, head gardener with unconscious humor, and a very beautiful distribution of everything vegetable that flourishes in a damp climate where the sun is not vulgarly and nakedly in evidence half the days of the year. Colonel Fyles had been educated at Eton, or, to be more accurate, he had passed through Eton and acquired the title "a public-school man," which is a man who has been to a school that is closed to the public outside of those who have sound incomes. It is a title without which the title of duke or prince is valueless. There is nothing you can say to an Englishman so sure of putting him abjectly in his place as to suggest, if it be true, that he is not a public-school man. No man who is not a public-school man appears in this story except to wear a livery and to do things which are strictly menial.

And so, since you already have an intimate acquaintance with Colonel Fyles, who was of course retired on half-pay and who had a pink skin, iron-gray hair, and was turned five and fifty, I move to his wife Alice, née Glaston, a family which was quite everything it ought to be, and

which possessed the wealth without which refinement is only a pose. When I say wealth, I do not mean anything vulgar, like a million pounds; I mean sufficient to pay for proper wines and annual subscriptions and to maintain the parklike aspect of its acres without ostentation and without strain. You generally find an account of Alice in about the third chapter of a two-volume novel, where she is apt to appear as a secondary character, being too authentic to fill the rôle of a heroine, heroines being more like what people would wish them to be, or would themselves wish to be, than like what people are.

For instance, Alice's beauty lacked something which the British mind does not readily distinguish with a name. Her features were fairly regular, her hair was abundant and ash-blonde, and she had the long Norman face which keeps one from being thought a nonconformist. But her carriage was on the doubtful authority of Rossetti and Burne-Jones—a forward leaning of the head, a compression of the lungs, and rounded shoulders, all of which brought her weight upon her heels. Bluntly, she had no life in her toes, such as goes with a woman of a lively and well-regulated self-consciousness. But you must not assume from this anything against one of the old county families of Sussex. Nor must you assume that you or your daughter could arrive on your or her toes in all the places where the Glastons went on their heels, even if you have a million dollars. It would come to nearer a million pounds, unless you possessed some renown which had acquired a British hall-mark. For England is the most democratic country in the world; by which I mean that England has long proved what other democracies are still striving to prove, that all men are equal at birth, and at birth only.

Alice could play the accompaniment to ballads on the piano; she could do a water-color sketch of the paddock, including birds, but not cattle; and she could embroider with deep-green silk on bright-pink satin. She could dig in the garden with a trowel, and she knew how to talk to the lower classes. She had negative ideas on all the great subjects of the hour even before they were introduced to public notice. And as to virtue, it is not pos-

sible, I am glad to say, for any woman to be more chaste than Alice Fyles was, even when there was nothing to be chaste about. You had only to hear her play the above accompaniments, preferably from near a door, to be convinced of that.

Still further to differentiate Alice as well as Colonel Fyles, who was her second husband, let me add that, within their great circle, they belonged to the segment which does not keep a house in town and does not keep hunters in the country, nor yet lead a social life of endless gaiety. In other words, they could afford not to do those things, which you, with ten times their income, could not, unless your name exists. By which I mean if it exists in Debrett, not in the sailing-list of the *Mayflower*. You must see that no person of note had any reason to come over in the *Mayflower* and leave his note behind him. Colonel and Mrs. Fyles—"Mrs." is really more a distinction than "Lady"—would have been in the circles where they moved because it is rarer—lived the domestic life of the early Victorian period, as shown in the best steel engravings of those times, except that the children were replaced by more dogs. But the upholstery was the same: the drawing-room was hung in maroon, with a salmon-colored Turkish carpet and two hundred and eighty-five objects of art and uselessness arranged in such a manner that no person wanting in perfect drawing-room composure would be wise to attempt its navigation. I once fell down half a flight of stairs and quite out of the most solemn picture while attempting to tow a lady from a first-floor drawing-room to a ground-floor dining-room past two threatening ebony statues of Moorish chieftains. Such scenes are only vulgar, especially if accompanied by the least trace of American accent. Nothing is more distressing on the part of a new-comer than a display of anything like eagerness when there is food in the wind.

Now, since this story is likely to begin at any moment, let me explain that within their great circle there were differences of opinion in matters of taste. The hunting and other sets spoke of the Fyleses as inclined to be merely rustic; and the Fyleses spoke of them with the suggestion that they overdid in some directions, which is a pretty strong thing to say. But while this is to show that you must not take the

Fyleses as typical of all English life, it is to be understood that these differences did not affect their calling-list or their pew in the parish church or decrease the amount they were expected to subscribe to local charities. A specimen of their days was something like this:

Colonel Fyles would breakfast on bacon and eggs at nine; would smoke his pipe and read "The Times." He would then write a letter to "The Times" in opposition to some suggested change in a public institution, and for two hours would exercise his horse. Lunch and a nap would occupy him until three-thirty, and visitors and tea would occupy him until six, unless he motored to tea elsewhere with Alice. He would then dress for dinner,—it is a pity I must explain to you that this meant for him a dinner-jacket and for her a full décolletée,—and after that noiseless function, during which they would confirm to each other what they had said at dinner the night before, he would play chess with Alice until she was defeated or he felt inclined to yawn. You may ask what Alice was doing all day. She was doing the things which I previously said she could do.

If this seems a quiet life, it must be remembered that Colonel Fyles had seen years of service in India. He had retired only after the Boer War, during which at one time he had commanded three regiments of infantry in a rather important engagement that would have resulted in the utter rout of the enemy had the enemy been up to public-school form or had it acted with any sense of tradition, as Colonel Fyles afterward explained in the Boer camp. But unfortunately the enemy consisted of men of no class and of no breeding; in fact, foreigners. Such men as Colonel Fyles are absolutely fearless, and will stand up to be shot at by anything but ridicule or the accusation of seeming in bad form. If there ever comes a war in which all the combatants are men like Colonel Fyles, no one will be left alive on either side, and the war will have to be fought over again by a lot of cowards.

It seems regrettable that, after her second marriage, what is so out of place as the supernatural should have introduced itself at Glaston Angle, which Alice inherited early in life. The supernatural belongs in the Scriptures; elsewhere its

occurrence savors of flippancy and a general lack of solidity in those concerned. In common with every one I wish this story were about something else. But—

When her first husband, Major Topham-Hampton, died,—I shall call him Topham for euphony,—Mrs. Topham had behaved as a widow should. And when the year of her mourning had expired, she had her black things put away in the camphor-chest and went to Bath. It was at Bath that she had met Topham, which formed a habit. Bath, although it suffers from comparison with itself in the days of Beau Nash, and from the modern taste for foreign watering-places, still continues a resort for people of a certain conservatism. And it is not surprising that there she met Colonel Fyles. Topham, too, had been a public-school man, of course,—the paste of his adolescence had been dried in the same Etonic matrix,—he had served in India, and he wrote his objections to "The Times" on a breakfast of eggs and bacon. It did not startle Alice, then, that at the same spot among the ruins of the Roman tepidarium under the concert-hall Fyles should briefly say the same thing that Topham briefly had said. The affair with Fyles passed along with the same restraint as had the affair with Topham; and in a few months Colonel Fyles had fitted into the same duties under the same roof that had sheltered Topham with a calm that could be approached by no people on earth other than those on this island. Perhaps you begin to appreciate, if never before, what it is to live in order and peace and propriety in the most finished civilization in the world, where everything is standardized and where, if anything is lost, you can exactly duplicate it with little delay. In fact, nothing happened that would affect the outward composure of a well-trained butler until three years after this marriage, when one evening Colonel Fyles tripped on the carpet at the half-landing of the main staircase, and, being already vexed at having left his cigarette-case up-stairs, swore. It was a mild oath, and there was every justification for it, the carpet being totally in the wrong. Colonel Fyles would have thought no more about it had he not looked up and seen his wife's first husband, the late Major Topham, gazing at him from the head of the stairs.

I put it to you as suddenly as it was put to Colonel Fyles. I can't stop to argue the point of probability. If you don't believe in the reembodiment of spirits, you are one who requires the evidence of his own senses, and you probably have no faith in anything, which is worse than being a nonconformist. Colonel Fyles had never seen Major Topham or even any portrait of Major Topham. Alice had plenty of storage-room and a reasonable amount of tact. But the colonel knew at once that this was the major. The apparition was so obviously a Briton, a public-school man, a soldier, a chess-player, and a letter-writer. There the major stood, as a man at the head of his own stairs, so slim, so iron-gray, so retired on half-pay, and so with an air of taking the presence of another retired officer for granted, that Colonel Fyles could not in good form but take the major for granted. And since they never had been introduced to each other, Colonel Fyles, by virtue of his rank, passed up the remaining stairs, bowed to the major, who bowed in return, and then the colonel went to his room, while the major went down-stairs, each with a calm you can imagine only if you have very little imagination.

But not a mental calm. When I think of what the colonel thought and what he thought a public-school man ought to think and most of all of what he thought other people might think, I am not sure but that I am writing a novel. Major Topham's presence was so irregular, so uncustomary, so unprearranged,—these are very strong English words,—and yet, so perfectly within propriety. For what earlier thing should a late husband do than call upon his wife after having changed his damp clothes? Colonel Fyles found the damp clothes in his own dressing-room, or in what he had been led by the marriage-service to believe was his own dressing-room, and the colonel's spare evening suit had gone down-stairs to the drawing-room, where Alice was bending over an unfinished game of chess. For several moments Colonel Fyles did what his adolescent training had taught him was certain to be good form in matters of mental strain, which was nothing.

You must admit that the situation was delicate. The law was on both their sides. Good form was on both their sides.

And surely the wife of their bosom must be on both their sides. Major Topham also had lived three years in this house. As many of his Indian trophies as of Colonel Fyles caught your hair or feet in this house. The situation was more than delicate, even if there were to be considered only the feelings of their wife.

If you have lived all your life in surroundings which obey fixed laws, and where, within reasonable bounds, nothing happens but the expected, and nothing is expected which has not been invited, you can understand the very great pain and responsibility there is in facing a situation absolutely new and unheard of. But if you are a compatriot of mine, if you live in God's own country, where your chances of being smashed up in a train, burned up in a hotel, murdered in the streets, or otherwise violently assisted along your destiny are statistically between fifteen and twenty times as great as they are in England, then you are born inured to sudden emergencies, and I don't suppose you can understand the plight of a man like Colonel Fyles, faced by perhaps the only emotional situation which by no manner of means can be reduced to pounds sterling.

He quietly descended the stairs and looked through the crack of the drawing-room door. Major Topham and their wife sat bowed and motionless over the chess-board—the carved chessmen Topham himself had brought from Bengal. The two sat motionless, staring at the board, Alice with her pale-blue eyes and beautiful blankness of expression, untouched by suspicion that it was Topham, and not Fyles, who sat across from her. Why should she suspect? Fyles bitterly asked himself. Was not Topham all that he, Fyles, was? Iron-gray hair, public school, half-pay, objection to any alteration of existing institutions—they were all too patently there. Fyles had left his men in bad order; he had been thinking about his cigarette-case. "Rather a muddle," Fyles smiled to himself, to counterbalance any smile that might ever be smiled at him. He saw Topham reach for a cigarette in the empty silver box without turning an eye to it, saw his fingers hunting about within the box as accurately as if they had done this every night for the last four years instead of moldering in the grave.

Fyles would not have believed his senses had he not known that Topham was a public-school man and above the pretense of having returned from the grave when he had not. Presently Topham leaned back.

"Rather a muddle," Topham smiled. Fyles could see Alice's eyes examine Topham, still without inquiry or doubt. She answered as a good wife always does, sympathetically, even if a little tired: "Yes, dear." Fyles walked out of the house, and they did not hear him.

Fyles paced up and down the grass, and meditated some ten or twelve pages of this print. Through the curtains he saw their game go on until Topham said "Check" and Alice acknowledged "Checkmate." Then, in the hall, he saw Topham shake hands with their wife, saw her pick up her blue skirts and mount the stairs, her long train picturesquely dragging behind her: that was the way Alice always parted from her husbands at this hour. A light came from her window; then presently a light from Fyles's own window, or Topham's window, or whichever window you think it rightly was. The butler locked up for the night, leaving Alice's second husband out on the damp grass. Men of less delicacy would have thrown a pebble at Alice's window in their anxiety for a word with her as to the future; and I suppose it will be impossible to prevent this story falling into hands which would have heaved a brick at the Topham window, if such a thing as a loose brick could have been found in those three hundred-odd acres. But Colonel Fyles was a public-school man, and for some time he did nothing. Then he went around to see if the dogs would recognize him, a step involving no constraint upon the feelings of a delicate woman. The dogs did recognize him, though I do not know for what. They barked so that the butler opened a door through which the colonel strolled in as if he did not know that Topham now was sound asleep in the Topham-Fyles chamber.

Colonel Fyles paced the carpet in a room on the top floor in the wing farthest from the servants' quarters. On no account must the servants ever know; that is, must they ever know in such a way that they would seem officially to know. There is in this a most important distinction that runs all through English life:

things subtly are and subtly are not what they are called or seem on this island, whence foreigners have worked out a phrase, "British hypocrisy," a jealous term for that good form which all other peoples have something too bourgeois in their nature successfully to imitate. If you have a taste for these distinctions, consider the word "England." It is spelled "Eng"-land, it is pronounced "Ing"-land, and it means "Angle"-land. To remember this will help you to understand many English equations; and if you are ascended from the *Mayflower*, it may help you to understand yourself.

Colonel Fyles locked himself in and went to sleep on a lounge, hoping that somehow in the morning Topham, or the illusion, or whatever it is, would have vanished. He slept less well than usual; if he had been an overwrought American he would not have slept at all. In the morning he looked over the balusters and heard the swish of Alice's gown, heard her greeting to Topham, accompanied by nothing less than a kiss,—surely a legitimate one,—and then heard their descent to the breakfast-room. Colonel Fyles made a dash, half-dressed, to the husband's room, to get into his riding-togs. They were gone. Topham had them on. Fyles sat on the bed and perspired until the up-stairs maid begged his pardon, explaining that she had thought she had seen him go down-stairs. He hurriedly dressed for town; the servants must not know. He stole out when no one saw him, went to the station on foot, and ate his breakfast at his club in Piccadilly at eleven o'clock.

Major Topham ate his bacon and eggs, or their bacon and eggs; in fact, the financial situation was such that the eggs and bacon really belonged to Alice. He smoked a pipe, read "The Times," and wrote a letter protesting against any reduction in the defenses of the empire. He lunched, napped, teaed, entertained the canon and his lady with as much lucidity as avoids seeming to wish to appear clever; and if there was the slightest sense of altered fact in the mind of Alice, be sure she was too well bred to betray it. Then Topham did a thing which you may think lies on debatable ground: he answered to the name of Fyles.

"Fyles," said the canon, standing in his

Christian gaiters and canonical outdoor head-gear, "times have changed since you and I were boys." The canon was thinking of religion, as he often did.

"Yes," said Topham, thinking of the army. "It's a great pity—a great pity. It's these confounded foreigners."

"I'm afraid it is, Fyles," the canon replied, thinking of the English estates bought up by flying monasteries since the end of the French Concordat. So they parted in full agreement. Major Topham, of course, had answered to the name of Fyles, in order to avoid explaining in the presence of a canon's wife.

But there was something on the mind of Alice. For all institutions have human imperfections, and it is not yet possible for British form, tradition, and education, which are three words for the same thing, to produce two men so precisely alike that the fine intuition of a gentlewoman cannot detect a difference. All that night Alice wondered, when she was not asleep, whether the servants had discovered anything and whether she would be compelled to get in an entire new lot.

Now, although the colonel had broken his habit by going to town on Wednesday instead of Thursday, which was extremely distasteful, his habit of going the round of his tenants on Friday morning and of giving them the best military advice on agriculture, he could not break, or perhaps would not, from his sense of duty. He automatically took the train down into Sussex early Friday morning, and against all that might happen to shock Alice and astound the servants, he walked straight to Glaston Angle. He was rather surprised at himself; but no one seemed surprised to see him. Alice was in the garden. She had on a tweed skirt which reached to various distances from the ground, and she was busy with a trowel, undoing what the gardener had done the day before. Fyles walked over to the stable. His cob was gone. Topham was off visiting the tenantry. At any moment he might return, or the stable-boy, seeing Fyles, might come and dumbly wonder where the cob was. Fyles caught Alice glancing at him. Her eyes fell, and he believed her color rose.

"You are early, dear," she said to the worm she had just bisected with her trowel.

Colonel Fyles had the English faculty, which Americans well might cultivate, of being unembarrassed by his own silence. He stood seeking the reply which might go down to history as a true, restrained, and accurate expression of an officer, a gentleman, and a public-school man in a painful dilemma. At last his answer came.

"Yes, dear," he said. And he went up and looked out of the attic window, through the curtain, at Topham galloping home in their riding-boots. Fyles heard her speak to Topham.

"You are early, dear," she said. Fyles saw the major look at her and guess that she was under some stress which called for some right answer. "Yes, dear," he presently said. He went up-stairs to put on their afternoon suit.

But even in the best society there is a limit to human endurance, and this limit came to Colonel Fyles at three minutes to ten that evening when, not having eaten for fourteen hours, he descended from the attic to Topham's room, put on their spare evening clothes, and marched down another flight to the drawing-room. If Major Topham's color had been a trifle heightened by his resumption of morning rides, Colonel Fyles's color had declined enough to match it. Fyles's face was not exactly white: it was the shade of a shirt that had been washed in London. This is where my story really begins; and you may be sure, as you see Colonel Fyles steadily marching down the broad staircase, that the end is approaching.

Observe him more closely for a moment—his immobile countenance; his excellent, square jaw and unobtrusive cranium; his hair, with its look of retirement on half-pay; his erect carriage, which spoke of a man of fifty-five in a physical condition you won't be able to match at forty unless you change your mode of life. If you are an average quick-luncher, he could have punched your head—punched it, without losing his wind or his temper, to a nicety suiting whatever mockery with which you might have treated this solemn occasion. And, after all, without reference to any particular head, perhaps that is the thing most worth being able to do in all the world at fifty-five. So Major Topham could have. And if you are still disinclined to view Colonel Fyles seriously,

which I hope is not the case, and if you are an average American, then let me tell you that in all his life he had accepted less insolence, less personal indignity, and less civic wrong than you put up with in a week of crowded travel in your daily trolley-car. So had Major Topham.

When you have recovered from this, do not imagine that Colonel Fyles paused an instant at the threshold, where the salmon Turkish rug stretched to receive his foot-fall. He strode to the middle of it. Alice and the major were bent over their chess-board. The butler was in the act of setting down a tray of whisky and soda-water close at hand. The butler let down the tray with a jingle that gave the true note of sound to the note of astonishment that tore his long-trained face. Alice rose to her feet. Major Topham of course must when a lady did. There was a pause of five heart-beats.

Then the butler's face swallowed the gleam of his intelligence, and he retired without breaking anything and in the most faultless form. There was a longer silence until the three heard the door close that led from the dining-room across the wide hall to the pantry beyond. Her husbands turned to their wife. She gasped what any well-bred woman would.

"Before the servants!" she said, accusing Fyles. She turned away to hide her feelings from the men and thus to throw them into confusion.

Here followed a silence so long that I could give you the impression of it only by several paragraphs of irrelevant matter. If you like, picture Major Topham meanwhile, his face betraying no emotion, his strong jaw and retreating brow; his iron-gray hair, with its look of half-retirement; his soldierly bearing, which spoke of a physical life never relinquished since the playing-fields of Eton. And be careful to distinguish him from my portrait of Colonel Fyles, for now both their faces were quite pink.

Then occurred something which never can be cleared up. Alice suddenly went and flung open the drawing-room door, and her husbands for a moment wilted as one man—at what this might forbode for both of them. But she wished only to be certain that the butler had not come back and found something to do in the hall. Her husbands watched her close it and sit

down near it, as if on guard until the scene was over through which she knew she had to pass. They watched her with such intentness that—please read carefully—they forgot to note which of the chairs they then chose for themselves. One of them took the Hepplewhite occasional chair, and one of them took the Chippendale occasional chair, and both seated themselves to show how well in control their emotions were. But which was which—which of them took the Hepplewhite and which the Chippendale I do not know. For convenience I attach some of the subsequent speeches to Fyles and others to Topham, but I cannot vouch for which was actually the speech of either one. After an appropriate silence, during which I wish to say that Alice had slightly protuberant teeth, her nurse having neglected to keep Alice's mouth closed when not engaged in its proper offices—and that Alice's feet were capable of supporting her without discomfort on a plowed field—after a silence which would have caused any three underbred people to burst to atoms, Fyles said that which he had come down-stairs to say. He looked at Major Topham, who looked back at him as if Fyles was looking in a mirror, and then Fyles turned his gaze steadily upon Alice, whose face showed unmistakable suffering now, as if she could not forget the butler. And Fyles came out with it:

"There are more than two of us in this room!"

I think it was Fyles who said this, because it sounds so much like Topham. Anyway, it was an accusation to their wife. It was good, blunt English, without irony or indirection—English such as Richard Cœur de Lion might have used on the battle-field, or brave Anne Boleyn in her boudoir. Alice could make no denial either as a good wife or with regard to fact. And yet how flat the accusation fell to a woman who could wave two marriage-certificates, both from the Established Church! But she did not grow vulgarly superb. She only bowed her head to the suffering which she felt it is a woman's duty to discover.

"I have suspected this," she began to quiver. She turned away from them for the purpose hereinbefore described. What brought her back was the assertion made by her other husband.

"And one of us," he said to her—this was Topham or else Fyles—"one of us is Topham—Topham, returned from the grave."

Trust their cruel masculine insistence to pounce upon the question she did not wish to answer, could not answer! She stayed for moments grasping the back of the chair from which she rose. Then her shuddering eyes went out in blue appeal to both of them.

"Which of you"—her voice broke—"which of you *is* Topham?"

At once their faces shadowed with a new dismay. What had happened since just now both men for the first time had looked each other fully in the face? The man on the Hepplewhite turned to the man on the Chippendale: each saw in the other the perfect representative of his class. Each saw the man of birth, the public-school man, the soldier retired on half-pay, the pink English gentleman with half-retired hair, the product of a tradition which only the destruction of an empire can change. Each found himself staring at a Major-Colonel-Topham-Fyles, sitting in a Chippendale chair. Intensely they rose; they even gestured to the one woman in all the world they might expect to help them—their wife!

"Can't *you* tell?" they jointly quavered.

She stared from one to the other again and again, the words of her marriage-services ringing in her ears. With each look their hearts sank farther.

"Can't *you* tell?" she limply said.

Chippendale turned to Heppendale. The two froze palely to each other's faces. They tried with all their might to remember which of them had sat in which chair at that forgetful moment which seemed so long ago. Their faces went through movements which can be good form only for gentlemen who are drowning. They were drowning; but Alice was not. And the scene began to annoy her; their putting it on her, a weak woman—all on her. They could see her so straightening up that Burne-Jones would not have recognized her.

"No!" they agonized, both in answer and in vague new protest. But before her pale-blue eyes their heads could only droop upon their shoulders. She could endure it

no longer: they only stood dazed, like the two halves of the worm she had bisected that morning.

"I cannot discharge the butler," she said from the height of her womanhood. "I can only retain him and insist upon his drinking less. One of you must go *now*—before he sees you again."

They waited, bowed, as if to try to force the choice on her. But how could Alice make it and be true to all her marriage-vows? Death had not parted her from either of these men. At length they heard her slipper tapping on the rug impatiently. She glanced commandingly at the clock, and it began to strike ten.

What followed is susceptible of so many different explanations that I shall offer only one. Chippendale slowly turned toward the door. He opened it and glanced toward the dining-room, which was vacant. Then without a word he let himself out of the house. Alice and Hepplewhite watched him through the French window down the path and out of the gate that led most easily to the churchyard where Major Topham's headstone was. Chippendale had never turned back. He was gone.

I think it was Fyles who went. I think he did it under the impression that he was Topham and that this was a good way to get even with Topham. If you call it strange that Fyles should go into Topham's grave, I answer that it is no stranger than that Topham should have left it. But perhaps you think it was Topham who went, and that Topham had lost his temper. But if you think Topham would lose his temper, you don't understand—you quite don't understand.

Alice took a mild, fresh breath and sank again to the chess-table. It was Hepplewhite's move. He pondered a long time. He really was not thinking of the game just yet. He seemed to have something on his mind. Finally the words came:

"My dear," he said, "which of us really *was* it that went?"

Alice turned up her pale-blue eyes to him. All that was forgiving, all that was pure and wifely, all that was anchored in her marriage-vows, stood in her eyes.

"Does it really matter, dear?" she softly said.



AN EXAMPLE OF MAORI WOOD-CARVING

WOOD-CARVING IN NEW ZEALAND

BY J. N. INGRAM

WHILE making a tour over New Zealand, I spent some time among the natives, and took great interest in their beautiful carving. From time immemorial carving has been the chief accomplishment of the Maoris. It is not now followed so extensively as at an earlier period in their history. Originally it was more the favorite diversion of the tribal elders, who were too slow for the chase or too feeble for war expeditions. The notable activity of the Maori temperament then found expression in the practice of this art. The carving was done with crude tools,—flint knives and stone axes,—and on seasoned wood almost as hard as metal. For a long period the enthusiasm for this type of decoration was general.

Stone, coral, pearl, and ivory are also patterned by the Malay imagination. Indomitable industry, skill, and ingenuity produce designs so symmetrical as to appear to be executed by mechanical means. The ancient teachers of this tracery were men of tribal circumstance, rewarded by the chiefs and holding positions of honor under the kings.

On North Island, New Zealand, I found the best examples of native handicraft. The doorways and windows of

native dwellings are enriched with carvings, and gateways are sentineled with carved figures. The streets of every village exhibit a unique array of images.

The more prominent families boast imposing collections of carved and chiseled work. Some noted Maoris have household accumulations—ancestral legacies—of carved curiosities of many decades. The best work has been given to the royal families for the decoration of their palaces, and to official buildings and sacred structures. Maori council-houses are museums of weird and grotesque woodcraft.

Special carvers have designed the war-decorations that ornament the Maori *Pas*. Their primitive forts are made hideous with bellicose images, and their weapons also are carved. The prows of the Maori war-boats and sides of their great canoes, hewn from giant trees, are enriched with handsome decoration.

Other of these Malay artists have traced the gods and goddesses of their mythology in wood and stone, and have covered their altars with carved symbols. Maori theology has been preached in rocks and trees by statues of their deities of war, peace, wind, rain, land, sea, day, and night.



MAORI WOODEN HOUSE, DECORATED WITH CARVINGS



INTERIOR OF A MAORI COUNCIL-HOUSE



A MAORI WOOD-CARVER AT WORK

Almost everything in nature—the fowls of the air, the animals of the forest, the fish of the sea—has been carved by the indefatigable Maori mallet and chisel. Gods were cut into stone, and attributes of deities traced on granite. Sacred temples were thus made halls of statuary, where deistical images of many characters, degrees, and powers were grouped. Above the council of stone gods sat the Supreme Ruler, who unrolled the firmament like a scroll. Subordinate gods oc-

cupied lower positions in the carved cabinet of deities.

No parchments have preserved Maori history. The annals of the race endure engraved on stone or in carved images. Legendary warriors and sages live again in patterns of intricate design and gorgeous elaboration.

The Maori work exhibits trained cunning, laborious workmanship, tenacious energy, an imagination of large perspective, and an ancestral heritage of artistic genius.



DECORATIVE BOWL CARVED
OUT OF WOOD



THE HUT IN THE VALLEY

A GLIMPSE INTO "A NEW WORLD, WHICH IS THE OLD"

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

IN prehistoric times, so the wise men of the present day assure us, the natives of Yucatan achieved a civilization wonderfully complete in its way. It was a complex social structure, with religious and secular heads of autocratic power, and a gradually decreasing status, until the limit was reached in the slave captive of some wild and still primitive people.

If this be indeed the case, then Dimas Tus and his mate Ana must have descended from such primitive stock. Their parents may have been ordinary working-people, good as their world goes; but if so, Dimas and Ana were examples of atavism, reversions to the original type.

They were not vicious, only wild, shrewd in avoiding labor, and with wants so simple that the necessities of the ordinary native Indian were mostly luxuries to them.

They were small, but well proportioned, bright-eyed, and cleanly, with quick movements. Most wild animals, when they can be, are cleanly.

They lived somewhere in one of the many, little red earth valleys between the foot-hills. Only the hunters who tracked the jaguar to his lair, the wild boars to their rootings in the forest, or the golden turkey to its safest nesting-place, ever saw the tiny *ná*, like the nest of some wild bird, hidden in the tall tangle of the valley.

A tiny garden was beside it, an aerial one made of felled, age-hollowed trunks of great cocoyal palms, split open at the middle, and raised several feet from the ground by the stout, smooth forks of a *chucum* tree.

Safe from the attacks of the forest-foragers grew the tiny bunches of aromatic herbs that Ana used to season their daily food.

Deeper in the forest, about many low mounds, shapeless remains of a prehistoric hamlet, was their tiny corn-field, well planted and well kept. Dimas worked away at his corn-field with the same tireless, instinctive industry that the ant exhibits when it cuts its leafy food and stores it against the dry and leafless spell. Ana, at home, went the same instinctive, tireless pace. She rose with the earliest bird-chirp, then by the light of freshened embers she ground the corn and made the gruel and bread. All this was done in perfect silence, while Dimas, wrapped in his faded, red-barred blanket, crouched on the floor, equally mute.

Only after they had taken their hot gruel and the steaming *uahes* (corn-bread) did they open their mouths to speak, and then only in simple phrases.

"The *tunkuluchues* [great horned owls] hooted very early this morning," said Ana.

"I heard them," replied Dimas.



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"AN INQUISITIVE JAGUAR SOUGHT TO PULL OPEN THE UNLATCHED DOOR"

Nothing more was said for a while. Dimas put an edge on his machete with a broken file, and then said:

"It wants to rain. See, the black ants are thick in the path."

"They are thick," said Ana.

Dimas went off to the corn-field, and Ana went to the water-hole in the rock and drew the water in a bucket of chucum bark to water the aërial garden in the *canche*, to wash the corn and cook it, and then for the nightly bath of warm water when Dimas came back from the corn-field.

The seasons seemed to bring to them their voices, as they did to the animals and the birds. When the crop was ready to be gathered, then they went to the field and worked together. At this time the tongues of both were loosened, and when near together, they kept up a kind of constant twittering in a curious minor key that made their words so strangely sounding that none, though close by them, could tell what they were saying to each other. When separate in the field and filling their *xuxacs*, or woven back-baskets, the constant vocal interchange was in long-drawn, high-keyed sounds, more like the clear, sweet cries of the wild forest creatures than like human words.

When the crops were housed for safety, each after the needs of its kind, the unhusked corn packed in the three-forked tree-trunk as closely as Nature herself could pack the kernels on the cob, and the black beans packed and sealed with ashes in the large gourds, then side by side the two crouched on the ground outside the door in the clear moonlight, picking out the flat, edible seeds of the field pumpkin, the *calabasa*. At these times they kept up a never-ending conversation in a monotonous undertone. What were they talking about? What did he say, and what did she answer? As well ask what the coon says when it whimpers to its mate as they work on the field corn in the husk. One is as easy to answer as the other.

At other times they were silent, almost mute. The venturesome hunters who from time to time passed through the valley and called at their door for water or rest never saw a candle lighted or one hanging from the beams, as in other, even the poorest, homes. When the dusk of evening came on, the evening quietness of the

day-birds' nests was over the little hut of Dimas and Ana. Only the red star-gleam of the embers in the three-stone fireplace gave sign that human life was there.

ONCE a year there came to Dimas and Ana the fluttering excitement that must be upon all migrating creatures when they leave for a while their old haunt behind them. For several weeks ahead they had been planning for it. Dimas had gone to his bank for a blank check, and they both set their hands and seals upon it to make it good and valid. In other words, he had gone to the ruined homes of the ancient ones close by, and torn from the massive walls a handsome, fine-grained, smooth-worked block of stone. Then they picked and picked at this with sharp-edged pieces of steel, and with the industry of a squirrel opening nuts, until the perfect *ká*, or native mill, and its symmetrical roller were lying before them.

The bleached squash-seeds were wrapped up into two well-made, compact bundles, covered with palm-leaf and tied with vines. One was for Ana to carry, while the other, crowned by the heavy mill and its roller, was for Dimas and his forehead-band.

At last they reached the nearest little pueblo, to them a wonderful place, with many people. They went up to the door of the one little store and looked timidly in. The proprietor saw them coming, as he had seen them coming for several years before. He was the great man of the village. Some villages have great men, and the villagers curse them,—curse them quietly, but with feeling,—but this village's great man had a heart as great as his position was thought to be by those under him. More than this no man can be, and his fellow-villagers respected and feared him as they did the village *cura*.

He bought the handsome, hand-made mill at a price that made him a handsome profit afterward, for he was shrewd, this village great man. He sold them cotton-cloth, a new flint for Dimas, and powder for his gun, and so made another handsome profit.

The next time they came to the village they brought, beside the mill of hard, red stone, a large sack of rich, golden, yellow, nancene fruit, and the great man of the village bought both the mill and the fruit, the

mill to sell in his store, while his wife preserved the part of the fruit that the children did not eat while she was making the preserving-syrup.

Ana and Dim made their usual purchases of rock-salt, sugar, a few yards of unbleached cotton-cloth for their next season's clothes, and packed them into a neat, compact bundle for easy carrying. Then they went out to look at the strange sights and the many people.

All the people seemed to be moving in one direction, and they followed slowly. They came to two lines of great iron rails, and many strange men were putting more rails down with great bustle and much talking in a strange tongue and harsh voices. Dim and Ana stood silently looking at these things, wondering what it was all about; but they did not ask of any one.

Ana was a little afraid, and stood behind Dim, with one hand picking at the seam of his sleeve.

They turned to go back, and heard one of the townsmen say to another that these strange workmen had brought *el vomito* to the village. They wondered what the vomito was, but did not ask any one. These people are so.

Then they went back home. Dim kindled the new fire for the year with his new flint and broken file, and Ana got the first meal. After that they unpacked their purchases and stowed them safely away. Dim went to his *milpah*, while Ana took up the grinding of the corn, the washing of the clothes, the sewing, and the bringing of the water from the water-hole, as she used to do.

One day Dim came home early, sick. He had a terrible pain in the back of his neck, and his head ached as though it would split apart. Ana's head ached, too, and she felt sick, but did not speak of it. She made him some tea of herbs, and he lay down in his hammock. He seemed to sleep mostly, but it was hot and he was thirsty. He remembered calling for water once, and Ana gave it to him, and then he called for more, and she gave it to him; and then she fell down, so it seemed to him, though he went to sleep before he had time to think over it. When he woke up, he tried to lift his head, but could not; so he turned it to one side, and saw Ana on the floor, sleeping. He tried to call out to her, but could not raise his voice

above a whisper, and the flies were buzzing about her so that she could not hear him. He wished to tell her that he wanted some water and that the fire was out; but he could not, and then he fell asleep again.

HE buried Ana under the great yax-tree, and spent most of his time for many days sitting by her grave. His tongue was loosened as it was when they seeded the calabasas together, and he talked to her in the same crooning minor key as if she was sitting right before him.

The working instinct moved Dim still, and at the appointed time he made his *milpah*, burned it, and gathered the crop.

As usual, Dim went to the pueblo. The storekeeper was there as before; but he did not see Ana, and surely the bent form and little, old, wrinkled face was not Dim.

The good man was shocked that Ana had been buried as the animals are laid away, and that night the village cura said mass for the soul of her whose body lay under the boughs of the great yax-tree in the distant little valley.

That same night Dim wandered alone, fell into evil hands, got drunk, and was rescued from the *calabosa* by his good friend the storekeeper, who had him sleep off the liquor behind the counter in his store.

By daybreak the next morning Dim was already far on his way homeward to the lonely little hut in the valley and the grave under the great yax-tree.

THERE were many leaves on the floor of the little hut, blown in through the hole in the roof. The roof was sagging, and the bep-vine had found its way through in many places. Since Ana's death Dim had not even thought to repair it, and was content with the little corner space yet free from holes.

One night Dim took to his hammock with a strong fever, and the hot blood coursed through his shriveled veins with throbbing force.

Dim was happy. The big bep-vine that had grown through the hole in the roof had suddenly burst into great bunches of snow-white blossoms, and these blossoms had become Ana.

As the wind blew, he could see her white dress moving about the room. Soon she would get his bath ready, and he could

cool his hot body; then she would make him his hot *atole*. Oh, how good was the hot *atole* when his Ana made it!

He wanted nothing more, and would sleep a while until his bath was ready.

GREAT masses of morning-glory, green vines, and white bep-flowers grew over the little hut until it was a rounded mound of verdure. An inquisitive jaguar sought to

pull open the unlatched door, but the sturdy branch of the thorny bep-vine said "No," and meant it, so the jaguar went on.

Unclean birds sought entrance from the roof, but again the thorny bep-vine said "No," and hundreds of little, buzzing, bright-eyed creatures with cunning stings said "No," too; so the birds went away, and left the little hut and the little grave to the care of kind old Mother Nature.



EARTHLY GLORY TO GOOD USES

POMP and circumstance, unequaled perhaps by anything known to modern history, were features of the coronation of King George and Queen Mary, on the 22d of June. Such splendor lavishly decked out, and such evidences of wealth and organization made obvious to the eye, are beyond compare for lack of accurate standards. They suggest some of the aspects of Roman triumphs, as known in part through records, but mainly realized in fancy. Yet the mastery of Rome was as a handful of provinces to a whole atlas of countries when compared with the belt of British dominion now girdling the world.

The sturdy legions of Rome must have been vastly impressive in fighting masses and in holiday array, but as exponents of potential force they hardly could have matched the varied detachments from the great fleets, from the home countries, and from distant lands and continents, which lined up for review by the new king and the old, grizzled marshals of the empire; while all the galley fleets of Rome would but poorly fill the places of the barges and tenders of the thirty miles of submarines, destroyers, armored cruisers, dreadnoughts, and auxiliaries, which saluted in real earthquake tones the new monarch of the seas.

Such physical aspects of earthly power and glory must fill a useful place in the endless task of steadying and governing the human world, but they are only the showy mantel of that authority which is the soul

of government. It was the scene in Westminster Abbey, which is so simply and yet so massively pictured by Mr. Pennell on page 739, that embodied the real significance of the coronation. There, the newly crowned and anointed monarch, the heir of ancient forms and modern changes, sat in person on his throne and received the homage of his princes, his nobles, his people, and his subjects beyond the seas. On his head rested a crown of truly royal and imperial magnificence; in his hands were firmly held the insignia of a kingly sway broader and more benign than any other known to history. Yet of personal power there was no sign, save in the verbal forms, which were just as old, just as beautiful, and just as symbolic, as the ancient crown and scepter. All that vast, solemn ceremony was performed merely to consecrate and venerate a worthy prince in his function of human symbol of authority.

It is significant of the inherent strength of British institutions that such devotion to the old monarchical forms is given at a time when English government, so long representative, rests to an extent possibly never before experienced on the free-hearted consent of the British people; when the last feudal branch seems about to wither on the decayed trunk of privilege; when the virile devotion of the people to progressive ideals is, as ever, on the upward trend; and when the courage and enterprise of commercial and industrial Britain has set no bounds to its ambition: in other words, at a time when the cohesion

and force of the British Empire are centered in the broadest love and respect for authority and progress.

In the largest sense the present attitude, power, and opulence of the British people are auspicious of world-wide happiness. They argue for permanence in the general tendency among the great powers toward alliances for peace. They invite, as a means of providing an invincible influence for good, a closer locking of hands between mother England and growing America: they not only invite it, they guarantee it, and all the broader views and deeper longings of both countries are working to that beneficent end. In both countries authority and progress are commissioned to rule for the glory and benefit of a free people.

And that they may endure to rule in unison—God save the King! God bless the President!

NEW DANGERS TO INDEPENDENCE

EX-PRESIDENT ELIOT'S Independence Day address, like most of his considered public utterances, not only was full of thought, but provoked thought. If it be said that it raised many questions which it did not answer, the reply is that such is the function of all stimulating discussion. To show as pointedly as Dr. Eliot did how sharp is the change of emphasis, since 1776, in debating political liberty and its perils, the independence of the individual and what tends to impair it, is at least to remind us that our thinking must be kept in living contact with the shifting world about us. Each generation has to interpret the facts of life for itself; to carry the worn political coinage back to the mint and get it freshly issued.

Few will challenge the assertion of the former president of Harvard that if a Declaration of Independence were to be drawn up by the masses of the American people to-day, it would contain many doctrines of which our Revolutionary fathers were ignorant, and which they would look upon as more revolutionary than anything they professed. The peril of foreign domination has passed completely from our ken. The oppression or tyranny most often cried out upon at present is that which is seen in the organization of industry. New conditions give rise to the demand for new remedies. As an aid to

the individual, it is proposed to exalt enormously the power of the state. In order to break down the power of monopoly, every weapon is seized upon, and sufficient thought is not given to the question whether it may not hurt more than it will help those who seek to wield it. Upon this point Dr. Eliot spoke with admirable force, urging the need of thinking things through and seeing to it that any new Declaration of Independence should not invite large ultimate peril while grasping at an immediate seeming benefit.

In all these matters, every thoughtful and humane man must feel himself confronted by a dilemma. The emotional appeal of a society full of hardships is powerful. To sense it duly, one has only to read such a speech as that of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, on his bill for working-men's insurance. It eloquently and movingly pictures the distress in many a humble home when sickness disables the wage-earner, when the tiny savings are swept away, and when the narrow margin separating mother and children from misery vanishes. What nobler or more useful thing can the government do, asks Mr. Lloyd-George, than to step in and apply the public resources to the relief of such pitiful cases? What, indeed? will echo every man of sentiment. Yet if he is a man also of clear brain and steady vision, he will demand first to be assured that in dealing with these individual calamities we do not embark upon a course which will lead to a still greater and a general calamity. Lloyd-George pleaded for security for the worker: a temporary allowance while out of employment; insurance against sickness; a pension in old age. The ends aimed at will be decried by none except the hard-hearted; but the question remains whether there is not something better than security and whether we may not be throwing it away. As between security, meaning merely life guaranteed, and the indomitable struggle upward of independent citizens, democracy has so far chosen the latter. It should not change without good reason shown, and "godlike reason," we know, does not fail to look *after*.

In our own country we do not as yet face the problem in the precise form it takes on in England. With us it is not paternalism, kind-hearted but short-

sighted, that most threatens the self-reliance and independence of those who toil, but activities and policies of the toilers themselves. Dr. Eliot dwelt upon the harmful spread of ideas which we associate with labor-unions, and which could not win adoption or even tolerance if people would observe accurately and think straight. Among these is the insistence upon the uniform and the minimum wage, hostility to extra pay for extra efficiency, and the exclusive right to work. The object is said to be to place working-men in a position to contend successfully with monopoly, but the method hit upon is the setting-up of a monopoly of their own more oppressive and more dangerous than any other.

No one denies the need of action by government to prevent avoidable industrial evils and to safeguard the health and equal opportunity of the workers. Nor do many challenge the right of working-men to combine for mutual advantage and protection. But neither government nor associations of laborers can be permitted to overlook or defeat the great ends of freedom, or to destroy those springs of personal initiative and the career open to talent upon which progress depends. In seeking to take care of the individual, we must not coddle him into helplessness. Nor is that associated power worth fighting for which involves the crushing out of personal striving and the dragging down of all grades of ability to one dead level of mediocrity.

Independence is hard to win, but easy to lose. Its price, too, is eternal vigilance. Dr. Eliot spoke only that which we all do know when he said that there had been a great shift in the emphasis with which men now speak of independence. But principles must be held fast to, despite their varying applications, from generation to generation; and the thing to which we have to cling is the great aim and hope of political society and free institutions—namely, to produce constantly and to develop successfully independent human beings. When that beneficent purpose is interfered with, whether in the name of the duty of the state or of the rights of labor, it is for us to confront the question with as much foresight and courage as the men of 1776 displayed in fighting for national independence.

LAWLESSNESS AND HUMOR

THE never-ceasing lawlessness among us divides itself naturally into two classes. When it is perpetrated as a means of livelihood, it is clearly crime; but when it is projected and carried out all in the way of lessening the tedium of life or of promoting the ease of living, it may be classed with the practical joke as belonging to a broad species of humor.

An authority among dictionaries defines humor as implying the "ludicrous or absurdly incongruous." In that idea is found the mainspring of more than half of the lawlessness now in vogue. Youth on gentle pleasure bent plucks relief from the humdrum journey in the trolley by mussing the fellow-passengers, terrifying the women, and decorating the faces of those who may try to apply the brakes. The college recluse, worn with mental toil, finds surcease of the carking cares of culture in the incongruous sport of devastation and the assumed tastes of a hoodlum.

The striking unionist who has found irksome his sworn obligation to advance the nobility of labor, turns with incongruous joy to the breaking of the heads of those who desire to work while he is resting, and to destroying the property which in the economy of nature it is his special function to create or to preserve. But the incongruous fun which pervades most strike riots is small humor compared with the practical joke of dynamiting the buildings and construction work of employers who are so unfortunate as to find themselves outside the pale of labor-union approval. Until recently that form of humor has been rather popular. It distributed itself by leaps back and forth over the country, and always the point of the joke exploded with the regularity of clockwork. The sense of the incongruous in these droll explosions has been heightened by labor-union spokesmen, who, without winking, have ascribed the explosions to the owners themselves, whose motive, of course, was to perpetrate a joke on the labor-unions by seeking to bring them into disrepute.

A discussion of the incongruous side of labor agitation is made timely by the recent activities of Mr. Gompers. As the head of the American Federation of Labor his efforts to advance the material welfare of American workmen are naturally con-

spicuous, and nothing relating to his efforts is more notable than the absence of criticism among his followers of his philosophic tone, of his aggressive strictures, or of his reform proposals. As the spokesman of the aims and hopes of unionism he has had the field very much to himself, and the humor of imputing the atrocities of strike troubles to the "enemies of labor" has been a favorite weapon.

Also the administration of justice has called forth from him almost more humor than the impartial enforcement of the laws. His suggestion that the country might well dispense with a third of the judges, and more profitably use their salaries to indemnify injured workmen, for complete humor lacks only an added recommendation that the "injured workmen" be selected from those hurt in the act of destroying property in time of strike. Quite recently he has achieved the humorous situation of entertaining a committee of august Senators with his views on the importance of impeaching the justice who found it advisable to sentence him and two other labor leaders to prison.

But on the Fourth of July last Mr. Gompers carried humor to the front rank of argument by treating a meeting of three thousand labor-union protestants against the McNamara extradition, to a parody on the Declaration of Independence. Whether his hearers were familiar with that solemn document or not, they could appreciate the fun of hearing their champion insert the word "Capitalists" in place of the royal tools and tyrants who were so effectively excoriated by the fathers of the Revolution. Whatever might be said for or against the manner of haling the dynamite suspects before a distant tribunal, it is plain that the McNamara arrests have been succeeded by a period of noteworthy calm. The clockwork seems to have run down, the fuse appears to be wet; and the labor-union leader, temporarily relieved of apprehension that employers will dynamite their own property and slay their own workmen in order to cast suspicion on the "friends of labor," gives vent to the gaiety of his heart.

The success of this effort to inject travesty into a discussion of the wrongs of labor suggests that persuasive argument might be derived by such a facile advocate, from a perversion of the Gettysburg address, and possibly of the Sermon on the Mount.

The idea that "capitalists" in general block the way to the laboring-man's Arcady overflows with humor, since without capitalists all men would labor, and the market for labor would be so overstocked that each man might be limited to working for himself. That proposition is almost as humorous as the policy of promoting the interests of labor by limiting the amount of labor and curtailing the sources of skill and efficiency. Inasmuch as two thirds of the labor performed in the world is for the purpose of feeding, clothing, housing, and personally benefiting those who must depend on their daily wage for the means of subsistence, it is certainly "ludicrous or absurdly incongruous" to affirm that working-people will be benefited by limiting the quantity of labor.

But the serious and sacred cause of labor advances even with the handicap of preposterous fallacy and frivolous leadership. Its sensational spokesmen have no trouble to get a hearing in this strenuous and stirring country; the general public likes to be amused or distracted, and seldom recoils from lawlessness that is "ludicrous or absurdly incongruous"; the newspapers find it convenient to fill inconsequential "space" with amusing crime and humorous perversions. Thus the cultivation of lawless thinking progresses, and the public mind is jogged only by events which stagger common sense—after which the appeal of sane humanity is again drowned by the plaint and quip of the demagogue, who is, as a rule, only striving to make a show of rendering service for a salary paid for the furtherance of objects like the "closed shop" and other special privileges—objects which, in their relations to the common good, are too often in themselves incongruous, and for that reason not susceptible of advancement by plain fact and serious argument.



OPEN LETTERS

A DIVERGENCE OF VIEWS CONCERNING "LUCK"

As Between Nephew and Uncle

THE LARK CLUB,
June 16, 1911.
Dear Uncle Jack:

I have had a run of hard luck all through the college year, and now it has reached its climax. Marian has returned my letters, so it is all up with me there. Last Saturday evening, when I was making a week-end trip, my motor ran into a cow, with great damage to both parties to the collision. The cow, living, was not worth twenty-five dollars; but death has raised her value to seventy-five, and the injury to the motor will cost twice that sum. How did it happen? Oh, it was just my luck. The acetylene lamps went out; gas in the tank too low, or something. The night was dark, and I could not see a hundred feet ahead. The cow was around a curve, and we were going some, I admit.

As if these were not enough, I must needs take a fall at the exams, the worst ones that the malignant ingenuity of the instructors could devise. Why are instructors so infernally bent on proving that they know more than their classes? If they did not, they probably would not be drawing a salary for teaching them. Of course the war between teachers and students is an instinct of nature; but why should a father always take the side of his son's natural enemy? Did the Governor ask me whether I considered the examinations just and fair? Not at all. He simply wrote that he was disgusted to see a line of D's and E's attached to his honored name, while he felt that only the "Jr." separated him from personal ignominy.

This was not the worst, either. He has been lending a credulous ear to the complaints of those sneaks of shopkeepers who bait their windows around the square with suspenders, hat-bands, and tobacco-pouches. The traitors assured me that they were in no hurry for their money, and now all of a sudden they must have it at once. I dare

"RIDES? NON SVNT HAEC RIDICVLA, MIHI CREDE"



say they are cheating on the amount, as I cannot remember spending half the sum they claim.

Father writes that, considering my "amply sufficient" allowance, my debts are another disgrace. How does he know what allowance is ample? I should think

the fact that I had been obliged to overdraw it in living like the other fellows was proof that it was not ample or even sufficient. The amount of a college man's allowance should be left to a jury of his peers. That is all I would ask; but as that happy solution has not occurred to any one, and since my father refuses to let me have any more cash, I am writing to you to beg you to help me out. Please, Uncle Jack, be a good fellow and send me some money! I shall pay you in the fall. I know I shall. Why, of course I shall have more than I know what to do with then, for this run of bad luck cannot last forever. We are sure to win the boat-race. The trainer says so, and I have taken a flyer on it.

Do write soon. I want your advice.

Your impecunious and vilely unlucky nephew,

Hilton.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1911.

Dear Hilton:

Accepi tuam epistolam, as your friend Marcus Tullius writes to his friend Atticus; and, like him, I bid you, "*Tamen esse in spe.*"

I am truly sorry to hear of your "hard luck," as you call it. So Marian has turned the prettiest of cold shoulders upon you! So you killed a cow and smashed your new motor, and so you failed in your spring examinations and your stern parent declines to foot your bills! Poor boy! I inclose a check, which I am sending somewhat against my conscience; but it is the privilege of uncles to deal with the immediate emer-

gency, while fathers must consider the effect on character.

The check might have been larger had the happy day arrived when the income of a professional man is fixed by a jury of his peers; but that arrangement will doubtless follow in the wake of your admirable scheme for undergraduates. I prefer to consider the money a gift till it proves itself a loan. I have often pursued the opposite course, and lost both credit and bacon. Moreover, if we look upon it as a gift, you will grant that it confers on me some rights of counsel.

To begin with, I beg you, when you write to me of your storm and stress, not to talk of "luck." It irritates me, as if you told me that imps with horns and tails had blotted your examination-papers, that malicious elves had whispered calumnies about you in Marian's ear, and that your father was under the control of witches.

"*Rides? Non sunt haec ridicula, mihi crede.*" That is no more ridiculous than your talk of luck, a word which has no place in the vocabulary of the modern scientific world. We make use of the term because we are too weak or too dull or too illogical to trace the links in the chain of causation which led to any given event.

Now let us take your own case and inspect the causes of your luck. What offense you gave to Marian I do not know; but I am well enough acquainted with that shrewd young woman to be sure that her course was justified by your conduct. (In parenthesis, I advise you to confess to her that you are a miserable sinner and entreat her to take you back on probation.)

Was not your automobile disaster sufficiently explained by the fact that you were "going some," with your acetylene lamps unlighted?

Has it occurred to you as possible that your failure to pass the examinations was not so much the result of an organized persecution on the part of the professors as of your habit of "cutting" some lectures and sleeping through others?

Finally, will you not confess that your father's refusal to interfere with the dealings of Nemesis is natural, wise, and just?

If you admit these things, you will admit also that you have paved your own road to ruin, and that it is in your power to change your luck next year not by accident, but by design.

People talk of Napoleon's luck; but I tell

you that when the young Bonaparte stood with his finger on the map exclaiming, "Gentlemen, Toulon lies there," he was prefiguring the triumphs of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Friedland, just as, when he devoured his meals in haste and worked all night in his traveling-carriage, he was preparing the physical breakdown which cost him Waterloo.

Most history and all fiction are based on the luck theory, and it has formed the background of much pathetic verse. I confess I could never share the popular sympathy with the heroine in the touching ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." She appears to me to deserve all that befell her.

When my mothershe fell sick, and the cow was stow' nawa'.

Well, was that a reason why she should abandon constancy to her lover and strike an unworthy and deceitful bargain with a kind old gentleman who was willing to support the family? All her woes resulted from her own lack of that courage, energy, and foresight which really constitute luck and which, alas! are far rarer than the combination of accidents which we have hitherto agreed to call by its name. I do not deny that a single accident may befall the most energetic and far-seeing; but a "run of luck" is almost invariably the result of character.

Opportunity, like heaven,

lies about us in our infancy,

and the series of choices which men make, and the determination with which they pursue them, prepare their destiny. We have outgrown the use of charms and amulets. The civilized world has ceased to believe in the evil eye or "controls." It is time that we also outgrew the belief in luck.

"*Quid aliud scribam ad te? Multa sunt, sed in aliud tempus.*"

Affectionately your uncle,

John Woodworth.

NIGHT LETTER

Dear Uncle:

Check received. Thanks awfully! We are off for the boat-race. Our crew in fine condition and sure to win this year. We must on the law of averages. I am counting on being able to pay your loan at once.

Wishing you luck,

Your grateful nephew,

H. W.



THE GOOD WOMAN HOLDS THE STAGE

*To a Young Friend who Purposes to Write Plays**My dear dramatist:*

Our conversation the other evening has set me thinking, and with this result: I believe you are altogether on the wrong tack in making the bad woman the motive power of your comedy. The traditions are with you? Yes; but at the moment we are making traditions. Somebody has always had to do that; and traditions are made by observing and reflecting what one observes. I'll prove it to you.

Not long since there was a revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy." The intrigue appeared as fiendishly clever as of yore. *Baron Stein* and *Julian Beauchamp* belonged to generations of playgoers, and the line of succession has never been broken. Their descendants still hold the stage. But, curiously enough, the reappearance of the *Countess Zicka* was not in effect that of a living woman, but of a reminiscence. One was tempted to say: "*Zicka*, beautiful demon, where have you been this long time? What has become of your fascinating companions, those ladies in red or in Mephistophelian black who, one was wont to know the moment of their entrance upon the scene, were up to something shocking? Where are the *Lady Audleys*, the *Forget-me-nots*, and the *Les Belles Russes*? Where are the *intrigantes* and polite female rascals, and that long procession of evil but fascinating women who for so long held us palpitant, as they set everything by the ears? Where has the beautiful young villainess gone?"

A brief review of later plays shows that she is no more. The inference is unmistakable. She is no longer important; her place has been taken, or she would still be here. But why is she no longer important? Is it, perchance, that we have changed? But were we ever as bad as that? Was devilry in fair form necessary to engage our attention? Why did we prefer the companionship of the evil *Zicka* to that of the innocent *Dora*, when everybody knows that we all detest wickedness and love virtues.

Some other reason must account for the long and spirited reign of the beautiful *intrigantes* of the drama; and it must also be some reason that will account equally for their departure, silently and unmissed. Is



it not the fact that our interest in these reprehensible ladies was not in themselves or in their guilty doings, but in the fact that at least they did something? They were women of action, and action even in a bad cause is more entertaining than all the passive virtues

piled high. It was the villainess that made the wheels go round. There was always something doing when she was about.

In her day, the good woman sat in the corner spinning, or cutting bread and butter. Even when most put upon she only wrung her hands, dropped a silent tear, and then dutifully forgave her enemies and turned the other cheek. We found her monotonous; she made us sleepy, and we turned with relief to the wicked ladies, delighting not in their evil, but in their activity, their competence, their neat ways of manipulating men and events, and of carrying their nefarious schemes to all but a successful conclusion. That, of course, as the dramatists knew, we never would have sat for.

One may ask, Would we not have been equally entertained with kindred activity on the part of the good woman, if it had been called for? This seems demonstrable. For, in the meantime, the good woman has sallied forth. The virtues have put on their bonnets and gone out-of-doors. Such a marshaling on the common of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters was never seen before. There is nothing on which they hesitate to lay their hands. Their fingers are in every pie. No one now ever sees them wring their hands or drop a silent tear. Is anything wrong, do they even suspect anything wrong, they are up and at it. The thing itself is not so important. It may be a drain or it may be a dead prophet; their activities are equally aroused. For, at the moment, it is the activity that delights them. Life appears to them an exhilarating course of ethical gymnastics, and they are all pressing to join the class.

Does not this account for the change in the personnel of the drama, for which life is supposed to furnish the prototypes? Perhaps there is no play more significant in this respect than "*The Deep Purple*," in which the villainess has not only reformed, but

places her accomplished powers in the service of the innocent. No, in a retrospect of all the prominent plays of the last few years, it is plain that the engaging villainess, with her trailing robes, her brow of mystery, and her hands spinning the fine threads of intrigue, has been supplanted by the good woman in a tailor-made gown gaily uprooting cherished abuses and choice sins.

Good women used to be as solemn as owls. The virtuous woman, though she came as high as rubies, never shone for her humor. Now she bubbles over with it. "What every woman knows" is that she must be not only good, but gay; Barrie illustrates it in *Maggie* in "What Every

Woman Knows," Percy Mackaye in "Matter," Vaughn in "Penelope," Bahr in "The Concert," and the list might be lengthened. In each of these plays the good woman is radiant with humor, and chuckles silently while she saves the situation. There is not one of these, nor of those in other modern plays, if one's sporting blood were up, that one would hesitate to enter in a handicap, at large odds, against *Zicka*, *La Belle Russe*, or any one of the shady ladies who were wont to hold us breathless in days gone by. Do I make myself not only clear, but convincing?

Cordially yours,
Wilde Thyme.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN, CHINA, AND MANCHURIA

May 24, 1911.

I AM writing on board a German ship on the Japan Sea midway between Nagasaki and Shanghai. All China and Japan seem near each other on the map, but it is 1300 miles from Yokohama to Shanghai, and it takes five days constant travel to go from Shanghai to Peking. I have just sailed through the Inland Sea, an exaggerated Long Island Sound, 300 miles long, and from ten to forty wide. It is full of islands (the natives say 10,000), and teems with all sorts of navigable craft. Indeed, the whole seaboard swarms with life. Here are the only comparatively level and arable parts. Nine tenths of the land is mountainous and unproductive, and how a population half as large as that of the United States can subsist on the remaining one tenth, do so much, pay such taxes (the national debt alone is \$25 per capita), and be so happy, is a mystery to me.

Certainly there is no danger here of race suicide: children, especially babies, are everywhere in evidence. They are never left at home; their older brothers often carry them, but more often their sisters. I have seen girls of twelve or fifteen playing hop-scotch, skipping rope, and running races with their baby brothers on their backs. These babes are weaned late,—perhaps not so late as in some parts of Central America, where, as I have just read, it is no unusual sight to see a child of four or five descend from the maternal fount to light and smoke a formidable cigarette,—but I have seen a Japanese mother stop on the public street and give suck to a boy of three or four walking at her side. And as for the nursing of infants, it is the commonest of sights. Nor is this all. The nude, as some one has



said, "is seen in Japan, but not looked at."

They are a cheery, happy sort of people, fat and hearty-looking, always animated, and talking and laughing at their work. The amount of their manual labor is enormous. They have virtually no draft animals and fewer machines. Men and women push or pull unheard of loads on two-wheeled barrows. I have seen logs of wood three feet in diameter and fifteen feet long thus progressing through the streets of Tokio. It takes twenty men to drive a moderate-sized pile, and yesterday I saw the coaling of this ship at Nagasaki by 500 natives, mostly girls and young women. They built a series of platforms against the side of the ship of graded heights, like stair-steps. On these they stood in lines or gangs, and passed up the coal in shallow baskets each containing twenty pounds at the rate of fifty a minute by the watch for each gang, and there were sixteen gangs of about thirty each. This was 800 baskets a minute, or 48,000 an hour; that is, from 400 to 500 tons. In no other place and in other way can coal be so rapidly or economically loaded. I watched these baskets rolling up like chain-belts till it fairly made my head swim.

As I have said, they are a happy people. It takes some time to get used to being drawn in a miniature hansom-cab by a fellow human being, and more to become accustomed to being carried in a chair, on the shoulders of four others, up apparently inaccessible mountain-trails, until you note that they are laughing and talking all the time, and end up a twenty-mile run sound of wind and in the best of spirits.

Their hotels run by natives on the European plan are excellent, and fast driving the

purely foreign houses out of business; and this is not true of hotels alone. I have never traveled more comfortably, never been so packed and unpacked, so escorted to my bath of a morning, so put to bed at night, so pushed in perambulators, so coddled and cajoled, so generally taken care of, since I was an infant. And I like it. It seems to agree with me, and I have been steadily improving in health and spirits ever since I landed.

It is beautiful, too, this country, in a miniature way. The temples, the shrines, the mountains, the gardens, the tea-houses, the geishas, the street costumes—all are novel and charming. I like it all, and I do not believe the people have any desire or are in any condition to go to war with any one, least of all with the United States, and such is the judgment of all the foreign residents I have met.

The Japanese prints one sees are fascinating. I saw them making modern reproductions in Tokio by hand impressions from wood blocks, some of them taking as many as seventy-five printings to complete a picture at the rate of 150 impressions a day, and then selling them for *one yen* (fifty cents) each.

I have left my Japanese guide behind. He was a constant comfort and delight. His English was especially entrancing, as, when discussing our proposed visit to a mountain district, he said, "Of course if those weather is bad, that cup of joy will not be full." But all their English is amusing, and savors of a study of synonyms or "The Century Dictionary." In Tokio we passed a sign reading "Honest Sincere and Self Respecting Umbrella Store"; and on the bill of fare at the hotel we were rather startled to find the announcement of "Ham and Chawed Eggs." Unappalled by this suggestion of predigestion, I found the eggs simply *shirred*.

PEKING, THE GREAT WALL, AND PORT ARTHUR

DAIREN, June 19, 1911.

WE found Peking dry and dusty, and the distances were immense; but taking it all in all, it is the most impressive capital we have yet visited. We traveled up to Nankow, about fifty miles north of Peking, and I was carried in a chair through the Nankow Pass up to the Great Wall. I arose at 4 A. M., and we started at 4:30, just at daylight, and went up in the company of strings of camels returning to Mongolia; mules, donkeys, and ponies bearing all kinds of burdens; dogs, pigs, sheep, and pedestrians representing all phases of Asiatic life; priests and coolies, Tatars, Mongols, Manchus, and Chinese—all traversing the

great caravan route to Central Asia, little changed since Marco Polo passed that way, or Kublai Khan marched through with his hordes. The wall itself is in excellent preservation, twenty feet or more high, wide enough for two "chariots" to drive abreast on its top, and as long as from Boston to Salt Lake City, crossing rivers and plains and zigzagging along the crests of mountains four thousand feet high.

For Dairen read Dalny, and you will know where I am. The Japanese have changed the name of this place, as of everything else within their jurisdiction in Manchuria and Korea. Here they are building a strictly modern city on the foundations so extravagantly laid by the Russians. Indeed, it has all the appearance of an American "boom" town. The broad streets, avenues, circles, and parkways stretch for miles through sparsely settled areas. Here and there are magnificent banks and administration offices, between which are vacant lots and low one-story houses and dwellings. Through the middle of the town is a great cut filled with railway-tracks, crossed by a magnificent stone bridge which puts some of our structures to shame. Indeed, all the streets, roads, sewers, and bridges here are wonderfully well done, fit for any European city; but the houses and the population have not yet come. When they do come, they will be all Japanese. There are no foreign concessions here, as at Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, and Yokohama. The Japanese are proceeding on the policy of "Japan (and Korea and Manchuria) for the Japanese," and they are crowding everybody else out. All the old-established merchants in Japan are feeling and complaining of it, and here they are not to have an opportunity of securing a foothold.

We came here that we might visit Port Arthur, forty miles distant, where to-morrow we spend the day. This region has the reputation of being very warm in summer, but so far we have not found it awfully hot. The thermometer in my room has not been seen over 82. To-day it is 76 at noon, with a delightful, cool breeze blowing in from the water, which is as blue as at Naples. It is a refreshing change from Chinese waters, which in the rivers and along the deltas are as brown and muddy as the Missouri.

June 20. We have just returned from Port Arthur, where we have had a most interesting day. I have never seen the scars of war so ghastly and unhealed. The Japanese have not attempted to restore the landward fortifications, but have left them just as they were after the capture, bones and all. Never have I seen a landscape so seamed with trenches, so pitted with the

pock-marks of shot and shell. No other word describes it. As for 203 Metre Hill (that is its height) and the North Fort, it is still a mystery how they ever were taken. The fort, with its subterranean galleries, its deep-concealed foss, its massive, concrete walls and arched roof, all invisible from below, seemed impregnable; but by zigzag

trenches, tunneling, and the use of dynamite, determined men can capture anything, even if it seems to be on the steepest hill, and constructed on the most scientific lines. The harbor is wonderfully shut in by nature, but it is almost abandoned now. The Japanese are throwing all the trade into Dairen.

Frank H. Scott.



Drawn by J. B. Graff

A TRAVELED FAMILY

THE PATRIOT

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WE've been all through the British Isles;
We've sight-seed by the hour;
We've took what ma and Jane both styles
A "continental tower."
We've walked all kinds o' foreign streets,
But this I'm bound to say:
I've yet to find a place that beats
Smith Sidings, U. S. A.

There's London, where your head is jarred,
And soot comes rainin' down.
I would n't give our big front yard
For all o' that there town.
That Colosseum back at Rome?
Can't equal, for a day,
The half-mile track we got at home:
Smith Sidings, U. S. A.

Ma—well, you know how women be;
They're awful fond o' clothes.
She's sort o' flustered with Paree,
And talks it through her nose.

Viennar's nice; and so 's Berlin;
And Switzerland's O. K.;
But I'm darn glad that I live in
Smith Sidings, U. S. A.

Our gal went out as simple Jane,
And come back as Jaynette;
She learnt a lot o' manners vain
I'd ruther she'd forget.
She catered to that foreign speech.
It somehow ain't my way;
I warn't ashamed o' plain "John Leech,
Smith Sidings, U. S. A."

I never seen no avenue
That beats what we live on.
I never heard no parley-voo
To beat, "Well, howdy, John?"
I never et no dish that's worth
What's served in *ma's* café.
For me, there's jest one spot on earth:
Smith Sidings, U. S. A.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

BY SOPHIA GREENE

OH, I'd like to be a sinner, a reckless,
ruthless sinner
(And indeed my heart is wickeder than
godly folk can see);
But I'd like to be more wicked, more
wildly, weirdly wicked,
Though I'm the parson's daughter, and I
must be good, you see.

No matter how I hate it (and like the
plague I hate it),
I must always be as pious and discreet and
prim as glass.
I must call on rich old ladies, and admire
all the babies,
And always bow politely when the shiftless
church poor pass.

I must house the missionaries, who eat like cassowaries;
 I must feed the casual clergy who drop in at half-past six;
 I must play the old piano in a very proper manner
 When at Wednesday evening meeting e'en "Old Hundred" halts and sticks.

I must teach a class the Bible (oh, the poor, dear, hard-worked Bible!);
 And I must be very orthodox on Jonah and the flood;
 I must go to each church-dinner, where they think I'm not a sinner,
 For I act as meek as Moses, dull and decorous and *good*.

Oh, I'd like to be just wicked, just madly March-wind wicked;
 In a gown of sunny, golden silk, with roses in my hair,
 I should like to dance the night through, and go flickering like light through
 A hall where all the people turned to watch me on the stair.

Or I'd like to thread the city, the sinful, splendid city,
 With a face as bold as sunshine and a heart as free as wind.
 And in all the shops I'd order, without conscience for recorder,
 Flaming flowers and scarfs and jewels till my dazzled eyes went blind.

Or I'd like to ride the hill-roads, the luring, leaping hill-roads,
 With a gipsy colt beneath me and a gipsy lad beside,
 To a camp-fire at the crossways, the autumn-crimsoned crossways,
 Where the keen smoke blurs the evening star and crackling shadows stride.

BUT I'll never be so wicked, so beautifully wicked;
 I'll never wear my sunny silk nor ride my gipsy road.
 I shall always step demurely till my poor limbs stiffen surely,
 And my cheeks forget the ruddy, wicked wrath they sometimes showed.

I shall always be so pious, so dimly, dully, pious,
 I shall always go to meeting and be perfectly polite.
 I should like to say, "The *DEVIL*!" and my decent locks dishevel;
 But I'm the parson's daughter, and I have to—do—just—right.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

TABLE D'HÔTE LUNCH

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

BY D. B. VAN BUREN

AWAKE, ye choirs, with tuneful voices sing
 The praise of him who set before the king
 That pie articulate, whose golden rind
 The plummy warblers of the woods confined—
 That bold artificer whose subtle art
 Before the monarch placed the storied tart.
 With hunger-lighted eye the king sits down,
 Loosens his waistcoat, lays aside his crown;
 His trenchant blade the savory crust
 divides,
 But mocking Fate his destiny derides;
 For, lo! their bounds enlarged, the feathered throng
 Greet the expectant monarch with a song;
 While from the pasty's cavernous depths
 there floats,
 Instead of gravy, flood of liquid notes.

Where many a massy bar and lock complex
 The enterprising burglar sore perplex,
 The monarch sits, forgetful of his state,
 With tightened belt cries out upon his fate,
 Which sends him hungry from the festive board,
 The hapless victim of a jest abhorred.
 And now he reckons up the minted gold,
 And now he damns the cook for caitiff bold.
 Meanwhile, the queen, of sustenance
 amerced
 By that infatuate cook whose jest accurst
 At one fell stroke the royal feast destroyed,
 With bread and honey fills the aching void.

Mark how her taper hands, with eager
grace,
The wide circumference of the loaf embrace;
The ready jar, subservient to her wish,
Pours out its amber treasure in the dish,
A golden flood, as sweet as that which filled
With nectar from Hymettus' flowers
distilled
The downy loins of those industrious bees
Whose labors ministered to Attic ease.

Next bend your steps without the palace
walls:
Observe the garden and what there befalls.
See how the blue-eyed maid, with patient
toil,
Hangs up the garments, freed from stain
and soil.
The monarch's shirt flings wanton to the
breeze,
And next, in order due, the queen's chemise.
No gold and tissue lend extraneous grace;
An all-sufficient nose completes her face,
Her humble toil she lightens with a song,
And breathes the scented air, nor dreams of
wrong,

Nor notes the bird whose plume of ebon
dye
Proclaims the wandering corsair of the sky,
Who devious course through blue empyrean
bends.
With watchful eye the world beneath
attends,
He sees the maiden helpless and alone,
And marks her fair proboscis for his own.
In long-descending spirals from the blue,
Drops down that bird malign of sable hue.
His darkening shadow on the maiden falls,
His aspect sinister her soul appals.
Too late she scans the sides of his intent;
His beak already from its place has rent
Her nose, but late her ornament and pride,
She weeps to see down that dark gullet
glide.
His odious vict'ry won, the bird obscene,
Preening his plumage, struts about the
green,
Waving in mock farewell a horrid claw,
With raucous croak, and loud, triumphant
caw
Cacophonously seeks the upper air,
And leaves the hapless maiden to despair.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

TRUE HOSPITALITY

PRUDENCE: Mother, may Billy an' Mary an' Katie an' Tommy stay to dinner?



A BOWL OF NASTURTIVMS
FROM THE PAINTING BY CHILDR HASSAM
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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TUXEDO PARK

AN AMERICAN RURAL COMMUNITY

BY EMILY POST

WITH PICTURES BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

NEARLY all country places in America have developed along similar lines of gradual and natural evolution; most of them have some tradition going back to Colonial or Revolutionary beginnings, and have passed from periods of early crudeness, and come to full and perfect beauty only with the mellowing help of age. Not so Tuxedo. Old-World and tradition-haunted as it looks, it is new, incredibly new.

A foreigner, standing on one of its smoothest terraces and looking down upon its lakes, its perfect roads winding among garden-covered hills, its chimneys rising seemingly from the depths of deep forest, remarked that this must be the oldest place in America. It was almost impossible to make him believe in the Aladdin-like miracle of its building—that from its first inception it took complete form within a single season of seven months.

Throughout one winter and the following spring an architect, directing eighteen hundred workmen, digging, hauling,

pounding, and blasting,—chiefly blasting,—transformed a tract of graystone boulders and uncultivated forest into a smooth park, with broad roads, commodious clubhouse, numerous cottages, and a complete village at its gates.

But the story begins on September 18, 1885, when, in the pouring rain, Mr. Pierre Lorillard and Mr. Bruce Price stood on the rear platform of the Buffalo express.

They had passed the thirty-five mile-post from Jersey City, and the train was running through a wooded valley beside the little river of the Ramapo, the engine puffing hard on the up-grade, the wheels slipping occasionally on the dripping tracks. Regardless of the downpour, Mr. Lorillard leaned far out from the platform steps. "All right," he called up to the conductor; "signal to stop—now!"

The train slowed down, and Mr. Lorillard jumped. Mr. Price jumped after him, and the train, without coming to a standstill, left them in an apparently un-

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inhabited valley, between hills that, seen through the veil of a pelting rain, looked indefinitely high and desolate. Neither Mr. Lorillard nor Mr. Price had rain-coat or umbrella,—it had been sunny an hour before in New York,—so with shoulders and collars up, they climbed the bank, from the higher vantage of which they could see a small, red-brick house about an eighth of a mile away, with an old apple-orchard behind it. Except for this solitary house, the orchard, and the road, there was nothing to be seen but rain and rocks and small trees rising on the steep hills, up and up and up.

It was a typical lumber-country. The official name of the property, in fact, was the "Wood-Pile," its timber being then sold regularly to the Erie Railroad for fuel, which was then using wood-burning engines. As though the day had been the sunniest of spring, Mr. Lorillard pointed

up a forest brook,—the rain running up his sleeve as he did so,—saying, "I shall have the entrance there, with an important gateway and lodge." He waved toward the track. "Over there I shall have the station. There"—he indicated the apple-trees—"I shall have a row of stores, and the village cottages beyond. I want half a dozen cottages. Perhaps I had better make it a dozen. Make some of them bigger—to hold two families. And the stables? Oh, yes, the stables—put them on the hill. Ah, here comes the trap. They might have sent one with a cover; but never mind."

A wagon appeared driven by a farmer from Southfields. Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Price, now as wet as water-rats, got into the trap.

"We will go up the old lumber trail as far as the lake." The farmer protested that he did not think a wagon could get



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE CLUB-HOUSE

through; it was all rocks and underbrush, and too narrow for a team to pass. Mr. Lorillard took the reins out of the farmer's hands.

"You can wait at the brick house. Wherever a man can go, a team and wagon can go. I'll drive."

And drive he did, over bushes and rocks and stumps of trees, but always able to find space wide enough to worm the wagon through. Just as the hubs barked two saplings, one on each side, and then nearly turned over on a boulder, Mr. Lorillard said casually:

"This is the main road from the sta-

tion. Better have it a good, wide macadam at the beginning; no sense in leaving it half done."

The ascent had been steady for nearly two miles,—the winding in and out that day made the distance perhaps nearly three,—when at last they came out upon a broad ledge of rock from which they had a wide view of wooded hills surrounding a long lake that lay about 200 feet below them. There was no sign of cultivation except at the north end, where there were some narrow fields and a mountaineer's hut. Mr. Lorillard pointed toward the cleared space.



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE MAIN HALL OF THE CLUB-HOUSE

"That is a good site for the club-house," he said. "Don't you think so? And we can have a row of cottages between there and here."

Mr. Lorillard ordered houses in the same way that other people might order boots. He talked rapidly, and thought twice as fast as he talked, and he wished his orders carried out at a speed that equaled the sum of both. Once, just as he was leaving Mr. Price's office, he called back: "By the way, make it four cottages more, instead of two. Show me the plans to-morrow, and break ground for them next Monday."

If, when he saw the plans, he did not like them, he insisted upon new sketches being made then and there, before his eyes, rejecting or accepting them from a few penciled lines. He always knew what he wanted, never forgot a detail of a single one of the forty-odd buildings, and never changed his mind about them.

On the first of October thirty miles of macadam and dirt roads, engineered by Mr. Ernest Bowditch of Boston, were begun, and the main installation made for a sewage and water system that to-day cannot be surpassed. Sixty-eight teams

hauled the pipes and then hauled the lumber, which began to come at the beginning of November. Rows of hemlock shanties, covered with pink building-paper, made a small city of "Italian villas," built in regular streets, which they called by such names as "Broadway" and the "Corso." One of the alleys was "Fifth Avenue." An eating-place was known as "Delmonico's."

In beginning Tuxedo, the architect's idea was to fit in the buildings with the surrounding woods, and the gate-lodge and keep were built of graystone, with as much moss and lichen on it as possible. The shingle cottages were stained the colors of the woods,—russets and grays and dull reds,—ugly to the taste of a quarter

of a century later, though this treatment did much to neutralize the newness of buildings.

On June 16, 1886, Tuxedo Club was formally opened. Three special trains brought seven hundred guests. The clubhouse was run very much as are the big English shooting-estates, with a large force of competent English servants. The new roads were bordered with flowers. Deer, partridge, pheasant, and quail were numerous. There were gamekeepers uniformed in khaki, and boatmen, in sailor suits of blue, waited by the lake. The black-bass fishing used to be excellent until, on the advice of the United States fish commissioner, German carp were put into the lake as food for the bass. The carp have survived.

It must not be forgotten that Tuxedo was originally built as a shooting- and fishing-club, where members could build small shooting-boxes themselves, or rent cottages for the autumn shooting. There was always a certain effect of the private estate in that the women wore evening-dresses to dinner (generally ones left over from the Newport season), and the men, as a concession to informality, adopted the English dinner-jacket, which later be-

came generally known by the name "Tuxedo."

The deer and the pheasants and even the quail have gone, along with the bigger game of the district. The blizzard of 1888 was largely to blame.

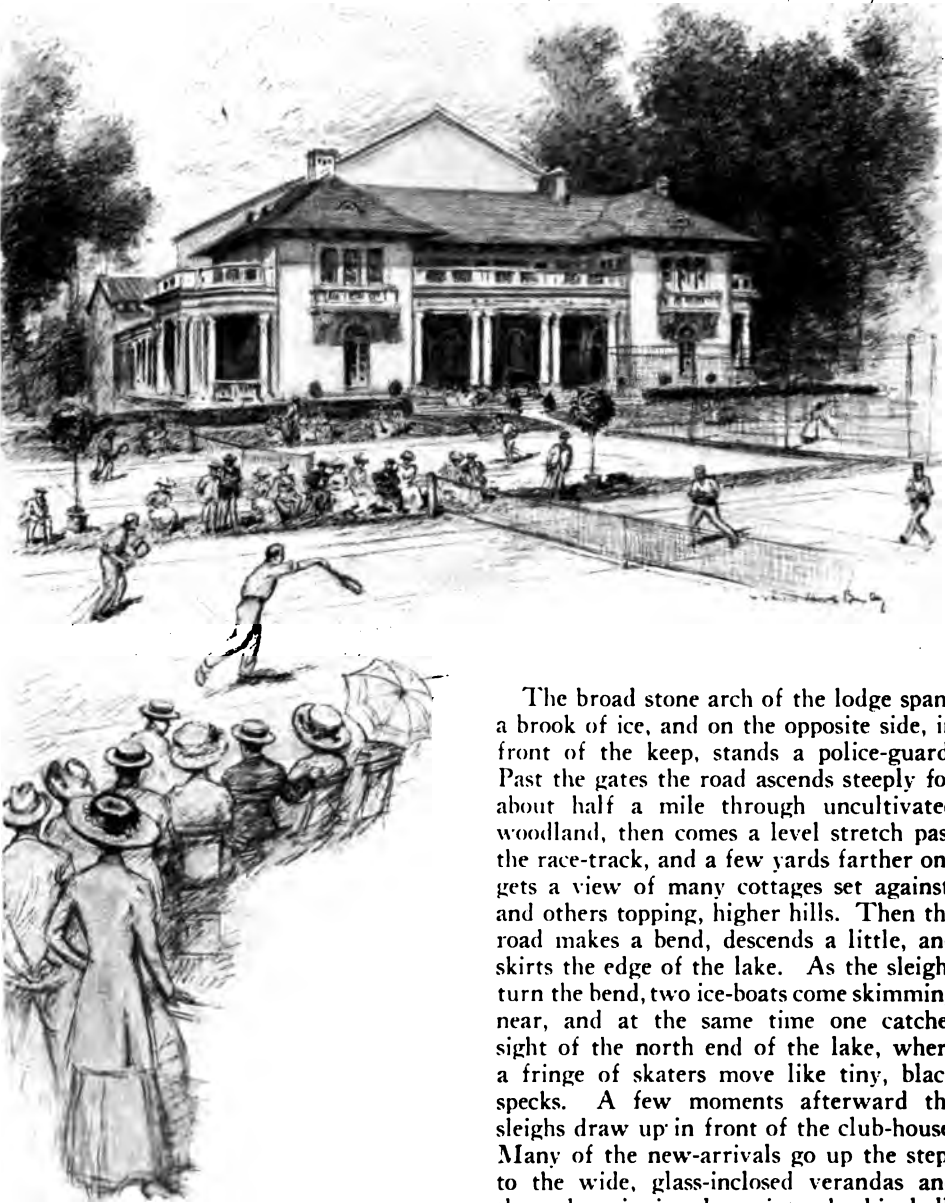
But to-day? Let us begin again at the beginning, which is New York. On any clear Sunday morning in winter, if you will enter the rear car of the 9:30 train of the Erie Railroad, you will find yourself in the midst of a group of people conspicuously different from the average passengers of suburban trains. As the popular novelist would put it, "there is an undefinable stamp of fashion about them." Every one knows every one else, and the talk is likely to be of skating and sleighing. Arrived at Tuxedo, the vivid winter sunlight catching the brilliant colors in veils or hats or frocks, the company make a very cheerful scene as they pile into open sleighs (long stages with tops off, and runners put on in place of wheels), and, soon leaving the ugly yellow station, ascend the steep, wide road to the gates.

This is where the privacy of the park begins. Outside, near the station, cluster groups of administration buildings, shops, schools, a library. And farther



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

TOWER HILL AS SEEN FROM THE GUN CLUB



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE TENNIS CLUB

back, but still outside, are dwellings, most of them rather better than those found in the average American village; but all the land is owned by the Tuxedo Association.

The broad stone arch of the lodge spans a brook of ice, and on the opposite side, in front of the keep, stands a police-guard. Past the gates the road ascends steeply for about half a mile through uncultivated woodland, then comes a level stretch past the race-track, and a few yards farther one gets a view of many cottages set against, and others topping, higher hills. Then the road makes a bend, descends a little, and skirts the edge of the lake. As the sleighs turn the bend, two ice-boats come skimming near, and at the same time one catches sight of the north end of the lake, where a fringe of skaters move like tiny, black specks. A few moments afterward the sleighs draw up in front of the club-house. Many of the new-arrivals go up the steps to the wide, glass-inclosed verandas and through swinging-doors into the big hall, some to make arrangements about luncheon, some to change town coats for sweaters, a few to see about rooms for the night. But the younger people make straight for the log-cabin down at the edge of the lake, and as quickly as clamps and buckles can be fastened, become a part of the kaleidoscope on the ice. A little later one gets a faint echo of screams and laughter as a

toboggan turns over out on the ice a quarter of a mile away. Other groups, not caring for skating, trudge up Tower Hill, dragging bob-sleds or small flexibles for the long coast from the top to the ice-house down at the edge of the little lake, back of the club, and below the fish-hatcheries.

A bird's-eye view of Tuxedo would certainly be of ceaselessly moving human particles: slow ones trudging up the hills dragging sleds; the same ones shooting down again; others darting down the wood paths on skis; others in sleighs, jingling along the lake road, a few on little sleds hitching behind; dozens whizzing down the toboggan-slide, skating back to the lake's edge, up the toboggan-scaffold, down the slide, and half-way across the lake again.

At half-past one every one appears in the club dining-room; that is, every one who is not lunching at the cottages. After luncheon there is usually a court-tennis or racket match in the tennis building, which a number of people like to watch; otherwise the afternoon is a repetition of the morning.

At five o'clock the club hall is crowded. Girls and boys are standing before the five-foot logs in the big fireplace or sitting on long, leather sofas drawn out at right angles on each side. The older people prefer duplicate leather sofas, but at cooler distances, against the walls, and every group has a tea-table as its center of interest. A few last stragglers, caring more for sport than for tea, arrive as the horn blows for the passengers leaving on the six-o'clock train.

Those left in the club after tea go up to their rooms or to their cottages, the former to rest, perhaps, before dressing for dinner at the homes of the latter.

Occasionally there have been open winters, when the lake has not frozen and the roads have been mud, and when there has been nothing to do but

wade about in rubber boots; but during six winters out of seven all of the traps go on runners the first of December, and sleighing continues without a thaw until the middle of March.

Usually Tuxedo life in winter is a series of weekly circles, of quiet outdoor and domestic pursuits, with Sunday to mark the end of each week with a touch of vivid color. A few of the visitors begin to arrive on Friday evenings, a few more on Saturdays, but the real crowd comes on Sunday or a holiday only for the day.

In March the end of the skating is followed by a period of uneventful domesticity; but by the middle of April, when the woods give their first signs of summer promise, the conversation which used to be of ice and skating, is now of gardens. "The tulips are all up in our borders," "The scilla has been blooming on our terrace for weeks." The strangers, however, do not arrive until May. Then each day, in through the gates pour trunks, crates, and boxes of incoming spring or summer cottagers, while out through the gates go a duplicate procession—the goods and chattels of departing winter householders. I believe that nowhere else in the world is there a quadruple "season." Many per-



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE CHURCH



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

A ROUGH-STONE HOUSE OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD

sons rent Tuxedo houses for spring or autumn, others for the summer only, others for the winter months.

By June 1, the summer season is in full swing. The center of social life now revolves about the tennis-courts. The bathing-beach also has its hour every day when children duck and splash and swim—or small ones pretend to be ducks and pretend to swim. There may be found a water-chute, a raft or two, and the usual number of anxious mothers of very young children who do not want to go in or cannot be made to come out.

When the five-o'clock train comes in, the men go to the tennis-courts for a game, followed by a swim in the outdoor pool (a different place from the bathing-beach) or a plunge, with a rub-down, in the Turkish baths. In the evenings, especially through the month of June, dinners are given by the various cottagers every night in the week. The height of the spring season is marked at Tuxedo, as in many other places, by a horse-show, where cot-

tagers and their visitors sit on hard, wooden chairs, in limp muslin and limper feathers. Why does it always rain during horse-shows?

The next event in the Tuxedo year is Fourth of July. On this day the park is thrown wide open to the villagers and their friends. The celebration begins with trotting-races, the horses being cheered on to utmost endeavor by the strains of the local band until one o'clock, when every one adjourns to the lawn in front of the children's annex of the club-house. A huge collation is given to all who care to come. Afternoon is one continuous march of festivities—the firemen's parade, policemen's parade, Fourth of July address by a local political celebrity, and athletic contests by the various employees. In the evening the band and fireworks uphold tradition.

The Fourth being a "domestic" day, as it were, there are not many strangers in Tuxedo. The time when Tuxedo welcomes strangers, her best foot forward and

with a company smile, looking not at all her usual self, is at the annual autumn ball. At this the débutantes of the coming New York winter make their first appearance, and every train brings a veritable swarm of people, more than half of whom are strangers. By tea-time the hall of the club is wedged so full of tables that not even a fashion-plate figure could squeeze between. Girls and boys, girls and boys, are everywhere.

The ball is a crush (three rows of cotillion-chairs), and in the following two days Tuxedo's usual population is trebled. After the ball Tuxedo settles down for the winter season. Those who have taken houses arrive, and the circle of the year is made. During the Christmas and New-Year holidays the club is again crowded; but this is Tuxedo's own holiday. The New-Year's ball is a very informal affair, where half of the boys and girls go coasting, and the musicians play to an almost empty room.

There is a fixed idea in the mind of the general public that Tuxedo is inhabited by a stiff-necked, snobbish, and equally gay set of people, whose chief fear is that some one from the outside may evade the ceaseless vigilance of the guard at its gates and enter the citadel.

There is a certain foundation for this

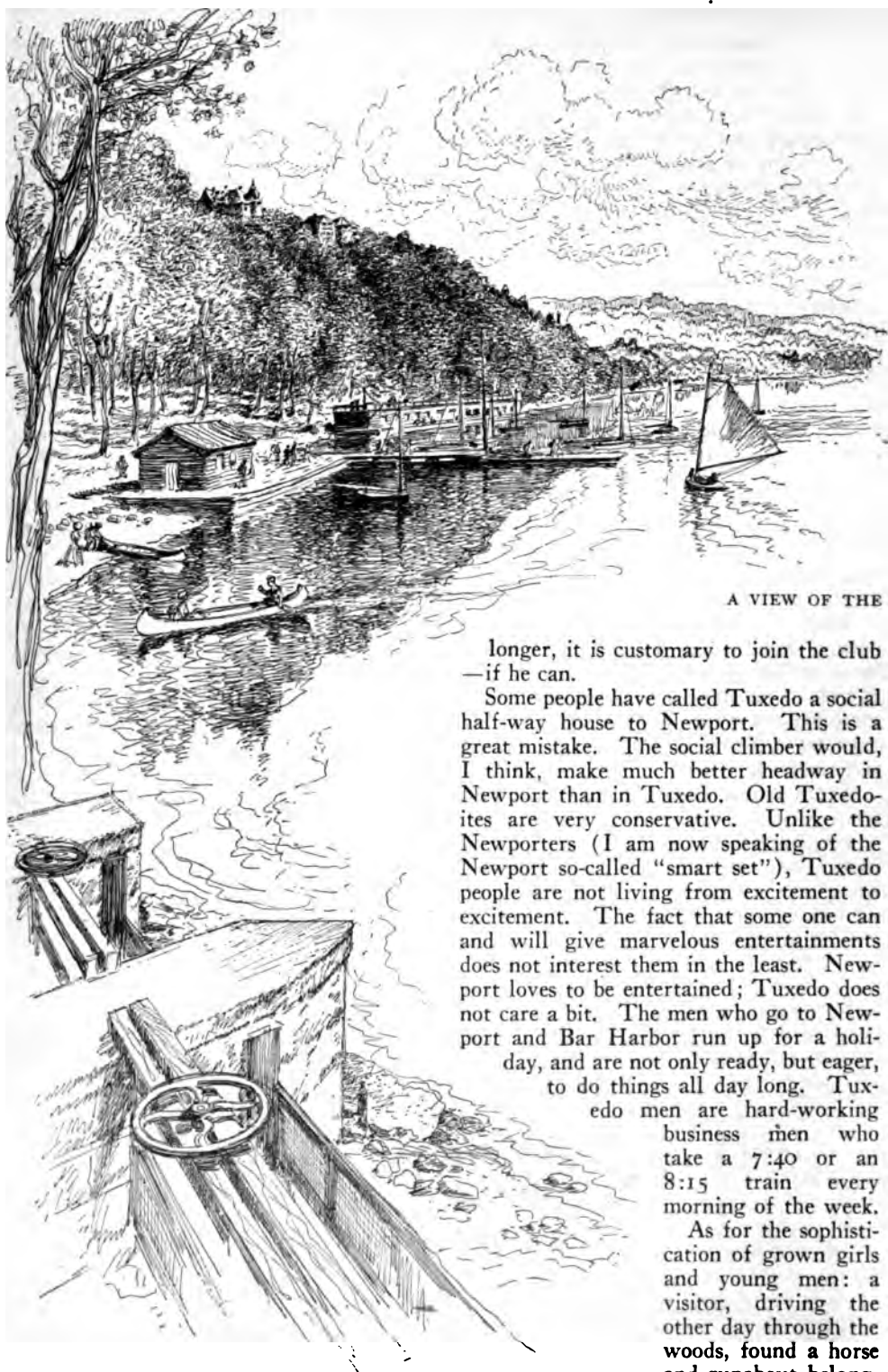
supposition. Tuxedo people are indifferent to strangers, but no more so than any Northern or Eastern community. There was a time, when the place was very small, when outsiders must have found Tuxedo inhospitable. Though there is little change in this respect to-day, there is this difference: it does not matter nowadays whether John Smith and his family, taking a cottage for the summer or for the winter, know any one in the "A" group of people or not. If they do not know any one in the "C" group, they surely will know, and like, some of the "D's" or "B's."

In other words, it is just like any other place. People of wide social acquaintance find themselves among friends wherever they may go; people of limited acquaintance must seek to make new friends in every new place, and those of this latter class, if they are clean and well-mannered, simple and decent, or whatever may stand for a definition of "gentle folk," will find congenial friends in Tuxedo as readily as anywhere else. It is no longer a closed community to the general public; a man, not a member of the club, may rent a house for a season, and during that season be accorded the privileges of the club without becoming a member. At the end of a year, if the householder wishes to stay on



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

A COTTAGE OF THE EARLIEST PERIOD



A VIEW OF THE

longer, it is customary to join the club —if he can.

Some people have called Tuxedo a social half-way house to Newport. This is a great mistake. The social climber would, I think, make much better headway in Newport than in Tuxedo. Old Tuxedoites are very conservative. Unlike the Newporters (I am now speaking of the Newport so-called "smart set"), Tuxedo people are not living from excitement to excitement. The fact that some one can and will give marvelous entertainments does not interest them in the least. Newport loves to be entertained; Tuxedo does not care a bit. The men who go to Newport and Bar Harbor run up for a holiday, and are not only ready, but eager, to do things all day long. Tux-

edo men are hard-working business men who take a 7:40 or an 8:15 train every morning of the week.

As for the sophistication of grown girls and young men: a visitor, driving the other day through the woods, found a horse and runabout belonging to an engaged girl



LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH

tied to a tree. A few steps farther brought into view the engaged couple, one kneeling at the side of a puddle of water winding a five-inch tin boat, the other putting the finishing pats to a miniature mud dock with a tin shovel!

Tuxedo is not a rowdy community, or a gay one in the sense of concerts and balls and elaborate parties. As a summer resort, it lacks the ocean beach of New Jersey and Long Island, and it has no harbor

for yachts; but it has its own advantages.

As a place where a man who has to work in New York may live the year round, where there is the highest altitude for the least number of miles from town, as a place where little children may be allowed to run at large in safety—in other words, as a beautiful place of permanent homes, Tuxedo is as nearly ideal as can be found.



THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

SIXTH PAPER: AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

IT is possible, as Tacitus says, that marriage with Claudius was the height of Agrippina's ambition, but it is also possible that it was an act of supreme self-sacrifice on the part of a woman who had been educated in the traditions of the Roman aristocracy, and who therefore considered herself merely a means to the political advancement of her relatives and her children.

I am rather inclined to accept this second explanation. When she married Claudius, Agrippina not only married an uncle who was much older than herself, and who must necessarily prove a rather difficult and disagreeable husband, but she bound up her fate with that of a weak emperor whose life was continually threatened by plots and revolts, and whose hesitations and terrors plainly portended that he would one day end by precipitating the imperial authority and government into some bizarre and terrible catastrophe. For Agrippina it meant that she was blindly staking her life and her honor, and that she would lose them both should she fail to compensate for the innumerable deficiencies of her strange husband through her own intelligence and strength of will. Every one will recognize how difficult was the task which she had undertaken.

But at the beginning fortune favored Agrippina as she boldly took up the work that lay before her. The wild pranks of Caligula and the scandals of Messalina had aroused an immeasurable disgust in Rome and Italy. Every one was out of patience. The senate as well as the people were demanding a stronger, more coherent, and respectable government, which

would end the scandals, suits, and atrocious personal and family quarrels which were dividing Rome. Agrippina was the daughter of Germanicus, the granddaughter of Drusus, and had in her veins the blood of the Claudii, with all their pride, their energy, their puritanical, conservative, and aristocratic spirit, and the moment she appeared, all hopes were centered in her. Although she was a sort of feminine Tiberius, and in the purity of her life resembled her mother and her great-grandmother Livia, Tacitus nevertheless maligns her for her relationships with Pallas and Seneca. The fact that Messalina, even with her implacable hatred, failed to bring about her downfall under the *lex de adulteriis*, proves the unreliability of these statements, and Tacitus proves it himself when he says that she suffered no departure from chastity unless it helped her power (*Nihil domi impudicum nisi dominationi expediret*). This means that Agrippina was a lady of irreproachable life; for if there is one thing which stands out clearly in the history of this remarkable woman, it is that both her rise and her fall depended upon causes of such a nature that not even her womanly charms could have increased her power or retarded her ruin. All hearts were therefore filled with hope when they saw this respectable, active, and energetic woman take her place at the side of Claudius the weakling, for she brought back the memory of the most venerated personages of the family of Augustus.

The new empress, encouraged by this show of favor, applied herself with all the strength of her impassioned nature to the

task of again making operative in the state those traditional ideas of the nobility in which Livia had educated first Tiberius and Drusus, then Germanicus, and then Agrippina herself. In this descendant of hers the spirit of the great-grandmother finally reappeared, for it had been eclipsed by the fatal and terrible struggle between Tiberius and Agrippina, by the madness of Caligula, and the comic scandals of the first part of the reign of Claudius. All this served to bring back into the state a little of that authoritative vigor which the nobility in the time of its splendor had considered the highest ideal of government. Tacitus says of her rule that it was as rigid as if a man's (*adductum et quasi virile*). This signifies that under the influence of Agrippina the laxity and disorder of the first years of Claudius's reign gave place to a certain order and discipline. Severity there was, and more often haughtiness (*palam severitas ac saepius superbia*). The freedmen who had formerly been so powerful and aggressive, now stepped aside, which is an evident sign that their petulance had now found a check in the energy of Agrippina. The state finances and the fortune of the imperial house were reorganized, for Agrippina, like Livia and like all the ladies of the great Roman nobility, was an excellent administrator, frugal, and ever watchful of her slaves and freedmen, and careful of all items of income and expense. The Roman aristocracy, like all other aristocracies, hated the parvenus, the men of sudden riches, traffickers who had too quickly become wealthy, and all persons whose only aim was to amass money. We know that Agrippina sought to prevent as far as possible the malversations of public funds by which the powerful freedmen of Claudius had been enriching themselves. After she became empress we hear accounts of numerous suits instituted against personages who had been guilty of wasting public treasure, while under Messalina no such cases were brought forward. We know, furthermore, that she reestablished the fortune of the imperial family, which in all probability had been seriously compromised by the reckless expenditures of Messalina. This is what Tacitus refers to in one of his sentences, which, as usual, is colored by his malignity: *Cupido auri immensa obtentum habebat quasi subsid-*

ium regno pararetur (She sought to enrich the family under the pretext of providing for the needs of the empire). What Tacitus calls a "pretext" was, on the contrary, the ancient aristocratic conception of wealth, which in the eyes of the great families was destined to be a means of government and an instrument of power: the family possessed it in order to use it for the benefit of the state.

In short, Agrippina attempted to revive the aristocratic traditions of government which had inspired the policies of Augustus and Tiberius. Not only did she attempt to do this, but, strange as it may seem, she succeeded almost without a struggle. The government of Agrippina was from the first a great success. From the moment when she became empress there is discernible in the entire administration, a greater firmness and consistency of policy. Claudius no longer seems, as formerly, to be at the mercy of his freedmen and the fleeting impulses of the moment, and even the dark shadows of the time are lighted up for some years. A certain concord and tranquillity returned to the imperial house, to the aristocracy, to the senate, and to the state. Although Tacitus accuses Agrippina of having made Claudius commit all sorts of cruelties, it is certain that trials, scandals, and suicide became much less frequent under her rule. During the six years that Claudius lived after his marriage with Agrippina, scandalous tragedies became so rare that Tacitus, being deprived of his favorite materials, set down the story of these six years in a single book. In other words, Agrippina encountered virtually no opposition, while Tiberius and even Augustus, when they wished to govern according to the traditions of the ancient nobility, had to combat the party of the new aristocracy, with its modern and Oriental tendencies. This party no longer seemed to exist when Agrippina urged Claudius to continue resolutely in the policy of his ancestors, for one party only, that of the old nobility, seemed with Agrippina to control the state. This must have been the result partly of the disgust for the scandals of the previous decade, which had made every one realize the need of restoring more serious discipline in the government, and partly of the exhaustion which had come upon both parties as the result of so many struggles, re-

prisals, suits, and scandals. The force of the opposition in the two factions gradually diminished. A greater gentleness induced all to accept the direction of the government without resistance, and the authority of the emperor and his counselors acquired greater importance in proportion as the strength of the opposition in

first husband, and at the time of her marriage with Claudius this youth was about eleven years old. It is in connection with her plans for this son that Tacitus brings his most serious charges against Agrippina. According to his story, from the first day of her marriage Agrippina attempted to make of her son, the future Nero, the



From the bust in the Capitoline Museum

MESSALINA, THIRD WIFE OF CLAUDIUS

the aristocracy and the senate became gradually weaker.

In any case, the empire was no longer to have forced upon it the ridiculous and scandalous spectacle of such weaknesses and incongruities as had seriously compromised the prestige of the highest authority in the first period of the reign of Claudius. But Agrippina was not content with merely making provision as best she could for the present; she also looked forward to the future. She had had a son by her

successor of Claudius, thereby excluding Britannicus, the son of Messalina, from the throne. To obtain this end, she spared, so he says, neither intrigues, fraud, nor deceit; she had Seneca recalled from exile and appointed tutor of her child. She removed from office the two commanders of the pretorian guard, who were creatures of Messalina, and in their stead she had elected one of her own, a certain Afranius Burrhus. She laid pitfalls for Britannicus and surrounded him with spies, and in the

year 50, by dint of much intrigue and many caresses, she finally succeeded in having Claudius adopt her son. But this whole story is merely a complicated and fantastic romance, embroidered about a truth which in itself is comparatively simple. Tacitus himself tells us that Agrippina was a most exacting mother; that is, a mother of the older Roman type, in his own words, *trux et minax*. She did not follow the gentle methods of the newer education, which were gradually being introduced into the great families, and she had brought up her son in the ancient manner with the greatest simplicity. It is well to keep in mind, furthermore, that neither Britannicus nor Nero had any right to the throne of Claudius. The hereditary principle did not yet exist in the imperial government: the senate was free to choose whomsoever it wished. To be sure, up to that time the choice had always fallen upon a member of the Augustan family; but it had only been because it was

easier to find there persons who were known and respected, who commanded the admiration of the soldiers in distant regions, and who had received a certain preparation for the diverse and often difficult duties of their office. And it was precisely for this reason that Augustus and Tiberius had always sought to prepare more than one youth for the highest office, both in order that the senate might have a certain freedom of choice, and also that there might be some one in reserve, in case one of these young men should disappoint the hopes of the empire or should die prematurely, as so many others had died. That she should have persuaded Claudius

to adopt her son does not mean, therefore, that she wished to set Britannicus aside and give the advantage to Nero. It merely proves that she did not wish the family of Augustus to lose the supreme power, and for this reason she intended to prepare not only one successor, but two possible successors, to Claudius, just as Augustus had for a long time trained both Drusus and Tiberius. In order to understand how

wise and reasonable the conduct of Agrippina really was; we must also remember that Nero was four years older than Britannicus, and that, therefore, in the year 50, when Nero was adopted, Britannicus was a mere lad of nine. As Claudius was already sixty, it would have been most imprudent to designate a nine-year-old lad as his only possible successor, when Nero, who was four years his senior, would have been better prepared than Britannicus to take up the reign. There is a further proof that Agrippina had no thought of destroying the race of Claudius and Mes-



From the bust in the Vatican Museum

THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS

salina, for before his adoption she had married Nero to Octavia, the daughter of the imperial pair. Octavia was a woman possessed of all the virtues which the ancient Roman nobility had cherished. She was chaste, modest, patient, gentle, and unselfish, and she would be able to assist in strengthening the power of her house. Agrippina had therefore, in the ancient manner, affianced the young pair at an early age, and hoped that she might make a couple which would serve as an example to the families of the aristocracy.

In short, Agrippina, far from seeking to weaken the imperial house by destroying the descendants of Messalina, was at-

tempting to bring her son into the family precisely for the purpose of giving it strength. And sensible woman that she was, she could hardly have acted otherwise. She had seen the family of Augustus, once so prosperous, reduced to a state of exhaustion and virtually destroyed by the fatal discord between her mother and Tiberius and the quarrels between her brothers. The state had suffered greatly through the madness of Caligula and the reckless hatred of the first Agrippina, and the present empress, her daughter, who was not merely fond of her son, but endowed in addition with the gift of reflection, sought as far as possible to make amends for the evils which had unconsciously been wrought. The hopes of the future were henceforth to abide in Britannicus and in Nero. In Agrippina there reappeared the wisdom of her greatest predecessors, and the people were so well satisfied that they conferred upon her the very highest honor, such as in her time even Livia herself had not received. She was given the title Augusta; she was allowed to ride into the precincts of the Capitol in a gilded coach (*carpentum*), though this was an honor which in old time had been conceded only to priests and to the images of the gods. This last descendant of Livia and Drusus, in whom the virtues of a venerated past seemed to reappear, was surrounded by a semi-religious adoration. This is an evidence of sincere and profound respect, for though the Romans often showered marks

of human adulation upon their potentates, it was not often that they bestowed honors of so sacred a character.

The unforeseen death of Claudius suddenly cut short the work which Agrippina had well under way. Claudius was sixty-four years old, and one night in the month of October of the year 54 he succumbed

to some mysterious malady after a supper of which, as usual, he had partaken inordinately. Tacitus pretends to know that Agrippina had secretly administered poison to Claudius in a plate of mushrooms. During the night, however, fearing lest Claudius would survive, she had called Claudius's physician, Xenophon, who was a friend of hers. The latter, while pretending to induce vomiting, had painted his throat with a feather dipped in a deadly poison, and had killed him. This version is so strange and improbable that Tacitus himself does not dare affirm it, but says that "many believe" that it was in this manner that Claudius met his death. But if there



From the statue in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

THE EMPEROR CALIGULA

are still people credulous enough to believe that the head of a great state can be poisoned in the twinkling of an eye by a doctor who brushes his throat with a feather, it is more difficult to understand what grounds Agrippina could have had for poisoning her husband. According to Tacitus, it was because she was disturbed by the fact that Claudius had for some time shown that he preferred Britannicus to Nero; but even if the fact were true, as a motive it would be ridiculous. August-

tus was much fonder of Germanicus than he was of Tiberius; and yet at his death the senate chose Tiberius, and not Germanicus, because at that moment the situation clearly called for the former as head of the empire. When Claudius died, Britannicus was thirteen and Nero seventeen years old. They were both, therefore, mere lads, and it was most probable that if the imperial seat fell vacant, the senate would choose neither, since they were both too young and inexperienced. This is so true that other historians have supposed, on the contrary, that Agrippina had fallen out with some one of the more powerful freedmen of Claudius, and seeing Claudius waver, had despatched him in order that she herself should not end like Messalina. But this hypothesis also is absurd. An empress was virtually invulnerable. Messalina had proved this, for she had committed every excess and abuse with impunity. Agrippina, protected as she was by the respect of all, invested with honors that gave her person a virtually sacred character, had nothing to fear either from the weak Claudius or from his powerful freedmen.

This accusation of poisoning, therefore, seems to be of precisely the same sort as, and not a whit more serious than, all those other similar accusations which were brought against the members of the Augustan family. Claudius, who was already sixty-four, in all probability died a sudden but natural death, and from the point of view of the interests of the house of Augustus, which Agrippina had strongly at heart, he died much too soon. It was a dangerous and difficult matter to ask the Roman senate to appoint one of these

striplings commander of the armies and emperor, even though they were the only survivors of the race of Augustus. So true is this that Tacitus tells us that Agrippina kept the death of Claudius secret for many hours and pretended that the physicians were still struggling to save him, when in reality he was already dead, *dum res firmando Neronis imperio componuntur* (while matters were being arranged to assure the empire to Nero). Consequently, if everything had to be hur-

ried through in confusion at the last moment, it is plain that Agrippina herself must have been taken by surprise by the illness and death of Claudius. She therefore cannot be held responsible for having caused it.

It is not, however, difficult to reconstruct the course of events. On the nights of the twelfth and thirteenth of October, soon after Claudius had been suddenly stricken down by his violent malady, the doctors informed Agrippina that the emperor was lost. Agrippina immediately understood that since the family



From a photograph by Allnart of the bust in the
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

THE EMPEROR NERO

of Augustus could at that moment present no full-grown man as candidate for the imperial office, there was grave danger that the senate might refuse to confer the supreme power either upon Nero or Britannicus. The only means of avoiding this danger was to bring pressure to bear upon the senate through the pretorian cohorts, which were as friendly to the family of Augustus as the senate was hostile. She must present one of the two youths to the guards and have him acclaimed not head of the empire, but head of the armies. The senate would thereby be constrained to proclaim him head of the empire, as they had done in the case of Claudius.

But which one of the two youths was it best to choose, Claudius's son by blood or his son by adoption? Nero was chosen as the result of the unrighteous ambition of Agrippina, so Tacitus says. It is very probable that Agrippina was more eager to see her own son at the head of the empire than to see Britannicus there; but this does not seem to have been the real reason of her choice, for it could not have been otherwise, even if Agrippina had detested Nero and had cherished Britannicus with a maternal affection. Nero was four years older than Britannicus, and therefore he had to be given the preference over the latter. It was a very bold move to pro-

mense empire. He was ignorant of the luxury, pleasure, and elegance which were becoming general in the great families; outside of a lively disposition and docility toward his mother, he had up to this point shown no special quality and no particular vice. Only one peculiarity had been noticed in him: he had studied with great zest music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, and had made himself proficient in these arts, which were considered frivolous and useless for a Roman noble. On the contrary, he had neglected oratory, which was held a necessary art by an aristocracy like the Roman, whose duty it was to use speech at councils, in the tribunals, and in



Enlarged from a coin owned by Professor G. N. Olcott

A BRONZE SESTERTIUS (WORTH ABOUT FIVE CENTS),
WITH THE HEAD OF BRITANNICUS

pose that the senate make a youth of seventeen emperor; it would have been nothing less than folly to ask that they accept a thirteen-year-old lad as commander-in-chief of the imperial armies of Rome.

Through the help of Seneca and Burrhus, the plan developed by Agrippina was carried out with rapidity and success. On the thirteenth of October, after matters had been arranged with the troops, the doors of the imperial palace were thrown open at noon; Nero, accompanied by Burrhus, advanced to the cohort which was on guard. He was received with joyous welcome, placed in a litter, borne to the quarters of the pretorians, and acclaimed head of the army. The senate grudgingly confirmed his election. There resulted in Rome a most extraordinary situation: a youth of seventeen, educated in the antique manner, and, though already married, still entirely under the tutelage of a strict mother, had been elevated to the highest position in the im-

perial empire. He was ignorant of the luxury, pleasure, and elegance which were becoming general in the great families; outside of a lively disposition and docility toward his mother, he had up to this point shown no special quality and no particular vice. Only one peculiarity had been noticed in him: he had studied with great zest music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, and had made himself proficient in these arts, which were considered frivolous and useless for a Roman noble. On the contrary, he had neglected oratory, which was held a necessary art by an aristocracy like the Roman, whose duty it was to use speech at councils, in the tribunals, and in

the senate, just as it used the sword on the fields of battle. But the majority believed that this was merely a passing caprice of youth. AGRIPPINA, then, with the assistance of Seneca and Burrhus, had kept the highest office in the state in the family of Augustus, and she had done so by a bold move which had not been without its dangers. She was too intelligent not to foresee that a seventeen-year-old emperor could have no authority, and that his position would expose him to all sorts of envy and intrigue, and to open as well as secret opposition. She succeeded in mitigating this evil and in parrying this danger by another very happy suggestion—the virtually complete restoration of the old republican constitution. After the funeral of Claudius, Nero introduced himself to the senate, and in a polished and modest discourse seemingly intended to excuse his youth, he declared that of all the powers exercised by

his predecessors he wished to keep only the command of the armies. All other civil, judicial, and administrative functions he turned over to the senate, as in the times of the republic.

This "restoration of the republic" was

under the government of Nero. Most historians, hallucinated by Tacitus, have not noticed this, and they have consequently not recognized that in carrying out this plan Agrippina is neither more nor less than the last continuator of the



From the statue in Rome

BRITANNICUS

Agrippina's masterpiece, and marks the zenith of her power. It followed, as a result of her decision, that Nero, who was to go down to posterity as the most terrible of tyrants, was that one of all the Roman emperors who had the most limited power; and furthermore it was likewise the result of her activity that the constitution of the empire had never been so close to that of the ancient republic as

great political tradition founded by Augustus. In the minds of both Augustus and Tiberius the empire was to be governed by the aristocracy. The emperor was merely the depositary of certain powers of the nobility conceded to him for reasons of state. If these reasons of state should disappear, the powers would naturally revert to the nobles. It was therefore expedient at this time to make the

senate forget, in the presence of a seven-year-old emperor, the pressure which had been brought to bear upon it by the cohorts, and to wipe out the rancor against the imperial power which was still dormant in the aristocracy. This restoration was not, therefore, a sheer renunciation of privileges and powers inherent in the sovereign authority, but an act of political sagacity planned by a woman whose knowledge of the art of government had been received in the school of Augustus.

The move was entirely successful. The illusion that the imperial authority was only a transitory expedient made necessary by the civil wars, and that it might one day be entirely abolished, was still deeply grounded in the Roman aristocracy. Every relaxation of authority was specially pleasing to the senatorial circles. The government of Nero therefore began under the most favorable auspices, with joyous hope in the general promise of concord. The disaffection which had been felt in the last six years of Claudius's government was changed into a general and confident optimism, which the first acts of the new government and the signs of the future seemed to justify. Agrippina continued to keep Nero subject to her authority, as she had done before the election: together with his two masters, Seneca and Burrhus, she suggested to him every word and deed. The senate resumed its ancient functions; and governed by Seneca, Burrhus, and Agrippina in conjunction with the senate, the empire

seemed to be progressing wonderfully, and in the eyes of the senators the entire government was in a better way than it ever yet had been.

But the situation soon changed. Agrippina, to be sure, had given her son a strictly Roman education, and had brought him up with a simplicity and rigor long

since out of fashion; and though she had early given him a wife, she continued to keep him subject to maternal authority. But, with all this, it is doubtful if there ever was a temperament which rebelled against this species of education as strongly as did Nero's. His taste for the arts of drawing and singing, the indifference which he had shown for the study of oratory from his childhood, these were the seeds from which as time went on his raging exoticism was to be developed through the use and abuse of power. His was one of those rioting, contrary, and undisciplined temperaments which feel that they must do precisely the opposite of what tra-



From a photograph by D. Alessandri of the statue
in the Lateran Museum

AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER, SISTER OF
CALIGULA AND MOTHER OF NERO

dition, education, and the general opinion of the society in which they live have prescribed as necessary and recognized as lawful. In the case of Nero the defects and the dangers in the ancient Roman education were to become apparent.

The first of these dangers declared itself when Nero entered upon one of those early marriages of which we have spoken in the first of these studies. Agrippina had early arranged an alliance with a young lady who, because of her virtues,

nobility of ancestry, and Roman education, might have become his worthy companion; but a year after his elevation to the imperial dignity, the eighteen-year-old youth made the acquaintance of a woman whose beauty inflamed his senses and imagination to the point of making him entirely forget Octavia, whom he had married from a sense of duty and not for love. This person was Acte, a beautiful Asiatic freedwoman, and the inexperienced, ardent youth, already given up to exotic fancies, became so enamoured that he one day proposed to repudiate Octavia and to marry Acte. But a marriage between Nero and Acte was not possible. The *lex de maritandis ordinibus* prohibited marriages between senators and freedwomen. It was therefore natural that Agrippina should have opposed it with all her strength. She, the great-granddaughter of Livia, the granddaughter of Drusus, the daughter of Germanicus, educated in the strictest ideas of the old Roman aristocracy, could not permit her son to compromise the prestige of the entire nobility in the eyes of the lower orders by so scandalous a *mésalliance*. But on this occasion the youth, carried away by his passion, resisted. If he did not actually repudiate Octavia, he disregarded her, and began to live with Acte as if she had been his wife. Agrippina insisted that he give up this scandalous relationship; but in vain. The mother and son disagreed, and very shortly after having resisted his mother in the case of Acte, Nero began to resist her on other occasions. With increasing energy he shook off maternal au-

thority, which up to that time he had accepted with docility.

This, however, was a crisis which was sooner or later inevitable. Agrippina had certainly made the mistake of attempting to treat Nero the emperor too much as she had treated Nero the child; but that the crisis should have been reached in this manner as the result of a love-affair, and that it should have provoked a misunder-

standing between the mother and son that was soon to degenerate into hatred, was most unfortunate. Agrippina, though she enjoyed great prestige, had also many hidden enemies. Everybody knew that she represented in the government the old aristocratic, conservative, and economical tendency of the Claudii,—of Tiberius and of Drusus,—that she looked askance upon the development of luxurious habits, the relaxation of morals, and the increase of public and private expenditures. They understood that she exerted all her influence to prevent wastefulness, the malversation of



From the bust in Rome

THE EMPEROR NERO

public moneys, and in general all outlays for pleasures either in the state or the imperial family. Her virtues and her stand against Messalina had given her a great prestige, and the reverence which the emperor had shown for her had for a long time obliged her enemies to keep themselves hidden and to hold their peace. But this ceased to be the case after the incipient discord between her and Nero had allowed many to foresee the possibility of using Nero against her. In proportion as Nero became attached to Acte he drew away from his mother, and in pro-

portion as he withdrew from his mother his capricious, fantastic, and rebellious temper was encouraged to show itself in its true light. The party of the new nobility, with its modern and Oriental tendencies, had for ten years been held in check by the preponderating influence of Agrippina. But gradually, as the exotic and anti-Roman inclinations of the em-

and the party of the modernizing nobility, which was gathering about the emperor and trying to claim him as its own. Tacitus clearly tells us that the older and more respectable families of the Roman nobility were with Agrippina; and even if he had neglected to tell us so, we might easily have guessed it. For a moment the old, old struggle which had been the cause of



From the statue in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER

peror declared themselves, this party again became bolder. The memories of the scandals of Caligula and Messalina were becoming effaced by time, the rather severe and economical government of Agrippina was showing signs of weakening, and all minds were beginning to entertain a vague desire for something new.

The two parties which in the times of Augustus had rent Rome asunder were now being realigned in the imperial house and in the senate—the party of the old nobility, which had Agrippina at its head,

so many tragedies in the upper classes of Rome seemed once more ready to break forth. But even though Agrippina was the soul of the party of the old nobility, the party needed a man whom it could oppose to Nero as a possible and better candidate for the imperial dignity.

Agrippina, like a true Roman matron of the old type, looked upon the family merely as an instrument of political power, and therefore subjected her personal affections to the public interest. She began to cast her eyes upon Britannicus,

the son of Messalina, who was now becoming a young man and who seemed to be more seriously minded than Nero. It was even muttered that she thought of giving her own son's place to the son of Messalina, when suddenly, in 55, Britannicus died at a dinner at which Nero was present. Was he poisoned by Nero, as Tacitus says? Although there is no lack of obscurities and improbabilities in the account of Tacitus, this time the accusation, if it is not true, is at least much more probable than the other accusations of the same kind. It is certain that the report that Britannicus had been poisoned was soon current at Rome, and that it was believed; and the death of Britannicus was likewise a fatal blow to Agrippina and her party. Tacitus tells us that the death of Britannicus caused Agrippina great terror and unspeakable consternation, and it is not difficult to divine the reasons. Nero now remained the last and only survivor of the family of Augustus, and it was therefore no longer possible to bring any effective opposition to bear upon him by setting up some other member of the family who would be capable of governing. The new nobility, with its modern tendencies, now rapidly gained strength, and the influence of Agrippina declined proportionately.

As a result of the lofty qualities of genius and character with which she had been endowed, Agrippina had been able to hold the balance of power in the state as long as she had succeeded in keeping the emperor under her influence. This had been true in the cases of both Claudius and Nero. After Nero escaped from her in-

fluence, or, rather, after he had turned against her, her prestige and her power rapidly diminished, and her party lost greatly in size and in influence. Although personally the emperor was youthful and weak, the dignity of his office made him more powerful than all the members of his family, however energetic and intelligent they might be. At this period, furthermore, Nero was supported by an entire party which was daily increasing in strength and in numbers, for, as always happens in eras of prosperity and peace, the temper of the time was tending toward a milder, gentler more liberal government, and consequently one which would be less authoritative and severe.

Agrippina, however, was an energetic woman, not easily discouraged, and she continued the struggle. Consequently for two years longer, even in the midst of strife, intrigues, and suspicions, she preserved a considerable influence, and was able to check the progress of the government

in its new direction. This was either because Nero, though no longer exactly obedient to his mother's will, was still too weak, too undecided, and too deeply involved in the ideas of his earlier education, to attempt an open revolt against her, or it was because Seneca and Burrhus wisely sought to conciliate the ultra-conservative ideas of the mother with the newer tendencies of the son.

The definitive break with his mother and with her political ideas,—that is, with the ideas which had been professed by her ancestors,—came in 58, when Nero forgot Acte for Poppæa Sabina. The latter belonged to one of those great Roman fami-



From the bust in the Campidoglio

AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

lies into which the new spirit and the new customs had most deeply penetrated. Rich, beautiful, avaricious of luxuries and pleasures, possessed of an unbridled personal ambition, she had attracted Nero to herself, and, in order to become empress, gave the uncertain youth the decisive impulse which was to transform the disciple of Agrippina and the grandson of Germanicus into the prodigal and dissolute emperor of history. She encouraged in him his desire to please the populace, and certainly never checked his love for Greece and the Orient, which resulted finally in his mania of everywhere imitating the example of Asia and of taking up again, though to be sure less wildly, the policies of Caligula. Tacitus tells us that she continually reproved Nero for his simple customs, his inelegant manners, and his rude tastes. She held up to him, both as an example and as a reproach, the elegance and luxury of her husband, who was indeed one of the most refined and pompous members of the degenerate Roman nobility. Poppæa, in short, gave herself up to the task of reshaping the education of Nero and of destroying the results of Agrippina's patient labor. Nor was this all. She even became, with her restricted intelligence, his adviser in politics. She persuaded him that the policy of authority and economy which his mother had desired was rendering him unpopular, and she suggested the idea of a policy of liberality toward the people which would win him the affection of the masses. After he had fallen in love with Poppæa Sabina, Nero, who up to that time had shown no considerable initiative in affairs of state, elaborated and proposed to the senate many revolutionary projects for favoring the populace. He finally proposed that they abolish all the *vectigalia* of the empire; that is, all indirect taxes, all tolls and duties of whatever sort. The measure would certainly have been most popular, and there was much discussion about it in the senate; but the conservatives showed that the finances of the empire would be ruined and persuaded Nero not to insist. Nero, however, wished to bring about some reform which would help the masses, and he gave orders in an edict that the rates of all the *vectigalia* be published; that at Rome the pretor, and in the provinces the propretor and proconsul, should

summarily decide all suits against the tax-farmers and that the soldiers should be exempt from these same *vectigalia*.

Though some of these reforms were just, this new policy was also the cause of the final rupture with his mother. Agrippina and Nero, to all intents and purposes, no longer saw each other, and Nero, on the few visits which he was obliged to pay her in order to save appearances, always arranged it so as never to be left alone in her presence. In this manner the influence of Agrippina continued to decline, while the popularity of Nero steadily increased as the result of his youth, of these first reforms, and of the hopes to which his prodigality had given rise. The public, whose memory is always brief, forgot what Agrippina had done and how she had brought back peace to the state, and began to expect all sorts of new benefits from Nero. Poppæa, encouraged by the increasing popularity of the emperor, insisted more boldly that Nero, in order to make her his wife, should divorce Octavia.

But Agrippina was not the woman to yield thus easily, and she continued the struggle against her son, against his paramour, and against the growing coterie which was gathering about the emperor. She opposed particularly the repudiation of Octavia, which, being merely the result of a pure caprice, would have caused serious scandal in Rome. But Nero was even now hesitating and uncertain. He still had too clearly before him the memory of the long authority of his mother; he feared her too much to dare step forth in open and complete revolt. At last Poppæa understood that she could not become empress so long as the mother lived, and from that moment the doom of Agrippina was sealed. Poppæa was goaded on by all the new friends of Nero, who wished to destroy forever the influence of Agrippina, and by her words and deeds she finally brought him to the point where he decided to kill his mother.

But to murder his mother was both an abominable and dangerous undertaking, for it meant killing the daughter of Germanicus—killing that woman whom the people regarded with a semi-religious veneration as a portent of fortune; for she was the daughter of a man whom only a premature death had prevented from becoming the head of the empire, and she had

been the sister, the wife, and the mother of emperors. For this reason the manner of her taking-off had been long debated in order that it might remain secret; nor would Nero make his decision until a seemingly safe means had been discovered for bringing about the disappearance of Agrippina.

It was the freedman Anicetus, the commander of the fleet, who, in the spring of 59, made the proposal when Nero was with his court at Baiæ, on the Bay of Naples. They were to construct a vessel which, as Tacitus says, should open artfully on one side. If Nero could induce his mother to embark upon that vessel, Anicetus would see to it that she and the secret of her murder would be buried in the depths of the sea. Nero gave his consent to this abominable plan. He pretended that he was anxious to become reconciled with his mother, and invited her to come from Antium, where she then was, to Baiæ. He showed her all regard and every courtesy, and when Agrippina, reassured by the kindness of her son, set out on her return to Antium, Nero accom-

panied her to the fatal vessel and tenderly embraced her. It was a calm, starry night. Agrippina stood talking with one of her freedwomen about the repentance of her son and the reconciliation which had taken place, when, after the vessel had drawn some distance away from the shore, the plotters tried to carry out their infernal plan. What happened is not very clear. The seemingly picturesque description of Tacitus is in reality vague and confusing. It appears that the ship did not sink so rapidly as the plotters had hoped, and in the confusion which resulted on board, the emperor's mother, ready and resolute, succeeded in making her escape by casting herself into the sea and swimming away, while the hired assassins on the ship killed her freedwoman, mistaking her for Agrippina.

In any case, it is certain that Agrippina arrived safely at one of her villas along the coast, with the help, it seems, of a vessel which she had encountered as she swam, and that she immediately sent one of her freedmen to apprise Nero of the danger



From a photograph. Copyright by Anderson

REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE OF CALIGULA IN THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS



From a photograph. Copyright by Anderson

REMAINS OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS

from which she had escaped through the kindness of the gods and his good fortune! Agrippina had guessed the truth, but for this one time she gave up the struggle and sent her messenger, that it might be understood, without her saying so, that she forgot and pardoned. Indeed, what means were left her, a lonely woman, of coping with an emperor who dared raise his hand against his own mother?

However, fear prevented Nero from understanding. No sooner had he learned that Agrippina had escaped than he lost his head. In his imagination he saw her hastening to Rome and denouncing the horrible matricide to the soldiers and the senate; and beside himself with terror, he sent for Seneca and Burrhus in order to take counsel with them. It is easy to imagine what the feelings of the two teachers of the youth must have been as they listened to the terrible story. Even they failed to understand that Agrippina recognized and declared herself conquered. They, too, feared that she would provoke the most frightful scandal which Rome had yet seen, and not knowing what advice

to give, or rather seeing only a single way out, which was, however, too serious and horrible, they held their peace while Nero begged them to save him. At last Seneca, the humanitarian philosopher, turned to Burrhus and asked him what would happen if the pretorians should be ordered to kill Agrippina. Burrhus understood that Seneca, though he was the first to give the terrible advice, yet wished to leave to him the more serious responsibility of carrying it into execution; for Burrhus, as commander of the guards, would have had to give the order for the murder. He therefore hastened to say that the pretorians would never kill the daughter of Germanicus, and then added that if they really wished to do away with Agrippina, the best plan would be for Anicetus to carry out the work which he had begun. His advice was the same as Seneca's, but he turned over to a third person the very grave responsibility for its execution. He had, however, chosen this third person more wisely than Seneca, for Anicetus could not refuse. If Agrippina lived, it was he who ran the risk of becoming the

scapegoat for all this bloody and horrible adventure.

As a matter of fact, Anicetus accepted. The freedman whom Agrippina had sent to announce her misfortune was imprisoned and put in chains, in order to convey the impression that he had been captured carrying concealed weapons and in the act of making an attempt upon the emperor's life by the order of his mother. Anicetus then hastened to the villa of Agrippina and surrounded it with a body of sailors. He entered the house, and with two officers rushed into the room where Agrippina, reclining upon a couch, was talking with a servant, and killed her. Tacitus tells us that when Agrippina saw one of the officers unsheathe his sword, she asked him to thrust her through the body which had borne her son.

Thus died the last woman of the house of Augustus, and, with the exception of Livia, the most remarkable feminine figure in that family. She died like a soldier, on duty and at her post, bravely defending the social and political traditions of the Roman aristocracy, and the time-honored principles of Romanism against the influx of those new forces of a later age which were seeking to orientalize the ancient Latin republic. She died for her family, for her caste, and for Rome, without even having the reward of being remembered with dutiful regard by posterity; for in this struggle she had sacrificed not merely her life, but even her honor and her fame. Such, furthermore, was the common destiny of all the members of this family, and if we except Livia and Augustus, the

privileged pair who founded it, we are at a loss to know whether to call it the most fortunate or the most unhappy of all the families of the ancient world. It is impossible for the historian who understands this terrible drama, filled with so many catastrophes, not to feel a certain impression of horror at the vindictive ferocity that Rome showed to this house, which, in order to bring back Rome's peace and to

preserve her empire, had been fated to exalt itself a few degrees above the ordinary level of the ancient aristocracy. Men and women, the young and the old, the knaves and the large-hearted, the sages and the fools of the family, alike, all without exception, were persecuted and plotted against. And again, if we except the persons of the two founders, and those who, like Drusus and Germanicus, had the good fortune to die young, Rome deprived them all, deprived even Antonia, of either their life or their greatness or their honor, and not infrequently it robbed



From a photograph by Brogi of the bust in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

A ROMAN GIRL OF THE TIME OF
THE CÆSARS

them of all these three together. Those who, like Tiberius and Agrippina, defended the ancient Roman tradition, were hated, hounded, and defamed with a no less angry fury than Caligula and Nero, who sought to destroy it. No one of them, whatever his tendencies or intentions, succeeded in making himself understood by his times or by posterity; it was their common fate to be misunderstood, and therefore horribly calumniated. The destiny of the women was even more tragic than that of the men, for the times demanded from them, as a compensation for the great honor of belonging to this privileged family, that

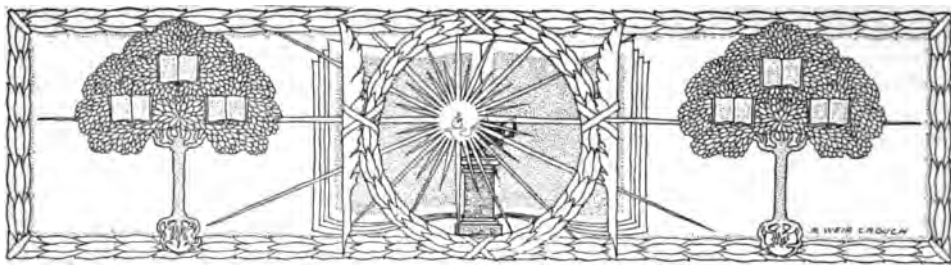
they possess all the rarest and most difficult virtues.

What was the cause of all this? we ask. How were so many catastrophes possible, and how could tradition have erred so grievously? It is almost a crime that posterity should virtually always have studied and pondered this immense tragedy of history on the basis of the crude and superficial falsification of it which Tacitus has given us. For few episodes in general history impress so powerfully upon the mind the fact that the progress of the world is one of the most tragic of its phenomena. Especially is such knowledge necessary to the favored generations of prosperous and easy times. He who has not lived in those years when an old world is disappearing and a new one making its way cannot realize the tragedy of life, for at such times the old is still sufficiently strong to resist the assaults of the new, and the latter, though growing, is not yet strong enough to annihilate that world on the ruins of which alone it will be able to prosper. Men are then called upon to solve insoluble problems and to attempt enterprises which are both necessary and impossible. There is confusion everywhere, in the mind within and in the world without. Hate often separates those who ought to aid one another, since they are tending toward the same goal, and sympathy binds men together who are forced to do battle with one another. At such times women generally suffer more than men, for every change which occurs in their situation seems more dangerous, and it is right that it should be so. For woman is by nature the vestal of our species, and for that reason she must be more conservative, more circumspect, and more virtuous than man. There is no state or civilization which has comprehended the highest things in life which has not been forced to instil into its women rather than into its men the sense for all those virtues

upon which depend the stability of the family and the future of the race. And for every era this is a question of life and death. In such periods when one world is dying and another coming to birth, all conceptions become confused, and all attempts bring forth bizarre results. He who wishes to preserve, often destroys, so that virtue seems vice, and vice seems virtue. Precisely for this reason it is more difficult for a woman than for a man to succeed in fulfilling her proper mission, for she is more exposed to the danger of losing her way and of missing her particular function; and since she is more likely to fail in realizing her natural destiny, she is more likely to be doomed to a life of misfortune.

Such was the fate of the family of Augustus, and such especially was the fate of its women. The strangers who visit Rome often go out on Sunday afternoons to listen to the excellent music that can be heard in a room which is situated in one of the little streets near the Piazza del Popolo and which used to be called the *Corea*. This hall was built over an ancient Roman ruin of circular form which any one can still see as he enters. That ruin is the entrance to the tomb which Augustus built on the Flaminian Way for himself and his family. Nearly all of the personages whose story we have told were buried in that mausoleum. If any reader who has followed this history should one day find himself at Rome, listening to a concert in that old *Corea*, which has now been renamed after the Emperor Augustus, let him give a thought to those victims of a terrible story of long ago, and may he remember that here, where at the beginning of the twentieth century he listens to the flow of rivers of sweet sound—here only, twenty centuries ago, could the members of the family of Augustus find refuge from their tragic fate, and after so much greatness, resolved to dust and ashes, rest at last in peace.





LIBEL IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY THE HON. WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

Mayor of New York, late Judge of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York

IN the whole range of rights won by human progress, none is more important than free speech and a free press. Without them free government could not exist. Yet democratic institutions have no deadlier enemy than the professional falsifier of daily events or the professional libeler who ruins reputations and poisons the community through the printed sheet; and free government cannot survive the continuance of such a condition. Freedom of speech and of the press means freedom to speak and write the truth, not falsehood or abuse.

There are about 23,000 newspapers in the United States to-day, served by perhaps 100,000 writers. The immensity of the power for good represented by the American press, supplementing the work of half a million public-school teachers, to say nothing of 215,000 ministers of religion, makes it all the more important that no shelter should be given to him who turns journalism into systematic deception or moral assassination.

It is not only that the libeler wickedly invades the home, spoils private character, and spreads social suffering and confusion, but he strikes at the very heart of good government by intimidating public officials by persistent and systematic misrepresentation, thereby corrupting public knowledge and public sentiment, upon which free government depends. As Alexander Hamilton said of a libelous press: "It would encourage vice, compel the virtuous to retire, destroy confidence, and confound the innocent with the guilty." That con-

dition we now see realized in some parts of this country where corrupt newspaper proprietorship is in the ascendant and running its baleful course.

The abuse of the power of the press, especially by that part of the press which, to gain greater circulation, appeals to the passions and prejudices of the ignorant and thoughtless, causes more misery than war or pestilence; and in the United States it is principally responsible for the frequent failure of men of ability, character, and patriotism to enter or continue in the public service. Their wives and growing children beg them to stay out of public affairs for their sake.

The wife of Abraham Lincoln has borne witness to the agony inflicted on him by newspaper libelers when he was staggering under the burdens of the Civil War. "I have enough to bear now, yet I care nothing for them," he said. "If I'm right, I'll live; and if wrong, I'll die, anyhow; so let them fight at me unrestrained." And they kept at him, nagging and belittling him in the most vicious ways they could invent. Even his anxious soul, as limned in his anxious face, was the subject of their brutality.

Through the mists of a century of American history come the words of Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Samuel Smith:

Were I to undertake to answer the calumnies of the newspapers, it would be more than all my own time, and that of twenty aids, could effect. For while I should be

answering one, twenty new ones could be invented. I have thought it better to trust to the justice of my countrymen, that they would judge me by what they see of my conduct on the stage where they have placed me, and what they knew of me before the epoch since which a particular party has supposed it might answer some view of theirs to vilify me in the public eye. Some, I know, will not reflect how apocryphal is the testimony of enemies so palpably betraying the views with which they give it. But this is an injury to which duty requires every one to submit whom the public thinks proper to call into its councils.

Though the American people detest a libeler, the law of criminal libel is very poorly enforced, and in most localities, especially in large cities, scarcely at all. If the individual be not protected by government in his character and reputation, government fails at an essential point. It is worse than if government failed to protect him in his rights of property—as much worse as a libeler is worse than a property thief.

The meanest of all libelers are those who assassinate character for their own personal aims and ambitions.

We in America frequently read of verdicts of conviction in criminal prosecutions for libel in England, followed by sentences of imprisonment. They attract our attention because the like seldom occurs in this country, and then only in the case of petty and unimportant libelers. The newspaper proprietor who libels without scruple, and spreads pain and sorrow without a pang, showing an utterly black heart, goes on here and enriches himself by his vile trade without the interruption of a criminal indictment.

We still more often read of verdicts in civil actions for damages for libel in England so much larger in amount and so much more frequent than we are accustomed to in this country as to present a like contrast.

Most people think these differences are because the law of libel in England is different from ours. They ask, Why should not our libel laws be changed to be like those of England, so that we may also punish libelers and stop their detestable trade, the meanest and basest known? They are mistaken. Our libel

laws are in all essential respects the same as those of England. The difference is in the failure of prosecuting officers to enforce them, and in the weakness of our courts in the trial of libel cases, criminal and civil. If our jurors also deal lightly with libels against which the jurors of England sternly set their faces, the fault is still with our judges. In England the judge fulfils his office. He takes and keeps that legitimate control and direction of the case on trial which belongs to him by law. He does not loll back in his chair and let the jury be mystified or perplexed about the law of the case, or in any respect in which he should be a light and a guide to them, by the misleading contentions of counsel. These things are cleared up decisively and promptly as the trial proceeds. In the end the jury knows where it stands and exactly what falls to it for decision. Our judges have always had the same wholesome power, but many of them let it slip through their fingers.

The conviction of a libeler presents no difficulties. The definition of a criminal libel is the same here as in England. Any malicious publication by writing or picture which imputes a criminal offense or moral dereliction to any person, or, falling short of this, is nevertheless such as to hold him up to hatred, contempt, obloquy, or even ridicule, is a criminal libel. In a criminal prosecution for libel the published matter is presumed to be false until the defendant proves it to be true. The prosecution does not have to prove it false. Malicious intent is the essence of the crime; and such intent is also presumed from the libelous publication itself until the defendant disproves it. The burden is on the defendant to rebut this presumption. Proof by him of the truth of the libelous matter may not do so, for the truth is not of itself always a defense. The libel may be all the worse for being true. The law permits the defendant to give in evidence the truth of the published matter, but only as explanatory of his intent; that is, to show that his motives were laudable instead of malicious. Such proof may show the very contrary—that his motives were mean and base. For needlessly and wantonly to rake up and publish the failings of others, to their injury or annoyance, is as inexcusable in law as in morals. The old saying, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel,"—

that is to say, the greater may be the libel, —is as true and as much a part of the law of criminal libel now as it ever was, although superficial persons may think it obsolete. The moral philosopher Paley says the malicious publishing of truth or falsehood is in moral view equally wrong.

Proof of the truth of the matter charged as libelous exonerates in a criminal prosecution for libel only when it is made to appear that such matter was published "with good motives and for justifiable ends." That the matter is true does not of itself suffice. Good motives appearing, malice is disproved, and without malice the crime does not exist. Malicious intent is the gist of the crime. And whether such defense be made out is for the jury, not the court or judge, to say. No judge can stand in the way of an honest jury by shielding a libeler or forcing the conviction of a truthful and honest writer. It took a long time to establish this.

The question whether the court or the jury on the trial of an indictment for libel should judge of the meaning of the published matter, and of the malice or motive of the defendant, and whether the defendant might prove the truth of such matter in his defense, was long a floating and litigious one. It has a history and literature all its own, and over which many have been fascinated. Its final settlement marks an era in the history of the growth of free government, which cannot exist without freedom of truthful and honest speech; and that is what the phrase "free speech" means. It may be that a summary of the long controversy, begun in England and continued here, may prove interesting, and it will serve to make plain the law as it now is, and the power of juries over libelers, unhampered by judges.

The jury in prosecutions for all kinds of crime are the judges of both the law and the facts, and this was so from the beginning. The judge or court instructs or charges them as to the law, and it is their duty to be attentive and try to understand the law as it is thus given to them—not always an easy job—and to follow it. But in the end the case is turned over to them, and then by their verdict they resolve the mingled questions of law and fact as best they can by a verdict of guilty or not guilty. It is true that it is, and always was, their duty to accept and apply the

law as they understand the court to declare it, but there is no way to make them do so. The law does not permit them to be called to account or punished for failing to do so, even though it be apparent that their failure was intentional; and their verdict of acquittal is unappealable and final. They therefore have the "power" to decide the law as well as the facts, whatever their abstract duty may be in respect of taking the law from the court. As the saying is, they may not do it right, but they have the right to do it.

But early in the eighteenth century some judges of the common-law courts in England began to deny that this rule applied in criminal prosecutions for libel. They wanted to exempt libel prosecutions from it. They were started on this course by certain rulings of the obnoxious court of the Star Chamber, which sat without juries and lent itself to the despotism of the Stuarts. It derived its name from the room it sat in. The theory of these judges that it was the province of the court alone, and not of juries, to judge of the meaning of the published matter, and of the intent of the defendant in publishing it—to judge whether his motive was worthy or unworthy, or, to use the settled word, malicious—grew by degrees. They would leave to juries only the question whether the defendant published the libelous matter, and require them to render verdicts of guilty or not guilty according to how they found that one fact, leaving all else, meaning, motive, etc., to the court to decide after their verdict of guilty was rendered. They said that the meaning and the intent were inferences to be drawn by the law from the published matter itself, and therefore for the court, and not for the jury, to draw. They also refused to allow the defendant to prove the truth of the published matter. They said that a libel is punishable because of its evil tendency,—that is, its tendency to arouse passion and provoke sedition or a breach of the peace,—and that as such tendency would exist whether the matter were true or false, its truth or falsity was immaterial, and they therefore would not permit evidence of its truth to be given. This left out of account the motive of the defendant, which is the gist of the crime. They did not consider whether proof of the truth might show or tend to show, especially in connec-

tion with other circumstances, an honest motive instead of a malicious one, although truth is always an essential ingredient in judging justly of the quality of men's acts. These rulings were made in political cases out of obsequiousness to the crown. The Long Parliament had abolished the Court of Star Chamber in 1641, but its spirit still survived in some judges.

The trial of the seven bishops in the court of King's Bench in the latter part of the seventeenth century (in 1688) furnishes striking proof that no notion then existed that juries were not the judges of both the law and the facts in prosecutions for libels as in all other criminal cases. If there ever was a case in which it would have been ruled to the contrary in favor of the crown if that was understood to be the law, or if the law was open to doubt, even, it was that case. The seven bishops had presented to King James II in person a petition denying the existence of the dispensing power in the crown—of power in him to suspend or dispense with certain religious statutes, which he was attempting to do. For publishing this petition they were charged with seditious libel at the instance of the king. And yet the question of the meaning and intent and of the truth of the petition all went to the jury without objection from the bench of four judges or any of the eminent lawyers who appeared for the crown. The question of the king's dispensing power was obviously one of law and of the gravest character; but no one thought of denying to the jury the right of deciding it. One of the jury was a brewer, and brewed ale for the palace. It is related that all he did in the jury-room was to bemoan that, however he should vote, he was a ruined man. "If I say 'Not guilty,'" said he, "I shall brew no more for the king; and if I say 'Guilty,' I shall brew no more for anybody else." And in this perplexity over his own interests he kept the jury out all night. But a verdict of not guilty was finally agreed upon and handed in, to the delight of the nation. The great question had been submitted to the unpolished genius of the people represented in the jury-box, and in one way or another was decided right, a thing that had often happened before and has still oftener happened since.

The new doctrine of taking prosecutions for libel out of the general rule that in all

criminal prosecutions the jury judged both the law and the fact, does not seem to have been supported by a judicial decision until the case of Richard Francklin in 1731, who was tried for seditious libel for publishing a letter from The Hague concerning England's treaty relations with France and Spain. The judge charged the jury that it was for him alone to determine the meaning of the publication and decide whether it was a libel, and that it was their duty to find the defendant guilty if he published the letter; and they did so. But eminent members of the bar, and the public generally, continued to refuse to acquiesce in the ruling. The controversy finally culminated in 1770 in the case of Woodfall, who was tried before Lord Mansfield and a jury on an information for libel for publishing one of the celebrated political letters of "Junius." Lord Mansfield charged the jury that the only question for them to decide was whether the defendant printed and published the letter in his newspaper; that if he did, it was their duty to render a verdict of guilty; that the question of intent and of the meaning of the publication, and whether a libel or not, was to be decided by the court, and that if the publication was not libelous, the court would so decide afterward, and their verdict would do no harm.

This sounded very fine indeed, but not to a jury wary of despotism and imbued with the necessity of free speech as a bulwark of free government. As there was no dispute that the defendant printed and published the letter, the court's instruction left the jury nothing to do but render a verdict of guilty. Although the counsel for the defendant seems to have obsequiously let this instruction of the court pass, the jury were of a very different temper. They did not deem the letter libelous, but a just criticism of affairs of government, and that was the sentiment of nearly all Englishmen. They very well knew, however, that if they rendered a verdict of guilty, Lord Mansfield would construe the publication to be a libel and imprison the defendant. Much to the annoyance of Lord Mansfield, they stubbornly refused to render a verdict of guilty. They finally returned the following astute verdict in writing: "Guilty of printing and publishing *only*." This was in effect saying to

Lord Mansfield: "You told us that all we had to find was the fact of printing and publishing. We find it for you; now you go on and do the rest; enter a judgment of guilty if the law be as you say."

Just one century before, a London jury had repeatedly rendered a similar verdict, "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch street," which the court as often refused to receive, the case being the trial of William Penn, the subsequent founder of Pennsylvania, on a charge of causing an alleged tumultuous assemblage in Gracechurch street, whereas the proof only showed that he preached there as a Quaker.

Lord Mansfield received the verdict in the Woodfall case in silence, though chagrined by it; but it was afterward found upon a hearing by the full bench that no judgment of conviction could be entered upon it.

This case opened up the whole question anew to public discussion. The hostile sentiment of the nation against the new doctrine ran high and made itself heard. The matter was debated in Parliament. In the House of Lords, Lord Camden, one of the most eminent lawyers of his time, attacked the law as laid down by Lord Mansfield. Seven years later, on the trial of the celebrated Horne Tooke for libel in publishing that the King's troops murdered the Americans at Lexington, Lord Mansfield allowed the jury to judge of the meaning of the publication,—whether it was a libel or not,—of the motive of the defendant, and of the truth of the matter; and the defendant was found guilty. The case was such a plain one that the jury did not need to be coerced or misled to find for the crown. This is the same Horne Tooke who afterward, when on trial for another political offense before Lord Kenyon and a jury, admonished his lordship when he tried to interfere that his business was only to help the tipstiffs keep order in the court while the jury tried the case—an incident which reveals the rising temper of the times.

The question continued a disputed one in the English courts until 1793, when it was settled by an act of parliament in favor of the jury judging both the law and the facts and rendering a general verdict thereon. It arose in the city of New York as early as 1734, on the trial of Zenger for publishing an alleged seditious libel in

his newspaper, which denied the king's prerogative to establish courts in the colony. Chief-Justice Delancey instructed the jury that if the defendant published the libel, of which there was no dispute, they should find him guilty, as it was the province of the court, and not theirs, to judge of the intent and meaning. The jury refused to bend to judicial subserviency to the crown, and rendered a verdict of not guilty. The question of the king's power to establish such courts was one of opinion, and the jury rightly decided that Zenger had the right to express his opinion.

In 1803 the controversy blazed out afresh in the State of New York in the case of *Croswell*, indicted in Columbia County for a libel on Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, published in his newspaper, "The Wasp," in the city of Hudson. It is worth while to give the libel entire, as showing the spirit of the times:

Jefferson paid Callender for calling Washington a traitor, a robber, and a perjurer; for calling Adams a hoary-headed incendiary; and for most grossly slandering the private characters of men who he well knew were virtuous. These charges not a democratic editor has yet dared or ever will dare to meet in an open and manly discussion.

On the trial the court refused to receive evidence of the truth of the published matter, and charged the jury (as Lord Mansfield did in the case of *Woodfall*, and Chief-Justice Delancey in the case of *Zenger*) that all they had to decide was whether the defendant published it; that the motives and intent of the defendant, and the meaning of the published matter and whether it was libelous, were exclusively for the court to decide after the coming in of the verdict if it should be one of guilty. This was the extreme to which any of the English judges had gone before they were stopped by act of parliament in 1793, as has already been stated. That act of course did not apply in this country, having been passed after the Independence, and the trial judge therefore professed to lay down the law as it existed prior thereto and was imported into our colonies. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

On appeal the whole question was

argued with masterly ability. The defendant was aided by Alexander Hamilton, one of the most luminous minds that ever appeared among the sons of men. Some of his eminent associates argued that the truth could never be a criminal libel, and could be published with impunity, however mean and base to do so, and whatever its evil tendency. But Hamilton repudiated this, and went to the heart of the matter. He would not countenance the doctrine that the truth could always be published with impunity. He declared that "the liberty of the press consisted in publishing with impunity truth *with good motives and for justifiable ends*." He reprobated "the novel, the visionary, the pestilential doctrine of an unchecked press." "The best character of our country" (Washington), he declared, "had felt its corrosive effects."

The court, consisting of four judges, divided evenly, so that no result was reached. Kent, afterward the great Chancellor, wrote for reversal. The matter was immediately brought before the legislature, and the next year (1805) an act was passed that thereafter on the trial of an indictment for libel the jury "shall have the right to determine the law and the fact, under the direction of the court, *in like manner as in other criminal cases*"; and that on every such trial it should be lawful for the defendant to give in evidence the truth of the publication, but with the proviso that such evidence should not be a defense "unless on the trial it shall be made satisfactorily to appear that the matter charged as libelous *was published with good motives and for justifiable ends*," thus incorporating the words of Hamilton in the statute.

Seventeen years later this statute was incorporated in the constitution of the State, and thus the great controversy, which had waged so long, was finally settled in the State of New York, and, as it turned out, throughout this country, by the States generally enacting the same statute or following the principle of it in their courts. The contention that the jury were not the judges of both the law and the facts, as in all other criminal cases, was overthrown. Neither the contention on the one side that the truth of the published matter could not be given in evidence at all, nor on the other that it could

be and was a complete defense, prevailed. The medium rule, contended for by Hamilton, was adopted; namely, that the truth could be given in evidence, but would not be a defense unless it should also appear that the matter was published "with good motives and for justifiable ends." This put every libeler at the mercy of his own base motives. It also left the honest and just sentiment of the community as voiced by the jury to judge of the defendant's motives, and to dispose of the case on the law and the facts, as in all other criminal prosecutions.

The effort had been, as the narrative shows, to make criminal trials for libels an exception to the general rule in all criminal cases that the jury were in the end, when the case was turned over to them, the judges of all questions of law and fact, and resolved the same by their general verdict of guilty or not guilty. It was started by judges in England out of obsequiousness to the crown in cases of political libels. The free genius of the people there and here withstood it. But, strangely enough, some law-writers and codifiers (as witness the code of Criminal Procedure of the State of New York) have made the mistake of supposing that such trials for libel were made an exception by the result of the controversy, and a rule of law applied to them different from the rule for criminal trials generally; namely, that the jury should be the judges of both the law and the facts, whereas that is the general rule.

The matter of civil actions for damages for libel has now to be considered. They present a contrast to criminal prosecutions for libel in this, that proof of the truth of the published matter is and always was a complete defense in all civil cases for libel. It does not matter how mean or base the making of the publication may be; if it be proved true by the defendant, the plaintiff loses his case. That the publication was reckless or malicious makes no difference if it be true. But the defamatory publication is presumed by the law to be false in every case (except in the case of certain publications which are privileged, which we do not need to mention), and the burden is on the defendant to plead and prove it true. If the plea of the truth is not set up in the formal answer, the defamatory matter has to be taken as false

on the trial, and a verdict given for the plaintiff, the jury having only to fix the amount of the damage. If such plea be set up, the burden is on the defendant to prove it. The plaintiff rests on the legal presumption of its falsity. The law does not call on the plaintiff to disprove the defamatory matter, but on the defendant to prove it.

Nor is it necessary in civil cases that the defendant made the publication with an evil or malicious intent, as in criminal prosecutions for libel, where such intent is the gist of the crime, as we have seen, in order that the plaintiff may recover the damage done to him. No matter though the defendant published the matter out of the highest and purest motives and without a particle of malice, he is liable for the damage it did the plaintiff if it be false. As is said by the highest court in the State of New York in the case of *Holmes* (Vol. 147 New York Reports):

The publication of a libel is a wrongful act, presumably injurious to those persons to whom it relates, and in the absence of legal excuse gives a right of recovery irrespective of the intent of the defendant who published it, and this although he had reason to believe the statement to be true, and was actuated by an honest or even commendable motive in making the publication.

And yet some judges and writers continue to say indiscriminately that malice is necessary in a civil action for libel. They do not discriminate between the rule in civil cases and that in criminal cases. If a judge should so charge the jury, and they should render a verdict for the defendant on the ground of no malice, it would have to be reversed on appeal, which is a complete test. The complaint does not need to allege malice, as it is not essential to a recovery.

But malice in the defendant has a bearing in civil libel cases in this, that if it appear from the tone or substance of the defamatory publication itself, or from the surrounding circumstances, that its publication was malicious,—namely, mean, reckless, unnecessary, heedless,—or if malice be shown by any other evidence, such as the actual existence of grudge or ill-will, the jury are at liberty to take that into consideration in fixing the amount of their

verdict; namely, they may add what is called "smart money" to what they would otherwise give as the plaintiff's actual damage.

This has been much inveighed against by the sort of newspapers which flourish and wax rich by invading homes, publishing scandal, inventing falsehoods, and distorting the facts in respect of the acts of public men. But on the whole it is a good rule, for persons are often libeled whose characters are generally known to be so good that they do not suffer a whit by the libel, and the right of the jury to award smart money to teach libelers a lesson enables them in such a case to give a wholesome verdict.

That the defamatory matter is copied or published as the saying of some one else does not save the editor or publisher. By revealing himself as a tattler also, a libeler may heighten his baseness by an additional odium. Nor is a libel any the less for being veiled, or made to peek out from behind an innuendo or a suggestion or a query. Not long ago a London newspaper published some miserable gossip going the rounds about a distinguished member of the British cabinet, without mentioning his name. Yet for this gossip without names the publisher had to apologize abjectly and pay roundly, when brought into court.

Full redress for a libel can be obtained of the courts immediately in London. And why not in New York? Do we need an anti-libel society here? Of course we have newspapers here which are truthful and do not libel; but on the other hand we have newspapers which have reached depths of falsehood and baseness not known anywhere else in the world. But they are incapable of harm except with the ignorant and degenerate, their proprietors being well known to have no moral sense in respect of the truth, and to be perfectly willing to forego the esteem of decent people so long as they can make gain out of falsehood. It has come to be a common thing for even children to say, "Yes, but you can't believe what you see in the newspapers," when mention is made of something reported in the newspapers. What influence will the press have on them when they grow up? What influence has the press now?

Both the editor and the proprietor of a

newspaper are presumptively liable both civilly and criminally for a libel published therein. But in a criminal prosecution therefor they may show in their defense that the libelous matter was published without their knowledge or fault, or against their orders or wishes, and that they disavowed the publication at once as

soon as it became known to them. Without such disavowal the defense is not made out. And the jury are to judge whether the disavowal be adequate. A few lines of disavowal or retraction in some obscure column is not adequate, at all events unless the libel was published in a like place and manner.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE JIMMYNESS OF JIM

BY G. L. TEEPLE

IN CLOVER

IT was Aunt Malvina's fault, in a way. You see, Jim soft-sawdered her. You could sometimes. That was her weakness. She understood this. She just could n't help it. Let any poor stray cat or homeless dog happen along, or any forlorn creature that looked as if it had n't a friend in the world, and Aunt Malvina was all for taking it in, putting the best robe upon it, and giving it the best bit in the cupboard.

We had first met Jim in the woods near the railway-cut, just where the track, after a great, sweeping curve, straightens out for the home-stretch to the village station, a mile and a half away. Bird-nesting here one fine summer afternoon, our eyes on the sharp lookout, I suddenly spied Jim skulking along under the hazel-brush, and realized that we had found a prize.

"Hi, Billy," I exclaimed, "get on to the young crow! Gee! two of 'em!" In great excitement we gave chase, stumbling over stones, scrambling through the hazel- and

wild blackberry-bushes, scratching our hands and faces, and tearing our trousers. What were these trifles to us, with two fledgling crows fluttering just out of reach ahead?

"Say, ain't they dandies!" gloated Billy, when at last we came together, panting, but triumphant, to compare captives. In truth, being just out of the callow stage, they were two as scrawny, dirty-black, disreputable-looking rogues as a mother bird ever shouldered out of a nest; but in our eyes (we had just been reading the life of Dampier the Buccaneer) they were doubloons, pieces-of-eight, golden loot of the Spanish Main. Or, shall we say, a captured slaver, having blown up, had left these two young Africans the sole survivors?

Billy's share in the above transaction died young. We gave him high burial, as was befitting. It was hard on Billy. He mourned so over it that I generously presented him with twenty-five per cent. of the stock in Jim. Of course I could n't

very well part with a controlling interest; but it comforted Billy a good deal. It did me good, too. I acquired virtue, I won the gratitude of Billy, and I kept a controlling interest in Jim—three birds with one stone.

As for Jim, the road ahead looked rocky. There was Uncle Caleb. He was a practical, decisive man, with an impatient promptitude dangerous to evil-doers. You could n't get far on soft-sawder with Uncle Caleb. The weeds of the garden fled before his hoe. In his mind the crow and the blackbird were at one with the potato-bug and the seventeen-year locust, conspirators against honest thrift, robbers and thieves all. Black pestilence upon them! I smuggled Jim home after night-fall, and hid him in a box under the wagon-shed till morning. Then, waiting until Uncle Caleb had gotten safely away to the other side of the farm, I brought Jim forth and introduced him to Aunt Malvina.

Now, in the plain and energetic homespun of Uncle Caleb's life there had been one romance. That had been his courtship of Aunt Malvina. He had never gotten over it. At that gentle shrine, after all the years, he still bowed down. To him what Aunt Malvina did was still good. Of the romance I knew little at that time, but the result I knew well. It had more than once been my shield and buckler. Hence my stratagem.

Well, it worked, but it was touch and go. What, a crow!—offspring of devastation and thievery at large upon his farm! What in the name of all black mischief could we be thinking of? Did we mean it? Well, well!

But of course he consented to stand one side. It was a heathenish proposition; but so be it; Aunt Malvina wanted it so. To convert the heathen was no doubt a good thing, even as she said; but if he was goin' to convert 'em, according to his notion, a broad-ax was the thing, swift and sure. Mischief went to the marrow-bone with that breed. However, she wanted it; therefore, so be it. He would stand to one side.

Aunt Malvina commiserated Jim. She regarded him as an unfortunate, a foundling, an orphan, a captive, deserted by his father and mother; or perhaps they had been slain by some farmer's gun. He was

alone in the world; there was no one left to love him.

Jim must have chuckled at this. He was wise, though young. His father and mother, he knew, were quite well and hearty; they would be robbing corn-fields, thank you, for many a long year yet. As for having no one to love you and all that, why, had he not Aunt Malvina? To be an orphan where she was matron was simply clover, deep clover, up to your chin. Was she not just my lady-in-waiting, her chief business to fetch and carry for him?

The process was simple for a bright bird like Jim. Before we knew him he had discovered that if you expect to get anything in this world, you must yell for it; you must "put up a holler." And the louder you yell, the quicker you will be attended to. He found out, of course, after he came to us, that the first person to answer, whenever he turned in an alarm, was Aunt Malvina. You would have thought she was running to a fire. It was equal to Aladdin's lamp. You rubbed the lamp,—that is, you yelled,—and forthwith, behold! the jinnee appeared—Aunt Malvina. Then all you had to do was to turn in your order. Jim's usual order was milk toast. An orphan? Why, it was high fortune, clear dividends, ninety-seven per cent. semiannual, payable quarterly in advance.

"Seek wisdom and pursue it," says the good Book. Jim obeyed joyously. How good was life, the mere living, in this best of all possible worlds! How benign was Providence! How beautiful was wisdom, and how smoothly turnpiked were the ways of her! How delightful it was to bowl along over them on airy tires, no pebble as big as a wren's egg to jar you, Aunt Malvina having carefully removed them all! What a trump the good woman was, truly! All her ways were pleasantness, and all her paths were paths of peace—peace and milk toast. The rogue praised her upon sackbut and psaltery.

If by any chance Aunt Malvina did deny you anything, it was in the plain way of wisdom to get yourself injured. That brought her round infallibly. You could cash in a sore toe on Aunt Malvina like a bank check. Course of exchange, one sore toe = six slabs of milk toast or thereabouts; slight fluctuations according to the market.

But a sore toe is no joke. Would it not be possible to get round this difficulty? An easy problem, solved by substituting a bogus sore for the real one—easy as lying.

It worked, too. Not that she was deceived by it. To have a young crow hobble up to you, desperately wounded, yelling loudly for milk toast; and having got it, to see him walk off sound and whole, miraculously cured, is not convincing. Jim was young at the game, after all. But what could you expect of him? Perfection in roguery at his tender years?

Yet Jim won out even at this transparent game. He would limp up, as I have said, severely injured, scarcely able to navigate, propellers wrecked, masts by the board, a mere log upon the water; for the love of Heaven, help! Aunt Malvina, who would be sitting in the kitchen, perhaps, paring potatoes for dinner, would gaze at him reproachfully over her spectacles. Was he not ashamed of himself to be so deceitful? Fie upon him! Such a bare-faced fraud! The truth was not in him. She would not give him a crumb, not a crumb; let him turn from evil, and refrain his lips from speaking guile.

Then Jim would lift up his voice in protest, loudly, vociferously. It was shameful to accuse an honest crow so—shameful; and he scarcely able to get about, his whole leg out of joint; he had four toes on that foot, each toe sorer than all the other three combined; he was in a fearful state; and to his agony of body she was now adding agony of mind, for she accused him of deceit, of lying—him, Jim! Well, it was hard; but he would not accuse her: he would creep away and hide where his sore toes and his broken heart might heal, far from the callous and unbelieving world.

So, his yells subsiding into a doleful whimper and lamentation, Jim would hobble away.

That would finish Aunt Malvina. His clamors of protestation she might have withstood, but not his final wail. That last pitiful limp and whimper were too much. He was a fraud, alas! and his sore toe was as thin as air; but his heart plainly was broken. Whence otherwise could such sounds of lamentation proceed? And was not the heart as tender an organ as the toe? Would it not respond as readily to the healing medicament of a toast poultice?

The poor bird wanted milk toast, a simple matter, and she denied him; she had driven him to fraud; was assisting him to perdition, by her hard-heartedness. Alas! alas!

Thus Jim got his milk toast, and wound up the game, as was due, by another glad performance, fortissimo, upon sackbut and psaltery.

He might well rejoice. Everything was coming his way. Wisdom was an easy mark. Aunt Malvina was a conquered kingdom; he had her bamboozled to a finish. Billy and I clearly thought him the Only Bird. Our band of boy companions stood at attention, hat in hand, whenever he went by. The best of all possible worlds was spinning like a top, smooth as air, with Jim as king-pin and main axle.

As for Uncle Caleb, it was clear that he did n't count. He stood to one side. He did n't have much to do with Jim, and evidently was a little awed by him. Yes, that must be it. How else should it be, indeed? He plainly deferred to Aunt Malvina, and Aunt Malvina deferred to Jim. The inference was easy. Uncle Caleb was one of those fellows who go with the stream, a floater, a hired man, a slave's slave. A babe could grasp that logic.

THE WATER-TANK

THINGS were at this stage when Uncle Caleb endeavored to impress upon Jim that he was not the social equal of a Black Minorca, a mere barn-yard fowl. Think of the ridiculousness of it! Yet Uncle Caleb actually held that absurd notion.

Uncle Caleb, you understand, deferred to barn-yard fowl. They laid eggs; roosters were excellent alarm-clocks; you did n't have to wind them, and they went off infallibly very early; they were proper farmers, loving the soil. Yes, indeed, there was much virtue in barn-yard fowl.

In Uncle Caleb's barn-yard hierarchy the Black Minorcas roosted high. In eggs per annum they beat the world. Uncle Caleb, moreover, believed in pure-bred live stock. That was *his* weakness. It was a farmer's duty to improve the breed. You could improve even on a Black Minorca.

From these barn-yard dicta Jim naturally differed. Born in the top of God's woods, next door to heaven, what had he to do with barn-yard creatures? Improved breeds, forsooth! A Black Minorca was

beneath contempt—a dirt-scratcher, a time-server, running at every call of "Chick! Chick!" or breaking its neck through the slats of a fence, with an open gate two feet away; a piece of market produce; a base, mechanical egg-layer; a loud-mouthed cackler about nothing, redeemed unto salvation if at all by its color only, and that third rate; no true crow color. He, Jim, not the equal of a Black Minorca? Merciful heaven! what next?

It is easily understood, therefore, that when Uncle Caleb was feeding his half-grown Black Minorcas, scions of a new strain, the eggs five dollars per setting, Jim was on hand, lording it among them wherever the feed fell thickest. It was quite to his mind, that feed, but pearls to those swinish Black Minorcas. How they gobbled it! He chased them away indignantly.

But Uncle Caleb did n't see it that way at all. He was n't buying patent chick feed at three dollars per hundred to fatten crow vermin on. Look at the beggar lord it! The black vagabond!

Jim was projected from the feeding-ground at a high speed and angle, and with utter carelessness as to where his trajectory would land him. He fell, in fact, plump in the water-tank, where he made panic among the drinking cattle, and whence I rescued him with considerable difficulty. It took him an hour and a half to get his feathers dried out.

Here was a new problem, very puzzling, and even more astonishing than puzzling. What could old Rusticus be thinking of?

Jim pondered it for some time, then repeated the experiment. The result was precisely what it was before. The water-tank had been an accident the first time; it was a prearranged campaign the second. It was Uncle Caleb's idea that you could look the entire farm over and not find a better landing-place for Jim than right in that water-tank.

Jim took a good deal of convincing, but he was finally convinced. That is, he conformed outwardly; but like Galileo, he still believed that the earth revolves about the sun. Outwardly, however, he conformed to the Black-Minorcan orthodoxy.

It was curious, though, to find the way of wisdom, hitherto so beautifully turn-piked and so smooth, ending thus abruptly in the middle of a water-tank.

THE RIP-SAW

As for Uncle Caleb, the case clearly needed further study. Confound the old Rusticus! There was an iron bar down his backbone in the matter of Black Minorcas. Once get an idea in his head,—water-tanks, for instance,—and there seemed to be no getting it out of him. Yet he was twine in Aunt Malvina's fingers. And Aunt Malvina was pudding, Heaven bless her! How could it be? Plainly, here was a case for further investigation.

Now, when one begins to probe into the depths of any problem with curious and indefatigable beak, it behooves one to look out for the beak. Jim's investigation ended instructively one day in the carpenter shop in the manner and form that follow.

Uncle Caleb was building a new hay-rack, and Jim became deeply interested. The shop was a new world to him, full of strange and pleasing things. The sun shone, the skies were blue overhead, and Uncle Caleb seemed at last to be getting some sense into him. Uncle Caleb had, in fact, softened somewhat toward Jim. Jim was a smart one; there was no denying that. And if he wanted anything, it took ten men to head him off—ten men and a water-tank; all he needed was starting in the right direction. And he certainly was a droll one! Reg'lar drum-major leadin' the band; head o' the procession for him.

Jim, for his part, was in clover. The shop and its odd furniture—the tool-rack and the bench, the bits and braces, saws and planes, and all the queer traps and contrivances which Uncle Caleb seemed to take so childish a delight in playing with all day long—Jim was endlessly curious about. He would strut up and down the bench by the hour, as trig and superior as a new building inspector. How queer and absurd it all was, indeed! But how curious and interesting! Those queer insects, grasshoppering with such speed from the edge of the chisel, what manner of new creature might they be? And those long, queer, flat curly things that came crawling so swiftly up through the crack in that odd, square stick, the plane, what were they? Worms? And what a queer bird, queerest of all the outfit, Uncle Caleb himself was! Such a long, odd, featherless, stove-pipe-legged, stump-winged old biped, pushing his ridiculous stick up and

down a pine board, scaring out endless worms, which he never ate! Indeed, they were utterly unfit to eat, for Jim of course tried them. Such a silly sheep! Well, he was a poor, simple, deformed creature, with his useless stump-wings, quite unable to fly. He must amuse himself somehow.

So Jim and Uncle Caleb tolerated each other, and smiled at each other's odd ways, till they clashed one day in the matter of a rip-saw.

"Seek wisdom and pursue it." Jim, endlessly curious, taking note of the rip-saw spurting sawdust from the kerf under the vigorous impulsion of Uncle Caleb's right stump-wing, felt the inevitable impulse to investigate. What a strange, fascinating, filmy glimmer lay along the flying teeth! And that curious, whitish, dustlike stuff which flew from it, what might that be? Ant-eggs? He pecked at it; then shook it in disgust from his beak.

He pecked again, this time within a grub's length of that fascinating filmy glimmer. Uncle Caleb poked him away. He did n't want the bird to get hurt. He was an amusing rascal; besides, there were Aunt Malvina and I. It would hurt our feelings like the mischief.

Jim came back, a trifle annoyed. Would old Rusticus kindly keep his hands off? The investigation might go somewhat beyond the mental processes of the farm-yard, but he, Jim, was interested. If not ant-eggs, what?

He pecked again, this time still closer to the fascinating, filmy glimmer, and shook the stuff once more from his beak. Dry feed, that, much like breakfast-flakes, and not in it with a good worm; but what? He pecked again.

Uncle Caleb impatiently poked him away the second time. Did n't the fool crow know *anything*?

Jim came back quite ruffled. Hang the old Rusticus! Did he mean to tell *him* where to get off? Once more, if not ant-eggs, what?

Uncle Caleb gave it up. "All right," he said; "keep at it, if you want to get your teeth trimmed; keep at it; I sha'n't hender ye. They're your teeth."

And of course Jim kept at it. It's an old story: he did n't know the gun was loaded. Poor Jim!

Still, a quarter of an inch of beak (it was not so bad, after all, you see, and the am-

putation was as clean as a whistle) is not a heavy price to pay for wisdom, if you really get it. And Jim did. "You'll shinny on your own side after this, I reckon," Uncle Caleb had said grimly. And ever after, where Uncle Caleb was concerned, Jim shinnied. It was really cheap,—a quarter of an inch of beak,—if you stop to think of it.

That was Jim's notion of it. Beak? Pshaw! What was a hair's-breadth of beak compared with wisdom? He sought wisdom. Well, he had got it; he always got what he went after, did n't he? Was he to sit now and whine at the price? Scarcely. No, sir, walk up and pay your shot like a man. That was his way. Lamentation was womanish.

Thus with a lofty eye did he rebuke the sorrowing of Aunt Malvina. He had what was worth ten beaks. He knew Uncle Caleb now for what he was—valueless for crow purposes, a mere brick in the road, whereof it need only be noted that it was not the best thing in the world to take a kick at in passing if you had tender toes.

But one thing still puzzled him: why had the Lord placed such bricks in the road for crows to break their experimental shins against? It occurred to him that this was the same old question, really, which he had asked after his water-tank experience. Certainly the Lord did put one up against some hard ones, bricks and questions both.

THE TUG OF WAR

It was Kartoffel who finally helped him to the solution. Kartoffel was the cat.

There are cats and cats. Some of them seem to be just monotonous repetitions, the Lord's *études* and five-finger exercises, alike as ciphers; but now and again He turns to and creates a significant figure, a *cat*.

Kartoffel was one of these. I like to think of her yet, although it is long since these things happened. She was a gray, undersized, but beautifully built, a famous mouser, and clear grit from the tip of her battle-scarred nose to the end of her tail. She feared neither cat, dog, nor man. It was a fine sight to see her sally forth when a strange dog came into the yard, legs stiff, back humped, eyes blazing, fur bristling at fixed bayonets, tail flying defiance at the masthead, to expel the intruder out of her coasts. She

generally did it. Occasionally she found the enemy too strong for her, in which case she would effect a retreat up a tree. But this was not because she was afraid. Kartoffel was no fool. She knew when she was overwhelmingly outnumbered, and, like any good general, understood perfectly the necessity in such cases of protecting her flanks.

Jim would never have subscribed to any such description as this at all. Kartoffel, in his view, belonged in the Black Minorca class. All cats did, and she was a "mere unit of cat population" with the rest. They were all low earth creatures; he was of the air. They were slaves and the children of slaves; ages ago they had bent the neck to man, and served him since. He was free. He came and went as he pleased; Billy and I were his satellites; Aunt Malvina was his bond-servant and the preparer of his milk toast. As for Uncle Caleb, that brick in the road, he did n't count. You just walked round him, you flew over him. And this man was Kartoffel's master, forsooth! She was a clod's clod.

As for Kartoffel's courage, stuff and nonsense! Never believe it; it was all bluff. Stand pat, and any old dog could put her up a tree. Had n't he seen it time and again? Courage? Rot! A puppy could tree her, a poodle puppy.

Billy and I knew better than that. We had seen Kartoffel tried out. But why tell Jim? It would spoil the play. Besides, he would n't believe it. You could n't tell Jim anything. We were admirers of Jim, but there were specks on him, we saw, just as there are spots on the sun. All we asked was to be by when Jim seriously tried to call Kartoffel's bluff.

Thus the game began. We appeared to think, although we did not directly say so, that it was Jim's business to lift his hat to Kartoffel as he went by. He would prove to us that we were wrong.

Kartoffel used to dine out of a tin dish beside the milk-house. Jim, noting the fact, made it in his way to happen round at meal-time, steal what he could, and poke it down a certain crack in the board-walk where he stored things against famine. He would sidle up to the dish, get his eye on a choice morsel, and while Kartoffel stopped eating to growl, he would shoot out a deft beak and snatch it from

under her very nose. The transaction grew into a custom. He "cleaned up" a handsome little profit on it every day.

If, after what I have said about Kartoffel's character, you think that such a business must have been a perfect treading among spring-guns and hair-triggers, it simply shows that you have not stopped long enough to consider. You have forgotten about those Black Minorcas.

Kartoffel, you see, had been brought up in the strictest tenets of the faith. She had always believed in Black Minorcas, in her way, especially the little, downy ones. Then Uncle Caleb took her in hand, and taught her that such love as hers was *not* the fulfilling of the law.

To whet her teeth against Jim, therefore, would have been sacrilege. She might gnash them, but not whet them; for the hosts of the Lord were encamped round about him: he was a Black Minorca.

And not only were the hosts of the Lord encamped about him, the terrors of Uncle Caleb, but the hosts of the very Prince of the Power of the Air. He could fly. Other Black Minorcas could use their wings, of course, but only feebly, with flap and flutter; Jim had witchcraft in it.

Jim, on his part, bore no malice. It was all in the way of business, *laissez-faire*, a free competition; and if he had a long head and a sharp eye and a dexterous beak, and Kartoffel had n't, why, it was unfortunate. But what would you? Were the sacred laws of political economy to budge for her?

And were there not always mice? Yea, mice to sevenfold superfluity. Let her attend to them; let her do the work for which the Lord had plainly appointed her. To encourage her in pan victual were plain impiety, a flying in the face of Providence, destructive to her natural initiative and self-reliance, and leading, in the broadest view of it, straight to paternal government, state aid, and pauperism. Nay, heaven defend us, to very socialism itself!

So Jim grew fat and sleek, and the store-house under the board-walk overflowed with plenty, while Kartoffel nursed the slow fire of wrath within her.

Billy and I were disappointed. We had looked for feathers to fly. What on earth could be the matter with Kartoffel that her fire was so slow? We looked round for a bellows.

The butcher furnished the bellows. When he came round of a morning we would get him to cut from the edge of a beefsteak that long, stringy, sinewy strip which we all know so well, and which we all so love and appreciate as a developer of our powers of Fletcherization. For our purpose it was the very thing. One end we would give to Kartoffel, the other to Jim. They were worth seeing, our two queer gladiators there! Kartoffel, braced, and growling between her clenched teeth, but passive (for still she dare not lift profane paw against the Lord's anointed), Jim settling back on his haunches, pulling like a steam-tug, the beef-steak sinew as taut as a hawser, and hanging over the two a "breathless multitude" (some half dozen) of us half-grown boys, cheering our champions on. It was truly a Roman holiday, yet quite innocent of butchery or blood.

For, do our best, Kartoffel still hung fire. No feathers flew. Blow as we might, Kartoffel, although by this time a perfect furnace inwardly, refused to flame in any properly spectacular manner. We had to contrive a kind of substitute climax, lame and impotent enough, and not worth mentioning, if it had not been for its effect on Jim.

Acting as toreador (the exigency having compelled a shifting of the scene), and armed with our old butcher-knife for sword of execution, I would apply the keen edge of it to the taut hawser, estimating the middle as well as I could, to be fair, and the hawser parting, and Jim's tail-brace likewise giving way, that astonished bird would execute one or two glorious back somersaults of triumph, as a kind of final sky-rocket to the display, while the curtain was rung down.

This was bad for Jim. He had long had a suspicion that he was nearly, if not quite, the most important wheel in creation. The proof was now clinched. It was plain to see by his strut, as he made off with his cantele of the beefsteak, that in his belief the breaking of the ship's cable was due solely to his own prowess. His ignominious somersaults at the finish in no wise disconcerted him. They rather pleased him. They were an index hinting at his vast hold on the hawser.

Naturally, therefore, matters did not mend at Kartoffel's tin dish. Every day

Jim's robberies grew bolder and more outrageous, till finally he walked off one day with the dish itself in his beak, and tried to poke *that* down his favorite crack in the walk. Not succeeding in this, he dropped it down an old post-hole. Luckily I saw him, fished it out, and nailed it down where it belonged. Even then he tried to pull it up by the roots, as he had Aunt Malvina's geraniums. This rather pleased Uncle Caleb. He admired perseverance. "I 'd used boiler rivets, if I 'd been you," he remarked; "you 'll have to, 'fore you 're done."

Kartoffel meanwhile was getting where she suggested the old geologic theory of the earth's formation—a thin crust over a molten interior, white hot. Let this bogus Black Minorca, this brazen sawed-off-beak, beware! Black son of a vampire, what did he here, masquerading in the sacred robes? Black Minorca, indeed! But she would show him! Did he think he could put one over on *her*, as he had on Aunt Malvina?

Jim smiled. Danger? Heaven bless you, no! These little ebullitions were just the spice of the pudding. What was life without these little feminine exhibitions? But for danger, pshaw! Did n't we understand the female tongue? *Sputter* was the breath of its being. It must sputter or asphyxiate.

But Billy and I by this time had lost our nerve. We knew Kartoffel. Her wrath, exploding in the open, was bad enough. What would happen when it went off now, battened down in the hold, bolted and riveted as it was, under such a tension, we dared not think. She had grown a fearsome thing to see. Several times, at guard over her tin dish, she knocked Jim sprawling. Her eyes glowed through the dark fur of her face like the green flame through the doors of a copper furnace. Her growl was the rattle of a coffin-lid. Her tail was unspeakable. Kartoffel's tail was a marvel. It was long, lithe, and elastic, and surcharged from tip to base with nervous energy, which escaped at the end in perpetual writhings, like steam leaking from an overcharged boiler. The flags of the weather bureau were not more prognostical. If the motion was slow and gentle, it meant serene weather; if it waved in wider lashings, it meant a storm was brewing; but if this motion, becoming violent, dropped suddenly to a dead calm, with

convulsive little twitches at the tip, then beware! That meant West India hurricane.

And Jim, too. We had supposed that we knew Jim, but this, we now found, was a mistake. He could be, in fact, a dangerous bird, with an eye like a hawk and a beak like a Fiji spear. (We had hauled him into dry-dock after his collision with the rip-saw, and dressed the blunt end of it up with a file, so that it was almost as good as new.) He had a jiu-jitsu of his own, too; especially a trick, when hard beset, of turning over on his back and presenting a *chevaux-de-frise* of beak and claws that was bad for a dog's or a cat's eyes. Old man Jones's Bowser, a big, bullying brute, could tell you all about that. As Billy put it, "He never poked his nose into Jim's business a second time; once was enough." It was this affair of Jim's with Bowser that had "put us wise" to Jim's fighting side.

So Roman holidays were declared off. We expostulated with Jim. We drove him away from Kartoffel's tin dish. We tried in a sneaking sort of way to make up to Kartoffel; but she passed by with dignity on the other side. No soft-sawder for her! Jim laughed at us.

He had arrived, in fact, just at the stage, which most other young fellows reach, of refusing to recognize any teacher but one, to wit, our *dear* old friend Experience. So he had built his little purgatorial pitfall, just as we all do, had tossed in the lighted matches—two or three boxes of them, in fact, so as to make sure—and was now dancing joyously about on the roof-beams, waiting for them to fall in, while the fire chuckled quietly below.

He was suffering, in truth, like the children of Israel when they went after the abominations of Baal, from excess of prosperity. He reeked with it. Having escaped the edge of one buzz-saw, he forgot there were others. He strutted, he swelled; he had cornered the wheat market, he was all Wall Street. Remonstrances and reasonings alike fell on deaf ears. He simply shed them, smiling down on us the smile we all know so well—the smile which the superior person bestows upon us of the hopelessly mediocre class, as much as to say: Yes, yes, my dear boy, I understand that perfectly, and for a fellow of your caliber it is very excellent advice; but for a man of Napoleonic resource, bah! Do you expect to put out the fires of

genius with your little squirt-pump of penny-wise prudence?

THE TAIL OF KARTOFFEL

NEVERTHELESS, those old-fashioned mills of the gods have a way of grinding right on, even against the pooh-poohing of superior persons, and in the present instance they were about ready to deliver the grist.

One day Kartoffel disappeared. She was gone for several days. When she reappeared, it was immediately evident that something had occurred—kittens! For Kartoffel was a motherly cat; indeed, more motherly, and more frequently so than any other cat I have ever known.

Kartoffel was thin, but fit, and in a very bad temper. She spat fiercely at the mere swish of Jim's wings in the air above her. Yet there was about her withal a kind of grandeur. The dignity of maternity was upon her.

She was also very hungry—hungry with a sevenfold hunger. She must eat now for six besides herself. And there above her in the air was Jim, his piratical shadow darkening over her tin dish. Her bad temper flamed into indignation, as if the spirit of her race, the lion in her, rose and stood at bay.

It was a busy season. We were stacking oats, two teams of our own hauling in from the field, and two besides which were loaned us, with extra help, by neighbors who were "swapping work." Uncle Caleb was on the stack. I was helping him. No time to fool with cats and crows. They must fight out their own battles.

I hastily dropped a piece of meat in Kartoffel's dish and scudded for the stack, where Uncle Caleb was already calling for me. Aunt Malvina was unluckily absent. There was sickness at a neighbor's, and of course they sent for her. Thus did all things conspire together against poor Jim. As Billy put it to the Sunday-school class the following Sunday (where of course we brought the matter up for adjudication), "It looked as if the Lord had it in for Jim."

At any rate, as I looked back from the top of the stack a moment later,—it was only a few rods from the milk-house,—I was just in time to see Jim's beak shoot out toward Kartoffel's dish. The next moment her piece of meat was disappearing down that nefarious crack in the walk which I have already referred to.

As for Kartoffel, it seemed as though the very gray of her fur turned white with anger. Consider her situation. For months, now, this thing had been going on, outrage upon outrage. Here now was the culmination, the final straw—the tin dish empty beside her, her maternal fountains likewise dry, and yonder in the hay-mow, posterity, helpless posterity, mewling for nutriment! Would it not have put backbone of fire in a very worm to rise and smite?

But what could she do? She was helpless. Jim was as strong as she was, even on her own ground, and he held at command a whole wide empire besides,—the empire of the air,—over which she was powerless, but into which he could spring for harbor and refuge at an instant's warning. What could she do?

Helpless, she turned away, and started across the garden toward the clover meadow. Perhaps you think it was to hunt field-mice. Perhaps it was, but I do not think so. Field-mice were there, certainly, and Kartoffel knew it; but I do not think it was field-mice now. No, no. She had far other matters on her mind. Why, I myself, watching from the top of the stack, from that distance even, felt that I could have clubbed the scoundrel insensible. What then must Kartoffel have felt? No; what Kartoffel wanted, in my belief, was space to express herself in. The dooryard ample ordinarily, was at this supreme moment totally insufficient, a mere hen-coop. So she started for the clover meadow.

Then Jim, with an air as if the whole thing rather bored him, but perhaps there might be a little more fun in it, and, on the whole, he guessed he would, lifted himself into the air and made over toward the garden in the direction she was taking. This brought them within two or three rods of the oat-stack.

By this time everybody had perceived that something out of the ordinary was on. Even "Mud Turtle" Perkins, who had been falling asleep for old man Jones at fifteen dollars a month "and found" ever since I could remember, woke up to it.

And when Jim dropped to the ground a yard or two in front of Kartoffel, and with that nonchalant swagger of his stepped along toward her, work on stack

and wagon stopped altogether. Even Uncle Caleb forgot for a moment that oats were the most urgent fact in nature, and, leaning upon his fork, held his breath for the outcome.

Kartoffel never swerved an inch, but even at our distance we could see the green fire leap in her eyes. She kept straight on, silent, ominous, a vortex of wrath, but as still as oil. Her tail, which had been a perfect clothes-line on windy Monday, fell as calm as a mill-pond; but its tip was terrible, snapping, crackling, and coruscating as if she were a very keg of gun-powder on legs, her tail the lighted fuse. She had almost passed when Jim, reckless loon that he was, gone clean drunken with it, "fairly yellin' for the fool-killer to come quick, and be sure not to forget his ax!" as Uncle Caleb put it, just as the tip of her tail whipped the air in front of his beak, seized it and gave a sharp bite. It was the spark of ignition, set off by mistake in the gasoline-tank. There was a single preliminary flash of gray, then cat and crow exploded together into an indistinguishable chaos of feathers and fur.

There is n't much to tell about the battle. When lightning strikes, there is seldom much left for the historian but the ruins. There is no strategy about a stroke of lightning. It just hits; and you wake up, if you *do* wake up, to wonder what it could have been that struck you.

It was so with Jim. He had made the old fatal error of underrating his foe. Perhaps you think he did something with his chevaux-de-frise. Not the first thing. He did n't have time. He did n't have time even to think chevaux-de-frise. Kartoffel blew up so quickly that his ideas flew fifty ways, and it took them until the next day to get together again, which was a little late. Anyway, it could n't have been five seconds after the first explosion (I rolled off the oat-stack, they told me, like a falling bundle) before I was myself on the ground,—and none too soon,—had gotten fox-terrier action on the scruff of Kartoffel's neck, and had pitched her, a red-hot ball of infuriated fur, half-way to the barn-yard gate. My hands bore the marks of her claws for weeks afterward, the vixen! But who could blame her?

Jim's "Waterloo?" Well, yes, and "then some." He was in hospital a full week with it, the entire surgical staff

(Aunt Malvina being surgeon-in-chief and head-nurse in one) devoting all their time and skill to him, his legs dressed, his right wing in splints, his neck swathed and swaddled up like diphtheritic sore throat. For two or three days it looked serious.

But Uncle Caleb laughed. "Never you worry about *Jim*," he said; "he 'll come through without a dent on him. Why, Malviny, you could feed that bird through a thrashin'-machine and never hurt him a mite. He 'd blow out through the straw-carrier chirp as a chickadee, declarin' it was the loveliest little glade he 'd been in yet, just the spot he 'd been lookin' for."

It was true. Jim was very much surprised (after he 'd had time to get acquainted with himself again) at our queer notions about that battle. Injured? Pshaw! A scratch or two, a feather here and there. But why this foolish fuss? You 'd 'a' thought he was killed; you expect that of women, but he supposed Billy and I had some sense. He had more feathers than he wanted anyway, dog-days coming on.

And what did I want to interfere for,—idiot!—spoiling his guard? Did I not see what a terrific right wing swing he had handed Kartoffel at the climax? Knocked her half-way to the barn-yard gate.

Kartoffel? Oh, yes, Kartoffel was all right in her way; rather interesting, pep-

pery old girl; considerable force; quite a pile-driver way with her, in fact, at times; but no insight; no brains. There was the rub. How few were gifted that way! But of course Jim had n't repeated the performance. Why go over the same ground twice? Only geniuses of the second order repeat; Jim, and Shakspere, never!

But what pleased Jim most was that he had now solved the old problem which had so troubled him as to the *raison d'être* of such inharmonious matters as water-tanks, rip-saws, and gunpowder-kegs going about with lighted fuses. The truth was—he had it thought out now—that at times Providence had a little too much to think about, and at such times needed help. That was the truth of it; needed help and advice; and Jim would give it to him. Perched upon the axle-end of creation, which visibly stuck up through our doorway, high above the roof-tree, he would watch the world go round, so intensely interesting it was, and from time to time, as he looked, and found Providence puzzling over some difficulty, wondering what on earth was to be done about it, Jim, perceiving the root of the matter plainly, would kindly furnish a solution.

Thus the way of wisdom led on, winding and beautiful, over hill and dale, to the very prime-ministership of heaven. Gifted bird! Well might he be pleased!



Drawn by Alfred Brennan



THE ROMAN ART EXPOSITION OF 1911

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

Commissioner-General of the United States of America to the Roman Art Exposition of 1911

IF you can conceive of a valley running at right angles to the Tiber in the cup of the hills beyond the Borghesi Gardens, edged with Claude-like stone-pines and bordered by yellow villas; and in the depth of this valley the pleasure-houses which twenty or thirty nations have dedicated to the glory of art and of Rome, shining white under the azure sky of Italy, with the Sabine Hills as a remote rampart—then you have an impression of the art exposition made to celebrate fifty years of Italian independence.

In the midst of the group is the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, contributed by Rome and to remain a permanent memorial. On the slopes are England, Japan, Spain, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Servia, France; and on an eminence looking up and down the entire valley and across to the blue crests of the mountains the United States has built herself a house such as we in America call a home. It is an adaptation of a house designed by Carrère & Hastings, and while it necessarily loses some native traits in submitting to the introduction of galleries, it is essentially a "tapisstry-brick" country house, dear to American sentiment and to American landscape.

Hardly ever, I suppose, in the history of the fine arts has a more general pilgrimage of the nations been made to any Mecca of art. Paris and Chicago and St. Louis have had their devotees of many

racés; but Rome is the mother of the world, and when she calls, her children come from every border. As one of the impassioned Romans said at a luncheon in the "Castle of the Cæsars," "Rome is the cradle of art, and is jealous of her praise," and the cradle that has rocked us through our infancy holds us in its spell forever.

PERHAPS it is thus that through the benign agencies of art the races of men are in the way to become better acquainted. You would suppose that the globe-trotting American had made himself pretty well known to Europe; but no greater fallacy ever existed. They know the outside of us, our independence, our liberal purses, our dress, and our traveling needs; but the reality of us is as far away from them as our shores.

An intelligent-enough Italian lady said she had been three months in America.

"Where?" we inquired.

"The Philippine Islands."

And that we were usually spoken of as "North Americans" leads to a quite mercantile inference that some of our hustling business men might well draw. The volume of trade from South America to Europe makes the distinction very necessary to a Dutchman or an Italian, though, as I frequently explained, it left us in the category of the redman.

But even the English, our racial cousins, are slow enough to grasp us. Said

one very polite Lady (with a capital L) in her inquiries about America:

"I wonder if any of our other colonies will become independent."

I have thrown in these specimens of "imperfect sympathies" as a prelude to the statement that the knowledge of our native art in Europe is as limited as that of our native life; and if I were to assert that, outside the narrow boundaries of France, our own acquaintance with the contemporary art of Europe and Asia is as restricted as theirs of us, I suppose I should be severely corrected. But it is the very purpose and value of such an exposition as this at Rome to enlighten mankind about his fellow-man, and those who see the exposition, and see it thoroughly, will find as much profit from its neighborly uses as from its art.

As an impression is all that can be attempted, I can only say how that art affected me at first, and how it appeared to me afterward on a more careful analysis. As a whole, and without reference to separate works or individual artists, I should briefly summarize it as disappointing—not the exposition, nor the life and color and the babel of languages under the unifying Roman walls, but the total tendency, the spirit which the various groups unite in forming, the composite photograph of the art of the world as it exists to-day. This is disappointing because it shows no lofty ideals, and, if one may prophesy on such slippery ground, no school in the making.

My revered old friend Halsey C. Ives, Dean of International Expositions, visited me in Rome, and after a day at the exposition I asked how it struck him.

"Misguided energy," he said; "with the exception of America and England I see no promise. If that is all it comes to after forty years of effort, I wonder if my time has been misspent."

And that is the feeling with which I came away from my first tour through the pavilions. America easily leads; England comes next, and Germany; then France far behind, and then all the rest as you choose. The spirit of the European work is unprogressive, and its *Zeitgeist* is saddening.

Yet every nationality thinks its own geese are swans. As I walked through

the German pavilion at the inauguration, one of the French officials hailed me with good cheer in English:

"How goes it?"

I supposed he referred to the crowd and the long waits for the king and queen to be conducted from room to room; so I said:

"Badly. How is it with you?"

"Same thing by me," he said in broken accents; and then I knew that he referred to the pictures.

On the other hand, a high German official confided to me his opinion of the English art in the laconic words, "Too sweet."

But allowing for national prejudice, there is, underneath all this and much other kindred criticism, the real cause for objection which I have put forward: the art of Europe does not seem to be advancing. It strikes me that it has a past, but no visible future, and this leads to the reflection that cannot fail to arise in every thinking mind which observes existing conditions: why is it that artists who are living in daily touch with the great masterpieces of the world fail to be influenced by their simplicity, their technical beauty, and their imaginative perfection?

One answer is, that the contemporary mind gives up in despair the attempt to originate beauty and truth equal to that which the past has produced, and that its only resource is the vulgarization of what was once pure and good.

Another answer is, that the race has advanced beyond ideals of beauty to ideals of political liberty, and that the two tendencies are incompatible.

But neither of these theories is the last word, and when one contemplates the healthy, sane, and temperate, as well as beautiful, art of the United States, the intelligent and advancing ideals of Great Britain, and the clean and wholesome aims of Germany, neither of whom possesses in common contact the great master-works of antique beauty as do the artists in Italy and France and Spain, one must search elsewhere for an explanation of the degenerate art of continental Europe.

BUT I do not mean to tie all European art by the neck and cut off its head collectively. I have been speaking generally, not specifically; of tendencies, not of individuals. To come to individuals, I should



Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A SPANISH GIRL

FROM THE PAINTING BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA, IN HIS SPECIAL EXHIBIT



Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, architects

THE AMERICAN PAVILION

perhaps pick out Zuloaga, the Spanish leader, as one of the significant personages who stands forth conspicuously in this showing of the world's art. His lead is not altogether due to the fact that the Italian committee have done him the honor to invite him to have a gallery to himself. If one or two of his canvases were placed in company with a general collection, as in the case of our Abbott H. Thayer, and George deForest Brush, I feel sure they would arrest the intelligent observer.

They are not cheering in color and they are not rotund in form, but there is about them an air, a style, that cannot be reduced to words, but which, after all, is the essence of art. His group, while often ugly in subject and degenerate in impulse, may stand for the better sort of a bad sort of tendency. He acknowledges artistic antecedents, but he is the creature of his age and of his entourage.

And so, in less artistic degree, it is with his fellow-countryman Aglada, whose title to particular remark is due perhaps more to the committee's indulgence of a room to himself than to his overwhelming merit. They are merry in the Roman press over his "green horse," and well they may be;

and as well, over his prismatic matadors and crazy-quilt donnas, and the size of his colossal canvases, the value of which is mentioned in dollars as denoting their artistic claims. But the secret is there in the corner, where two exquisite, large charcoal drawings of early Paris days show that the artistic insanity of the oils is half-assumed, one could not venture to say for the purpose of gaining *réclame*, though how else reconcile the recognition of real things, with the production of unreal?

And it is just this which characterizes the conscious work of all these capable men. You feel that they are embarrassed to say the simple words which they have been taught at the knee of the madonnas, at the shrine of Perugini, and the simple threshold of Ghirlandajo and Pinturicchio. They are appalled by the genuine originality of the masters. They have no ideas of their own to express; hence they go the way madness lies. And thus we have that able artist and ingenious experimenter Mancini. He is a Roman who has been, I am told, much praised by Mr. Sargent, and justly for many qualities of surprising technical adroitness. If you cannot paint with the inspired craftsmanship of Leo-

nardo da Vinci, and you must paint, it is obviously well to use the skill that is in you. And if that skill runs to the criss-crossing of your subject in blocks by transverse strings, or in gaining your high lights by sticking bits of ephemeral tin and gilt metal into your paint, I suppose you are justified in doing it. I can admire these shifts that stand in the place of methods which have produced the enduring art of the world. They are clever, and they enable a less original talent to have its say in an experimental and ingenious manner, but that the products of this cleverness are therefore to be valued three hundred years from now in a gallery of Nova Zembla is a fallacy which I cannot credit.

Go far enough away from the curious surface of these canvases, and they have style and taste. They are rather pictures of costume than of people; and thus Mancini dresses his models in the clothes of a medieval age, quite in opposition to the *dernier cri* of his own technic.

Other Italians there are who demand notice for modernity of subject or method,—Innocenti, for instance, who can paint exquisitely the worldly life of Rome,—but there is little that is wholesome or ad-

vancing in the native galleries, though the visitor who is seeking entertainment, unconnected with tendencies, will be vastly amused at subjects odd and novel enough to us across the sea.

All of which leads to curiosity about the Italians' view of us. Is our art as odd and novel to them as some of theirs to us? I was told that the gossip of the old Greek restaurant in Via Condotti, where the *cognoscenti* have gathered since before the days of Thackeray, dealt with us adversely because we prudishly eschewed the nude and had less of composition than we ought. I can well understand their craving for the nude. To them it means freedom from what is considered conventional. They must be emancipated from that which went before, or they are lost. They cannot slavishly copy the ancient beauty and purity; they must have something to say for themselves. The talent of the masters does not hold out; it has gone with the simplicity of the antique lives. So they are left to celebrate what is bizarre and even what is ugly in order to release themselves from the haunting past.

They do not observe that our art does include the nude, as in Hassam's "June,"



VIEW IN ONE OF THE MAIN AMERICAN GALLERIES



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE BEAD JACKET

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALFRED HAYWARD, IN THE BRITISH EXHIBIT

because its treatment is chaste and impersonal and unaffected by ulterior sentiment. They feel themselves supported, no doubt, by the incomparable painting of Zorn, in the Swedish section, where the nude, served up in every known style, outdoors and in, is carried by matchless technical beauty. But they forget, perhaps, that in this they are admiring Zorn rather than his subjects.

And by our lack of composition, they mean that we have few subject-pictures, —which is an arraignment we cannot but acknowledge,—though offering in mitigation Horatio Walker, Watrous, Tanner, and Mrs. Merritt. The Italians have few such works themselves; and, if we omit the illustrative compositions of the English, there is little of that sort of thing in the exposition. From Sweden there are



Halftone plate engraved by Robert Varley

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR
FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. LASZLO, IN THE HUNGARIAN EXHIBIT

a few, and some of them gaily humorous; but on the whole there is no imaginative work such as was inspired by the Bible among the great painters of the past; nothing that thrills the emotions and gives flight to the fancy, if we except our own landscapes by *C. H. Davis* and *Ballard Will-*

iams and *Tryon* and *Granville-Smith* and *Ranger* and *Garler*, when they truly interpret "the poetry of earth."

AND the high opinion the English hold of American art is pretty well shown by their own deeds. A very loyal lady of



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A PEASANT GIRL FROM DELACARLIA

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN, IN THE SWEDISH EXHIBIT

British birth asked an American dame in England whether they had any painters in America.

"Oh, yes," said the American, "you have some of them here—Sargent and Abbey and Mrs. Merritt and McLure Hamilton."

"Dear me," said the English lady, "you 'll be claiming Whistler next!"

And yet the British display is in one respect the handsomest on the grounds. They have cast aside the terms of the competition, which called for art produced between 1901 and 1911, and have brought together a group of over a hundred works of their best period of a hundred years ago which astonishes the beholder with its richness, and begets wonder at the gene-



Ow. and by Countess Eduard Raczyński Koskau. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A MADONNA

FROM THE PAINTING BY VLASTIMIL HOFMANN, IN THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBIT

In the British pavilion they have not "claimed Whistler," but if they should take from their "line" the two Sargents, the large Abbey, the exquisite J. J. Shannon, and the Mark Fisher landscape, there would be sad gaps, and hard to fill. Sargent and Abbey and McLure Hamilton and Mrs. Merritt,—and the "Sarasate" Whistler, besides,—are among the American exhibits; but that English art gains not a little from the "colonial" strain I think even the insular critic will allow.

rous spirit of the lenders and at the enterprise of the Commissioner-General, Sir Isidore Spielmann, whose tact and skill are thus manifested. Besides this, there is a group of the English Preraphaelite school surprising to those already acquainted with the range of that movement.

That all these costly works should have found their way into a temporary building in distant Rome is a tribute to the British Board of Trade, under whose long-headed management the English government



IN THE FRENCH PAVILION

places the exhibition of British art in foreign lands, a hint not too remote from our own trade interests to be safely ignored.

THE Italians in the cafés, when the enchanting Roman twilight brings everybody outdoors for a sip and a gossip, say they like the big, straining, purple oxen of the German Zügel. He appeals to them by a theatric show of brute force perhaps because they have it not. But there is a good deal of strength in the German work, not always well restrained, not always beautiful, but especially evident when it is contrasted with the English prettiness. Though there are many more German artists represented than in the collection made by Mr. Reisinger for the Metropolitan Museum, I could not feel that numbers added to quality, and I am inclined to think Mr. Reisinger's choice rather representative. The note is of sadness rather than of cheer and hope. The color is somber even in those examples that deal with outdoors; and if evidence of this were wanting, I could point to the walls of cool gray, which to me denote limitations. Pictures of fresh and healthy color demand a red or warm background. But the installation of both pictures and sculpture is charming, and the

bronze sculpture of Germany is noteworthy for its delineation of human character.

They have in Europe a different view of a picture-show from that which prevails with us. Their idea is that you must publicly expose works of art as if they formed the decorations of a dwelling-house. They put up small galleries in the semblance of rooms, and subordinate the pictures and sculpture to the total effect.

This is made manifest in its most agreeable form in the Austrian pavilion, where the walls are spotted white and the frames harmonize with the prevailing tone. Nothing prettier is conceivable than these cool, dainty chambers in the style of "l'art nouveau," but the pictures for which they are a setting are another story. There are one or two vigorous portraits like Mehoffer's and Rudolf Bacher's which might hang anywhere, and which do overcome the difficult background; but the decorations of Gustav Klimt give impulse to all else and make necessary the white walls; and these creations are indeed odd. On first view they impress you as huge, fresh-colored tiles in their Della-Robbialike clearness of hue; but as you penetrate their form, you discover figures with limbs that are doing things, and visages that are looking things, that require a key. The

portraits gaze out at you from faces quite beautiful, but immeshed in arabesques of pure color which fail to describe themselves. One or two American artists who were with me were fascinated by the rather affected simplicity of the installation and the illogical, dreamlike decorations, but to me these works are only another manifestation of Europe's artistic despair.

So it is with the decorations and the indecorous sculpture of Servia, and with the untamed, though less pretentious, art of Russia. But one would expect other things from France, the foster-mother of modern art, the liberal and unselfish instructress of us all. She has been the missionary of taste and technic, and she has won for her unsparing altruism the gratitude of the world.

But what can it mean? You go into a rather bizarre building between groups of sculpture which by their absence of grace and of clothes set the key for the walls within. The exhibits are presumably the production of the years 1901-11, but you are importuned at once by the great canvas (both in size and in quality) "Portrait de Mademoiselle H." which Carolus-Duran exhibited at the Philadelphia "Centennial" in 1876. Again and again you wonder where the French art of the day has got itself hung, and why that of other days is not of a better sort. There are notably good things like those of Léon Felix and Guillonnet, and passably bad ones like Detaille's and La Touche's, but the total sensation is one of pain, and you ask yourself, Is it the incipency of decay,

or is it officialism? And no answer is vouchsafed.

If you stand in the evening at the top of the great stairway that, between playing fountains, leads down into the valley in front of the Italian Palace of Art, you will see across the lovely, level shadows of the Roman twilight the red Japanese building on its hilltop, under the umbrella-like stone-pine, and the white fronts of England and Germany and Hungary, while to your right will rise the orange walls of Russia and the gray of Belgium, and to your left white Austria, gray France, and red United States, and you will say, as I did again and again, "What could be more enchanting?" And you will avow, as I did, that the Count di San Martino, who conceived and has carried into being this noble show of the world's art, has created as beautiful a picture in the Valle Giulia as any within its walls.

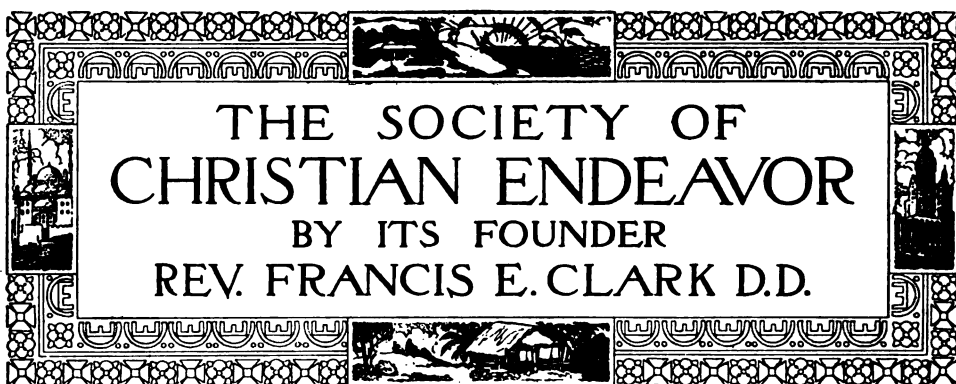
Rome is itself an exposition made by history. The central exhibit is the Forum, with its dumb testaments of antiquity. In another part of the grounds are St. Peter's and the relics of medieval pathos; and then you turn a corner and are confronted with the new era and its chief exhibit, the costly and colossal monument to Victor Emmanuel II, Italy's Emancipator.

Rome is forever young as well as old, and out at the Castle of Sant' Angelo, in the Piazza d'Armi, and in the Valle Giulia you may see gathered into her withered arms the last buds on the branches of ethnology, of native architecture, and of art.



A HUNGARIAN TYPE

FROM THE STATUE BY LADISLAV BEZÉDES
IN THE HUNGARIAN EXHIBIT



President of the American National Society and of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

ON the Fourth of July, 1910, as was well known by any one who then even glanced at a daily newspaper, a prize-fight took place between a white bruiser and a black one, at Reno, Nevada. Three days before that, a largely attended State Christian Endeavor Convention was held at Battle Creek, Michigan, and the following day a similar convention at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At both of these conventions, resolutions were passed, not only against the demoralizing fight but especially against the reproduction of the fight by moving pictures, which it was well known were expected to furnish enormous financial returns.

On the fifth of July, the General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Mr. William Shaw, returned from these conventions to the headquarters of the society in Boston, and immediately telegraphed a night letter to the governors of the various States, and to the mayors of several leading cities. A plan of campaign against the fight pictures was also sent to the Endeavor leaders throughout the country.

The very next day the replies began to come in, and the agitation was not only country-wide but world-wide. The Associated Press sent the message to Great Britain and South Africa, Germany, India, and Australia. The matter was taken up in the British Parliament, and by the authorities in Cape Town, Berlin, Calcutta, and Melbourne.

Twenty-nine governors responded to the protests, most of them promising to do what they could to prohibit an exhibition of the pictures. The mayors of many cities in this and other countries took simi-

lar action, even *Reno* itself barred them, and it is not too much to say that, within a week, the agitation thus aroused had not only largely defeated the plans of those who would make money out of the demoralization of youth, but had turned the attention of the civilized world to the abuse of the moving-picture business in general, which threatens to destroy an agency of great educational value, and pervert it to evil ends. Already action has been taken in a number of cities, seconded heartily by the respectable moving-picture syndicates, to censor these shows, and prevent not only the prize-fight from being exhibited, but other equally demoralizing stories, such as those of assassination and robbery.

I mention these facts because nothing shows more vividly the wide-spread nature of the Society of Christian Endeavor, its thorough organization, and the character of the young men connected with it. This effort was possible not only because local branches of the society, with millions of members, are found in tens of thousands of churches, but also because they are organized into unions in almost every city and town of considerable size in the United States, in Great Britain, on the continent of Europe, in Australia, in South Africa, in India, and indeed, with few exceptions, in every country in the world.

Yet this organization of the Protestant youth throughout the world has been effected so quietly and unostentatiously that very few realize that there is probably no other in the world so cosmopolitan in its character as this modest society which celebrated its thirtieth birthday in Feb-

ruary, 1911. It shows also that these State and city and county unions of Christian Endeavor, which are numbered by thousands, are officered by young men and young women who are awake to the issues of the day, who are patriots as well as Christians, and who, when they see an issue that is worth while, waste no time in bringing the weight of their organization to bear upon it.

It must not be supposed, however, that the society seeks to be a universal corrector of the evils of society and State. It is appealed to a hundred times a year to take up causes which, though good in themselves, are not within the scope of such an organization. The sturdy common sense of these young people has kept them from political and other unwise alliances, and has enabled them to concentrate their efforts on reforms that were possible, pressing, and of immediate importance.

For the most part, it does its work very quietly and without observation. Every week 75,000 young people's societies hold their prayer-meetings. Every week five times as many committees in these different societies ask themselves what more they can do for the upbuilding of the church with which they are connected, or for the pastor whom they desire to help. Once a month the members of these societies come together in a special covenant meeting, when their names are called, their obligations are emphasized, and their vows of allegiance to God, their church, and their country are renewed.

Few of these efforts for spiritual uplift and social betterment are ever recorded in the newspapers.

Thirty years ago it was coming more plainly than ever to be seen that the church, if it would grow, must depend not only upon conquest from without but upon growth from within. In former days the minister and evangelist sought to turn the calloused feet of hardened sinners into the way of truth, rather than the tender feet of the little child. The thought of the church as an army rather than a home, or as a hospital for the decrepit and the diseased rather than as a nursery, dominated the religious thought of the centuries; and it was not until Bushnell wrote his epoch-making book on "Christian Nurture" that the modern religious world began to see that there must be

more training within as well as more victories over the world without, if the church was to hold her own, and win the world to her standards.

The modern movement called Christian Endeavor was born of two great ideas. One underlying thought of the movement was and is that an organization which should conserve the young life of the church must be a thoroughly religious organization. A social club alone will not answer; a musical organization, or a debating or literary or athletic society, will not grip the hearts of the young people, and hold them to the church. The greatest of all motives must be appealed to, the religious motive,—a motive which can always be found in the heart of the young if only the right chord can be struck.

The second and equally important principle of the society is that the young people themselves must do the work of the society, for only thus could it become a training-school for the church.

These, then, were the underlying ideas of the first Society of Christian Endeavor, started in the Williston church, in Portland, Maine, on February 2, 1881. It must be a religious society; it must embody the idea of service for the church *on the part of the young people themselves*. It was the idea of industrial training introduced into the religious sphere; the thought that we can only learn to do things by doing them.

The success of that first society amazed even the pastor who formed the constitution and formulated the pledge. He had tried many other experiments, as most young pastors do, and had met with either comparative or absolute failure. The literary society and the musical gild and the social supper had, after a while, palled upon their most enthusiastic advocates; but the idea of the young people themselves doing the work, offering the prayers, giving their simple testimonies, striving to bring others into their ranks, looking after the spiritual interests of their friends, working along any line that the pastor might suggest,—this idea did not grow old with the passing months, but with increasing energy and interest the young people entered into the work of the society.

A few months after the formation of the first society, some articles for various religious papers were written by the pas-

tor of that first society, and another pastor tried the same experiment, adopting the same constitution and pledge, and then another and another. From one denomination to another the work spread, and from one country to another.

After a time the inevitable idea of fellowship was developed; one by one, beginning in New Haven, Connecticut, there sprung up all over the country and throughout the world Christian Endeavor unions, which rapidly grew in numbers and influence.

Conservative Europe was a little slower in taking up the idea, but in less than seven years from the formation of the first society in America, the first branch of Christian Endeavor was formed in Great Britain, which has since multiplied itself some thirteen thousand times. Even before that, China, India, and Australia had established their first Endeavor societies; and a few years later, Germany, Scandinavia, Hungary, Italy, Spain, and France, and indeed almost every other country in the world took up the work and formed its Christian Endeavor contingent, each with a national organization that regulates its own affairs and carries on its own work in sympathetic relations with all other Endeavorers the world over.

In French, Christian Endeavor is called "*Activité Chrétienne*"; in Italian, "*Attività Cristiana*"; in Spanish, "*Esfuerzo Cristiano*"; in German, "*Entschiedenes Christenthum*"; in Norwegian, "*Ungdomsforeninger for Christi Efterfølgelse*." Most of these countries have weekly or monthly Christian Endeavor publications of their own, which promote the principles of the society. In all, nearly a hundred papers and magazines, large and small, are published in the interests of the movement in half as many languages. The constitution has been translated into more than a hundred tongues, including Icelandic, Tibetan, Fiji, Assamese, Karen, and some twenty of the vernaculars of India.

Many denominations have adopted the society officially as their young people's organization. Among them may be mentioned the Congregationalists, the Disciples of Christ, the United Brethren, and Methodist Protestants of America, the United Methodist Church of Australia, the Primitive Methodists and several other denominations of Great Britain, while many

others, like the Presbyterians and the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States have virtually no other young people's societies of the kind in their churches. The Church of England in some of its branches has been very hospitable to the Christian Endeavor idea, and a flourishing Church of England Christian Endeavor Union, with a monthly publication of its own, has been established. The "President-Designate" of the British National Union of Christian Endeavor, with its thousands of societies, is a rector of the Established Church. In some parts of the world the Baptists, in others the Methodists, and in others the Presbyterians, have the largest number of Christian Endeavor societies.

It must not be supposed, however, that such an organization, phenomenal as has been its growth, came into existence without the usual purifying fires of ridicule and opposition. My scrap-book contains many choice specimens of criticism of the society, ranging from a restrained and dignified editorial in the leading religious paper of thirty years ago, to the anonymous billingsgate of several intensely sectarian sheets that were sure that this new interdenominational society of young people would destroy all the foundations which the fathers had laid, remove all the ancient landmarks, and bring chaos into every denominational fold.

The most serious opposition, however, took the form of a back fire, set by several denominations, in the shape of young people's organizations, modeled very closely after the Christian Endeavor Society, but called by different names, and meant to segregate the young people of these denominations, and keep them out of the interdenominational fellowship. For a time it seemed as if this divisive opposition would carry all before it, but after a few years, the tide turned the other way, and, one after another, most of the churches that had formed denominational young people's organizations gave them up in favor of the Society of Christian Endeavor, or else joined their own denominational title to the interdenominational name, and came again into the world-wide fellowship.

The sanity of the society has doubtless done much to win for it the favor of the religious world. It has had high ideals,

but it has not posed as the one and only instrumentality of salvation, or as the corrector of all human ills.

As there are no salaries and few home expenses in the World's Christian Endeavor Union, every dollar that is given for the foreign work of the society goes direct to the field, and the total foreign budget is only about \$8000 a year. With this modest amount, the work is aided in China, Japan, India, South America, and several of the continental countries of Europe. I venture to say that there is no such wide-spread missionary work accomplished elsewhere with so small an expenditure of money.

The reason of this lies largely in the adaptability of the society to all conditions and circumstances. A little money goes a long way in Christian Endeavor work because the society so readily adapts itself to its surroundings, and finds itself as much at home in the jungles of India, the mining-camps of South Africa, the atolls of the South Seas, the icy barrens of Alaska, or the remote interior villages of China, as in the typical New England city where it was born.

For the last twenty years there have been no such vast religious gatherings as the conventions of the Society of Christian Endeavor. To speak in the language of the day, the "world's record" for attendance at religious conventions has been broken over and over again at these meetings. In Boston, 56,425 delegates were registered; in London, over 50,000; in Melbourne, Australia, 10,000; in Agra, India, nearly 4000. Even in Barcelona, Spain, in spite of the small number of Protestants in the whole country, more than 1500 delegates attended the Spanish National Christian Endeavor Convention in 1909, and it was declared by veteran missionaries to be the greatest evangelical meeting held in the Iberian Peninsula since the days of the Visigoths.

The first of these great gatherings, though there had been smaller Christian Endeavor conventions before, was held in New York City in 1892. One prominent pastor assured me in advance that the convention "would not make a ripple in the life of the city. Conventions come and go," he said, "and no one knows they are here." One hotel-keeper, when the committee of entertainment approached him,

offered to take care of the whole convention in his hotel. But when the Endeavorers began to pour into the city, ten, twenty, thirty thousand strong, Madison Square Garden was found to be entirely inadequate to care for half the delegates from a distance. Even the most cynical of the New York dailies, which began with a sneer, bade the convention adieu with a generous word of approbation.

In 1895 Boston outdid itself in the welcome to the Endeavor Convention. All the railway stations within a radius of twenty miles were decorated in honor of the occasion. The daily papers for five days contained little besides the verbatim reports and illustrations of the convention.

The newspapers have indeed always been most hospitable to these conventions. A few years later the leading San Francisco journals, when the International Convention came to their city and 25,000 people crossed the mountains to attend it, agreed to cut out for one week all detailed accounts of murders, divorces, horrible accidents, and crimes, and devote their space largely to the convention,—an agreement to which they religiously adhered.

In 1900 the World's Christian Endeavor Convention was held in London, and "for the first time in its history," says the official report, "the gray old city was decorated in honor of a religious gathering. Flags and monograms in red and white—the convention colors—fluttered across Ludgate Hill, and showed cheerfully against the grim walls of Newgate, and in many parts of the metropolis, from the dignified West to the plebeian East, and even in the suburbs."

In some respects the most remarkable of all these great world's conventions was the latest, held in the very heart of India in the ancient city of Agra, a thousand miles from the Indian Ocean on one side and nearly the same distance from the Bay of Bengal on the other. Here were gathered, in November of 1909, 400 missionaries, 3000 native Christians, 100 delegates from America, and others from Germany, Scandinavia, England, Australia, and other lands. A short quarter of a mile away towered the Taj Mahal, the most perfect and exquisite of all buildings. A mile away in another direction the three great bubble-like domes of the Pearl Mosque soared into the air, while the

enormous fort of sandstone, where twice ten thousand troops could be mustered, the third marvel of Agra, was within an easy walk of the convention encampment.

But, striking as were these architectural wonders which travelers cross continents and oceans to see, the great attraction of Agra for the time being was the Endeavor Convention, with its solemn services, and its words of consecration, spoken in thirty-one different languages by Christians of almost every conceivable color and costume. The Vice-Regal Government of India lent its encampment of 300 large tents, including two great audience tents holding 2000 people each, and the civil authorities vied with the ecclesiastics in giving a welcome to a convention such as India had never before seen.

There have been scores of similar conventions, larger or smaller, held in Sydney and Adelaide, Berlin and Paris, Geneva and Budapest, in Honolulu and Fu-chau, in Ning-po and Kioto.

These conventions, it is needless to say, do not accomplish the real work of the society. They are only the thermometer that registers the warmth and vigor of the movement and its abounding energy; but the vitality there exhibited is generated in the hearts of millions of devoted young men and women, who seek "not to be ministered unto but to minister."

A score of the ships of the United States navy are the homes of "Floating Societies of Christian Endeavor." Among the brave men who went down in the *Maine* in Havana harbor were several devoted Christian Endeavorers, two of whom, non-commissioned officers, had been instrumental in establishing the Nagasaki Christian Endeavor Seamen's Home a few years before, when assigned to the *Charleston*. There was an active floating society on Admiral Dewey's flag-ship when she sailed into Manila harbor on that momentous May-day in 1898, and another good society found its home on the *Oregon* in her historic journey around Cape Horn.

In the war between Russia and Japan there were societies in the Japanese navy; and in the Boer war, Endeavorers in the British and the Boer armies met at the point of the bayonet, and afterward, in the halcyon days of peace, fraternized as happily as though they had never crossed swords upon the field of battle.

A joint Dutch and English Endeavor gathering of much significance was held in Cape Town, a few months after the war. Dutch and English mottos of welcome decorated the walls. The president of the Dutch Union presided, the president of the English Union of South Africa gave the formal address of welcome, other addresses were made in both languages, and then the large audience rose and with evident emotion, each man in his own language, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and joined in singing

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

This was less than a year after the close of the war, and was the first occasion when Dutch and English had come together in fraternal intercourse. Indeed it was said that a Christian Endeavor meeting alone could at that time have brought the two races together.

One of the most unusual chapters in the history of Christian Endeavor is connected with this same war. Some thousands of Dutch prisoners, it will be remembered, were deported to St. Helena, Ceylon, the Bermudas, and Portugal. In each of the great prison camps were some Endeavorers whose zeal attracted others, until in St. Helena alone nineteen societies were formed among the prisoners. A local union was established, with regular meetings, and a small chapel was built by the prisoners with kerosene cans, old boxes and aloe poles, where continuous services were held. In the Ceylon prison camp the societies were equally vigorous, and a little weekly paper was published in the Dutch language, entitled "De Strever" ("The Endeavorer"). A remarkable missionary movement was the outcome of these prison-camp endeavors, for, before they were discharged, two hundred and fifty young Boers volunteered to go as missionaries to the blacks whom before they had despised and neglected. Most of them went as evangelists or industrial missionaries to the heart of Africa.

Perhaps nothing shows more plainly the deep religious nature of the Boers than these prison societies, and I am reminded of an interview with old President Kruger, who said to me once, with deep emotion in his voice, "Whoever comes in the name

of the Lord Jesus Christ is welcome to the Transvaal." Deeply religious as the old man was, he had a vein of humor, for when I was first introduced to him he greeted me with a slap on the shoulder and the question: "Are you one of the Yankees that run to the Queen when you get into trouble?" a remark apropos of the fact that a well-known American engineer and some other Americans had just put themselves under British protection when arrested in connection with the Jameson raid.

The story of the Boer prisoners naturally reminds one of the many other Endeavorers behind prison bars in our State penitentiaries, a number estimated at not less than two thousand. This would indeed be a sinister statement did I not hasten to add that not one of these men was a Christian Endeavorer before he was imprisoned. All have been converted and started upon a new life since their imprisonment, through the influence of the prison Christian Endeavor Society, and, so far as is known, not one of these ex-Endeavorers after his discharge, has been reincarcerated. Stories of conversion as radical and interesting as any in Professor James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" or Harold Begbie's "Twice-born Men" have occurred in these prison societies, and many wardens and chaplains have declared that they were a great help in promoting order and contentment. One of the best of these societies, which has flourished for many years, is in the Federal Prison in Atlanta.

There are other societies in surprising places: in deaf-and-dumb asylums, where the members talk in the meetings with their fingers and listen with their eyes; among the life-savers at the lonely stations on our coast; among the employees of hospitals and hotels; among the firemen in several large fire stations; in Old Soldiers' homes, and among the lepers of Molokai and India and British Guiana. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any condition of life or any corner of the world where they are not found.

As an educative influence, the Christian Endeavor movement has often been underrated. Scores of books relating to Bible study, missions, and practical Christian work have been published for these young people, and have been eagerly studied. A

prominent denominational leader has written: "This wonderful stir among our Christian Endeavor millions means a great increase of the readers of good literature; it means a growing appetite for knowledge that will swell the attendance of our colleges and universities; it means a familiarity with the Bible and books growing out of it, such as was never before known." To take part intelligently in the meetings requires reading and study, and the scores of papers and books which assist in preparing for these meetings and for the practical work of the committees furnish a body of writing of which a well-known author declares that "never since time began has a religious movement created for itself in so short a time, a set of helps so complete and useful."

But the question may still be asked: "What is the practical value of all this machinery?" Although there is a mystical element in the work of the society, as in every genuinely religious movement, the practical outcome is of such a homespun and every-day character as to seem commonplace. Here are a few items taken at random from the reports of a single year: half a million gifts of fruits and bouquets of flowers sent to hospitals and "shut-ins"; thousands of cheering song services reported in prisons, missions, and Old Folks' homes; invalid chairs kept to lend, free of charge; church reading-rooms opened; church papers edited and distributed; coffee clubs established and supported; ice-water fountains maintained; thousands of scrap-books made for hospitals and children's homes; Christmas greetings for prisoners; fresh-air camps maintained; tennis and base-ball clubs and cycle clubs established; flower gardens cultivated for the church; treats for cripples; "teas" for old people, and suppers for newsboys and boot-blacks.

In India the older Endeavorers do not think it beneath their dignity to establish "tub committees" and "finger-nail committees" to teach the little Juniors just out of heathenism, that cleanliness is very near to godliness. The recorded sums of money given to missions and home churches by Endeavor societies during the last twenty-five years amounts to over ten millions of dollars. The unrecorded sums are doubtless many times as much.

One more providential design of Chris-

tian Endeavor must not be forgotten, and that is its usefulness as an agency to bring together the young people of the nations as well as the denominations. Here is the one Protestant religious organization, which cultivates particularly the fellowship idea and that is found in every land beneath the sun. Delegates go back and forth to the conventions, from Europe to America and from America to Europe, and from both continents to Asia and Africa. Its publications circulate in four-score languages; its monogram is the same in every land. It is thoroughly democratic in its fundamental idea. It knows no distinctions of caste or color. It seeks to teach young people to work *with* each other rather than merely *for* each other.



In Great Britain, for instance, a delegation of German and other continental Endeavorers is entertained every year in the Christian Endeavor Holiday Homes, and the name "Christian Endeavor" is a password for kindred spirits, whether they live in the world's great capitals or in the remotest islands of the South Seas. Former President Roosevelt did not overstate the case when he said to the Endeavorers: "Your body stands prominent among the organizations that strive toward a realization of interdenominational and international Christian fellowship, as well as among those which stand for ideals of true citizenship."

To mention the eminent men and women who have spoken in praise of the principles and the practice of the Christian Endeavor Society would be to call the roll of the greatest statesmen and divines of the last quarter of a century.

The outlook for the society was never brighter. Not only are the societies growing rapidly in numbers, but their activities are multiplying quite as rapidly. At least nine new societies were recorded every day of the past year, and though there are some deaths in the large family, as is natural, and some districts where the organization may be weak and languishing, the reports of growth and vigor and increasing interest far outnumber the occasional stories of decline. Recently a suggestion was made that Endeavorers should strive for a million new members and ten thousand new societies, to be gained within two years. With eagerness they under-

took the task, each State accepted its allotment, and the society is already well on its way to the fulfilment of this task, which to many an organization would seem impossible.

As I am writing these words, the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Christian Endeavor movement is being widely celebrated in this country and throughout the world, and attention has naturally been called in many quarters to the great changes that have taken place in the religious life of young people and in their relation to the churches during these thirty years.

Thirty years ago a distinctly young people's society in our churches was rare, now it is universal. Then a weekly young people's meeting was the exception, now it is the rule. Then organized personal work of young people for young people was unknown, now it is everywhere common. Then social functions in the church for the young were infrequent, now many of their social events center in the church. Then interdenominational fellowship gatherings of the young were undreamed of, now at least 10,000 such meetings are held every year and in all lands, attended in the aggregate by millions of youth.

While writing this article I have been pursued by the fear that my personal interest in the society might lead me to exaggerate its merits. For this reason, I have said little about its ideals, and have dwelt largely upon certain verifiable facts and practical developments gathered from a careful study of the organization in many lands.

In all these developments the providential character of the society is most evident. To no man or organization is praise due for its development. Here is a seed with divine life in it. It fell into good soil. That is the whole story. Travels in many lands, including five journeys around the world, watching the inception and development of the society under widely diverse conditions in far-separated lands, have convinced me of this.

In brief, the Christian Endeavor Society has revealed and made practical certain fundamental conceptions of the Christian life, common to all creeds. It has adapted the truths of the fathers to the needs of the children of to-day. It has made abstract truth concrete in every-day life.



THE JOY OF NELLY DEANE

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

NELL and I were almost ready to go on for the last act of "Queen Esther," and we had for the moment got rid of our three patient dressers, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Freeze, and Mrs. Spinny. Nell was peering over my shoulder into the little cracked looking-glass that Mrs. Dow had taken from its nail on her kitchen wall and brought down to the church under her shawl that morning. When she realized that we were alone, Nell whispered to me in the quick, fierce way she had:

"Say, Peggy, won't you go up and stay with me to-night? Scott Spinny's asked to take me home, and I don't want to walk up with him alone."

"I guess so, if you'll ask my mother."

"Oh, I'll fix her!" Nell laughed, with a toss of her head which meant that she usually got what she wanted, even from people much less tractable than my mother.

In a moment our tiring-women were back again. The three old ladies—at least they seemed old to us—fluttered about us, more agitated than we were ourselves. It seemed as though they would never leave off patting Nell and touching her up. They kept trying things this way and that, never able in the end to decide which way was best. They would n't hear to her using rouge, and as they powdered her neck and arms, Mrs. Freeze murmured that she hoped we would n't get into the habit of using such things. Mrs. Spinny divided her time between pulling up and tucking down the "illusion" that filled in the square neck of Nelly's dress. She did n't like things much low, she said; but after she had pulled it up, she stood back

and looked at Nell thoughtfully through her glasses. While the excited girl was reaching for this and that, buttoning a slipper, pinning down a curl, Mrs. Spinny's smile softened more and more until, just before *Esther* made her entrance, the old lady tiptoed up to her and softly tucked the illusion down as far as it would go.

"She's so pink; it seems a pity not," she whispered apologetically to Mrs. Dow.

Every one admitted that Nelly was the prettiest girl in Riverbend, and the gayest—oh, the gayest! When she was not singing, she was laughing. When she was not laid up with a broken arm, the outcome of a foolhardy coasting feat, or suspended from school because she ran away at recess to go buggy-riding with Guy Franklin, she was sure to be up to mischief of some sort. Twice she broke through the ice and got soused in the river because she never looked where she skated or cared what happened so long as she went fast enough. After the second of these duckings our three dressers declared that she was trying to be a Baptist despite herself.

Mrs. Spinny and Mrs. Freeze and Mrs. Dow, who were always hovering about Nelly, often whispered to me their hope that she would eventually come into our church and not "go with the Methodists"; her family were Wesleyans. But to me these artless plans of theirs never wholly explained their watchful affection. They had good daughters themselves,—except Mrs. Spinny, who had only the sullen Scott,—and they loved their plain girls and thanked God for them. But they loved Nelly differently. They were proud

of her pretty figure and yellow-brown eyes, which dilated so easily and sparkled with a kind of golden effervescence. They were always making pretty things for her, always coaxing her to come to the sewing-circle, where she knotted her thread, and put in the wrong sleeve, and laughed and chattered and said a great many things that she should not have said, and somehow always warmed their hearts. I think they loved her for her unquenchable joy.

All the Baptist ladies liked Nell, even those who criticized her most severely, but the three who were first in fighting the battles of our little church, who held it together by their prayers and the labor of their hands, watched over her as they did over Mrs. Dow's century-plant before it blossomed. They looked for her on Sunday morning and smiled at her as she hurried, always a little late, up to the choir. When she rose and stood behind the organ and sang "There Is a Green Hill," one could see Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Freeze settle back in their accustomed seats and look up at her as if she had just come from that hill and had brought them glad tidings.

It was because I sang contralto, or, as we said, alto, in the Baptist choir that Nell and I became friends. She was so gay and grown up, so busy with parties and dances and picnics, that I would scarcely have seen much of her had we not sung together. She liked me better than she did any of the older girls, who tried clumsily to be like her, and I felt almost as solicitous and admiring as did Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Spinny. I think even then I must have loved to see her bloom and glow, and I loved to hear her sing, in "The Ninety and Nine,"

But one was out on the hills away

in her sweet, strong voice. Nell had never had a singing lesson, but she had sung from the time she could talk, and Mrs. Dow used fondly to say that it was singing so much that made her figure so pretty.

After I went into the choir it was found to be easier to get Nelly to choir practice. If I stopped outside her gate on my way to church and coaxed her, she usually laughed, ran in for her hat and jacket, and went along with me. The three old ladies fostered our friendship, and because I was

"quiet," they esteemed me a good influence for Nelly. This view was propounded in a sewing-circle discussion and, leaking down to us through our mothers, greatly amused us. Dear old ladies! It was so manifestly for what Nell was that they loved her, and yet they were always looking for "influences" to change her.

The "Queen Esther" performance had cost us three months of hard practice, and it was not easy to keep Nell up to attending the tedious rehearsals. Some of the boys we knew were in the chorus of Assyrian youths, but the solo cast was made up of older people, and Nell found them very poky. We gave the cantata in the Baptist church on Christmas eve, "to a crowded house," as the Riverbend "Messenger" truly chronicled. The country folk for miles about had come in through a deep snow, and their teams and wagons stood in a long row at the hitch-bars on each side of the church door. It was certainly Nelly's night, for however much the tenor—he was her schoolmaster, and naturally thought poorly of her—might try to eclipse her in his dolorous solos about the rivers of Babylon, there could be no doubt as to whom the people had come to hear—and to see.

After the performance was over, our fathers and mothers came back to the dressing-rooms—the little rooms behind the baptistry where the candidates for baptism were robed—to congratulate us, and Nell persuaded my mother to let me go home with her. This arrangement may not have been wholly agreeable to Scott Spinny, who stood glumly waiting at the baptistry door; though I used to think he dogged Nell's steps not so much for any pleasure he got from being with her as for the pleasure of keeping other people away. Dear little Mrs. Spinny was perpetually in a state of humiliation on account of his bad manners, and she tried by a very special tenderness to make up to Nelly for the remissness of her ungracious son.

Scott was a spare, muscular fellow, good-looking, but with a face so set and dark that I used to think it very like the castings he sold. He was taciturn and domineering, and Nell rather liked to provoke him. Her father was so easy with her that she seemed to enjoy being ordered about now and then. That night, when every one was praising her and telling her

how well she sang and how pretty she looked, Scott only said, as we came out of the dressing-room:

"Have you got your high shoes on?"

"No; but I've got rubbers on over my low ones. Mother does n't care."

"Well, you just go back and put 'em on as fast as you can."

Nell made a face at him and ran back, laughing. Her mother, fat, comfortable Mrs. Deane, was immensely amused at this.

"That 's right, Scott," she chuckled.

"You can do enough more with her than I can. She walks right over me an' Jud."

Scott grinned. If he was proud of Nelly, the last thing he wished to do was to show it. When she came back he began to nag again. "What are you going to do with all those flowers? They 'll freeze stiff as pokers."

"Well, there won't none of *your* flowers freeze, Scott Spinnny, so there!" Nell snapped. She had the best of him that time, and the Assyrian youths rejoiced. They were most of them high-school boys, and the poorest of them had "chipped in" and sent all the way to Denver for *Queen Esther's* flowers. There were bouquets from half a dozen townspeople, too, but none from Scott. Scott was a prosperous hardware merchant and notoriously penurious, though he saved his face, as the boys said, by giving liberally to the church.

"There 's no use freezing the fool things, anyhow. You get me some newspapers, and I 'll wrap 'em up." Scott took from his pocket a folded copy of the Riverbend "Messenger" and began laboriously to wrap up one of the bouquets. When we left the church door he bore three large newspaper bundles, carrying them as carefully as if they had been so many newly frosted wedding-cakes, and left Nell and me to shift for ourselves as we floundered along the snow-burdened sidewalk.

Although it was after midnight, lights were shining from many of the little wooden houses, and the roofs and shrubbery were so deep in snow that Riverbend looked as if it had been tucked down into a warm bed. The companies of people, all coming from church, tramping this way and that toward their homes and calling "Good night" and "Merry Christ-

mas" as they parted company, all seemed to us very unusual and exciting.

When we got home, Mrs. Deane had a cold supper ready, and Jud Deane had already taken off his shoes and fallen to on his fried chicken and pie. He was so proud of his pretty daughter that he must give her her Christmas presents then and there, and he went into the sleeping-chamber behind the dining-room and from the depths of his wife's closet brought out a short sealskin jacket and a round cap and made Nelly put them on.

Mrs. Deane, who sat busy between a plate of spice cake and a tray piled with her famous whipped-cream tarts, laughed inordinately at his behavior.

"Ain't he worse than any kid you ever see? He 's been running to that closet like a cat shut away from her kittens. I wonder Nell ain't caught on before this. I did think he 'd make out now to keep 'em till Christmas morning; but he 's never made out to keep anything yet."

That was true enough, and fortunately Jud's inability to keep anything seemed always to present a highly humorous aspect to his wife. Mrs. Deane put her heart into her cooking, and said that so long as a man was a good provider she had no cause to complain. Other people were not so charitable toward Jud's failing. I remember how many strictures were passed upon that little sealskin and how he was censured for his extravagance. But what a public-spirited thing, after all, it was for him to do! How, the winter through, we all enjoyed seeing Nell skating on the river or running about the town with the brown collar turned up about her bright cheeks and her hair blowing out from under the round cap! "No seal," Mrs. Dow said, "would have begrudged it to her. Why should we?" This was at the sewing-circle, when the new coat was under grave discussion.

At last Nelly and I got up-stairs and undressed, and the pad of Jud's slippers feet about the kitchen premises—where he was carrying up from the cellar things that might freeze—ceased. He called "Good night, daughter," from the foot of the stairs, and the house grew quiet. But one is not a prima donna the first time for nothing, and it seemed as if we could not go to bed. Our light must have burned long after every other in Riverbend was

out. The muslin curtains of Nell's bed were drawn back; Mrs. Deane had turned down the white counterpane and taken off the shams and smoothed the pillows for us. But their fair plumpness offered no temptation to two such hot young heads. We could not let go of life even for a little while. We sat and talked in Nell's cozy room, where there was a tiny, white fur rug—the only one in Riverbend—before the bed; and there were white sash curtains, and the prettiest little desk and dressing-table I had ever seen. It was a warm, gay little room, flooded all day long with sunlight from east and south windows that had climbing-roses all about them in summer. About the dresser were photographs of adoring high-school boys; and one of Guy Franklin, much groomed and barbered, in a dress-coat and a boutonnière. I never liked to see that photograph there. The home boys looked properly modest and bashful on the dresser, but he seemed to be staring impudently all the time.

I knew nothing definite against Guy, but in Riverbend all "traveling-men" were considered worldly and wicked. He traveled for a Chicago dry-goods firm, and our fathers did n't like him because he put extravagant ideas into our mothers' heads. He had very smooth and flattering ways, and he introduced into our simple community a great variety of perfumes and scented soaps, and he always reminded me of the merchants in Cæsar, who brought into Gaul "those things which effeminate the mind," as we translated that delightfully easy passage.

Nell was sitting before the dressing-table in her nightgown, holding the new fur coat and rubbing her cheek against it, when I saw a sudden gleam of tears in her eyes. "You know, Peggy," she said in her quick, impetuous way, "this makes me feel bad. I've got a secret from my daddy."

I can see her now, so pink and eager, her brown hair in two springy braids down her back, and her eyes shining with tears and with something even softer and more tremulous.

"I'm engaged, Peggy," she whispered, "really and truly."

She leaned forward, unbuttoning her nightgown, and there on her breast, hung by a little gold chain about her neck, was

a diamond ring—Guy Franklin's solitaire; every one in Riverbend knew it well.

"I'm going to live in Chicago, and take singing lessons, and go to operas, and do all those nice things—oh, everything! I know you don't like him, Peggy, but you know you *are* a kid. You'll see how it is yourself when you grow up. He's so *different* from our boys, and he's just terribly in love with me. And then, Peggy,"—flushing all down over her soft shoulders,—"*I'm* awfully fond of him, too. Awfully."

"Are you, Nell, truly?" I whispered. She seemed so changed to me by the warm light in her eyes and that delicate suffusion of color. I felt as I did when I got up early on picnic mornings in summer, and saw the dawn come up in the breathless sky above the river meadows and make all the corn-fields golden.

"Sure I do, Peggy; don't look so solemn. It's nothing to look that way about, kid. It's nice." She threw her arms about me suddenly and hugged me.

"I hate to think about your going so far away from us all, Nell."

"Oh, you'll love to come and visit me. Just you wait."

She began breathlessly to go over things Guy Franklin had told her about Chicago, until I seemed to see it all looming up out there under the stars that kept watch over our little sleeping town. We had neither of us ever been to a city, but we knew what it would be like. We heard it throbbing like great engines, and calling to us, that far-away world. Even after we had opened the windows and scurried into bed, we seemed to feel a pulsation across all the miles of snow. The winter silence trembled with it; and the air was full of something new that seemed to break over us in soft waves. In that snug, warm little bed I had a sense of imminent change and danger. I was somehow afraid for Nelly when I heard her breathing so quickly beside me, and I put my arm about her protectingly as we drifted toward sleep.

IN the following spring we were both graduated from the Riverbend high school, and I went away to college. My family moved to Denver, and during the next four years I heard very little of Nelly Deane. My life was crowded with new people and new experiences, and I am

THE JOY OF NELLY DEANE

afraid I held her little in mind. I heard indirectly that Jud Deane had lost what little property he owned in a luckless venture in Cripple Creek, and that he had been able to keep his house in Riverbend only through the clemency of his creditors. Guy Franklin had his route changed and did not go to Riverbend any more. He married the daughter of a rich cattle-man out near Long Pine, and ran a dry-goods store of his own. Mrs. Dow wrote me a long letter about once a year, and in one of these she told me that Nelly was teaching in the sixth grade in the Riverbend school.

"Dear Nelly does not like teaching very well. The children try her, and she is so pretty it seems a pity for her to be tied down to uncongenial employment. Scott is still very attentive, and I have noticed him look up at the window of Nelly's room in a very determined way as he goes home to dinner. Scott continues prosperous; he has made money during these hard times and now owns both our hardware stores. He is close, but a very honorable fellow. Nelly seems to hold off, but I think Mrs. Spinny has hopes. Nothing would please her more. If Scott were more careful about his appearance, it would help. He of course gets black about his business, and Nelly, you know, is very dainty. People do say his mother does his courting for him, she is so eager. If only Scott does not turn out hard and penurious like his father! We must all have our schooling in this life, but I don't want Nelly's to be too severe. She is a dear girl, and keeps her color."

Mrs. Dow's own schooling had been none too easy. Her husband had long been crippled with rheumatism, and was bitter and faultfinding. Her daughters had married poorly, and one of her sons had fallen into evil ways. But her letters were always cheerful, and in one of them she gently remonstrated with me because I "seemed inclined to take a sad view of life."

In the winter vacation of my senior year I stopped on my way home to visit Mrs. Dow. The first thing she told me when I got into her old buckboard at the station was that "Scott had at last prevailed," and that Nelly was to marry him in the spring. As a preliminary step, Nelly was about to join the Baptist church.

"Just think, you will be here for baptizing! How that will please Nelly is to be immersed to-morrow night."

I met Scott Spinny in the post that morning, and he gave me a hand with one black hand. There was something grim and saturnine about his powerful body and bearded face and his still cold hands. I wondered what peripeteia had driven him for eight years to the footsteps of a girl whose charm due to qualities naturally distasteful to him. It still seems strange to me that in easy-going Riverbend, where there were so many boys who could have lived contentedly enough with my little grasshopper, it was the pushing ant who must have her and all her careless ways.

By a kind of unformulated etiquette one did not call upon candidates for baptism on the day of the ceremony, so I had my first glimpse of Nelly that evening. The baptistry was a cemented pit directly under the pulpit rostrum, over which we had our stage when we sang "Queen Esther." I sat through the sermon somewhat nervously. After the minister, in his long, black gown, had gone down into the water and the choir had finished singing, the door from the dressing-room opened, and, led by one of the deacons, Nelly came down the steps into the pool. Oh, she looked so little and meek and chastened! Her white cashmere robe clung about her, and her brown hair was brushed straight back and hung in two soft braids from a little head bent humbly. As she stepped down into the water I shivered with the cold of it, and I remembered sharply how much I had loved her. She went down until the water was well above her waist, and stood white and small, with her hands crossed on her breast, while the minister said the words about being buried with Christ in baptism. Then, lying in his arm, she disappeared under the dark water. "It will be like that when she dies," I thought, and a quick pain caught my heart. The choir began to sing "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb" as she rose again, the door behind the baptistry opened, revealing those three dear guardians, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Freeze, and Mrs. Spinny, and she went up into their arms.

I went to see Nell next day, up in the little room of many memories. Such a

sad, sad visit! She seemed changed—a little embarrassed and quietly despairing. We talked of many of the old Riverbend girls and boys, but she did not mention Guy Franklin or Scott Spinny, except to say that her father had got work in Scott's hardware store. She begged me, putting her hands on my shoulders with something of her old impulsiveness, to come and stay a few days with her. But I was afraid—afraid of what she might tell me and of what I might say. When I sat in that room with all her trinkets, the foolish harvest of her girlhood, lying about, and the white curtains and the little white rug, I thought of Scott Spinny with positive terror and could feel his hard grip on my hand again. I made the best excuse I could about having to hurry on to Denver; but she gave me one quick look, and her eyes ceased to plead. I saw that she understood me perfectly. We had known each other so well. Just once, when I got up to go and had trouble with my veil, she laughed her old merry laugh and told me there were some things I would never learn, for all my schooling.

The next day, when Mrs. Dow drove me down to the station to catch the morning train for Denver, I saw Nelly hurrying to school with several books under her arm. She had been working up her lessons at home, I thought. She was never quick at her books, dear Nell.

It was ten years before I again visited Riverbend. I had been in Rome for a long time, and had fallen into bitter homesickness. One morning, sitting among the dahlias and asters that bloom so bravely upon those gigantic heaps of earth-red ruins that were once the palaces of the Cæsars, I broke the seal of one of Mrs. Dow's long yearly letters. It brought so much sad news that I resolved then and there to go home to Riverbend, the only place that had ever really been home to me. Mrs. Dow wrote me that her husband, after years of illness, had died in the cold spell last March. "So good and patient toward the last," she wrote, "and so afraid of giving extra trouble." There was another thing she saved until the last. She wrote on and on, dear woman, about new babies and village improvements, as if she could not bear to tell me; and then it came:

"You will be sad to hear that two months ago our dear Nelly left us. It was a terrible blow to us all. I cannot write about it yet, I fear. I wake up every morning feeling that I ought to go to her. She went three days after her little boy was born. The baby is a fine child and will live, I think, in spite of everything. He and her little girl, now eight years old, whom she named Margaret, after you, have gone to Mrs. Spinny's. She loves them more than if they were her own. It seems as if already they had made her quite young again. I wish you could see Nelly's children."

Ah, that was what I wanted, to see Nelly's children! The wish came aching from my heart along with the bitter homesick tears; along with a quick, torturing recollection that flashed upon me, as I looked about and tried to collect myself, of how we two had sat in our sunny seat in the corner of the old bare school-room one September afternoon and learned the names of the seven hills together. In that place, at that moment, after so many years, how it all came back to me—the warm sun on my back, the chattering girl beside me, the curly hair, the laughing yellow eyes, the stubby little finger on the page! I felt as if even then, when we sat in the sun with our heads together, it was all arranged, written out like a story, that at this moment I should be sitting among the crumbling bricks and drying grass, and she should be lying in the place I knew so well, on that green hill far away.

Mrs. Dow sat with her Christmas sewing in the familiar sitting-room, where the carpet and the wall-paper and the table-cover had all faded into soft, dull colors, and even the chromo of Hagar and Ishmael had been toned to the sobriety of age. In the bay-window the tall wire flower-stand still bore its little terraces of potted plants, and the big fuchsia and the Martha Washington geranium had blossomed for Christmastide. Mrs. Dow herself did not look greatly changed to me. Her hair, thin ever since I could remember it, was now quite white, but her spare, wiry little person had all its old activity, and her eyes gleamed with the old friendliness behind her silver-bowed glasses. Her gray house-dress seemed just like those she used to wear when I ran in after school to take

her angel-food cake down to the church supper.

The house sat on a hill, and from behind the geraniums I could see pretty much all of Riverbend, tucked down in the soft snow, and the air above was full of big, loose flakes, falling from a gray sky which betokened settled weather. Indoors the hard-coal burner made a tropical temperature, and glowed a warm orange from its isinglass sides. We sat and visited, the two of us, with a great sense of comfort and completeness. I had reached Riverbend only that morning, and Mrs. Dow, who had been haunted by thoughts of shipwreck and suffering upon wintry seas, kept urging me to draw nearer to the fire and suggesting incidental refreshment. We had chattered all through the winter morning and most of the afternoon, taking up one after another of the Riverbend girls and boys, and agreeing that we had reason to be well satisfied with most of them. Finally, after a long pause in which I had listened to the contented ticking of the clock and the crackle of the coal, I put the question I had until then held back:

"And now, Mrs. Dow, tell me about the one we loved best of all. Since I got your letter I've thought of her every day. Tell me all about Scott and Nelly."

The tears flashed behind her glasses, and she smoothed the little pink bag on her knee.

"Well, dear, I'm afraid Scott proved to be a hard man, like his father. But we must remember that Nelly always had Mrs. Spinny. I never saw anything like the love there was between those two. After Nelly lost her own father and mother, she looked to Mrs. Spinny for everything. When Scott was too unreasonable, his mother could 'most always prevail upon him. She never lifted a hand to fight her own battles with Scott's father, but she was never afraid to speak up for Nelly. And then Nelly took great comfort of her little girl. Such a lovely child!"

"Had she been very ill before the little baby came?"

"No, Margaret; I'm afraid 't was all because they had the wrong doctor. I feel confident that either Doctor Tom or Doctor Jones could have brought her through. But, you see, Scott had offended them both, and they 'd stopped trading at his

store, so he would have young Doctor Fox, a boy just out of college and a stranger. He got scared and did n't know what to do. Mrs. Spinny felt he was n't doing right, so she sent for Mrs. Freeze and me. It seemed like Nelly had got discouraged. Scott would move into their big new house before the plastering was dry, and though 't was summer, she had taken a terrible cold that seemed to have drained her, and she took no interest in fixing the place up. Mrs. Spinny had been down with her back again and was n't able to help, and things was just anyway. We won't talk about that, Margaret; I think 't would hurt Mrs. Spinny to have you know. She nearly died of mortification when she sent for us, and blamed her poor back. We did get Nelly fixed up nicely before she died. I prevailed upon Doctor Tom to come in at the last, and it 'most broke his heart. 'Why, Mis' Dow,' he said, 'if you 'd only have come and told me how 't was, I 'd have come and carried her right off in my arms.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Dow," I cried, "then it need n't have been?"

Mrs. Dow dropped her needle and clasped her hands quickly. "We must n't look at it that way, dear," she said tremulously and a little sternly; "we must n't let ourselves. We must just feel that our Lord wanted her *then*, and took her to Himself. When it was all over, she did look so like a child of God, young and trusting, like she did on her baptizing night, you remember?"

I felt that Mrs. Dow did not want to talk any more about Nelly then, and, indeed, I had little heart to listen; so I told her I would go for a walk, and suggested that I might stop at Mrs. Spinny's to see the children.

Mrs. Dow looked up thoughtfully at the clock. "I doubt if you 'll find little Margaret there now. It 's half-past four, and she 'll have been out of school an hour and more. She 'll be most likely coasting on Lupton's Hill. She usually makes for it with her sled the minute she is out of the school-house door. You know, it 's the old hill where you all used to slide. If you stop in at the church about six o'clock, you 'll likely find Mrs. Spinny there with the baby. I promised to go down and help Mrs. Freeze finish up the tree, and Mrs. Spinny said she 'd run in

with the baby, if 't was n't too bitter. She won't leave him alone with the Swede girl. She 's like a young woman with her first."

Lupton's Hill was at the other end of town, and when I got there the dusk was thickening, drawing blue shadows over the snowy fields. There were perhaps twenty children creeping up the hill or whizzing down the packed sled-track. When I had been watching them for some minutes, I heard a lusty shout, and a little red sled shot past me into the deep snow-drift beyond. The child was quite buried for a moment, then she struggled out and stood dusting the snow from her short coat and red woolen comforter. She wore a brown fur cap, which was too big for her and of an old-fashioned shape, such as girls wore long ago, but I would have known her without the cap. Mrs. Dow had said a beautiful child, and there would not be two like this in Riverbend. She was off before I had time to speak to her, going up the hill at a trot, her sturdy little legs plowing through the trampled snow. When she reached the top she never paused to take breath, but threw herself upon her sled and came down with a whoop that was quenched only by the deep drift at the end.

"Are you Margaret Spinny?" I asked as she struggled out in a cloud of snow.

"Yes, 'm." She approached me with frank curiosity, pulling her little sled behind her. "Are you the strange lady staying at Mrs. Dow's?" I nodded, and she began to look my clothes over with respectful interest.

"Your grandmother is to be at the church at six o'clock, is n't she?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, suppose we walk up there now. It 's nearly six, and all the other children are going home." She hesitated, and looked up at the faintly gleaming track on the hill-slope. "Do you want another slide? Is that it?" I asked.

"Do you mind?" she asked shyly.

"No. I 'll wait for you. Take your time; don't run."

Two little boys were still hanging about the slide, and they cheered her as she came down, her comforter streaming in the wind.

"Now," she announced, getting up out of the drift, "I 'll show you where the church is."

"Shall I tie your comforter again?"

"No, 'm, thanks. I 'm plenty warm." She put her mittened hand confidently in mine and trudged along beside me.

Mrs. Dow must have heard us tramping up the snowy steps of the church, for she met us at the door. Every one had gone except the old ladies. A kerosene lamp flickered over the Sunday-school chart, with the lesson-picture of the Wise Men, and the little barrel-stove threw out a deep glow over the three white heads that bent above the baby. There the three friends sat, patting him, and smoothing his dress, and playing with his hands, which made theirs look so brown.

"You ain't seen nothing finer in all your travels," said Mrs. Spinny, and they all laughed.

They showed me his full chest and how strong his back was; had me feel the golden fuzz on his head, and made him look at me with his round, bright eyes. He laughed and reared himself in my arms as I took him up and held him close to me. He was so warm and tingling with life, and he had the flush of new beginnings, of the new morning and the new rose. He seemed to have come so lately from his mother's heart! It was as if I held her youth and all her young joy. As I put my cheek down against his, he spied a pink flower in my hat, and making a gleeful sound, he lunged at it with both fists.

"Don't let him spoil it," murmured Mrs. Spinny. "He loves color so—like Nelly."





Drawn by Paul Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I 'M ENGAGED, PEGGY'"



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

IN the country it is a simple matter to make a garden of a sort. There Mother Nature is a complaisant, if occasionally stern, old deity, and the hampering petticoats of conventionality, as it were, are short enough to enable our worthy mother to get about comfortably. She can do something in the garden herself; and, despite the mistakes and misdemeanors of gardeners, something is fairly sure to grow. Besides, she has hordes of poor retainers over the fence ready to come in and eat up the feast if the bidden guests are in the least reluctant.

In the city it is different. Here a tall sky-scraper cuts off the light, there gas-pipes poison the soil; and Mother Nature, no longer complaisant, sits aloof and eyes the would-be gardener coldly and askance. Such conditions are not of her making. If he can get a garden out of them, he is welcome; but as for her coöperation, she will wait and see, being quite of the worthy Franklin's opinion that Heaven should help only those who help themselves, assistance being thrown away on the other kind.

The city gardener has not only difficulties, but enemies. First of these is the domestic cat. Now, the cat is to the city gardener's endeavor as the uncloistered hen to the flower-beds of the farmer's wife. He exhibits the same diabolical interest in freshly sown seeds, in newly and most correctly planted bulbs; also he is dowered with a cunning and craftiness far beyond the reach of any hen. The cat is indeed

an enemy. If the gardener is clever enough, he can frustrate the invader and make his yard a very Gibraltar against feline attempts; if he is not, he will have but a meager garden.

In the matter of planting, there are breakers ahead. Far more than the country-place garden does that in the city yard need careful consideration, and rarely does it get it. There is so small a space wherein to make mistakes, and mistakes, when made, are so embarrassingly apparent! The city gardener sows in hope the easy flowers which will bloom for any one in the country; but these are usually those that need full sunshine, which, if they grow at all, are brown and depressed when he returns in the autumn. His roses during the long winter months are clad in straw or wrapped in unhandsome burlap, princesses in disguise, perhaps, but so completely disguised that there is little joy in their presence; while at the time when he most craves a bit of color and a breath of the springtime loveliness in his little garden, it shows only narrow plots of bare soil, brown and uninspiring, with no glimpse whatever of the good, gigantic smile that brown earth ought to wear. It is undeniably difficult for the city gardener.

But between what is difficult and what is impossible is a difference, slight, but certain—the difference between a perilous harbor and no harbor at all; and even city gardening may be managed well enough if one only faces squarely existing conditions, looks carefully at every obstacle to

determine whether it is best to climb over or walk around it. As Browning puts it:

The common problem . . .

Is, not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it might be, but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
According to our means. A very different
thing.

This is the proper mental attitude for the city gardener, and with the right mental attitude much may be accomplished.

The first thing that happens is that the prospective gardener sits down not only to count the cost, which may be much or little, but to catechize himself sternly in somewhat this fashion:

Q. "What is a garden's chief end?"

A. "The chief end of a garden is to grace the house, to give pleasure to them that look upon it, to them that walk therein, to them that smell thereof."

Q. "What are the names of the months wherein I look upon my garden, July and August?"

A. "No. The months wherein I look most upon my garden are September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, and June."

Q. "What plants may I set in my garden?"

A. "Those that will grace it during the months wherein I look upon it."

Q. "What conditions are they whereto my choice of plants must conform?"

A. "The situation, whether the place be sunny or shady or of partial shade; the soil, whether it be rich or poor. It is not meet to plant sun-loving plants in the shadows, nor to set shade-loving plants in the sun."

Farther on in his catechism he will reach the question:

Q. "What are the most notable permanent features of the yard?"

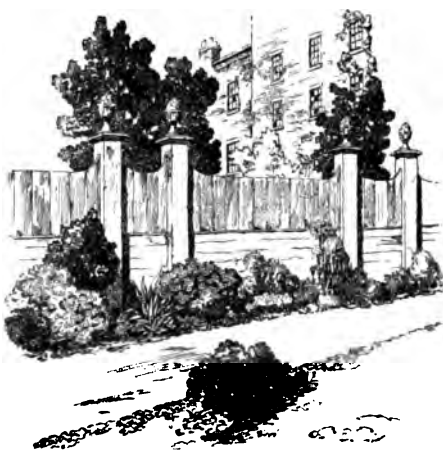
This question and answer, usually the last consideration, is precisely where one's gardening should begin; for it needs little study to perceive that the prominent architectural features of a yard are the fence and the clothes-posts. The color comes and goes, the plants wax and wane, but these remain unmoved.

"Clothe ugly fences with green," advise the gardening magazines, "mass shrubs before them, let vines clamber over and conceal them." Another paper, more rich in helpful detail, urges one to "spread wire and let it be covered with gay nasturtiums, and to stretch strings that morning-glories may ascend."

This is well enough in summer, but frost acts upon the greenery like the stroke of twelve upon Cinderella's raiment: the leaves will fall; the branches show themselves brown and disheveled; nasturtiums, pale wraiths, cling to their support like half-drowned sailors to a spar; while to the fore, by way of decoration, comes their sustaining chicken-wire, and unless the gardener is unusually energetic,

there it stays, and the fence is as visible as ever, and remains visible for six long months.

But why need the fence be ugly? What is the moral necessity of a fence fashioned after the similitude of a bill-board? Why need the rear of a city house, in its contrast to the front, offer a shock to the nervous system? Is the house a lay figure that its back must be unseen and unregarded? Why may we not have a "street-side" and a "garden-side" different, surely, but equally respectable and self-respecting? A fence of beautiful design is not a difficult thing to compass—one that may indeed be embellished by vines, but need not be hidden to be endured. The older fences were better; some of them were beautiful, and the plainest ones had lattice atop, against which were trained corchorus and snowball and other shrubs in a very de-



Drawn by Alden Peirson

SUGGESTION FOR A BACK-YARD FENCE.

lightful fashion that we seem to have forgotten completely.¹ When blessed with a friendly neighbor, a gate between can be made a very pretty feature of the garden.

Once the fence bettered, the city gardener attacks his next architectural problem, the clothes-posts. To these the general arrangement of the yard is usually subordinated, the prevailing scheme being a ten- or twelve-foot-deep space at the end of the yard, a narrow bed along the fence at each side, while the middle is occupied by an oblong of greensward, surrounded by a flagged or concrete path and guarded by four clothes-posts set in its four corners. Undoubtedly it is needful to dry clothes, and the yard is the most convenient place; but why make the posts a feature, and a dominant feature? The Romans, as Mr. Arthur Shurtleff pleasantly suggests, may have had their togas hung to dry in their town gardens, but they were very pretty little gardens, none the less.

There are dozens of arrangements whereby a little ingenuity can circumvent the insistence of the clothes-posts. If tall enough, the fence-posts may lend themselves to that use; a tree could serve as one of them. If the arrangements of the garden are symmetrical, as befits so small a space, and the posts are green-painted, and, instead of being treated as part of the garden-plan, are simply put where they will be least noticed, the yard will have a wholly different character, and the flowers and plants and pleasure of the owner will have the first consideration, as is their right.

Freed from the tyranny of the clothes-posts, with a fence that does not implore to be hidden, but can be looked on with pleasure, even if it be in the nude, the prospective gardener draws a breath of

relief, and is able to look about him with some degree of peace and comfort, and consider within himself what manner of garden he will have. For, like his house, a man's garden should fit his uses. If he is in town throughout the summer, then his garden should be to him a place of pleasant refuge. He may not be able to compass the

Rose grot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned plot

of the much-quoted poet, but at least he can make provision for the simpler luxury of a green thought in a green shade.

Take a small, paved yard near one of the business streets. Great office buildings cut off the light; one has its immensely tall brick back set squarely against the end of the lot, which for only an hour a day is visited by the sunshine. Yet here the semblance of a garden is not impossible. One could make the tiniest of summer-houses to dwarf the yard, and make it miniature instead of inadequate.

Against the brick of the tall building a small fountain might be set, for water is easily had. There would be a broad shelf on each side of this whereon plants in pots would stand, to be changed for others when their glory has departed. If the soil is quite hopeless, then it is best to grow plants in concrete boxes, in which the earth can be replenished as often as needed.

Viewed in the right light, another seeming excrescence of our civilization affords an opportunity for the exercise of our city gardener's cleverness; this is the arrangement for drying clothes with which many extension roofs are adorned. It is made of "two-by-four" uprights set at the

because of its expense. A reader who can afford an eight- or ten-foot brick wall as a beginning to his gardening should invoke the aid of a landscape-gardener.



Drawn by Alden Peirson

SUGGESTION FOR A BACK-YARD
SUMMER-HOUSE

¹ Far better than a fence is the older, more substantial, and self-respecting wall of brick, if the house be of brick; of stone, if the house be of stone. This is not suggested

roof-edge at about six-foot intervals, stayed by longitudinal boards. Now, if instead of the defensive boards, there were a lattice of a twelve-inch square, on the

These are a few instances of its use, but ingenuity is a faculty which grows by exercise, and the city yard offers problems enough to keep it in good condition.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

BACK-YARD PERGOLA AND FOUNTAIN IN EAST
NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

outside edge one could fasten boxes a foot deep and therein plant vines—nasturtiums, morning-glories, or gourds. Enough air will come through for the clothes; there can be wide windows in the lattice. Except when utilized of a Monday, this makes a pleasant outdoor room.

I know one city garden half the size of the ordinary back yard which yet boasted a tiny pergola that commanded the whole domain, and here on summer evenings supper was served on a table that swung from the overhead beams—a table narrow enough to be carried laden through the



Drawn by Alden Peirson

A GLASS-COVERED BACK-YARD GARDEN IN EAST NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

doorway. There were candles in sconces against the walls, a Japanese lantern overhead, and, near enough for the lights to touch it, a tiny fountain—and all this in a yard many people would have thought impossible. It was small and shaded, with little sunlight and poor soil. Near the house, there was the tiniest terrace, brick-floored, and divided from the garden by a little balustrade. The pergola was hardly more than eight feet long, in a little alcove of the garden, a spot which a less enlightened soul might have used for a closet for tools or junk.

A place where one may sit in peace out-of-doors uninspected by one's neighbors is in the city a peculiar happiness, and by no means so difficult to arrange as it seems. In this matter of seclusion, barriers of shrubs are futile, since it is from high above that the batteries of eyes are trained; wherefore overhead defense is effective with the effectiveness of a parasol against the sun or an umbrella against the shower.

If one wishes comfort in his garden, and not a great number of flowers to care for, it would be easy to make into an arbor the whole lower end of his yard by raising the fence-posts until they were high enough for his overhead trellis. On this may grow wild grape, wistaria, or, for hasty defense, gourds. The arbor would be brick-floored except for a narrow marginal bed at the back for violets and other shade-loving plants, with seats at the ends against the fence, and a hammock swung from the overhead beams. Japanese screens, drawn down a bit from the top, would give complete protection. From this vantage-point a very simple garden would appear charming. It would be a tempting place for sewing or reading or afternoon tea, for it is the lack of overhead screening that robs the city garden of its privacy. And if the family cared not to use it, what a boon and lure to the servant, this out-of-door sitting-room!

The all-summer sojourner who likes to

work in his garden would have his cold frame, which is to a gardener as a nursery to a mother of a family; also a tiny workshop of good design at the end of a garden path, where of a rainy Sunday he might work at his potting-bench in peace and comfort. Such a one would devote his whole garden space to flowers, outlining the beds in box for the sake of their winter aspect.

As for the arrangement, that is a matter of individual taste; but because the garden is small, because its shape is so plainly visible, it is specially necessary that the scale be right and the proportions good. "Naturalistic planting," as it is called, is unsafe to attempt on so small an area. It is futile to attempt disguising boundaries so plainly obvious. Shrubs must go against the walls and at the back, except the few that may be used for the purpose of definite accent. Set elsewhere, they make the garden seem inconveniently small. The outline of the beds may be as simple or as intricate as one likes. The geometrical designs of the older gardening are interesting, or one may keep the traditional center of grass, and fit his flower-beds about it; but the usual grass oblong is too large and out of scale, unless the paths are omitted and the turf stretched uninterrupted to the flower-beds, while, instead of the paths, tiles for stepping-stones may be used. One of the easiest ways for the amateur to determine and decide on his outlines is to mark out the proposed beds with tennis-tape or the like, then go to an upper window and look down on it. He can tell at a glance whether the paths are too wide or too narrow or if the beds are in the right relation, and it is a simple matter to have these tentative boundaries shifted until it "looks right."

A difference in level, even a slight one, adds a very definite charm to a little garden; also, it

affords space for the kind of decoration which the city gardener finds easiest to bestow. There will be steps, at the side of which he may set plants in decorative jars or pots. He can change them when their charm is fled, and set sturdy evergreens in tubs in their place in the winter. He may have a tiny terrace, a low wall against which a slight growth of vine or plant has real effectiveness. It will open to him all the range of potted trees—dwarf fruits and flowering-plums and cherries. A tiny garden is an ideal place for these.

And if the city man have the garden very deeply in his soul, he will make at the foot of his yard, if the exposure be good, or at the beginning, if that be better, a house of good design, which may be glassed in completely in the winter. It would not have other heat than that of the sun through the windows, and here would be planted tender rhododendrons and camellias. Violets and pansies would bloom cheerfully throughout the winter.

One of the minor details which makes for charm in a city garden is the matter of paths. If it is a possible thing, let these be of gravel, for concrete or flagstone bring a reminiscence of the pavement into the garden which one would fain keep out.

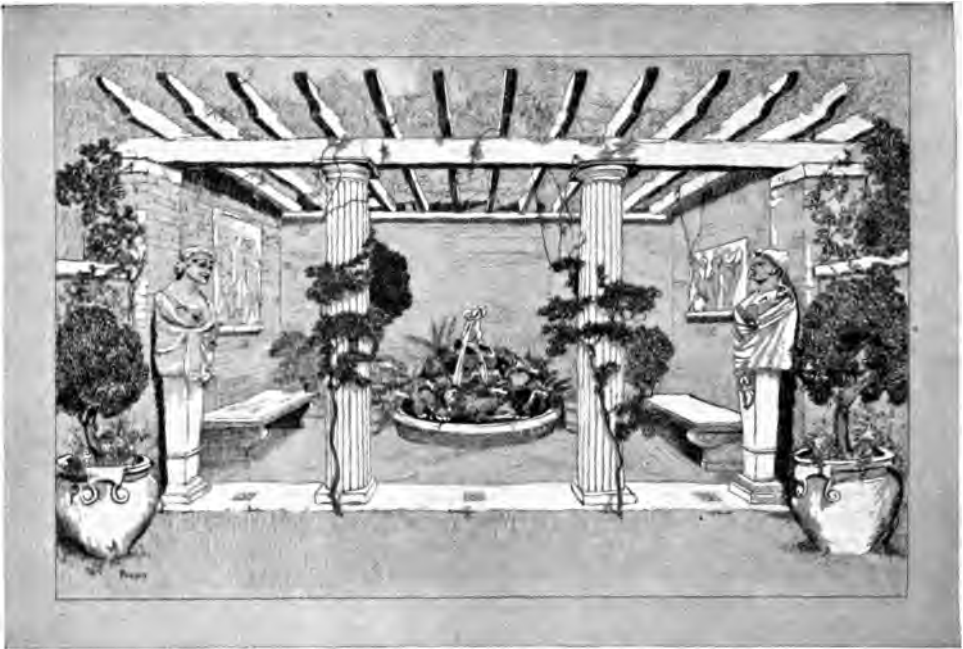
But before the city gardener has gone very far in his garden enterprise he is confronted by another of the high hurdles

that Madam Nature sets for his confusion—the soil. No honest country soil is his, redolent of clover, with a breath that is "blent with sweet odors." It may be as hard as the heart of a wicked corporation, as poisoned as the mind of a bribed juror, and the city gardener, book in hand, looks at the unlikely and unlovely, perchance ill-smelling, material, then at his book, and wonders if it be "loam," or a "light sandy loam," or any



Drawn by Alden Peirson

SUGGESTION FOR A BACK-YARD PORCH



Drawn by Alden Peirson

A BACK-YARD PERGOLA IN EAST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

of the other Christian soils he has read about.

If one wants a real garden, and has only hard and doubtful soil, it is better to dig out the entire bed to the depth of at least two feet, put in stones or cinders for drainage, then fill in with good, new, thoroughly respectable soil. But this is an expensive process, though it might be pleasantly accomplished on the instalment plan.

Then there is a homeopathic treatment, which is often helpful. It is the "texture" of the soil, as the scientific farmers call it, that is probably at fault. In which case, coal ashes, unlikely as they seem, well dug in, will serve as an inexpensive and effective remedy. Wood ashes will positively sweeten soil that has grown sour and unpalatable to plants. There are certainly other fertilizers, but this is to the city man the cheapest and readiest soil amelioration. Yet he, as well as his brother farmer, is privileged to send a sample of soil to the nearest State experiment station, and get definite relief in a complete diagnosis and prescription.

And then comes the planting. Very much as a theatrical manager is besieged and beset by loveliness demanding a part in his productions, the city gardener finds

it difficult to turn a deaf ear to the importunities of the much belauded garden beauties which are bepraised in catalogues and earnestly recommended to him by his friends.

"I 'm so striking," urges the Crimson Rambler; "consider how stunning a show on your fence I would make." "I know it, my dear—annihilating," responds the gardener. "But what about your foliage in the summer, and your habit of ungainly sprawling? Little Wichuriana is better for this production; she does n't go off in her looks the minute she 's finished blooming. Neither does Dorothy Perkins."

"Nothing is lovelier in a garden than we are," plead the Tea Roses.

"Too delicate," answers the gardener, sadly. "If I were far enough south, I 'd have every one of you; but I can't have straw jackets and burlap mufflers in the yard all winter. Besides, who 's to spray you and all that sort of thing? You won't do."

"What 's the matter with us?" ask the Pansies.

"Nothing, my dears, except that you have to be picked every day; and if I 'm away all summer, who 's to do it?"

"Everybody admires us and everybody

plants us!" claim the *Paniculata Hydrangeas*.

"I don't," returns the gardener, imperiously. "You're too big, you take up too much room, and you never know when to drop your flowers. Go sit on a suburban lawn, if you wish admiration."

"And I," said the Hall's Honeysuckle—"I'm the most capable of vines—any position, any capacity, and I have a wonderful digestion."

"I retain you only as 'understudy,'" promises the gardener. "English Ivy and *Euonymus* are both better for the part; if the work's too hard for either of them, I'll put you in. But you know you can't hold on to your leaves all winter."

When finally given out, the parts are something like this.

Wall or Fence (covering)

English Ivy

Euonymus radicans

Fence (for blooming)

Jasminum nudiflorum

Corchorus

Viburnum plicatum

Shrubs

Andromeda floribunda

Daphne cneorum

Iberis teneoriana

Berberis dulcis

Magnolia stellata

Azalea mollis

Caryopteris mastacantha

Dwarf *Rhododendrons*

Perennials

Hardy Chrysanthemums

Foxgloves

English Daisies

Columbine

Anemone Japonica

Ferns

Evergreens

Box

Retinosporas

Bulbs

Scilla, Snowdrop, *Chionodoxa*, Snowflake

Narcissus poeticus

Darwin and May-flowering Tulips

Iris pallida and *L. Dalmatica*

Florentine, English, Spanish Irises

Madonna Lilies

Daffodils

In Pots

Dwarf fruit-trees

Hydrangea hortensis

Box or Bay

In making up his stock-company, it will be noticed that the city gardener lays stress on what the horticulturists call "habit," that excellence of form and character which is to a plant what good manners are in the social equipment of a person. Some of the plants most brilliant in their time of flowering are not good to look upon in the "off season," and there is no way of making them retire from the stage. The narrowly limited space of the town garden demands a certain finish, a correctness of demeanor; a loose, careless growth wholly charming on a country roadside is here out of place.

For this reason, many of the race of "broad-leaved evergreens," though generally but little planted, are peculiarly welcome. There is *Andromeda floribunda*, which keeps its laurel-like foliage in a summer luxuriance throughout the winter, and in November puts out buds like lily-of-the-valley. There are a fragrant little *Daphne*—*Daphne cneorum*, which shows stiffly upright rose-colored flowers in June and again in September; an evergreen candytuft; an evergreen barberry, with thick, shining, holly-green foliage and yellow flowers, which open in spring at the earliest possible moment; and mahonia,



Drawn by Alden Peirson

SCHEME FOR A NEIGHBORLY
BACK-YARD GATE

which turns crimson in October and holds its color throughout the winter.

Deciduous shrubs one plants sparingly,—only those the branches of which are interesting in character when the leaves have gone,—such as the *Magnolia stellata*, which looks very well, with pale-gray stems, and as many-branched as a hawthorn-bush. As early as January, furry buds, like overgrown pussy-willows, appear.

For the care of the city gardener is to make the old year forget itself, to prolong the autumn into the winter, and coax the spring into the little garden at the earliest possible moment. Therefore the city yard should be rich in bulbs, its little grass-plot thickly starred with crocus in purple and gold: there should be snowdrops wherever a warm corner can be found,—sometimes they are adventurous enough to push up their hard, silver-tipped little spears in January,—and all the exquisite race of earliest comers should have a place: snowflake and chionodoxa, the color of April bluets; soft, dull-blue spikes of the grape hyacinth; scilla, the tiny bells of which are as deep in color as the fringed gentian; while for garden company they have the fragile and ethereal loveliness of the *Magnolia stellata* and the pale-gold bells of the naked-flowering jasmine. City-dwellers are usually utterly bereft of the exquisitely delicate bloom of very early spring, which is the rarest thing in nature. Following these lovely harbingers, come in rapid succession irises, the palest and most delicate—*pallida*, *Dalmatica*, *pumila*, the English and Spanish and Florentines; lily-of-the-valley wherever there is a shady corner. Jonquils, daffodils, and poet's

narcissus are followed by May-flowering and Darwin tulips, to which the snowball on the walls acts as an accompaniment.

If the gardener meditates a summer in town, when the crocuses are abloom, he sows Shirley poppies and corn-flowers wherever there is space, and sometimes where there is not. It is easier to pull out superfluous plants than to transplant infant poppies. When the poppies are past, he pulls them up, and tucks in dahlias or gladiolus bulbs. In the autumn hardy chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones will give color in plenty, and when the garden is "reefed" for the winter, these are cut down, annuals are pulled up, and hardy evergreens in tubs or pots—*Retinospora*, if one can afford it, or common junipers, if one cannot, take the place of the bay-tree or *Hydrangea hortensis*. With ivy or euonymus the walls are as green as in summer. Andromedas are serenely indifferent to the thermometer; here and there a brightly colored Japanese evergreen gives a touch of gaiety, and the little garden has not only a comfortable, but a really cheerful aspect, ready to welcome the first-comer in spring and make it feel at home.

It is ingenuity that the city garden demands rather than large expenditure, careful planning rather than hard work, and the happiness it yields is well worth the trouble.

In the country the garden is a pleasure, yet it is only one of many "green delights." Without it are hills and brooks and running streams to be had for the seeking; but in the city the little garden stands for all of the country a man has, and therefore the more dearly necessary.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

ORNAMENTAL SHELF FOR FLOWER POTS



FOR THE KING

(A CAVALIER BALLAD)

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

WITH PICTURES BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

SHARP came King Charles's summons
 As we at supper lay;
 Then "Boots and Saddles" sounded,
 And, eager for the way,
 A stirrup-cup we emptied,
 Clinked cups and flashing blades,
 And, leaning from our saddles,
 In frolic kissed the maids.
 Then while the women huddled
 Like sheep, 'twixt glee and fright,
 We clattered from the inn-yard,
 And thundered through the night.
 Young Leslie rode the foremost,
 I followed with Carew,
 And on my right were Howard
 And haughty Fortescue;
 And four and eighty King's men
 Behind us gaily spurred,

To save the Lord's anointed,
 Who sped the pressing word,
 We rode not like psalm-singers,
 All darkly nursing wrong:
 Though dawn should flame with battle,
 The night should pass with song.

In one unlighted village
 The hinds came out to cheer;
 In one, like hares, the Roundheads
 To burrow fled in fear;
 And once old Noll's own troopers
 Drew up across the sward:
 Unhorsed, they fell behind us,
 Lamenting to the Lord.
 We galloped when we started,
 We galloped as we crossed

The lonely downs at midnight,
 And felt the biting frost
 Creep up from out the valleys;
 At Cragen we drew rein,
 To breathe our panting horses;
 At Ross we left the plain,
 And heard the cocks a-crowing,
 And saw, with brightening eye,
 The farm-yard lanthorns glimmer,
 And stars fade in the sky.

Day broke: we watched the valley
 Take shape before our eyes,
 And, bright above the river,
 The King's own standard rise;
 But all about his fastness
 The crop-eared rebels strode,
 And filed across the valley,
 And closely blocked the road.
 "A frosty dawn," said Leslie:
 "As fair a hunting day
 As ever broke." Then, turning,

Cried: "Hark-away! Away!
 The red fox to its cover,
 The Roundhead to his mews;
 But for the knights of England
 The hunting they may choose!"

We took the slope with laughter,
 But each sword flashed like fire,
 Each face was flushed and eager,
 Each heart throbbed with desire
 To ride among the foremost,
 To gather at the death.
 I leaned to meet the onset,
 And heard the indrawn breath
 As one dark yeoman toppled
 Beneath my horse's feet.
 Twice, thrice my good roan stumbled,
 But still I kept my seat.
 Sharp whirred the searching bullet,
 High rang the biting steel,
 And loud the purr of hoof-beat,
 And shrill the saddle's squeal.



Drawn by Edmund J. Sullivan



Drawn by Edmund J. Sullivan

The red fox to its cover,
 'The Roundhead to his hole,
 His body to the midden,
 And Satan take his soul!

The red fox to its cover,
 The rider on its trail,
 But for the grim psalm-singer,
 No cover could avail!
 Like chaff before the whirlwind,
 They broke, but wheeled again,
 And chanting through the stubble,
 Came on like doughty men.
 We harried them by valley,
 We drove them down the lane,
 Till hedgerows flowered with crimson,
 And dripped a ghastly rain.
 God's wounds! the stubborn cattle
 But broke to form anew;

Like flame amid the stubble,
 We singed the crop-haired crew,
 And pressed to where their standard
 Came slanting to the fray;
 Pikes rose and fell around us,
 But could not bar the way.
 Then came a sudden silence,
 And all that I could see
 Was just the flying rabble,
 Their rag enfolding me.

The King rode down to meet us,
 A welcome on his face.
 Then kneeling, up spake Leslie:
 "My Liege, by God's good grace,
 We fell on right fair hunting;
 And now the barrier 's down,
 The road, I trow, is open
 Straight up to Oxford town."



THE ROCK HILL CORRESPONDENT

BY WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE young editor turned in his chair and looked back into the printing-shop. Instead of the click of type had come the sound of a chuckle. The red-headed printer sat on the stool, leaning on the type-case, reading copy.

It was the Rock Hill correspondence, which had just come in on the noon mail. The "Wahoo Sun" circulated over most of the county, and at a number of points had regular correspondents who sent in weekly letters of local news-items.

"What is it, Beets?" asked Simpson, the editor.

"Just found out who she is." The printer chuckled.

"Who who is?"

"Bashful Bob's girl." "Bashful Bob" was the name signed to the Rock Hill letters. He was one of several correspondents that they had never met personally. All they knew of him they had learned from his news-items and comments.

"Read it." The editor and his red-headed foreman got a great deal of amusement piecing together neighborhood relations from the personal items in the news-letters.

Miss Ida Lane, who took a course in the Quill City Business College last fall, has accepted a position as stenographer for the Gross Grain Lumber Co. of Kansas City. Miss Ida has a host of friends around Rock Hill who will sadly miss her.

"Nothing suspicious about that," said Simpson. "Similar items every week. Bashful Bob always sends them off with a host of friends who mourn their departure."

"But that is n't it," grinned Beets. "That is only the prelude." He turned several pages of penciled items—a new barn, Cy Todd's broken-legged calf, a runaway, lightning shocking eavesdroppers on the party telephone-line—until he came to the last page. "Listen to this:

Lots of young folks think all the chances are in the city. But they ain't. The city is a mighty poor place to live: no pure air, nor plum-blossoms, nor fresh eggs and butter. And there ain't so awful much money in it, either, when you come to pay your board and car-fare. And you don't have no friends,—that is, no true friends,—that help when you are sick or broke. And there is lots of wickedness in the city, and danger. Better stay on the old farm, boys and girls.

"That settles it." Beets was positive. He had reached the mature age of twenty-four, and had considerable experience to draw conclusions from. "I have known for some time that Bashful Bob was in love. When a fellow notices that the dogwood is in blossom, and smells the wild plum, and talks about the light of burning leaves on the hill, and how pretty the sheep are in the green pasture, you can bet your last week's laundry-bill that he is in love. But never before have I been able to lay my finger on the girl.

"I've got it all fixed up now." The red-headed printer was something of an orator—especially when, as usual, he was in love himself. "As the poet says, I can see them in my mind's eye as plain as the board-bills of yesterday.

"Bashful Bob is five feet eleven, weighs one sixty-five. He has a smooth face,

brown eyes, and a smile that tucks you in and makes you feel like you are going to have a fine drive. About every three hundred yards he says something real interesting, and the rest of the time makes you feel like you are.

"He went through the public schools, and had one year in the academy, intending to teach. But his father gave him the back eighty, and instead of going into the school-room to harvest other people's wild oats, he settled down to raise corn and apples.

"There are forty acres for grain in the branch bottom, and forty on the hill, where he has built a five-room cottage and planted a fine orchard.

"He is twenty-seven, and has been keeping company with Ida for two years. Ida is twenty-two, and has notions of independence, and restless spells. She has blue eyes and long, black lashes, and hair so much prettier than the artificial that you can't believe it is real. She is something of a tease, and is not sure whether Bob loves her or not. He has n't ever said anything about it; been afraid to. He is mighty slow that way.

"Now, can't you imagine"—Beets threw out his hand dramatically—"poor Bob, these soft spring evenings, down there in the bottom, where he is going to plant watermelons, sitting under a willow-tree by the spring branch, watching for Ida's face in the water? It is awful lonesome with her gone; but that is n't what hurts most. What wrings the blood out of his heart is the thought that she could be dissatisfied with Rock Hill while he was there. Surely she does not love him, he reasons, or she would never have wanted to go away to the city—the beastly city."

"Yes," said the editor, "I can imagine it. I can also imagine that the 'Wahoo Sun' will be a day late if there is not some type set pretty soon."

Beets picked up his stick and began to click in the type. Simpson turned back to his desk and took up his pencil. But the editorial on reciprocity did not run smoothly. His mind was on Bashful Bob and Ida—at least on the picture the red-headed foreman had conjured up. And recalling bits of the correspondent's news and comment, he could easily believe the picture was very near the truth. So, as the April breeze strayed in through the

open office door, he surreptitiously began to write poetry; for he, too, smelled the wild plum-blossoms and knew when the dogwood was in bloom.

Every week after that they watched the correspondence from Rock Hill with unusual interest.

One week Bashful Bob—his real name was Jerry Coleman—wrote that there was danger of the seventeen-year locusts; that the wheat was threatened by chinch-bugs, and that nearly all the apples were dropping off the trees.

Beets shook his head sadly. "Did n't hear from her at all this week."

Again, the Rock Hill correspondent called attention to the appalling amount of crime in the city, and declared it was the whirlpool that sucked under to eternal ruin thousands of the unsuspecting.

Beets grinned. "He had a letter this week telling about what a nice time she had in the park."

But another week: "The corn is waist-high, and the best color I ever saw at the time of year; and the weather is just right for all crops."

"He has just had a letter," interpreted Beets, "recalling what a lovely drive they had a year ago when they went to the June picnic on Bear Creek."

And so it went during the summer. Sometimes Bashful Bob saw the silver lining, but more often only the cloud.

Then one Wednesday early in September, when Simpson read the Rock Hill correspondence, he found it full of dull-gray cheerfulness. Away down toward the bottom of the last page he found an item which he read to the printer:

Miss Ida Lane, formerly of this place, but now of Kansas City, has been promoted, and her salary nearly doubled. Miss Ida's friends will congratulate her on her good fortune.

"That"—Simpson shook his head—"is the worst one of all."

The next week the correspondence from Rock Hill was very dull. It seemed nothing had happened except that Pearly Jones had a felon, the district school had opened, and Mrs. Crow had spent a day with her daughter.

The following week for the first time in many months there was no news at all.



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"AGAIN THE LINE WAS BUSY, AND THE MINUTES SLIPPED BY"

from Rock Hill. Bashful Bob merely wrote, "Nothing worth mentioning this week."

"It is too bad." The red-headed foreman shook his head with a sympathetic sigh. "He is simply worrying himself to death over that girl."

Next Wednesday Simpson was looking over the mail. "What in the world!" He exclaimed, picking up a thick letter from Rock Hill. The printer slipped off his stool and came to the desk eager and excited.

"What do you suppose has happened? Reckon she has come back?"

The editor glanced rapidly down the first page. "Struck lead!" he exclaimed. "Lead on Bashful Bob's farm! Was digging a well—wild excitement—land doubled in value all over the neighborhood in twenty-four hours."

"How does he know it is lead?" Beets was always skeptical of financial good fortune.

"Here is the proof." Simpson read from the news-article:

Monday the mining expert from Joplin, who first discovered that lead ore was being thrown out at every blast in the well, offered Jerry Coleman ten thousand dollars for his eighty acres. We understand Mr. Coleman has agreed to sell. No doubt he is foolish, for the land will probably be worth three or four times that; but he has been anxious to get away for some time, and thinks a bird in the hand is better than lead in the ground.

"He is going to the city," said Beets. "He has figured that he can have a better show with her if he can move to the city."

Simpson thought of Jerry Coleman's good fortune many times during the day; but the oftener he thought of it, the less sure he felt. A shade of doubt crept in. And as further details of the discovery reached the county-seat from the Rock Hill vicinity, the doubt in his mind deepened, and with it came a vague uneasiness that Coleman was in some way being deceived.

He was pretty sure that Bashful Bob

would come to Wahoo City before the deal was closed, and asked the landlord at the hotel and the liveryman to let him know when Coleman came.

Monday afternoon, as the editor passed the livery-barn, Dawkins called to him:

"Say, Simpson, that fellow Coleman you were inquiring about was here this morning; but I clear forgot that you wanted to see him."

"Has he gone?"

"Yes. Left about noon."

"Do you happen to know what he came for?"

"Why, yes." Dawkins laughed. "He was so full of it, and feeling so good, he had to tell somebody, so he told me. He came in to get some money to put that trade through."

"Money?" Simpson was suddenly alarmed. "What did he want with money? I thought he was selling."

"He is; but, you see, he agreed to sell to that first fellow for ten thousand. But since the excitement got so high, another mining-man came along, and has offered him thirty thousand. But the first fellow did not want to let him off; he finally agreed, however, to release Coleman from his agreement for two thousand. And the young fellow came in to get it. He had five hundred in the bank, he said, and was going to borrow the rest."

"Hitch the fastest team you have, and hurry!" ordered Simpson, and turned back to the office almost on a run.

"They are skinning Jerry Coleman," he said, dashing in breathless. "That lead discovery is all bogus."

"How is that?" Beets came off his stool with a crash.

Simpson explained rapidly. He was at the telephone, ringing violently for central.

"It is that old swindle. One man came along and offered ten thousand; another came on a few days later and offered thirty. The first finally agrees to let him off if Coleman will give him two thousand. Jerry's got the money,—borrowed most of it,—and of course he'll never hear of either one of them again. Unless I can get him over the 'phone I'm going to drive. He's been gone nearly two hours."

"I expect it will be too late," said Beets, anxiously. "He's more than half-

way, and that shark will likely come to meet him."

Simpson got central, and asked for somebody—anybody about ten miles down the Rock Hill road. He was connected with a farm-house.

"Who is this?" he called hurriedly. "Mason? Well, say, Mr. Mason, have you seen Jerry Coleman go by on his way home? How long ago? Whose is the next 'phone down the road?"

"Passed about ten minutes ago," the editor explained to Beets as he rang off and called to central for another connection.

The line was busy, and it was nearly five minutes before he got the farm-house he wanted.

"Is this Johnson's? Has Jerry Coleman passed?"

There was a moment's wait while the farmer inquired of his family.

"He's just gone by," the farmer said. "He is still in the lane, but too far to be called back. Who is it wants him?"

"The editor of the 'Wahoo Sun,'" called back Simpson.

"Oh, I thought maybe it was the man that called awhile ago—some one down at Warren's who is waiting for him 'phoned a few minutes ago to know if he had passed."

"How far is it from your place to Warren's?" Simpson was shifting from foot to foot.

"Just a mile down the road."

The editor rang off with a jerk. "That rascal is waiting for him at the next house," he explained excitedly to Beets.

"Central," he called in feverish impatience, "get Warren's for me—quick—down the Rock Hill road. For Heaven's sake, hurry! It means—everything."

Again the line was busy, and the minutes slipped by. Jerry had had time to get there—almost. Simpson was in a sweat of anxiety.

Finally the connection was made.

"Is this Warren's? Has Jerry Coleman come yet?" The questions were hurled into the receiver.

They said he was just hitching his horse.

"Say," broke in Simpson, "don't let on to the man who is waiting for him, but, for Heaven's sake, get Coleman to the 'phone quick! Don't let him be with that

man a minute until I speak to him. I 'll hold the 'phone."

Then they waited, Simpson and Beets both standing by the 'phone, Simpson with the transmitter to his ear.

One, two, three minutes passed. Had they failed to tell Coleman? Had the rascal met him at the gate? Had Coleman refused to answer the 'phone until he had finished the business?

"Hello!" It was a good hearty call, which made both men jump.

"This is the 'Wahoo Sun' office," said Simpson. "Is this you, Coleman? All right. This is the editor speaking. Coleman, drop that deal hot. I've discovered those fellows are rascals, and neither intend to buy the land. When they get your two thousand, you will never hear of them again. Don't do it, Jerry! For goodness' sake, let them alone! They are skinning you."

"Did he say he would n't?" Beets asked anxiously as the editor hung up the receiver.

"Did n't say," answered Simpson; "but that is all we can do."

Nothing was heard until Wednesday, when the Rock Hill correspondence came in as usual.

"Good!" The editor gave his desk a thump of relief as he read the first item:

The deal for Jerry Coleman's farm is off. Jerry says if it is real lead, he wants it all;

and if it is n't, he does not want to cheat anybody.

He handed the copy to the red-headed foreman, who began to set it.

"Whoopee!" yelled Beets as he came to the last item. "Here is the real news. Guess the shake-up has done Bashful Bob good, after all—got him to try, anyway." He read aloud:

Jerry Coleman leaves Thursday on a short business trip to Kansas City.

There was no news-letter from Rock Hill the next week; but the week following brought an unusually long one.

It seemed that everything was of interest—that the weather and the crops and the neighbors and the State of Missouri and politics were all in prime condition.

"Here it is," said Beets, and fairly glowed and chuckled as he read the item he had been searching for:

Miss Ida Lane, who has been employed as stenographer in Kansas City, will return home the first of October. Miss Ida says there is no place in the world like good old Rock Hill for her.

"Hurrah for Bashful Bob!" The red-headed printer did a dance that threatened to pi all the type in the shop. "Simpson, how much are you in on a wedding-present?"



THE MINSTREL PEOPLE

BY HUGH JOHNSON

CHOLERA was reported at the head waters of the Candayra, and cholera up the Candayra means cholera in the capital in two months. Previous efforts to check it there had been failures, because the hill tribes have their own conceptions of cholera. They are a sullen, secretive, and savage people, and they know nothing

of science. But this time there sat in the governor-general's palace a man who had no patience with failures. He called in two young cavalry captains from the troops at the post.

"You 'll go up the Candayra with your troops and the surgeons we 'll send—you to Boc-boc, Smith, and you to Bato, Wen-

dell. This cholera *can* be stopped if the surgeons have a show. You may reconcentrate those hill people, you may do anything the end seems to justify,—always remembering that you are Americans,—but you *will* stop this cholera thing. That 's all, gentlemen."

It was something of an order. It placed the power of an absolute monarch over some thousands of twisted little aborigines in the hands of the two youngsters, and prophecy and speculation and wonder were rife in the official and military colony. This was the concensus of the three:

"They 'll *stop* it, all right; but Smith 'll ruin his troop. It 's a ghastly country and a terrible task. He realizes that and his importance. He 'll nag his men into a funk; they 'll desert, they 'll get cholera and die, and the troop will come back here a wreck. Now, Wendell will be different. He 'll jolly his men, he 'll blarney and bullyrag 'em; they 'll do their work, and they 'll come out of that pestiferous hole as fit as fiddles."

Now, as this is precisely what did not happen, it is worth a paragraph.

Smith marched his troop to Boc-boc, lined them up in the plaza, and there, under the sweltering sun, with the tired men sitting cramped upon the worn-out horses, he read them a two-hours' lecture, couched in terms they did not understand, about the terror of their task and his own determination.

"Men," he finished, "I have a will of iron and a hand of steel. See that you never give me cause to show it." Then the troop filed off to dismount and unsaddle, sullen, sore, angry, and thoroughly rebellious. Smith could not but feel their air of resentment, and he countered against it immediately. The Boc-boc day had started miserably, and it ended stormily when the captain came down to inspect his commandeered barracks at sunset. He heard a rhythmic clatter of feet on the polished floor that kept clever cadence with a shrill "Turkey in the Straw," whistled in chorus, and indescribably enunciated words to the same tune:

"Oh, there was a metal skeezicks, and he had a metal mitt,
But you had to be a guard-house bird to get a look at it—"

The song was lost in a clattering breakdown and a roar of good-natured laughter. Smith bounded angrily up the steps.

There was no doubt of the perpetrator. The troop was sitting in a grinning circle on the bare floor, and in the center, his crooked mouth half open in startled surprise, his body still crouched in the final posture of the "pigeon-wing" he had triumphantly finished, his cockatoo's crest of stubbly mouse-colored hair comically erect, stood Private Dornikee, late of Whoknows-where. Upon him his captain's wrath descended in a torrent of angry words.

"You 're a tramp and a bumner," he said, among other things. "I know all about you. You were a hobo before you enlisted—a homeless, feckless hobo. You sing songs, you joke from morning to night, you laugh and giggle and smirk, and fools laugh at you." The fire of Smith's anger was gradually dying in the face of the ludicrous caricature of fear in the round, freckled visage and china-blue eyes of Private Dornikee. "Seriousness is not in you. To my knowledge, you have never passed an inspection. You lose your equipment, your uniform is in tatters, you are not, and never will be, a soldier.

"If it were n't that you take good care of your horse, I 'd have gotten rid of you long ago. Now I 'll give you a fair warning, Dornikee. Be a soldier if you can; but every time you miss a stroke, I 'm going to send you before the summary court. The law says that when you have been there five times, out you go from the service—a military convict. It 's your last chance, Dornikee. I give you three months' time to hang yourself. That 's all."

There was no routine in the cholera fight at Boc-boc. It was a succession of nightmares. It is impossible to describe the morbid effect of jungle service upon white men unless the country has been seen; then a faint glimmering of understanding may come.

The Candayra River, running through the hills by Boc-boc and Bato, is flanked by forests; but they are not such forests as America knows anything about. Great mahogany- and nara-trees, twice as high as the tallest pines, rise out of a perennial ooze that is slimy black with decaying leaves, and pitted with dark pools and

tarns. Their foliage lies like a blanket overhead, and beneath it the sun never for a moment strikes; but in that gloom the rank air steams venomously, long creepers hang in moss-bearded festoons, and all underfoot is enmeshed with brakes of giant grass and opener spaces covered with clinging, thorny vines or thickets of bamboo, and crisscrossing it all, like a great tangle of struggling serpents and lizards and scale-backed monsters, the roots of the trees stand high from the earth in weird and uncanny convolutions.

This was the country where the troop worked, herding the naked people in villages, dragging them sometimes by force, persuading them sometimes by promises, but bringing them always. Here, or in the villages, where the plague was fiercest, the men slaved night and day, cleaning, burying, or directing the funeral-parties that made the night hideous under the trees, howling over their dead their ceremonial and propitiating chants to the gods that send the cholera. A day of this was strange and fascinating, a week was uncanny, and then the horror and dread of it began to strike in on the men's nerves. They were physically exhausted, ill-fed, and in constant danger of an unseen and unfightable death.

Captain Smith was tireless, and he spared himself not at all, working side by side with his men, and longer and harder than any of them. But he did exactly as had been foretold: he treated his toiling troop like children, he nagged and hectored them early and late. He exaggerated and cried against faults, and he was blind to virtue and good work. From a day under his eye the men always came back to quarters sullen and rebellious—all save one. In Dornikee, Smith could see no good.

The man was utterly careless and quite irresponsible, and he stood before the summary court three times in as many weeks, once for failing to prevent an isolated suspect—she was a very frightened mother—from seeing her three-year-old, naked, brown baby. Dornikee pleaded guilty without a word of explanation,—once, while on patrol, for allowing a child to eat a mango that had not been sterilized, and once for smiling while being reprimanded by a sergeant. The reprimand had been:

"Herd yerself together, Dornikee! Herd yerself! Yer belt 's unbuckled, one of yer spurs is gone, they 's a hole in yer hat, an' yer hair 's stickin' through it. Sure, if pride o' bearin' in you was strychnine, it would n't poison a louse."

To this Captain Smith had added advice:

"This is the third time, Dornikee; only two more chances for you. As sure as you stand there, I 'll show you no mercy. You 're no soldier. You 're a trifler and worthless, a disgrace to the troop and a thorn in my side."

But the men would gather about Private Dornikee when he returned from these interviews to hear his whimsical, wistful accounts of them, given in dialect, with much gesture and mimicry. Then they would shriek with laughter, and forget their own aching bones and lacerated feelings, while Dornikee, who was irrepressible and tireless, sang for them, or danced out the whole history of a ball-game or the matrimonial infelicities of Mither and Missis O'Flaherty. He could play any instrument of strings or stops or pistons. He had a clear, sweet voice and a perfect genius for mimicry. Attention and appreciation seemed as necessary and as grateful to him as the air he breathed. His troubles lay lightly across his shoulders. If Smith sent the men to quarters in the doldrums, Dornikee laughed them out again in thirty minutes of tomfoolery, and his side remarks on the work of the day as it progressed were something that the men waited and listened for always. But his own work was boggled, and the older men began to fear for him.

CAPTAIN WENDELL at Bato was proceeding about the same work and under identical conditions, attaining the same ends, but in a wholly different manner. His soldiers loved the ground he trod, and they went about their duties eagerly, avoiding his displeasure, and striving for his ready approval and encouragement. In the first week they accomplished wonders.

Perhaps Bato was one degree more horrible than Boc-boc. Its effects certainly showed quicker. In the second week Wendell had a case of cholera in his own troop. It appeared while the men were waiting, worn-out and smileless, for mess-call to sound in their barracks. A white-faced

orderly reported it to Wendell, and he hurried to quarters, to find the troopers sitting about, awed, scared, and silent, every man, at his own bunk, watching the writhings of their stricken comrade; for well they knew they could do nothing.

Something in that very silence and the strange aloofness of the men troubled Wendell. In three days there was another case, and the work of the troop began to fall off noticeably. The men were growing peaked and wan and pale. Wendell called upon his veteran first sergeant for advice.

"Why is it, Sergeant, that *our* men get it? The troop at Boc-boc is scot-free. Surely they can't take better care than we do. And Captain Smith writes that his men seem to be in excellent spirits. Look at ours. They drag themselves about like men without hope. I don't understand. I *don't* understand."

The sergeant was ready with his theory.

"Captain, I've been with Uncle Sam thirty years. I've seen lots of troops, and I know what's the matter with ours. We ain't got no funny man—none of them minstrelly people. Nearly always they's some man—sometimes two or three—that's jest nacheral-born, God-made monkey. The Cap'n knows what I mean. It's somethin' a man *can't* learn. When he tries, he's a fool.

"They ain't never good soldiers them minstrel people, but *they're* the fellers that starts the singin' on marches, an' it's *them* the troop sits aroun' in camp, listenin' to the monkey-business an' forgettin' they're tired. It's *them* that keeps up life an' sperits, an' this troop ain't got none.

"The men sit round the squad-room, an' 'cause they ain't got nothin' else to do, they feel sorry for themselves. They must have somethin' to keep their minds off their troubles, so they sneak out after taps an' fool aroun' the natives. Work's only hard, black work for them, with nothin' to ease an' spice it. *That's* what's the matter, Cap'n."

Wendell did his best. He tried to organize a troop jinks. But the work had to go on, and the show was a pallid failure, falling flat, and by its very failing doing far more harm than good through its sheer ghastliness.

The troop was really suffering. The men had grown to hate their work; they

shirked and growled and grumbled. Two deserted—deserted in the jungle with as little chance for escape as there would have been from a transport in mid-Pacific. There were many sick, and Wendell was worn to exhaustion.

But the hill people of the upper Candayra had been almost all rounded into the two villages. They were watched and disciplined and cared for. Wendell scanned the surgeons' daily report from both places, and smiled wryly,

"They're beating us over at Boc-boc—two per cent. of cases and one and a fourth deaths to our four and two. It's fallen in both places from ten and eight. We're choking the life out of it; but to think of old Smith beating us! He'll never get over it—and neither will I. I wonder if there's anything in the sergeant's theory; it sounds like a fairy-tale," he added as he took an official envelop that his orderly handed him.

"Great ghost of Julius!" It was an order from the regiment transferring the two officers, and a note from the adjutant explaining.

"The colonel's doing this in anticipation of our going back to the States. He wants you at headquarters with him. It may be a little inconvenient now, but it's the best in the end, and it's satisfactory to Smith."

Wendell met Smith at Boc-boc, and they talked over their new commands while the sergeants prepared the papers.

"You'll find it a good troop," Smith said proudly. "Of course there are exceptions. There's a little man named Dornikee who'll have to go. I've given him every chance and warning—utterly worthless, Wendell, utterly. He won't be a soldier in a million years. No trouble to ship him, though. He has four previous convictions by summary court, and you'll find charges here for his fifth. That finishes him. When you get rid of him, you'll have a ripping troop. Now, what am I getting?"

"You're getting, I'm sorry to say," Wendell confessed ruefully, "a tiptop organization with the bottom all dropped out. This Candayra business has been too much for it. It can fight *insurrectos* all right, and it has proved it, but these Candayra woods and the cholera-bug have been more than its measure, and you'll

have to handle 'em gently. Good-by, old fellow. I 'll clean up the sheet with Mr. Dornikee, never fear."

Cholera disappeared in Boc-boc just two months prior to the last case in Bato, and Smith's new troop had failed dismally. It had to be brought out of the Candayra country, and Wendell's sent to take its place. The sick-list grew alarmingly, and the desertions were appalling. The men had not taken kindly to their new captain, and he gave them no cause to repent their first impression. When it was all over, part of a letter from Wendell to Smith read:

"They say the troubadours are dead, and they sing about the last of them. Don't ever believe it, old fellow. When you find some rantipole, foolish, irresponsible, penniless sort of chap in your troop, who sings a little, dances perhaps, laughs all the time, and lives a life that 's in itself a joke, he 's one. Hang on to him as you would to hope. He 's what we call worthless, and he 's been kicked from pillar to post. He 's probably a vagabond, and no one will admit that he has any excuse for living. Let me tell you, Smithie, I would n't want a troop of him, but never again give me a troop without him. He 's more important in some ways than the captain, the first sergeant, and ten of the men. He serves his purpose, and a sweet purpose it is. It 's more than just making spruce soldiers with shining buttons and tight-fitting coats, or drilling neatly, or shooting people to pieces featly with lead—so much more, that muckle-headed soldiers like you and me don't even appreciate it. He makes people happy, Smithie; that 's what he does. He smoothes troubles, and the world is better for him—ten times more than we can imagine. And *he* does n't even suspect it; *that 's* the beauty of it.

"I was getting ready to try your friend

Dornikee for the fifth time on those charges you left when some little technical point about his pay came up, so I sent for him.

"He was ragged and unkempt, and I laughed when I saw him. Then he laughed, and the sight of it set me off again. I asked him what he did with his money, for there was a monthly allotment of two thirds of his pay recorded to some woman in 'Frisco, a Mrs. Renshaw.

" 'Sister?' I asked; but it was n't.

" 'Sweetheart, then?'

"Smith, you 'd never guess. It was just an old widow that the boy had talked to for perhaps an hour while the regiment was going through 'Frisco. She had a crippled child to support, she was n't very well, and she could see only starvation ahead for both of them, and told Dornikee so. I had fairly to drag the story from him.

"He lied to her—told her he was the son of a Chicago banker (*Dornikee*, mind you), and next day allotted ten dollars of his pay for two years to her.

"Irresponsible and impossible, yes; but think of it!—I thought of it, and suspended charges to watch the man.

"No, Smith, I did n't get rid of Dornikee. If I could, I 'd raise his pay ten times over. He would n't have any more money than he has now, for he 'd find ten other Mrs. Renshaws as fast as ever he could; but I 'd like to watch him. If I could bestow the Medal of Honor, the Iron Cross, and the Double Eagle, I 'd pin them on that boy. I 'd cover him with garlands, and lead him through the cities in honor; for if there is one man that saved us all along the Candayra and averted the plague from the capital,—the whole East, for all I know,—that man is Private Thomas Dornikee—knife, fork, roll, and rifle come a-runnin'. Your friend,

"*Wendell.*"





Owned by Grant B. Schley

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ANDAMAN ISLANDERS SHOOTING FISH

NATIVE LIFE IN THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS

A BRITISH PENAL SETTLEMENT FOR INDIA

BY FREDERICK TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE WRITER

THE sailing of the *Maharaja* from Calcutta for the Andaman Islands was not accompanied by the usual good-bys and handkerchief-waving, for of my fellow-passengers there were seventy to whom no one wished *bon voyage* or a safe return. These were convicts, all murderers under life-sentences, who for some reason had escaped the death-penalty, and included six women; for the *Maharaja* is the ship used by the Colonial Indian Government to transport convicts to the penal settlement near Port Blair, South Andaman Island, a distance of 650 miles from Calcutta.

The prisoners were all manacled, and shackled about the ankles with chains fastened to bands at the waist. They were a despicable lot. At night a continual moaning and cursing and hopeless sobbing came up from the hatches and made sleep out of the question for me, though the European officer in the steamer's cabin apparently slept undisturbed. Early the first morning I went on deck and learned that two of the male prisoners were ill and had been brought up to the deck for air. They were closely guarded, and raw recruits were stationed at the railing to prevent them from committing

suicide by jumping overboard into the Hugli River.

I had with me Subodha, a native East Indian photographer, and an assistant, and at Rangoon I secured eight Hindu coolie bearers, who accepted me as their sahib without question, and with only the vaguest idea of where they were going. Kumali, one of these, proved a valuable man. He was a Hindu, resourceful and a reputed snake-charmer.

The Andaman group of islands are situated in the Bay of Bengal between the parallels of $10^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 15'$ north latitude and the meridians $92^{\circ} 10'$ and $93^{\circ} 30'$ east longitude, where they lie in a north-by-east direction. The principal islands are Great and Little Andamans, Rutland and the Labyrinths, the Archipelago, Baratang, North Sentinel, Interview Island, Landfall Island, and the Cocos. The five largest islands lie north and south, and form a meridional line 142 miles long, the breadth at the widest point being seventeen miles. They are so nearly joined together that they have long been known as the Great Andamans.

The surface is extremely irregular, and a central range of mountains runs from north to south, with an escarpment on the east and a sloping declivity on the west, where marshy localities, covered by exceedingly dense tropical jungle, abound. The hills rise, especially on the east coast, to a considerable elevation, and are covered by dense forests. Owing to its shape and conformation, there are no rivers and but few perennial streams, and during the dry season—from January to April—water is scarce.

A geographical description of the Andamans conveys only the slightest idea of the physical conditions to be met with, for once away from the coast and in the labyrinthian tropical jungle, all sense of direction and location leaves one, and at every advancing step new impediments to locomotion are encountered. But withal it is wildly beautiful, fascinating; the charm of the tropical sun and shadows is over all the grandeur of flora and fauna, and the unashamed little black children of the hour who live and have their being amid these surroundings are a picturesque and happy lot—when viewed from a distance. But first we must land.

This we did at Port Blair, after passing

the Cocos on the north and sailing almost the entire length of the islands. The first buildings to be seen were the government salt-works, and then Viper Island, on which is situated the cellular jail and other prison-buildings. The cellular jail is the first home of the life-prisoners, and is locally known as "hell," and not unjustly, as the inhabitants in and around the settlement can testify.

The Andamans are literally the home of murderers. The inhabitants are the most vicious members of an older civilization and the uncivilized head-hunters, among whom murder is a sport and a pastime. In the settlement are about 1700 prisoners, including 800 women. On arriving at Port Blair, the prisoners first spend six months in solitary confinement in the cellular jail of Viper Island. They are then transferred to one of the associated jails and the comparative blessing of hard labor in company with others, though still occupying separate cells at night. After a year and a half of this they become slaves, working in and about the settlement during the day and sleeping in barracks at night, always closely guarded. At the expiration of five years, a convict becomes eligible to join the colony of "self-supporters" and live in the village, where he earns his living in his chosen way, lives in his own house, and can send for his wife and children or marry a convict woman. In a limited sense he becomes a paterfamilias, but is always carefully watched, and cannot leave the settlement without permission.

Through all the stages of penal servitude caste is preserved, the high-caste Hindu not even touching a vessel that has been used by a low-caste brother, and the Mohammedans' rations are served and eaten apart from the others.

Despite the rigid discipline and the vigilance of the authorities, the communal life is far from harmonious, and the more vicious often rebel. The murderers kill one another, and are in turn murdered by the treacherous Andamanese, who regard the hapless convicts and their guards as their natural prey. Occasional attempts at escape are made by the prisoners, but the efforts inevitably prove disastrous, the fugitive, finding his conditional freedom worse than servitude, either dies at the hands of the Jarawa warriors, falls a vic-

tim of fever or other disease, or starves. There is also a system in vogue by which the more friendly tribes of savages co-operate with the authorities in capturing escaped convicts and receive rewards for the return of the unhappy deserters. More often, however, the head-hunters kill the fugitive and return only the head,

was later found to be an escaped convict from the penal settlement at Viper Island. When picked up, he had been on the raft for twenty-nine days during one of the southwest monsoons, and had secured water by catching the rain and sucking it from his turban and loin-cloth. He lived upon flying-fish that flew aboard the raft,



THE WRITER AND HIS HINDU GUIDE

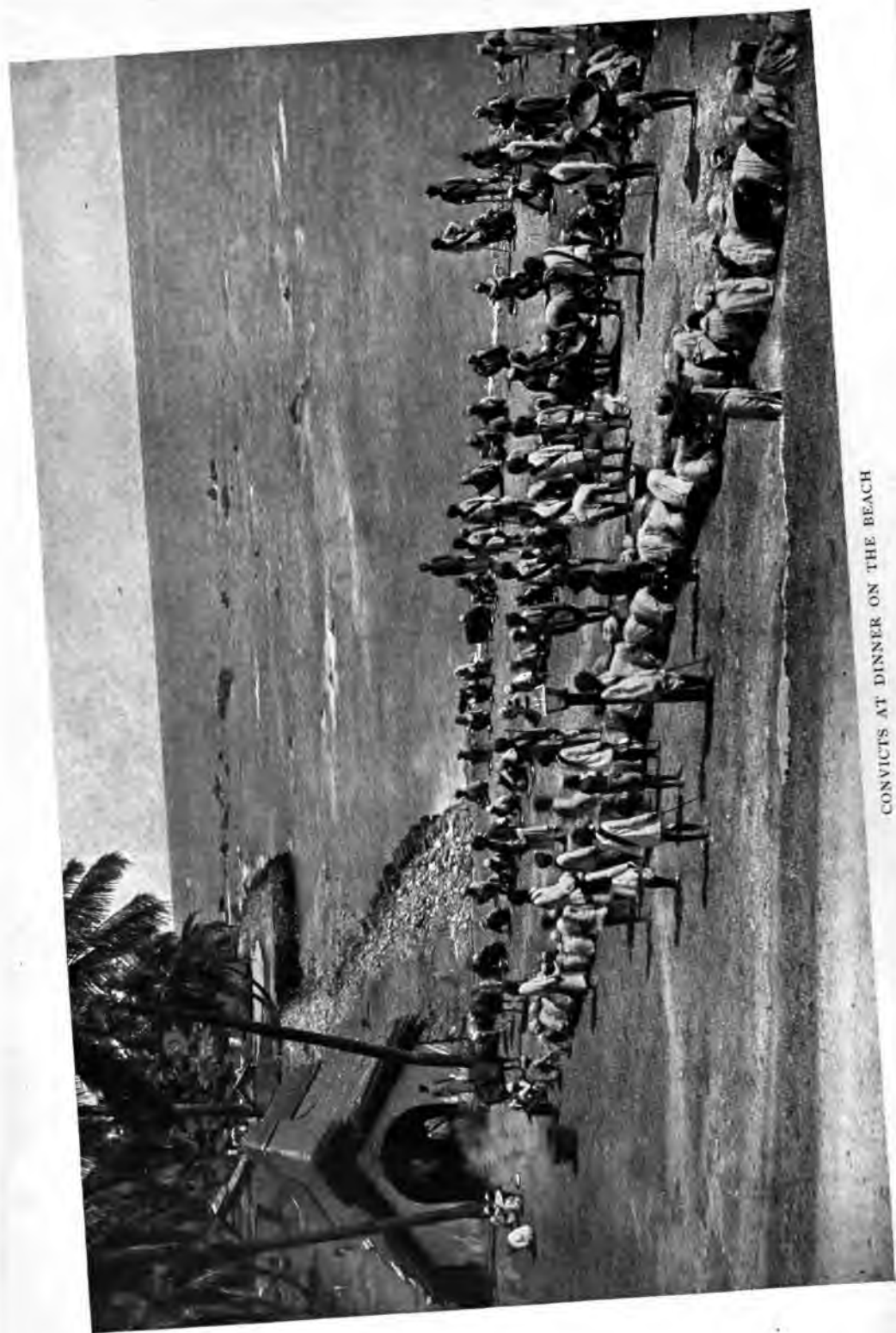
The guide is preparing to capture the cobra shown in the center of the picture for the purpose of extracting its venom to be used as an antidote for snake-bites.

receiving the reward just the same, the killing adding zest to the chase and the returning of the head being the easiest and quickest way of earning the reward.

Under these conditions there are few attempts at escape, though many remarkably hazardous dashes for liberty have been made from time to time, which, though futile, were most daring. Sometime ago the steamer *Fultata* picked up a poor, emaciated wretch who was sighted on a small bamboo raft off the Arakan coast. He

eating them raw. He was swept off the raft many times by the waves, but had managed to cling to it. After a month in a hospital at Rangoon, he was returned to Viper Island prison and solitary confinement.

Another daring attempt at escape was made by a party of six convicts who were sent with two native policemen to a small island off the Middle Andaman to work. They managed to escape from the guards, and, hoisting the sail of the small boat,



CONVICTS AT DINNER ON THE BEACH

started out in a gale in the direction of the Burma coast. The boat, which had both sail and oars, proved seaworthy, and after seven days of heavy weather they were dashed upon the rocks of the Tenasserim coast, and the boat wrecked. All escaped with their lives, and eventually reached the Siamese border, where they were apprehended by local authorities and returned to the prison.

This digression must suffice as indicative

had come upon a dozen convicts working in the forests with an overseer. Two of the convicts had been killed with the deadly arrows of the savages, and a posse of fifty native policemen had been sent out to find the Jarawas and the convicts who were missing. As a result, conditions in the islands were very unsettled. One thing favorable to my trip into the interior, however, was the fact that a native chief had recently died, and the war-



THE BAZAAR, ISLAND OF ROSS, NEAR PORT BLAIR

of the character and environment of the so-called civilized beings who unwillingly share the Andaman Islands with the aborigines, who, while savage and consistently inhuman in their treatment of strangers, are nevertheless free from heinous crimes toward one another, and, at least beneath their skins, are not so black as they are sometimes painted.

On landing at Port Blair, it was learned that two convicts had been murdered by one of their fellows and that a short time before a party of head-hunting Jarawas

riors, or most of them, were away in the northern part of the islands attending the feasts and dances in celebration of the election of a new leader. This, coupled with the fact that native policemen were still searching the forests for the band of marauders which had attacked the convicts, left the southern section more or less free from head-hunters, and I resolved to proceed inland without delay, taking with me Subodha, Kumali the Hindu snake-charmer, Maladive and Lacadive boatmen, and the Hindu bearers.



WELLS, OR CISTERNS, ON THE ISLAND OF ROSS

As we skirted the coast, I witnessed a lively scene, for we came upon a large party of savages who were out fishing. Their method is peculiar. They stand up in their dugouts and, balancing nicely, spear the fish and shoot turtles as they lazily float on the surface. They are expert fishermen, and present a weird appearance, their black bodies, utterly devoid of clothing, shining in the sun. They use the turtle oil to lubricate their bodies, which gives them a shine that glistens. As the party were so-called friendly Andamanese and near the settlement, we were in no danger from them, and they continued to aim their spears and arrows at the fish, although they were curious and somewhat exercised over our presence.

The first stop was nearly opposite Hopetown landing, some distance from civilization as represented by the prison, and at the point where the government has erected a structure called the Andamanese Home. This is only a rudely built shelter at the edge of the jungle, built by the colonial authorities for the purpose of coaxing

the more friendly natives to acquire the ways of civilization. As inducements, clay pipes, tobacco, biscuits, and beads are left at the base of trees near the shelter. The natives come in from the jungle periodically and take everything they can find. The laziest remain several days, then with the treasured pipes and trinkets return to their fastnesses and their old tricks. After the supply of tobacco is exhausted, they smoke dried trepang, a fish found clinging to the rocks, which appears to be a cross between a sea-slug and a jellyfish. Trepang has slight narcotic properties which produces an effect not unlike opium.

Despite the nature of the country, news travels fast in the islands, and the fact that a searching-party was out probably was responsible for the large number of savages in and about the government shelter at the time of our visit, the natives doubtless considering themselves more secure when near the settlement than in the jungle.

At any rate, we found a large party in the vicinity. As our boat grounded on

the stony beach, crowds of the little blacks, men, women, and children, came running down to look at us. They were almost all of them entirely naked, the men carrying bows and arrows. All were tattooed and elaborately scarified, and some of them, mostly women, were bedaubed with clay and red ocher in designs representing the veins of trees. They presented a fierce and warlike appearance, and were totally unlike any aborigines I had ever seen.

The Andamanese are an interesting race to ethnologists. They are probably one of the most ancient of races remaining on the earth and stand close to the primitive human type. As such, they are of great ethnological importance, probably preserving in their persons and customs, owing to an indefinite period of complete isolation, characteristics of the oldest races. They have been called dwarfs and pygmies, but without truth. In stature they are small, the average height of the men being 4 feet 10¾ inches, the women 4 feet 7¼ inches, but their figures as a rule are symmetrical and graceful. While among the darkest of savages, the Andamanese are not absolutely black. The hair, which

varies from sooty black to yellowish brown, is woolly, and is known as of the "peppercorn" type; and when kept short, it resembles nothing so much as a worn-out blacking-brush, as it grows in little knobs, with bare spaces between. The hair of the women is worn off about the top of the head in most cases, and some of the men have affected a parting of the hair in the center by rubbing the head with a stone until the hair wears away.

About the waists of some of the party that crowded about the boat were girdles of dry leaves and seaweed, ornamented with beads, and at the back were appendages formed by a large bunch of leaves.

Approaching what seemed to be the head-man, I pointed to the cocoanuts my Maladives were throwing out of the boat, at the same time exhibiting tobacco and clay pipes. The sight of these things acted like a charm, and broad grins, showing rows of beautiful, white teeth, replaced the suspicious glances. As one of my native boatmen acted as interpreter, I soon established myself on a friendly footing, and when I had him request a dance, they quickly formed themselves in line. At



ANDAMANESE MAKING CANOES OUT OF ENORMOUS LOGS

a command from the head-man, other natives emerged from the shelter; a few loungers standing by began to shake off their lethargy and arouse the sleepers basking in the sun. One of the party had a long clay pipe in his mouth, and another a cigar I had given him; two women, half hidden by bushes, were coaxed out (the women are all very timid), and joined the line that was forming, the clay pipes still in their mouths; while up from the jungle came several others, men and women, with their bodies decorated with clay until they had all the appearance of being clad in fancy tights, looking highly theatrical in their fantastic and grotesque array.

At a signal from the leader, a droning sound, which surged into a throbbing twang, came from the *yemnga* as several players began tapping it. This primitive musical instrument consists of a shield-shaped piece of wood, the point sticking in the ground. The players, skilfully thrumming on it with their feet, produce weird cadences that vibrate in monotonous.

Two lines had been formed; the leader advanced and retreated, the others following. As they moved, they bent their bodies gracefully and in time, at first slowly,

clapping their hands above their heads in unison. As the throbbing tones of the *yemnga* grew louder, heads, hands, and feet began to gyrate and whirl. Faster and faster they went round and round; then came wild leaps into the air, with arms and legs swinging wildly. Louder and louder rose the intoxicating twang and throbs of the music, and the faces of the blacks became wilder than before, and they began to shout and utter unearthly cries, which echoed through the jungle. Intense excitement took possession of them, and all control was lost. They would leap and fall and rise and sway and whirl until nothing was clear but a vision of black bodies and arms and legs and feet in a cloud of dust.

One by one the frenzied dancers collapsed and fell to the ground, the throbbing sound of the music died away, and the dance was over.

When the exhausted dancers had recovered sufficiently, they gave an exhibition of their skill with bow and arrow. A section of a log about five feet, six inches high, placed two hundred yards away, was used as a target. Their aim was true, and the weapons deadly. They took



A FISHING-PARTY



ANDAMAN ISLANDERS DANCING

the greatest delight in hitting the log and felling it. They use three kinds of arrows, one for shooting fish and turtle, another for hunting wild pigs and iguana for food, which are plentiful, and another for warfare. This latter is composed of a shaft and arrow-head connected by a fiber taken from a creeper found in the jungle. As the point imbeds itself in the body, the shaft falls away of its own weight, and if the victim is running, which is most likely, the shaft, being still connected to the imbedded arrow-head by the fiber, soon brings the unfortunate to the ground. I secured several good pictures of this group of Andamanese, who were singularly natural and unaffected in having their photographs taken.

At dawn the next morning we put our outfit aboard the boat, secured a tow to the lighter which was conveying prisoners to the other side of the island, where they were engaged in felling padouks, and asked the officer in charge of the tug to be on the lookout for us upon his return, as the convicts are taken back every night. We coasted for thirty miles, and through the Middle Straits, dividing the South from the Middle Andamans. As the sun came

up, it cast gorgeous tints of rose and gold over the quiet Andamanese Sea, the waters of which were so clear that fish could be plainly seen sporting in the depths, and a fresh breeze from the northeast filled the air with the fragrance of the forests, and brought new life after the excessively hot days and nights that had preceded.

It was now time to let go the tow-line, so heading for the mouth of a creek, we proceeded as far as Dumla Churog, a desolate spot in the jungle.

The trip up the creek was strenuous, for the heat was now intense (135° Fahrenheit in the sun). Each man worked silently, while backs ached, arms grew tired, perspiration ran down their brown bodies, and by the time we made the landing it was easy to see that the men were losing courage. They were just beginning to realize what they were "up against." Dense underbrush came down to the sluggish waters of the creek on each side, and save for the gentle swish of the paddles and the occasional rustling of the leaves and the flap of wings in the jungle, there was no sound.

Finally we reached the clearing and waded to the muddy bank. It was here



A WIDOW FOLLOWING THE CUSTOM OF WEARING HER HUSBAND'S SKULL
ON HER BACK

my bearers showed the first signs of fear. They were reluctant to leave the boat, and I did not blame them much, for a more uninviting outlook could hardly be imagined. We were completely shut in on all sides by the thick undergrowth, and the silence was profound. However, with some show of force on my part and promises of reward, they finally gathered up their burdens and we proceeded to march, or rather scramble, through the thick underbrush.

The spreading branches of the trees partly protected us from the scorching sun. The trees are beautiful and varied; many of them are valuable. The padouk, resembling mahogany, is profitably used. I secured specimens of many rare woods, and, in cutting into the trunk of a tree called the "iron tree," found it was well named, as it turned the edge of the ax.

There is no animal life to speak of, the occasional grunt of a wild pig and the

flight and song of birds being the only sounds to break the stillness as we proceeded. There are, however, many insects, and the bare legs of the bearers were viciously attacked by ticks, and knife and pinchers were not always successful in removing them. They were also endangered by the presence of venomous snakes, though we enjoyed some security through the presence and knowledge of Kumali.

We had not gone very far before he detected a cobra. We were moving Indian-file through the tangle as best we could, Kumali being in the lead. Suddenly he darted forward to a clump of bushes, armed with a forked stick he was carrying, and as he circled about the bushes, I saw his black eyes glisten and almost stand out as he kept them fixed on an object in the leaves which I could not discern. He danced wildly about the bush for a moment, and, with a warning hiss, the hooded head of a cobra revealed itself.

Kumali evidently enjoyed the fun, for he continued to prance about and distract the reptile by waving the stick at it. Finally, with a sinuous, gliding motion, the cobra prepared to strike. Watching his opportunity, Kumali approached, and with a deft movement of his arm he pinned the snake to the ground with the forked stick, at the same time seizing the body behind the head. Having discarded the pronged stick, with his other hand he brought out a small glass bowl covered with India rubber. He held this in front of the cobra. The snake made an eager lunge at the bowl, the fangs puncturing the rubber, at the same time ejecting the poison, which was caught in the bowl. After the poison is exposed to the air, the water is evaporated, and it is used as an antidote, it being albuminous in character. I am glad to say that I did not have to use it, but I kept the antidote with me throughout the trip.

After tramping for some hours, though we had made little progress, we came upon a native hut, apparently deserted. In front of it were heaps of refuse, pigs' bones, fire pots, and remnants of a recent feast. The habit of throwing all offal about the place where food is cooked obliges a frequent change of residence on the part of the natives.

The hut stood on the top of a little hill which had been cleared by the Jarawas with the axes and other implements stolen from convicts they had surprised and killed in the forests. Leading up to the shelter from different directions were cleared paths, overhung with wild creepers, and along the sides of the clearing were slight sentry-posts.

The hut itself was merely eight upright posts of ordinary timber, with cross-beams covered over with leaves of palms. The roof came down low on all sides, there were no doors or windows, and the walls offered poor protection. Inside we found strung upon the walls pig skulls, a number of honey-pots done up neatly in wickerwork, armlets, anklets, girdles, trophies of the chase, ornaments, yemngas, and a quantity of trepang, which, when dried, resembles a petrified banana. Apart from the other furnishings, there was a collection of human bones and skulls, all highly polished and well-cared-for, the jaw-bones being separated from the skulls.

Children, as a rule, are buried in shallow graves in the huts, and occasion slight concern. Deaths of adults, however, cause loud lamentations from all connected with the deceased, and mourning is observed by smearing the body with clay and by refraining from dancing. Some of the dead, notably chiefs, are disposed of by placing the bodies on platforms erected in the forks of suitable trees. After the corpse has decomposed, the bones are cleaned and made into souvenirs, which are distributed among relatives and friends, who prize them highly. It was with difficulty that I managed to secure some of these ghastly relics.

In the middle of the hut was a large fireplace, and about the sides were smaller fireplaces, indicating the occupancy of the hut by a large group of Jarawas. Communal life is the rule. Previous to marriage, unchastity is common with both sexes. Once married, conjugal fidelity until death is the rule, and bigamy, polygamy, and divorce are unknown. Husband and wife may eat together but widows and widowers, bachelors and maidens, may eat only with their own sex. The women show a disposition to herd together, and a custom of suckling one another's babies prevails.

The Andamanese have no words for ordinary salutations, greetings, or for expressing thanks; relatives, however, sit in one another's laps at meeting, huddled close together, weeping loudly if the separation has been a long one.

Numerous superstitions exist, the fear of evil spirits of the wood, the sea, and the air prevailing. "Puluga," who is fundamentally to be identified with some definiteness with the storm (Wuluga), mixed up with ancestral chiefs, has so many attributes of deity that it is reasonable to translate the term by God. There is also a host of minor devils, who are self-created.

In and about the islands are to be found many kitchen-middens, rising from twelve to fifteen feet and more in height, which in some cases have fossilized shells at the base, proving the little black sun-gods to be among the aristocrats of earth and that they lived much as they do now when the shells contained living organisms.

The only sign of life about the hut was a fire burning under a small pot in a corner. We had not long to wait, however,

before we learned that our intrusion was known. Two black figures appeared, coming up one of the paths. They were Onge women, and one carried a baby in a sling made from the bark of trees. The other woman, by comparison, was overdressed, as her shoulders were strung with beads and ornaments, and a fiber apron hung from the girdle of shells at the waist. She also wore armlets, leglets, and anklets, and her hair was long and matted. The woman carrying the child was a hideous old hag, fat and shiny; her body was scarred all over. The natives use quartz to tattoo their figures, which leaves little raised dots over the entire body.

The pair shyly approached, and Kumali attempted to reassure them. He was not as successful in charming them as he had been with the cobra, however, for despite the tempting offers of beads and bright-colored cloth, they gave only a few curious glances before their fear prevailed and they bolted, much to our disappointment. As the

younger woman turned to flee, I noticed a skull hung between her shoulders. This proclaimed her a widow in mourning. However, we got a good picture of the pair.

The custom of mourning mentioned above is generally observed by women after the death of their husbands. His skull—the jaw always separated—is carried about continually. Just why the jaw is detached is not clear. It may be that they have had quite enough of it during the lifetime of the deceased, though I noticed that the women did most of the talking.

Immediately after the death of her husband, the head is placed on a crude platform in the trees by the widow and left

there for the weather and voracious insects. When thoroughly dried, she cleans it, and, after decorating it with shells and beads, wears it constantly about her neck, between the shoulders, even when working or engaged in cooking.

After a year of mourning in this realistic manner, the widow begins to look about for another partner, making her wishes known to her neighbors. The chief man of the tribe selects a warrior and presents him to the widow. She usually ap-

proves on sight, and thereupon removes to a lonely spot, takes the dear dead man's skull from her shoulders, and buries it, covering it well. She then returns to the camp, where feasting and dancing await her. Later, retiring from the scene of the festivities she spends a week or more in fasting and vigil by the lonely grave of the skull.

At the end of that period the widow emerges into festive life again, this time bringing the skull with her. This is placed upon a long bamboo pole and

borne before her by one of the head-men of the community, who leads a procession of women. The natives follow the skull-bearer and the widow, singing and dancing to the music of the yemnga. In the space in front of the communal hut the pole is set up. The men then come forward, and the poor old skull looks down on a wild revel of feasting and dancing. The festivities continue until the food is devoured and the dancers drop from sheer exhaustion.

As the bride and bridegroom retire from the scene, pigskins and mats are thrown at them by way of wedding-presents. The guests then depart, the men carrying the skull, which is again buried and forgotten.



A JARAWA WARRIOR

In all this weird ceremony there is much crude philosophy and some wisdom, as will be admitted. The primitive savage has a sense of justice and right. The Andamanese even give a very good reason for their hostility to strangers, namely, that they were once friendly, but have been unmercifully treated in the past by Chinese and Malay traders. A semblance of poetry is also to be found in some of their customs and ceremonies. Such, for instance, as the naming of girls by what they term "Flower names." The natives of the Andamans seldom use names when directly addressing one another, and only the simplest names suffice to indicate a person not present. These are very much alike, and no distinction is made between sexes in common names, which are usually taken from some physical characteristic. Young girls, however, are given additional names, taken from the names of trees and plants, which are often musical in sound. It is a sad reflection that the better instincts of these people are never to come under the influence of a higher civilization than their own, for they are fast dying out. Diseases, mostly brought to the islands by the prisoners, are responsible for this, and soon, perhaps, the race will be gone.

We were resting in the shade of the hut eating our rice and fish when suddenly one of the bearers, who was some distance away, cried out, "Sahib, baibo, jarawas tir marto hai," which was a timely warning to throw myself down; the Jarawas were shooting. This was a complete surprise, for, as has been said, we supposed that all the warriors were at the extreme northern end of the islands attending the funeral of a chief. We were, nevertheless, being attacked by a party of natives, and were soon on the defensive. I experienced the unpleasant sensation of feeling an arrow whiz by me and seeing it imbed itself in a tree.

The party of Jarawas, mostly old men, women, and boys, as we discovered later, had established itself in a cleared place some distance away. A few shots from the revolver soon had them on the run, however, as they probably mistook our party for the posse known to have been sent out from Port Blair after them.

The incident served thoroughly to frighten my bearers, who up to this time had been kept busy cutting out, or trying to cut out, the pestiferous little ticks from

their bare legs. They were now almost afraid to stop at any point for fear of another attack. As we saw no more of the natives for some time, their fears subsided somewhat, and we continued to pick our way through the thickets and jungle. Sleeping, eating, and tramping, the bearers carrying the outfit, of which the most cumbersome parts were the curios we had collected and the photographer's paraphernalia, occupied the next few days.

I shall never forget the ever-changing beauty of the forests. Here and there flourishing creepers festooned the trees, while rare orchids swung from the limbs of others, and the evergreen trees laden with climbers were cooling to look upon. Occasional groves of bamboo and valuable woods stretched for miles. And I shall never forget the beautiful, silent nights. The moon was at the full, and as the silvery rays sifted through the branches they brought out weird shadows, which took strange shapes.

After supper the bearers would smoke, chew betel-nut, and tell ghost-stories in their strange tongue, then fall into dreamless sleep, except one or two, who were on guard. The silence of the night in the Andaman jungle, aside from innumerable insect life, is broken by the screech of the owl and the cry of the kôï. This latter bird has a most humanlike note, not unlike a boy, lost in the woods, whistling to keep up courage. Its strident notes continue night and day, and when they are about at night it is, to say the least, very distracting.

The kôï is very cunning, and the tendency to get something for nothing is so strongly developed as to have warranted its appearance as a trickster in the recent drama in which birds were used with symbolic significance. One of its little tricks is to lay its eggs in the nest of a crow, which it very much resembles in color and shape. The fraud is not discovered until the fledgling has been hatched out by the mother crow and is ready to fly, when discord reigns.

As our supplies were beginning to run low, we attempted to quicken our advance, but with disastrous results. Often we would find what appeared to be a path, only to have it end in jungle and be forced to retrace our steps, which was particularly hard on the bearers, who were

anything but strong. Their accustomed slight diet had undermined their vitality until they could go only a short distance over rough country without rest. Kumali and Subodha, nevertheless, were always alert and lent valuable assistance.

As we were picking our way through the tangle of underbrush one day in an effort to reach a comparatively clear space, I heard a slight noise. As I was some distance ahead, I turned aside to investigate. I could see what appeared to be a small animal moving about near the base of a scrub-palm, and naturally concluded it was a wild pig, and cautiously approached, as a tree was between me and the object.

Finally, the animal, as I supposed, remaining perfectly quiet, I stepped out into the slight clearing.

The pig was a human dwarf, and we interrupted just as he was settling down to a full meal of cocoanuts. I have never seen such an expression of mingled surprise, fear, and rage in my life as was in the face and eyes of that creature as it looked up at me. We captured the little fellow without trouble, and I brought him back to India.

Cocos—for that was the name we gave him—was a real dwarf. The natives of the Andamans are not in any sense dwarfs, though undersized. There are probably a great many dwarfs sitting down to feasts of cocoanuts on the islands every day, but they are not a race, or missing links in the human chain. According to the certificate of measurement, Cocos is a cross between a Chittagongese and Burmese, and his height is two feet, nine inches. As he was being measured, Cocos was extremely nervous, and I repeatedly put my hand to his forehead to quiet him. When the calipers were applied to his head, however, he be-

came frantic with fear and prostrated himself, begging me not to kill him.

There is a superstition among the Hindus that dwarfs have supernatural powers. A legend to the effect that Vishnu, the Hindu god, becoming jealous of man, came to earth in the form of a dwarf, and that henceforth all dwarfs became possessed of all the power of the gods, is commonly believed in. As a consequence of this belief, Hindu women, at the sight of Cocos, would immediately prostrate themselves in prayer, which seemed to please him after he became accustomed to it.

On the fifth day, the bearers being exhausted, when we came upon a small clearing near nightfall we encamped for the night. We had passed a few natives, mostly old men and women, so guard was kept as usual, though it was changed frequently that all might rest. Supper of tea and cold rice was eaten in silence, and at dawn we were aroused by the bearer on guard, who had found a trail which led down a slope to the coast. Quickly gathering up the outfit, we moved cautiously down the trail. It was thorny and rough, but at last, about 11 A.M., we came in sight of the water. The coast was bare and desolate, and the loose stones made walking difficult; but it was a great relief to see it.

We looked eagerly for the launch which was to meet us, but it was nowhere to be seen. We camped under some bamboos near the water, and Kumali and two bearers were sent up and down the beach to look for the boat. After five hours of anxious waiting, they returned with the news that the launch was coming. Needless to say, we soon had our stuff aboard and steamed back to Port Blair.



SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

FIFTH PAPER: KING HENRY VIII

BY WILLIAM WINTER

CONJECTURE has long been busy, and it will continue to be so, with the play of "King Henry VIII." That play was first published in the first Shakspeare folio, 1623. The date of its composition is not known; neither is the date of its first presentment on the stage. Some Shakspeare editors, among them Theobald, Malone, and Dr. Johnson, maintain that it was produced before the death (1603) of Queen Elizabeth; other Shakspearean editors, among them Collier, Dyce, and Knight, contend that it was not produced until after the accession of King James the First. A favorite belief is that it was performed, under the title of "All is True," on June 29, 1613, at the Globe Theater, London, on which occasion the discharge of small cannon,—perhaps in the coronation scene, Act IV, Scene 1, or, more probably, in the scene of *King Henry's* entrance, as a masker, at a festival in the palace of *Cardinal Wolsey*, Act I, Scene 4,—set fire to the theater and caused its destruction. Controversy on this subject hinges mainly on the prologue to the play and the speech delivered by *Cranmer* at the christening of the royal infant.

Two plays relative to the story of Cardinal Wolsey, one of them being ascribed to Henry Chettle, a dramatist of Shakspeare's time, of whose biography scarcely anything is known, were acted in London in 1601, and Malone assigns Shakspeare's "King Henry VIII" to that year. The play is one that would have pleased Queen Elizabeth more than it could be supposed likely to please her successor, King James the First. That queen delighted in servile adulation, and she exacted abject deference to her authority; but her sense of delicacy was not such as is easily shocked.

There is no reason to suppose that Elizabeth would have resented *Queen Katharine's* eminently queenlike statement of her position or been displeased by a representation of the gallant behavior of King Henry the Eighth, her father, on the occasion of his meeting with the fair Anne Boleyn. She knew the reason why her father had desired and procured the annulment of his marriage to Catharine of Aragon, and though the demeanor of *King Henry* toward *Anne Boleyn* in the masque scene is that of a bold and expeditious wooer, it is not such as Elizabeth would have regarded as unseemly.

On the other hand, King James had no reason to revere the memory of Queen Elizabeth, who is specifically honored in Shakspeare's play, that sovereign having kept his mother, Queen Mary of Scotland, for eighteen years incarcerated in prison, subjected her to indignity, and finally sent her to death on the block; and it is known that, in fact, he abhorred her memory. The speech which is delivered by the *Archbishop of Canterbury* in the scene of the christening was well calculated to please Queen Elizabeth, but it does not contain anything, aside from the lines of homage to her successor, likely to have gratified King James. Those lines, seventeen in number, beginning, "Nor shall this peace sleep with her," and ending, "Thou speakest wonders," break the continuity of the address; but they serve the purpose of adulation of a vain monarch, notoriously susceptible to flattery. They probably, as was suggested by Theobald, were interpolated into *Cranmer's* encomium, some time after the first presentment of the play, when Elizabeth had died and James had ascended the English throne. Shakspeare

himself might have inserted them, or they might have been inserted by another hand.

It has been surmised that the revival of the play in the summer of 1613 was prompted by the wish to profit by contributing to the general public rejoicing incident to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James, to Frederick, the Elector Palatine. That marriage occurred about the middle of the previous February, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the production of an "historical masque or show play" (Coleridge) intended as a spectacle apposite to that occasion would be deferred till the end of June, a period of more than four months. The conjecture put forth in 1850 by that respected scholar Spedding, to the effect that, in writing his play of "King Henry VIII," Shakspeare had proceeded "as far, perhaps, as the third act, when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play, with which to honor the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, he handed them his manuscript," and that they intrusted it to John Fletcher, "already a popular and expeditious playwright," to be completed, is ingenious, but also it is unwarranted. "Expeditious" Fletcher may have been, but there is abundant reason to believe that Shakspeare was at least quite as energetic, and could himself have finished his play with equal despatch.

In the absence of definite, decisive information, it seems, on the whole, probable that Shakspeare's "King Henry VIII" was first presented toward the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that the play called "All is True," acted in 1613, with disaster to the Globe Theater, was Shakspeare's play, revived for an occasion, and altered in such a way as to make it acceptable to the time of King James. The compliment to that royal person, supposing it to have been then first inserted in the text, miscarried, because the theater caught fire before the performance had reached the christening scene, and *Cranmer's* honeyed words, occurring in the last act, were not spoken. No record has been discovered of the cast of "All is True," but among the Harleian Manuscripts there is a letter, addressed by the Rev. Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "this last of June, 1613," in which a reference is

made to the burning of the Globe Theater: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd." The implication would seem to be that Burbage participated in the representation. If so, he would have played one of the principal parts,—either *King Henry* or *Cardinal Wolsey*,—for he was then in the prime of his renown. Contemporary reference to "All is True" sometimes calls it by that name and sometimes by the name of "Henry VIII."

No mention is made of any presentment of this drama in the interval between 1613 and 1663, the interval, roughly speaking, between the period of Burbage and that of Betterton. Shakspeare's manuscript remained in possession of the managers, who owned it from the time when the play was first performed (whatever time that may have been) till the time of its first publication. To what extent or by what hand it may have been altered after the death of Shakspeare in 1616, and before it was published in 1623, investigation has failed to discover. Modern scholarship assumes that, because of certain peculiarities of the versification, notably the use of "double endings," much of the play must have been written by some hand other than that of Shakspeare, possibly or probably that of Fletcher, whose use of "double endings" was habitual. That theory, however, like other theories which, resting on surmise and not on evidence, would discredit Shakspeare's authorship of his writings, is merely conjectural. It would be amusing, if it were not painful, to observe the assurance with which theories about Shakspeare are adopted and proclaimed as fact, sometimes by thoughtful commentators, from whom a larger measure of discretion might reasonably be expected.

The first positively recorded representative of *King Henry the Eighth* was John Lowin, one of the best actors of Shakspeare's time, and, in contemporary favor, second only to Richard Burbage. Authentic assurance is furnished by Downes that Lowin was instructed by Shakspeare himself as to the performance of this part. Lowin, born in 1576, lived to be eighty-two years old, became very poor in his latter days, kept an inn, called The Three

Pigeons, at Brentford, and died there in 1658. Sir William Davenant (1605-68) was acquainted with the acting of Lowin, and when, in 1663, he cast the part of *King Henry the Eighth* to Thomas Betterton, he instructed that actor relative to the method of his admired predecessor. Betterton's performance was accounted essentially royal, and the example of stalwart predominance, regal dignity, and bluff humor thus set has ever since been followed. Barton Booth imitated Betterton, and when Quin assumed *King Henry*, he avowedly, but not successfully, imitated Booth. In this part, Quin is described as having been ungraceful in manner, deficient of the requisite facial expression, and vocally weak. Booth seems to have satisfied every requirement of it. There was grandeur in his personality, vigor in his action, and at times a menace in his look which inspired terror. In life, *King Henry*, as the reader of the excellent memoir of Wolsey by George Cavendish clearly perceives, was essentially selfish, despotic, tyrannical, capricious, and capable of cruelty. In Shakspeare's delineation of him, the rigor of his character and the harshness of his temper have been much softened; and while he is shown as egotistical, haughty, arbitrary, impetuous, self-willed, and sternly regal, he is accredited with a certain amiability, a sense of justice, good humor, and geniality of disposition. It appears that he was thus represented, with admirable fidelity and effect, by Barton Booth. That actor's enunciation of "Go thy ways, Kate," after the *Queen's* majestic exit from the trial scene, is mentioned as exceptionally expressive of the *King's* character and humor.

Specific information as to details of the dressing of *King Henry the Eighth* by the actors of old cannot be obtained. Kings, on the stage, wore scarlet cloth ornamented with gold lace. Sometimes an opulent nobleman, patron of the drama, would give to a favorite actor the costume that he had worn at the coronation of the reigning monarch, and that was considered and used as an appropriate garb for theatrical majesty. Burbage, if he acted *King Henry*, wore robes of red and gold. Betterton and his followers continued the custom; but as it was well known that *King Henry* wore his hair short, they dis-

carded the usual wig when playing that part. Davies declares that *King Richard the Third* and *King Henry the Eighth* were garbed in something like appropriate costume, while suitability of attire, in presentment of the coöperative characters, was for the most part disregarded. In England, the chronicle of notable performers of *King Henry the Eighth* includes the names of Mathew Clarke, John Palmer, Joseph George Holman, Alexander Pope, Francis Aickin, Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, George Frederick Cooke, George Barrett, John Ryder, Walter Lacy, William Terriss, and Arthur Bourchier.

On the occasion (1663) when for the first time Betterton acted *King Henry the Eighth*, his associate and competitor Henry Harris acted *Cardinal Wolsey*; "doing it," says Downes, "with such just state, port, and mien that I dare affirm none hitherto has equaled him." The word "hitherto" refers to the period of about sixty years immediately prior to 1663, as to which period theatrical history affords comparatively little exact and particular information. Harris was a painter and a singer as well as an actor. He led a profligate life, but he is accredited with possession of dramatic talent of a high order, and it is certain that his ability was versatile, for he excelled equally as *Romeo* and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*. He was one of the intimate friends of Samuel Pepys, the quaint diarist, and a portrait of him as *Wolsey* is in the Pepys Library at Cambridge, England. Detailed description of his performance of the *Cardinal* has not been found. He was prominently succeeded on the old London stage by John Verbruggen, 1706; Colley Cibber, 1723; Anthony Boheme, 1725; Lacy Ryan, 1743; West Digges, 1772; Robert Bensley, 1772; John Henderson, 1780; Alexander Pope, 1786; John Philip Kemble, 1805; Charles Mayne Young, 1844; William Charles Macready, 1823; and Samuel Phelps, 1844. On the Dublin stage *Wolsey* was acted by Henry Moscrop in 1751.

Opinion as to the diversified representations of *Wolsey* that were given by those actors, long past away, must necessarily be somewhat vague. Such records of them as exist are in almost every case meager. Authorities are often misleading.

Adjectives, sometimes laudatory, sometimes condemnatory, are freely employed; but at the best they seldom do more than convey general impressions. Few details are furnished showing precisely what the actor did and how he did it. Verbruggen is commended as fine in *Cassius*, but is scarcely more than mentioned in *Wolsey*. He was a pleasing actor, apparently exuberant, lawless, and defective in art. Cibber is credited with a suave demeanor and a clever assumption of crafty deference in the trial scene; but he lacked dignity, and he was incapable of a convincing show of serious feeling. One recorder thinks it worth while to mention that when, in *Wolsey's* soliloquy about the king's marriage, he said, "This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it," he made a gesture with his fingers, as though he were using a candle-snuffer. Boheme had been a sailor, and he walked with a straddle; but he was tall and of good presence, and he excelled in pathetic passages, so that his delivery of *Wolsey's* farewell must have been touching. Ryan was a judicious actor, of respectable abilities, and his performance of *Wolsey* was creditable. Digges marred by extravagance of gesture a performance which otherwise would have been perfect. Mosop could express the pomp and severity of the part, and he is praised for energetic delivery of the text. Bensley, who had been an officer in the British army (he served in America at one time), was a formal, correct, conscientious actor,—a good *Malvolio*,—but he did not make a special mark as *Wolsey*. Henderson, great as *Shylock*, *Iago*, and *Falstaff*, was only notable in *Wolsey* for his correct elocution. Pope possessed a fine voice, but an inexpressive face; he excelled, nevertheless, in pathos, and his *Wolsey* was effective in the scene of the great minister's fall. Kemble, Young, and Macready could not have been otherwise than imposing as the *Cardinal*, for each of them possessed innate dignity, ample scholarship, stately presence, and facile command of the resources of expressive art. Phelps gave a highly intellectual, noble, austere, touching performance of *Wolsey*, invariable in its dignity, singularly expressive of a politic character, and in the parting scene with *Cromwell* profoundly affecting.

A superb portrait of Phelps as *Wolsey*, by Johnston Forbes-Robertson, adorns a wall in the Garrick Club, London, and will preserve to a distant posterity the expressive lineaments of an authentic image of passionate grief commingled with desolate submission.

The expedient employed by Shakspeare to precipitate the downfall of *Wolsey*,—that of causing the *Cardinal*, through haste and inadvertence, to inclose to *King Henry* a private letter, respecting the divorce of *Queen Katharine*, which he had intended to send to the pope at Rome, together with an inventory of his wealth,—was drawn from Holinshed's "Chronicle." No such mistake was ever made by *Wolsey*, but such a mistake actually was made by Thomas Ruthall, who held the office of Bishop of Durham from 1509 till 1522. That ecclesiastic had been ordered to prepare a record of the estates of the kingdom, to be delivered to *Wolsey*. He told his servant to bring from his study a book bound in white vellum. The servant obeyed, bringing, by mischance, a book, bound in white vellum, which contained an account of Ruthall's private possessions, and that volume was despatched to the cardinal. It appears to have shown that some of the bishop's gains had been ill-gotten. Ruthall, dismayed by that unlucky exposure of his secret affairs, soon afterward died of humiliation and shame. Expert use of that mishap is made in the drama (Act III, Scene 2), providing one of the best pieces of the action, and, for the actor of *Wolsey*, one of the most telling passages—the soliloquy which ends:

"I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

Later representatives of *Wolsey* were Charles Kean and Henry Irving, both of whom acted it in America as well as in England. Herbert Beerbohm Tree also acted it in England, but his performance has not yet been seen in America. Kean produced "King Henry VIII" with much splendor at the Princess's Theater, London, in 1855. Irving produced it at the London Lyceum in 1892. When Kean, in the spring of 1865, made his last professional visit to America, he began his engagement at the theater which had been

Wallack's (in Broadway, near Broome Street, New York), then called the Broadway, long ago demolished, with "King Henry VIII," appearing as *Wolsey*, with Mrs. Kean (Ellen Tree) as *Queen Kath-*

erine, tual character, grim power, and an austere refinement which, more than ecclesiastical, was spiritual. His aspect was noble, his demeanor majestic. His pale face, dark, bright eyes, massive brow, and iron-



From a photograph by Braun & Co. Halftone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

KING HENRY VIII, FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER

arine, and presented, the same night, "The Jealous Wife." Irving presented "King Henry VIII" at Abbey's Theater, now the Knickerbocker, New York, on December 4, 1893.

Charles Kean's impersonation of *Wolsey*, which it was my privilege several times to see, was remarkable for intellec-

gray hair suited well the part. He wore robes of scarlet cloth adorned with lace. His manner at first was that of repose, but it was lofty and predominant. The glance that he directed toward the defiant *Buckingham* as he paused, after partly crossing the scene, on his first entrance, seemed literally to pierce

his enemy. In *King Henry's* presence his bearing was that of obsequious deference. His handling of the ruinous papers that the king returns to *Wolsey*, combined with changes of facial expression, a ruminative pause, and then an utterance of hopeless surrender, was supremely eloquent. In speaking the lines which in-

actor, and his performance of *Wolsey* made actual on the stage an ideal that rose to the full height of the poet's conception.

Henry Irving's impersonation of *Wolsey* commingled in one symmetrical identity the stately aristocrat, the suave diplomatist, the commanding statesman, and



From a print engraved by Dawe after the portrait in the Pepys Library, Cambridge, England

HENRY HARRIS AS CARDINAL WOLSEY

corporate the reference to the fall of Lucifer, he stretched his arms upward and forward, conveying a grand image of the poet's thought, and then, upon the sad cadence of the verse, completely collapsed, uttering the abject desolation of a broken spirit in the four simple words, "*never to rise again.*" Kean's delivery was often somewhat marred by a certain nasality of speech, and his performances were not illumined by those flashes of lightning which characterized the acting of his distinguished father; but he was a noble

the polished, elegant, highly intellectual prince of the church,—chimere, rochet, mantle, red hat, etc.,—and his tall figure, ascetic face, piercing eyes, authoritative bearing, incisive speech, and incessant earnestness of personification, combined to make the performance impressively lifelike and deeply sympathetic. He employed, as Kean had done, the traditional business relative to *Buckingham* in the opening scene—a scene in which the *Cardinal*, sure of his ground, is perfectly composed. In the trial scene his manner to-

ward the king was profoundly respectful, and toward the queen, bland, almost humble, ingratiating, and ingenuous. *Wolsey*, until the moment of the catastrophe, is almost continuously acting a part, and Irving's performance was remarkably indicative of that condition—alert, vigilant, full of transitions from frankness to subtle artifice, revealed to the auditory by the expedient of transparency. Touches of mordant sarcasm,—as when, replying to *Campeius*, he said in a dry tone, "We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons," and when, in the moody soliloquy about the king's marriage, he murmured, "I'll no Anne Bullens for him,"—here and there lit the performance with gleams of austere humor. There was, in the scene of defeat and ruin, and in the delivery of the farewell, a touching simplicity of grief and resignation, and a striking revelation of profound knowledge of human suffering.

Before 1660, all characters in plays performed in England, male and female, were presented by males. Some one of the twenty-six persons named in the list prefixed to the first folio as "the principal actors in all these plays" was presumably the first performer of *Queen Katharine*. The first woman who ever acted the part was Mary Betterton, wife of Thomas, she having coöperated with her husband in the representation of "King Henry VIII" which was given at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1663. No account of her acting in it is extant, but she was highly esteemed as an actress, and it can be reasonably assumed that she gave a competent performance. The vision scene, as it is usually called (Act IV, Scene 2), in which the death-stricken queen asks for music, and presently lapses into slumber, was elaborately treated as a spectacle in the time of Mrs. Betterton, and that method, required by ample stage-direction in the folio, was followed in the time of her distinguished successors, Elizabeth Barry, 1706; Mary Porter, 1721; and Hannah Pritchard, 1743. Mrs. Porter, tall, fair, not handsome, but impressive by reason of great dignity, and winning by reason of acute sensibility, is said to have acted to perfection such parts as Shakspeare's *Hermione*, in "The Winter's Tale," Otway's *Belvidera*, in "Venice Preserved," *Queen Elizabeth*, in John Banks's "The Unhappy Favorite," and *Leonora*, in Dr.

Young's "Revenge." Her embodiment of *Queen Katharine* was admired by her contemporaries, and the dramatic chronicles of her day commend it for royalty of demeanor, depth of feeling, and grace of sympathetic expression. Her voice is described as tremulous. She specially excelled in her delivery of the *Queen's* adjuration to the *King* in the trial scene. In early life she had attended on the fascinating Elizabeth Barry, and it is probable that she formed her style on the model of that great actress. Mrs. Pritchard, who succeeded her, was accounted majestic in deportment and natural in method of speech in this character, but less effective upon the feelings of the audience. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Pritchard dressed *Queen Katharine* in imitation of the attire worn by royal persons of their period. There is no specific stage account of the stage-business used in this part by those eminent performers.

It is not until Mrs. Siddons comes upon the scene that the investigator of the subject finds particular mention of expedients that were employed in the acting of *Queen Katharine*. In 1788-89 John Philip Kemble, at Drury Lane, revived "King Henry VIII," making a new stage version of it,—which was published in 1804,—and giving special attention to scenery, costumes, and processions. All was done that his sound scholarship could warrant and his liberality of expenditure compass. Mrs. Siddons acted *Queen Katharine*. Robert Bensley appeared as *Wolsey*. Kemble "doubled" in the characters of *Cromwell* and *Griffith* (reserving his essay in *Wolsey* till a later time, when he acted that part with distinguished success). That was the occasion when Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance as the queen. The peculiar, expressive business,—haughty, imperious, and openly and grandly hostile,—of pointing at *Wolsey* and addressing him without looking at him in the trial scene, when *Queen Katharine* delivers the trenchant speech beginning, "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak," was invented by her, and her pause after the word "Cardinal," and the marked emphasis, incisive and scornful, that she placed on the word "you" were accounted wonderfully expressive. At a later period that point in the representation was chosen by Mr. G. H. Harlow when he painted the spirited picture of the



From a print after the painting by G. H. Harlow

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE

The scene includes portraits in character of Mrs. Siddons, and her brothers: John Philip Kemble, Charles Kemble, and Stephen Kemble.

trial scene in which John Philip and Charles Kemble and their inspired sister are well portrayed. To Mrs. Siddons also is due the excellent, because natural, informative, effective, business of restless movement in the preliminary part of the vision scene, that of a person in persistent physical pain, who vainly tries to find ease in change of position and to maintain composure under acute suffering. Much of the business thus devised by Mrs. Siddons became traditional, and was employed

England she had been known as Mrs. Rivers, and stage chronicles mention her as having been instructed by Macklin, the first great *Shylock* of the English theater, with whom, at the beginning of her professional career, she acted *Portia*. No description has been found of her acting of *Queen Katharine*, but as she was tall, of a regal aspect, and possessed of ability and experience, it can reasonably be assumed that she gave a good performance. On the occasion named, *Cardinal Wolsey*



From an old print

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS *CARDINAL WOLSEY*

later by Isabella Glyn, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, Emma Waller, Genevieve Ward, and Fanny Janauschek. The part of *Queen Katharine* was not assumed by either Mrs. Crawford or Mrs. Yates, those prominent rivals of Mrs. Siddons.

On the American stage the play of "King Henry VIII" has not been especially popular. The first performance of it in America occurred at the Park Theater, New York, May 13, 1799, on which occasion it was acted for the benefit of Mrs. Barrett, who played *Queen Katharine*. That actress had come from England about two years earlier, and her acting in tragic parts had gained esteem. In

was acted by her husband, Giles Leonard Barrett, while the part of *Cromwell* was assumed by Cooper.

Later presentments of "King Henry VIII" in the early American theater were few, but they are associated with distinguished names. On October 2, 1811, the play was acted at the old Park Theater with George Frederick Cooke as *King Henry*, Mrs. Stanley (Mrs. Twistleton, Stanley being an assumed name) as *Queen Katharine*, Cooper as *Wolsey*, and Edmund Simpson as *Cromwell*. On April 29, 1834, at the same theater, when Fanny Kemble and her father, Charles Kemble, were fulfilling an engagement there, it

was represented for Fanny Kemble's benefit, that beautiful and brilliant woman, then only twenty-three years of age, acting *Queen Katharine*, and Charles Kemble acting *Wolsey*. On that occasion the effect of the appearance of celestial phantoms, in the vision scene, was heightened by the vocalism of Emma Wheatley, who sang the solemn song by Handel, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," then for the first time thus introduced. Four years later, at the National Theater, in Church Street, Emma Wheatley (1822-1854) herself appeared as *Queen Katharine*, John Vandenhoff being the *Wolsey*, and Henry Wal-lack the *King*. Miss Wheatley, only sixteen years old when thus she ventured to assume one of the most majestic characters in Shakspeare,—a character that no girl ever did or ever could really impersonate,

—in her day was regarded as a prodigy of genius and beauty. In 1837 she became the wife of Mr. James Mason, and soon afterward retired from the stage. In 1847, "King Henry VIII" was produced at the old Bowery Theater, New York, with Eliza Marian Trewar (Mrs. Shaw), a remarkably beautiful woman and a fine actress, as the *Queen*. Among American actors the most notable representative of *Wolsey* was that superb comedian John Gilbert. A good performance of *King Henry* was given by John Jack.

The loveliest embodiments of *Queen Katharine* that have been presented on our stage within a remembrance ranging over a period of more than fifty years were those of Helena Modjeska, 1892, and Ellen Terry, 1892-93. Madame Modjeska's delicate features, dark, sad, dreamy eyes,



From the painting by J. Forbes-Robertson in the Garrick Club, London

SAMUEL PHELPS AS CARDINAL WOLSEY



From a photograph, copyright by W. and D. Downey

HENRY IRVING AS *CARDINAL WOLSEY*

gentle voice, and fine demeanor, completely consorted with her ideal of the *Queen* as a patient sufferer, subjected to cruel wrong. She was not weak, but she was very sweet and submissive. A melancholy majesty suffused the impersonation, and in the element of pathos it was exceptionally strong. Ellen Terry, while she never lapsed from the dignity of the *Queen*, expressed with afflicting simplicity the grief of a heartbroken woman. Neither of those accomplished performers followed the Siddons tradition in all re-

spects, and neither of them could vie for a moment with Charlotte Cushman in passionate intensity, resolute will, and colossal force, though both of them excelled her in loveliness. Charlotte Cushman was more the outraged sovereign and more austere patient; her portrayal of *Queen Katharine* has not been matched in our time.

In the vision scene, Miss Cushman, following the lead of Fanny Kemble, made use of the song "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," with Handel's music: it was sung



From a photograph, copyright by Window & Grove, London

ELLEN TERRY AS *QUEEN KATHARINE*

off the scene, and it served to deepen the pathos of a deeply affecting situation. The actress highly valued this accessory, and Lawrence Barrett, who, as *Wolsey*, had acted with her, told me that when he was leaving her company at the end of his engagement she earnestly besought him, if at any time he should ever present the play of "King Henry VIII," not to introduce that song, as she was desirous that the public recollection of it, and of the impressive effect it produced, should remain undisturbed in association with her embodiment of the suffering *Queen*. Charlotte Cushman's greatest performances were those of *Queen Katharine*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Meg Merrilies*, but of the three she valued chiefly the first. *Lady Macbeth* she did not like, although her embodiment of it was supremely fine.

Edwin Booth acted *Wolsey* for the first time on December 13, 1876, at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, and on Jan-

uary 28, 1878, he played the part for the first time in New York at Booth's Theater. His stage version of the play compressed it into four acts, the third of which contained only 126 lines. Later, when editing his prompt-book, I induced him to add an abridged fifth act, which appears in the printed copy. Scrupulous attention was given to the dressing of the play, a garniture too elaborate to admit of description here. Booth's embodiment of *Wolsey* was interesting and impressive, but the part did not deeply stir his feelings, and he did not greatly care for it. He was essentially a tragedian, and his genius required tragedy as a vehicle. The pervasive quality of his performance of *Wolsey* was poetic state. He presented a noble image of authority, tempered by exquisite grace. He denoted austere intellect and the capability of subtle craft. No actor has appeared in our time who could better present the aspect of ecclesiastical

majesty. The points usually made by actors of this part,—in the soliloquy about *Anne Boleyn* and *King Henry*, at "How much, methinks, I might despise this man!" and at *Wolsey's* exit, with *Campeius*,—were admirably made by him, and, as usual, his elocution was superb, especially in the parting scene with *Cromwell*, and when he spoke those solemn words:

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to my enemies."

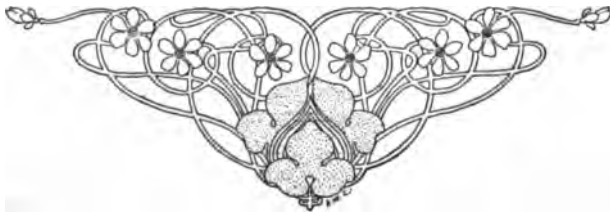
On the New York stage *King Henry the Eighth* has been notably acted by, among others, Lewis Hallam, H. B. Harrison, Henry Wallack, Thomas S. Hamblin, D. W. Waller, William Rufus Blake, and Otis Skinner. The *King's* age in the play is thirty. Mr. Skinner made him a young man. The stage custom has been to present him according to Holbein's portrait. *Wolsey* has been acted here by W. C. Macready, 1827; Charles W. Coudock, 1849; Charlotte Cushman, 1857; E. L. Davenport, 1858; William Creswick, 1871; Milnes Levick, 1874; George Vandenhoff, 1874; and John Lane, 1892. The part was also played by Lawrence Barrett and by John McCullough. Gustavus Vaughan Brooke's embodiment of *Wolsey* was shown in Australia, and enthusiastic encomium of it is cited from the Melbourne press by his judicious biographer, W. J. Lawrence of Comber, Ireland.

The character of the *Duke of Buckingham*,—proud, self-assertive, and of an imperious temper in his prosperous day, but simple, manly, patient, and pathetic in his ultimate state of ruin and in the hour of

death,—can be made exceedingly effective on the stage. Robert Wilks acted the part in 1723, and, by his clear discrimination between impetuosity at the beginning and nobility of resignation at the close, invested it with dramatic importance. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in 1892, gave a memorably dignified, gentle, and touching performance of the unfortunate nobleman, presenting an image of innate aristocracy, and doing especial justice to the eloquence of the *Duke's* farewell speech.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester (1485-1555), in life, was a bigoted, austere, and cruel person, and in Shakspeare's play he is represented as arrogant and vindictive. The part, nevertheless, in the eighteenth century, was thought to be susceptible of facetious treatment, and it was customarily allotted to an eccentric or low comedian. Ben Johnson acted it in 1723; John Hippesley in 1743; William Parsons in 1777; and Richard Suett in 1788. Mention is made of a player named Taswell (prompter at Drury Lane), who, performing *Gardiner*, carried a crutch, and in following the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, when making the exit, at the close of the scene of the primate's discomfiture of the hostile council, shook that implement derisively over *Cranmer's* head! Parsons also used a crutch when playing *Gardiner*.

The play of "King Henry VIII" is neither symmetrical in construction nor uniform in style, and it commingles the constituents of spectacle with those of drama. It is not a perfect work of art, but it depicts with marvelous fidelity the ruin of greatness, and it illustrates with deep admonitory significance the mutability of fortune and the transitory lot of man.



MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

ELEVENTH PAPER: THE BUILDING OF A NEW CHURCH

BY ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT

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IN renouncing allegiance to the pope and following the lead of Luther, the church in Saxony and elsewhere became in reality a new institution, going its own way and living its own life. But from Luther's point of view it was simply the old church with certain unessential and disturbing accessories stripped off. This fact explains the leisurely and almost casual way in which the new movement was organized and new churches were formed.

When Luther was condemned as a heretic, his activities both as professor and preacher should have ceased at once. But the papal bull counted for so little in Wittenberg that he could go on teaching and preaching as if nothing had happened. The imperial ban was taken more seriously by the elector, who induced Luther to go into retirement for a season; but in the spring of 1522, despite Frederick's protest, the reformer was back again in Wittenberg, carrying on his work in university and church just as before. The elector might have closed the doors of the university to him, and the town council might have refused to let him preach in the city church, but they preferred, in tacit defiance of pope and emperor, to keep their hands off, and allow him to go on unmolested.

The circumstances being what they were, the establishment of a new church seemed quite unnecessary. From the beginning it was reformation, not revolution, Luther wished—the old church brought into conformity with the word of God, not a new church independent of the old. At first he hoped that the ecclesiastical rulers, both pope and bishops, would coöperate with him in accomplish-

ing the needed reform. When they refused, and he found their authority blocking the way, he became convinced that they were not a necessary part of the church. Even without them it remained intact. As he continued to administer the sacraments and preach in Wittenberg, he was still, he believed, within the church of his fathers, and to effect changes in its doctrine, discipline, and worship in defiance of pope and bishops was not to found a new church, but only to purify the old. No declaration of independence, no explicit renunciation of existing authorities, no formal constitution was needed, but simply quiet and gradual alterations as the new principles seemed to demand them and the new situation to justify them.

Had Luther been forced out of the existing organization he might have felt compelled to gather his followers into a new society, and they might have formed an independent sect, as some of the Protestants later did in England and elsewhere. But the necessity was not upon him, for he was left unmolested in the church he was in and was even allowed to reform it as he saw fit. To be sure, the ecclesiastical rulers withheld their consent; but without the elector's support they were powerless, and their fulminations went for naught. Though Luther was in active rebellion against them, and his conduct in open violation of law, the civil government was on his side. His rebellion was therefore crowned with success, and the local ecclesiastical institution, with all its belongings, was wrenched from the pope's control.

For some time no new government was formally substituted for the old. In the

city church of Wittenberg such changes as were made under Luther's direction had the approval of the town council, and no other permission was asked. The Bishop of Brandenburg, within whose jurisdiction Wittenberg lay, was entirely ignored, but he was not unfriendly to Luther and made no serious protest. In many other towns similar independence was shown, the municipal authorities taking things into their own hands and reforming as they saw fit. Sometimes the elector also lent his aid, as, for instance, in 1522, when, at Luther's solicitation, he supported the town council of Altenburg in appointing an evangelical pastor, in accordance with the wishes of the people, but against the protest of the authorities of the church. "It is the business of the Altenburg council," Luther wrote the elector, "and of your electoral Grace as well, to keep false preachers out and to permit, or if necessary see to it that a proper preacher is installed there, seals, letters, custom, law to the contrary notwithstanding." This did not mean the formal recognition of state control. It meant only that, when ecclesiastical rulers refused to take up the work of reformation, civil rulers must come to the rescue. Not official duty, but Christian love, required them to do what they could to provide for the religious welfare of their subjects.

Except on rare occasions, the Elector Frederick kept his hands off and took no active part in the work of reformation; but with the accession of his brother John, in May, 1525, the situation was changed. He was devoted heart and soul to Luther's cause and was glad to let it be known. Abandoning Frederick's policy of non-interference and ostensible neutrality, he took an active and open share in pushing the work in Saxony. One of the principal difficulties the new movement had to face was the lack of adequate financial support. In many cases those in control of ecclesiastical livings were out of sympathy with the Reformation and refused to employ evangelical preachers. In other cases the abolition of indulgences, private masses, and the like, greatly reduced the income of the churches, and too little was left to maintain a regular incumbent.

In the summer of 1525, Luther ad-

vised the new elector not to respect the right of patronage when it operated to the disadvantage of the Reformation, and in the autumn he urged him to use his authority to prevent the complete impoverishment of the churches and to turn existing funds to the support of the gospel. Thus he wrote on October 31:

As the university is now in good order and the subject of worship has been taken in hand, there are two other matters demanding the attention of your Grace as civil ruler. The first is the wretched condition of the parishes. No one gives, no one pays. Offerings have ceased, and regular incomes are lacking altogether or are too meager. The common man respects neither preacher nor pastor, so that unless the parishes and pulpits are taken in hand by your Grace, and proper support provided, in a short time there will be no homes for the clergy left, and no schools or pupils. Thus God's word and service will fall to the ground. Therefore may your Grace permit God to make still further use of you, and may you be his true instrument, to your Grace's comfort and satisfaction of conscience. For to this God certainly calls you through us and through the existing need. Your Grace will find a way of doing it. There are cloisters, foundations, endowments, and funds enough, if your Grace will appropriate them to this purpose. God will also add his blessing, and will give the business success.

A year later he wrote the elector again:

Since all of us, particularly rulers, are commanded above everything else to educate the young, who are daily born and are growing up among us, and to keep them in order and in the fear of God, schools and preachers and pastors are necessary. If the parents won't see to it, let them go to the devil. If the young remain uncared for and uneducated, the fault is the government's. Moreover, the land becomes full of wild and loose persons, so that not only God's command, but our common need, compels us to find some way to meet the situation. Since papal and clerical law and order are now at an end in your Grace's realm, and all cloisters and foundations have fallen into the hands of your Grace as chief ruler, you have also the duty and responsibility to look

after these affairs. For there is no one else who can or should do it.

Where a city or village has sufficient means, your Grace has the power to compel them to support schools, pulpits, and churches. If they will not do it for their own good, it is the duty of your Grace, who are the chief guardian of the young and of all in need, to compel them by force to do it, just as they are compelled to contribute money and labor for the building of bridges and roads and for other needed improvements.

About the same time, at the suggestion of others, Luther urged upon the elector the appointment of a commission to visit the churches throughout the country and to report on their condition and needs. The visitation began early in 1526, and, after being carried on for a time in a somewhat desultory fashion, was finally carefully organized and became a most important agency in the reformation of Saxony. The visitors did not confine themselves to the financial status of the churches, but took up the whole matter of life, worship, and doctrine. They did much to improve religious conditions and to give strength and homogeneity to the new movement. As they were named by the elector and reported to him, the control of the church by the civil government received an added impetus.

In his preface to a book of instructions prepared by Melancthon for the use of the visitors, Luther wrote:

Now that the gospel, by the rich and unspeakable grace of God, has mercifully been restored to us, and shines so clearly that we can see how deranged, distracted, and torn Christendom is, we should have liked to erect again the genuine office of bishop and visitor, which is greatly needed. But as none of us was called, or had a clear commission thereto, and St. Peter will have nothing done among Christians unless it be certain it is God's work, there was no one to undertake it rather than another. And so, wishing to do only what we were sure of, we kept to the law of love, which is laid upon all Christians alike, and humbly and earnestly begged the serene, high-born, Prince John, Duke of Saxony, etc., our most gracious lord, ordained of God to be our country's prince and our earthly ruler, that out of Christian love—for by civil law he is

not bound thereto—and for the sake of God, the good of the gospel, and the benefit and salvation of the poor Christians in his dominions, he would graciously summon and appoint certain qualified persons to this office, which by God's good pleasure his Grace has kindly done.

The visitation of the churches of his diocese had always been one of the most important, though widely neglected, functions of the bishop, and the new commissioners, under the elector's authorization, were therefore assuming episcopal duties and prerogatives. As Luther remarked, when referring to the matter in a letter to Amsdorf, "We are visitors; that is, bishops."

The visitors found things in a very deplorable state. For a long time the religious interests of the people had been sadly neglected, and the Reformation had not done much to mend the situation. Rather it had brought wide-spread demoralization, and had broken down respect for the old sanctions, without as yet supplying new ones to take their place. Luther himself was loud in his complaints of what he found. Thus he wrote Spalatin, in 1529:

Everywhere the condition of the churches is most miserable. The peasants learn nothing, know nothing, and do nothing except abuse their liberty. They do not pray at all, nor do they go to confession or communion. They act as if they were wholly free from religion. As they neglected their own papal usages, they now despise ours. Dreadful it is to contemplate the administration of the Roman bishops.

His experiences as a visitor only increased Luther's distrust of the common people already sown in his heart by the peasants' war. He became more than ever convinced that they were not fit for self-government, and needed to be controlled with a strong hand in religious as well as in civil affairs. To the end of his life he retained his belief in the universal priesthood of believers, so beautifully expressed in his book on Christian liberty, and the church he defined as a community of true Christians already saved, completely free, and needing no rulers and no laws. But though he had this ideal always in mind,

he was too practical, and too much concerned for the welfare of the mass of men, to become absorbed in the formation of such a select community of saints. He would be glad to have a company of genuine Christians meet for mutual edification and inspiration, but he would not have them separate themselves from the larger church, and, forming an independent sect, live in selfish communion with kindred souls. The church existed for the sake of the world, not for the sake of its own members. Its great mission was to proclaim the gospel to unbelievers and half-believers. The last thing he wished was to substitute for the existing church, to which all sorts of people flocked, whatever their spiritual state, a small and private conventicle accessible only to the elect. On the contrary, he would gather all he could into the churches day by day, and so reach as many as possible with the Christian message.

He did draw a distinction between the indifferent masses and genuine Christians. To the Lord's Supper he would admit only the latter, thus making it a means of testifying publicly to one's Christian faith. But baptism, he insisted, should continue as heretofore to be administered to every child in the community, that all might share in the promise of forgiveness, and none grow up alien to the church. Thus, whatever his theory of a true spiritual company of saints, for all practical purposes the church continued, as it had been, a public institution, constituting an integral part of the life of the community.

Luther's notion of the church as established to proclaim the gospel made it necessary, so he thought, to see that it actually did proclaim the true, and not a false, gospel. To permit its ministers to go on opposing the word of God and leading the people astray was to destroy the church altogether by making it a curse instead of a blessing to the community. Accordingly, as early as 1522 we find him insisting that only evangelical preachers shall be allowed to minister in the churches, and those opposing the gospel shall be removed from their positions. "For it is not unjust," he declared in a letter of that year to Count John Henry of Schwarzburg, "but the highest justice, to drive the wolf out of the sheepfold, and not to mind if he be disemboweled in the process. A preacher

is paid to do good, not harm. If he does harm, he thereby forfeits his stipend."

In 1526, in a letter to the Elector John, he went so far as to say that only one kind of preaching should be allowed in any town. When preachers disagree, discord is sown among the people, and it is the duty of the civil ruler to prevent all uproar and tumult.

In the matter of religious rites and ceremonies he was more liberal. Here he was quite willing that the widest variety should reign even in a single community. In 1524, a clerical friend urged the convening of a synod to agree upon a common form of worship for all the churches in sympathy with the new movement; but Luther opposed the plan as tending to produce mechanical conformity and infringe liberty in unessential matters. A little over a year later, in response to numerous requests, he published his "Deutsche Messe," or "German Order of Worship," not as a law to govern the services, but as an indication of what was done in the Wittenberg church. "First of all," he said, "I beg those who examine this order of worship, and desire to follow it, not to make out of it a binding rule or constrain any one's conscience, but in accordance with Christian liberty to use it as they please when, where, and as long as it proves adapted to the need."

The book, he goes on to say, is not intended for those already Christians,—they have their own spiritual worship and need none of his help,—but for those who wish to become Christians and particularly for the young and immature. "For their sakes you must read, sing, pray, write, and versify. If it would do any good, I should be glad to have all the bells ring and organs play and everything make a noise that could." And a little farther on: "Let us not be too proud and despise such child's play. When Christ wished to attract men, he had to become a man; and if we would attract children, we must become children with them."

He recommended the use of German in the services, but, with the interest of a pedagogue rather than a pastor, he wished to retain some Latin as a help to pupils in the schools. For the same reason, he said, he would be glad to introduce Greek and Hebrew, if they were as generally studied as Latin.

Despite his desire not to enforce uniformity, the example of Wittenberg was generally followed throughout Saxony, and the evangelical services in all parts of the country were much alike. In general they were similar to the Catholic services they had displaced. In his "Deutsche Messe" Luther declared nothing ought to be changed unless it violated the word of God or was harmful in itself. Gowns, candles, altars, the elevation of the host, festivals, fast-days, and many other things, he would allow to remain unmolested. Not that they were all ideal, but the people were accustomed to them, and it did no harm to retain them. In 1528, he wrote a fellow-clergyman:

I condemn no ceremonies but those opposed to the gospel. All others I retain intact in our church. For the font stands, and baptism is administered with the same rites as heretofore, though the language used is the vernacular. I even leave the images undisturbed, except those destroyed by the rioters before my return. We also celebrate mass in the customary vestments and forms, only adding certain German songs, and substituting the vernacular in the words of consecration. I do not by any means want the Latin mass done away, nor would I have permitted the use of German had I not been compelled to. In short, I hate nobody worse than him who upsets free and harmless ceremonies and turns liberty into necessity.

As late as 1541 he could write Chancellor Brück:

Our services, God be praised! are so conducted as regards unessential things that a layman from Italy or Spain, not understanding German, would be compelled to say, on seeing our mass, choir, organs, bells, and the like, that ours is a true papal church, not at all or very little different from what they have in their own country.

At the same time, though tolerant of the greater part of the old worship, Luther condemned certain features of it as wholly inconsistent with the gospel. Chief among these was the traditional form of celebrating the mass, which represented it as a sacrifice and good work. He early revised the service in such a way as to remove this

objection, congratulating himself that it was in Latin, and the change would therefore not greatly disturb the common people. The withholding of the cup from the laity he also disliked, as many others did, because out of harmony with Christ's words of institution. But he regarded this as less of a scandal, and for some time was willing to tolerate it in many places for the sake of weak consciences.

In 1525 he went so far as to insist that Catholic worship—meaning particularly the sacrifice of the mass, which was its very heart—should be prohibited altogether in Saxony. The government, he asserted repeatedly, is charged with the responsibility of punishing and putting a stop to open blasphemy and profanity of all kinds. Within the category of such crimes he classed engaging in Roman Catholic worship, as well as teaching doctrines contrary to "a public article of the creed clearly grounded in the Bible and everywhere believed."

Even this was not enough. The prohibition of Catholic worship and of the preaching of false doctrine he wished to have supplemented by the requirement of compulsory attendance upon the established services. In 1529 he wrote:

Since the decalogue and the catechism teach also civic and domestic duties, and these need to be frequently inculcated, such persons, whether they believe the gospel or not, should be required to attend the services, that they may learn how to behave themselves in public and private and may not do others harm by their contempt of civic and domestic instruction. For if they wish to live in society, they should hear and learn its laws, even though unwillingly, not only on their own account, but for the sake of their children and servants.

Little enough place for freedom would seem to be left where such ideas prevailed, but as long as he lived Luther insisted that he was in favor of full liberty of conscience. "Thoughts are tax-free," he exclaimed in the words of an old proverb. "Heresy is a spiritual thing. It cannot be slain with the sword, burned with fire, or drowned with water. Over the soul God can and will let no one rule except Himself alone," he declared in his work on civil rulers. Again and again

while insisting most earnestly upon the necessity of prohibiting false teaching and Catholic worship he asserted with equal emphasis complete freedom of faith. Writing to the Elector John early in 1526, he said: "They are not compelled to believe; only open scandal is forbidden them. . . . In their chambers they may worship whom they wish and as many gods as they please, but publicly they shall not so blaspheme the true God and lead people astray."

Clearly Luther's was not the Catholic principle. Unbelief and heresy were not crimes deserving punishment. Only the public teaching of them was to be forbidden. Consistently therewith he always refused to approve the traditional death penalty for heresy. Those who persisted in teaching false doctrines and in openly carrying on Catholic worship should be excluded from the country, but no other punishment should be inflicted upon them. There were Catholic lands where they could find things to their liking. Thither they ought to betake themselves, and not to be allowed to disturb the public peace. In the same way he repeatedly exhorted his followers in Catholic countries to refrain from disobeying and defying the authorities. If their consciences did not permit them to do as they were bid by their rulers, they should quietly withdraw, and seek a home in evangelical territory. Luther's attitude toward non-conformity in doctrine and worship was thus very unlike the traditional Catholic attitude. To exile non-conformists for the sake of public peace and order, mistaken though the policy may be, is an altogether different matter from imprisoning or executing them for the crime of sacrilege or treason. With all his intolerance, Luther took steps preparing the way for the toleration of modern days.

In 1526 an imperial diet met at Spire, on the upper Rhine. Though largely in the minority, the evangelical princes and the representatives of certain free cities let their sympathy with the Reformation be clearly known and insisted that the Edict of Worms could not be carried out. Pope Clement VII, who had succeeded the luckless Adrian in 1523, was in league with King Francis against the emperor, and Charles was too much occupied to pay any serious attention to German affairs. As a

result, the diet agreed upon a compromise, postponing the final settlement of the religious question, and providing that in the meantime, so far as concerned the Edict of Worms, each ruler should conduct himself in such a way as to be able to defend his course before God and the emperor. Though not an official authorization of the Reformation, this action strengthened the hands of the Elector of Saxony and other evangelical princes. It was widely interpreted as laying upon them the responsibility of continuing the work already begun and organizing the church within their respective territories as they saw fit. Therein the Protestant state churches of Germany were already foreshadowed.

For a time it looked as if the Reformation would sweep the entire country and a national German church be the result of Luther's labors; but the hostility of the emperor and of many princes of the realm made this impossible. Instead of one national church taking the place of the historic Catholic institution, there came into existence a number of separate and independent bodies, bound together by devotion to a great leader, by the acceptance of the same standards, and by common hostility to Rome, but each subject to the local state government and controlled thereby. Of independency, or separation of church and state, there was none. With the generally prevalent belief that only one form of religion should anywhere be tolerated, and with Roman Catholicism intrenched in most of the states of Germany, a new church could gain a permanent foothold only where made a state affair and backed by the civil power. The princes in sympathy with the Reformation could therefore do nothing else than follow the example of Saxony and organize an evangelical state church each for himself.

The spread of the Reformation as an organized movement depended upon them. Where they refused to accept it, while evangelical sentiment might exist, evangelical churches were impossible. When they were won over, a state church was constructed as a matter of course, and Catholicism was put under the ban. The people had little to say in the matter either way. The great mass of them, indeed, had small interest in it. The pope's prestige had long been low in Germany; but

to break with him, it had been generally believed, was to put yourself outside the Christian church and imperil your eternal salvation. The net result of Luther's work was the establishment of a non-papal church, still in possession of the means of grace, and so like the old as to appeal to the same emotions and inspire the same confidence. Few were so devoted to the papacy that they felt compelled to turn their backs upon the church they had been brought up in when it ceased to avow allegiance to Rome. Few were so devoted to the principles of Luther that they could not find their religious needs satisfied in a church still under papal control. Lutheran sentiment might prevail more widely here, Catholic sentiment more widely there; but in every case the ruler determined whether his state should stand by the old or throw in its fortunes with the new. *Cujus regio, ejus religio* (Whose the rule, his the religion) became the universal formula.

Many and various were the motives leading one and another ruler to embrace the Reformation. There were those like the electors of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, John the Constant, and John Frederick the Magnanimous, who were honestly convinced of the truth of Luther's gospel, and ready, if necessary, to sacrifice personal and political advantage to the maintenance of his cause; but there were others who were moved by considerations of a different kind. Regard for the wishes of their people, impatience with ecclesiastical encroachments and clerical corruption, hostility to pope or emperor, desire for political independence, the wish to be on the winning side, the hope of possible advantages in any change, greed of gain looking with covetous eyes upon the property of the church—all these had their place.

As time passed, the evangelical states multiplied rapidly. At Luther's death the greater part of northern Germany was officially Protestant, while most of southern Germany remained Catholic. Despite the varying fortunes of the two confessions in the religious wars which followed, and the liberty ultimately won everywhere, the prevailing complexion of North and South is still much as it was then. Nothing else was to be expected. More and more, as time passed, patriotism and local pride tended to promote loyalty

to the established religion and contempt for the rival faith.

Hand in hand with the organization of the Lutheran movement went its segregation from other and parallel movements. The radicals were repudiated in the early twenties, the break with humanism, signalized by Luther's controversy with Erasmus over the freedom of the will, followed in a few years, and later came the split between the German and Swiss Protestants, for which Luther was wholly responsible. His intolerance appeared most clearly not in his attitude toward Catholic doctrine and worship, but in his dealings with other evangelicals who disagreed with him or walked in different paths. As time passed, he grew more impatient of dissent and more insistent upon complete agreement. This was not a mere consequence of advancing years, for he showed it in his dealings with Carlstadt and the radicals as early as 1522, when he was still under forty. It was in part temperamental, the natural accompaniment of his strong convictions and masterful will, in part the result of his growing interest in the consolidation of the new movement. A free-lance he had been at first; now he was becoming an organization man, and he felt the need of harmony and co-operation within the ranks of the evangelicals. Characteristically it never occurred to him to promote peace by waiving any of his own principles or prejudices. Peace was to be had only by all his followers and associates accepting his opinions and living by his ideals.

The most notable example of Luther's intolerance was his attitude toward the famous Swiss reformer Ulrich Zwingli. Beginning his reforming work independently, Zwingli soon felt the influence of the Wittenberg monk, and accepted a considerable part of his religious teaching. In practical matters more of a radical than Luther, he broke more completely with Catholic rites and ceremonies, among other things rejecting the notion of the real presence in the Eucharist and making the supper only a memorial feast. To Luther this seemed the worst of heresies, and a warm controversy broke out, which continued for many years. Personal considerations doubtless had something to do with his attitude. The growth of the Swiss reformer's influence in

southwestern Germany, resulting in the alienation of many of Luther's followers, could hardly fail to prove irritating, and that Zwingli's doctrine was identical with Carlstadt's did not particularly commend it to him. In December, 1524, he wrote

gospel of God's forgiving love in Christ to be willingly abandoned by Luther, and his conviction that it was explicitly taught in the New Testament gave him warrant for insisting upon it as a necessary article of faith. As a matter of fact, the dis-



Drawn by E. A. Schmidt

MEETING OF LUTHER AND JOHN FREDERICK, ELECTOR
OF SAXONY, AT COBURG

Amsdorf: "Carlstadt's venom crawls far. Zwingli at Zurich, Leo Jude, and many others have accepted his opinion, constantly asserting that the bread of the sacrament is in no wise different from that sold in the market."

But there were deeper reasons for the disagreement. The belief in the real presence supplied too potent a guaranty of the

agreement over the sacrament was only a symptom of a general difference of spirit and interest. Zwingli was a humanist, and his horizon was broader than Luther's and his emphasis on Christianity less exclusive. Though for the most part in formal agreement with the Wittenberg reformer, he was not so controllingly religious, and his evangelicalism was of a less



From a photograph by the Photoglob, Zurich

THE FORTRESS OF COBURG

extreme type. He had large political plans, and hoped to secure a permanent place for Protestantism in Europe by a coalition of the German Protestant states with Switzerland and France against the emperor and the pope. Altogether he was more a man of the world than Luther, and cared as much for changing the map of Europe as for saving the souls of men.

At a second diet of Spire held in 1529, when emperor and pope were once more at peace, drastic measures were adopted to check the farther spread of the Reformation. As a consequence, five evangelical princes, including the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, together with the representatives of fourteen free cities, signed a formal protest, from which the name Protestant comes. In this protest they criticized the diet for reversing by a majority vote the unanimous action of 1526, and declared themselves unable to submit to its decision; for in matters affecting the honor of God and the salvation of the soul their consciences, they claimed, required them to obey God rather than man. After the adjournment of the diet, in order to consolidate the anti-papal forces and prevent their division into permanently hostile camps just at the time they were threatened by the common foe, Philip of Hesse, the political genius among the *Protestant princes*, conceived the idea of

arranging for a meeting between Luther and Zwingli, where they could discuss their differences and possibly come to some agreement. Luther was opposed to the conference and expected no good from it, as he frankly informed the landgrave. But he finally yielded to his importunity, and a colloquy was held in Philip's castle at Marburg from the first to the fourth of October, 1529.

Writing in July to a friend named Brismann, Luther remarked:

The Landgrave of Hesse has invited us to Marburg on St. Michael's day, in the hope of promoting harmony between us and the sacramentarians. Philipp and I, after long refusing and vainly holding back, were at length compelled by his insistence to promise we would come. I don't yet know whether the project will be carried out. We have no hope of a good result, but suspect the whole thing is a trap to give them the glory of victory.

The meeting failed altogether to bring about the desired result. Taking his stand upon the literal interpretation of the words "This is my body," Luther refused to budge, though plied with all sorts of arguments. His contempt for human reason, avowed in his early attacks upon Aristotle and repeated over and over again

since, was never more strikingly exhibited. Rational considerations, drawn from the nature of a physical body, counted for nothing, and were peremptorily brushed aside as heathenish. Nothing could better have shown the diversity of interest between the two men than this colloquy. Luther was right in declaring Zwingli's spirit different from his. For Zwingli, with his more advanced views and broader outlook, it was easy to tolerate his antagonist and coöperate with him; for Luther it was impossible. It must be recognized, too, that while the former, like the Landgrave Philip, hoped for a great political league against emperor and pope, Luther, opposed on principle to armed resistance, was altogether averse to it. The motive driving the others to seek peace and harmony was therefore not his.

In reading the reports of the Marburg colloquy, we are inevitably reminded of the great Leipsic debate of eleven years before. As Eck then insisted upon blind and unquestioning submission to the authority of the church, Luther now insisted on the same kind of submission to the authority of the Bible. The servant should not question the will of his master; he should simply shut his eyes and obey. No wonder Œcolampadius complained that he was a second Eck. The rôle of conservative was now his instead of Eck's, and though the authority to which he appealed was different, his attitude toward it was the same.

Though the conference at Marburg failed to accomplish what Philip hoped for, it was not wholly without benefit. Luther discovered, to his surprise, that Zwingli was less heretical than he had supposed. At the request of those present he drew up a confession of faith consisting of fifteen articles, and though its wording was not altogether satisfactory to the Swiss theologians, they were able to agree to the whole of it with the exception of a portion of the article on the sacrament. Luther was wrong in taking their assent as an indication of a change of faith, and he was unjust in concluding that their convictions meant little to them. Their action showed only an honest desire for peace and a commendable willingness to overlook mere verbal differences.

On his way home Luther wrote Agri-
cola:

We were magnificently received by the Prince of Hesse and splendidly entertained. There were present Œcolampadius, Zwingli, Bucer, and Hedio, with three excellent men, Jacob Sturm of Strasburg, Ulrich Funk of Zurich, and another from Basel. They begged most humbly for peace. The discussion lasted for two days. I replied to both Œcolampadius and Zwingli, insisting upon the words "This is my body." All their objections I refuted. The day before we had a friendly discussion in private, I with Œcolampadius, Philipp with Zwingli. In the meantime there arrived Andrew Osiander, John Brenz, and Stephen of Augsburg. To sum it all up, the men are unskilful and inexperienced in debate. Although they perceived their arguments proved nothing, they were unwilling to yield in the one matter of Christ's bodily presence, more, as I think, from fear and shame than from wickedness. In everything else they backed down, as you will see from the published report. At the end they asked us at least to recognize them as brethren, and this the prince earnestly urged; but it was quite impossible. Nevertheless, we gave them the hand of peace and charity, agreeing that bitter words and writings should be stopped, and each should teach his own opinion without invective, but not without argument and defense. So we parted.

This agreement unfortunately did not put an end to the controversy. The old asperities soon reappeared in the writings of both Luther and Zwingli. The latter died in 1531, but even then Luther did not cease his polemic, and one of his latest books was an exposition of his doctrine of the eucharist, full of the bitterest denunciations of the sacramentarians.

In 1530, another diet met at Augsburg, and the Emperor Charles appeared in Germany for the first time since the diet of Worms. As he let it be known that he would insist upon a final settlement of the religious question, the Protestant princes came prepared for the worst. Being still under the imperial ban, Luther could not appear at Augsburg, nor was it felt desirable that he should, for conciliation, not controversy, was the need of the hour. Accordingly, while Melanchthon and other theologians accompanied the elector to the diet, he was left behind at Coburg, on the Saxon frontier, about a



After the painting by August Noack

THE CONFERENCE AT MARBURG

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

hundred and thirty miles from Augsburg. Writing to the humanist Eoban Hesse, of Nuremberg, whom his friends were expecting to see on their way to Augsburg, he said:

I send you, my Eoban, four epistles at once. Living and speaking epistles they are, yes, and most eloquent—Justus, Philipp, Spalatin, and Agricola. I should gladly have been the fifth, but there was one who said, "Shut up; you have a bad voice."

Upon arriving at the elector's castle at Coburg, where he was to reside, as the event proved, for nearly six months, he wrote Melancthon:

We have at length come to our Sinai, dearest Philipp, but out of this Sinai we will make a Zion, and will build three tabernacles, one to the psalter, one to the prophets, and one to Æsop. But this will take time. The place is very agreeable, and most convenient for study, except that your absence darkens it. . . . There is nothing lacking suitable to a life of solitude. The great building crowning the summit is wholly mine, and I have keys to all the rooms. They say more than thirty men eat here, among them twelve night-watchmen, and two scouts in each tower.

A few days later he wrote the inmates of his house at Wittenberg the following charming letter, revealing a side of his nature not often shown:

To my dear table-companions, Peter and Jerome Weller, and Henry Schneidewin, and others at Wittenberg, severally and jointly: Grace and peace in Christ Jesus, dear sirs and friends. I have received the letter you all wrote and have learned how everything is going. That you may hear in

turn how we are doing, I would have you know that we, namely I, Master Veit, and Cyriac, did not go to the diet at Augsburg, but have come to another diet instead. There is a grove just under our window like a small forest. There the jackdaws and crows are holding a diet. They ride in and out, and keep up a racket day and night without ceasing, as if they were all crazy-drunk. Young and old chatter together in such a fashion that I wonder voice and breath hold out. I should like to know whether there are any such knights and warriors still left with you. It seems as if they must have gathered here from all the world. I have not

yet seen their emperor; but the nobility and big-wigs constantly flit and gad about before our eyes, not very expensively clothed, but simply, in one color, all alike black, and all alike gray-eyed. They all sing the same song, but there is an agreeable contrast between young and old, great and small. They care nothing for great palaces and halls, for

their hall is vaulted with the beautiful, broad sky, its floor is paved with lovely green branches, and its walls are as wide as the world. They do not ask for horses or armor; they have feathered chariots to escape the hunters. They are great and mighty lords, but I don't yet know what they are deciding. So far as I have been able to learn from an interpreter, they plan a great war against wheat, barley, oats, malt, and all sorts of grain, and many a one will show himself a hero and do great deeds. So we sit here in the diet, listening and looking on with great pleasure, as the princes and lords with the other estates of the realm so merrily sing and feast. It gives us a special pleasure to see in how knightly a fashion they strut about, polish their bills, and fall upon the defenses that they may conquer and acquit themselves honorably against corn and malt.



From a photograph by W. Risse, Marburg

THE HALL AT MARBURG, WHERE THE CONFERENCE WAS HELD

We wish them fortune and health, that they may all be impaled on a spit together. Methinks they are none other than the sophists and papists with their preaching and writing. All of them I must have in a crowd before me that I may hear their lovely voices and sermons, and see how useful a tribe they are, destroying everything on earth, and for a change chattering to kill time.

To-day we heard the first nightingale, for she was afraid to trust our April. We have had lovely weather and no rain except a little yesterday. It is perhaps otherwise with you. God bless you! Take good care of the house. From the Diet of the Malt Robbers, April 28, 1530.

*Martin Luther,
Doctor.*

Arrived in Augsburg Melancthon, at the elector's request, began work at once upon a defense of the Protestant cause to be presented to the emperor and diet. The result was the famous Augsburg Confession, the first of the great Protestant symbols. The purpose was to make as favorable an impression as possible, and the confession was therefore framed in such a way as to magnify the agreements and minimize the differences between Protestants and Catholics. The evangelical faith found definite expression in it, but the emphasis was laid upon the common Catholic doctrines accepted by both parties, and in the matter of forms and customs repeated attention was called to the *conservative character of the changes made.*

When the document was sent to Luther for his inspection, he wrote the elector: "I have read Master Philipp's apology. It pleases me very well, and I have no improvements or changes to make. Nor would it do for me to make any, for I cannot walk so softly and lightly."

On the twenty-fifth of June, the confession was read before the diet. The Catholics were greatly surprised at its moderation, and began to hope the Protestants would yield altogether. Making the most of their conciliatory temper, they tried to secure all manner of concessions from them. Melancthon, who loved peace above everything, and was greatly alarmed at the hostile attitude of the emperor, gave up one thing after another, until he was accused by many of his associates of weakly betray-

ing the whole cause. He felt the responsibility of his position very keenly, and was almost beside himself with worry. Luther, in his far-away castle, grew firmer and more confident, the greater the fear and anxiety of his friends at the diet. He encouraged, comforted, exhorted, and admonished them as only he could. We still have a hundred and twenty-five of his Coburg letters, among them some of the finest he ever wrote. The following passages will serve to show his attitude and state of mind.



From a photograph by Allinari of the portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

ULRICH ZWINGLI, THE SWISS REFORMER

To Melanchthon he wrote on the thirtieth of June:

In private conflicts I am weaker, you more bold. On the other hand, in such public affairs you are as I am in private, while I am as you are in private, if that should be called private which goes on between me and Satan. You despise your own life, but fear for the general cause, while I am in good enough spirits over the latter, for I know certainly it is just and true, is Christ's and God's, and so need not grow pale over its sin, as I, little saint, when by myself am compelled to grow pale and tremble. Therefore I am almost a care-free spectator, and take no account of these threatening and ferocious papists. If we fall, Christ, the ruler of the world, will fall with us. And if he falls, I would rather fall with Christ than stand with Cæsar.

In August he wrote him again:

You write that Eck has been compelled by you to confess we are justified by faith. Would that you had compelled him not to lie! Eck, forsooth, may confess that righteousness is of faith, but meanwhile he defends all the abominations of the papacy; he kills, he persecutes, he condemns those professing this doctrine, nor does he yet repent, but goes right on. The same is done by all our enemies. With them, if it please Christ, seek conditions of peace, and labor in vain, until they find a chance to destroy us. . . . The negotiations looking to harmony in doctrine wholly displease me. For harmony is clearly quite impossible unless the pope is willing to abolish his papacy.

Finally, on the twentieth of September, he wrote his friend Justus Jonas:

I am almost bursting with wrath and indignation. I beg you will abruptly break off negotiations with them and return home. They have the confession, they have the gospel. If they will, let them accept it. If

they will not, let them go where they belong. If war comes as a consequence, come it will; we have prayed and done enough.

The concessions made by Melanchthon proved, after all, of no avail. The Catholic leaders would yield nothing, and most of the Protestants refused to approve Melanchthon's course.

On the twenty-second of September, with the approval of the Catholic majority, the emperor laid before the Protestants the decision of the diet, declaring their confession unsatisfactory, and giving them until the fifteenth of April to repent and submit.

A fortnight later, though disappointed at the result, Luther wrote the Elector John:

Grace and peace in Christ, most serene, high-born Prince, most gracious Lord! I rejoice with all my heart that your Grace, by the grace of God, has come out of the hell at Augsburg. Though the disfavor of men looks sour not only to God, but to the devil as well, we yet hope God's grace, already ours, will be still more richly with us. They are in God's hands as well as we, that is certain, and they will neither do nor accomplish anything unless He wills it. They cannot hurt a hair of our heads, or of any one's, unless God compels it. I have commended the cause to my Lord God. He began it; that I know. He will also continue it; that I believe. It is not in man's power to start or create such a doctrine. Since it is God's, and all depends on His power and skill, not ours, I will watch to see who they are that wish to oppose and defy God Himself. Let things go as they please, in God's name. It is written in the fifty-fifth Psalm, "Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." They must be allowed to begin and to threaten, but to finish and bring to a successful issue, that they cannot. Christ our Lord strengthen your Grace in a firm and joyful mind! Amen!

(To be concluded)





Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN EPISODE OF THE STONE AGE

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT



THE GORILLA



THE NEANDERTHAL MAN



MODERN MAN

Drawn by Charles R. Knight

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE EVIDENCE IN THE LIGHT OF
THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES

BY FREDERIC A. LUCAS

FOR many years the problem of the antiquity of man has been one of great interest. Once admitted that his physical form, to say nothing of his intellectual qualities, was the result of long years of evolution, the question arose, When did man as such make his appearance on this earth of ours?

The discovery of the Neanderthal skull, which was found in a cave near Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1857, was the first evidence of the existence of an early race of mankind differing markedly from any living, and of a decidedly lower type. Naturally this low-browed cranium met with a varied reception: by some it was held as

the long-looked-for evidence of the former existence of an extremely degraded race of men, while others denied that it was any more primitive or apelike than the skulls of many living races, or asserted that it was simply an abnormal skull, and not the type of any race. As years passed, other material, however, came to light to prove that this was really a characteristic example of a race very different from any now living, and of late years one discovery has followed upon another, all tending to show that not only did man exist at a very early period, but that his still more primitive ancestors must have lived at an almost inconceivably early date. These



JAW OF THE HEIDELBERG MAN



JAW OF CHIMPANZEE.



JAW OF MODERN MAN

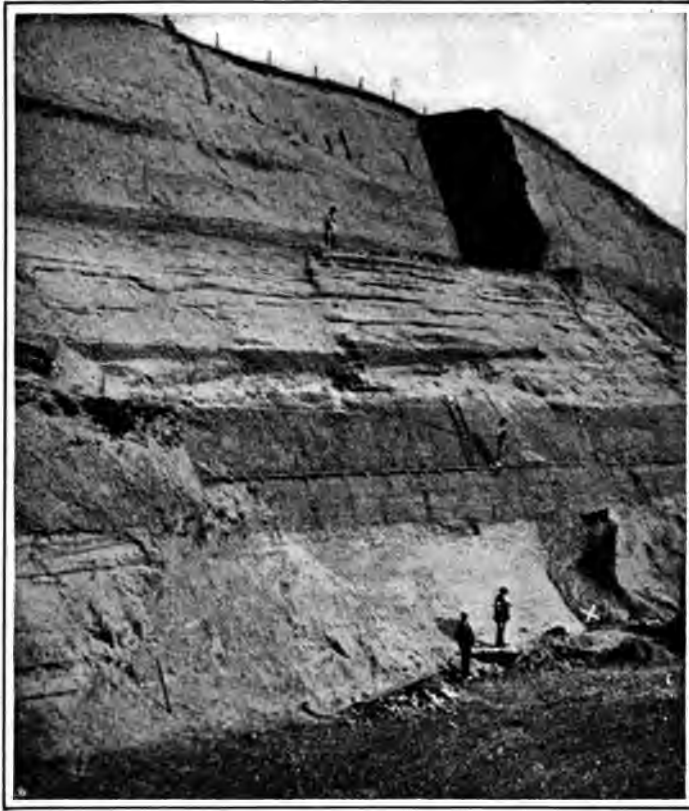
discoveries have also revealed not merely differences between early man and his living descendants, but differences between various specimens so great as to indicate the existence of more than one kind, or species, of man.

The Neanderthal skull was very incomplete, and no jaw was associated with it; but in 1866 part of a lower jaw quite dif-

ferent from the typical jaw of to-day was found at La Naulette, Belgium; and in 1886, at Spy, Belgium, specimens were discovered in which the Neanderthal type of cranium was associated with the Naulette type of jaw. Since then specimens having similar characters have come to light at various localities, a skull found at Gibraltar serving to indicate how widespread was the Neanderthal race of men. There is no longer any doubt that the Neanderthal skull is a characteristic cranium of a degraded or, more strictly

speaking, primitive race of man widely distributed in Europe, earlier than the cave-man proper in point of time, and naturally inferior to him in intelligence and capacity. Still other discoveries indicate older and yet more bestial races, though very far from apelike.

One of the most recent of these discoveries, and one of special importance as indicating the great antiquity of man, is that of a lower jaw found in a sand-pit at Mauer, near Heidelberg, on July 21, 1907. This jaw, which lay in undisturbed, stratified sand, is very different from that of modern man, being wide, low, massive, and devoid of a chin, features in which it resembles the jaw of an ape. The teeth, however, are typically human in arrangement and character, though differing slightly in relative proportions and very decidedly in size from modern teeth. The character of this jaw, its resemblance to that of an ape, and its departures from that of a modern man, are best appreciated from the picture on page 933. They are so distinctive that



SAND-PIT AT MAUER, NEAR HEIDELBERG

The cross indicates where the human jaw was found on July 21, 1907.

Dr. Schoetensack, who has described it at length, considers it as representing a distinct species of man, upon which he has bestowed the name *Homo heidelbergensis*. It remains to be said that Dr. Schoetensack had patiently awaited its discovery for twenty years, having full faith that it was merely a question of time when such a jaw would be brought to light. The great antiquity of this jaw is evidenced by the bones of extinct animals found in the same pits, which showed that the Heidelberg man lived in company with

ferent from the typical jaw of to-day was found at La Naulette, Belgium; and in 1886, at Spy, Belgium, specimens were discovered in which the Neanderthal type of cranium was associated with the Naulette type of jaw. Since then specimens having similar characters have come to light at various localities, a skull found at Gibraltar serving to indicate how widespread was the Neanderthal race of men. There is no longer any doubt that the Neanderthal skull is a characteristic cranium of a degraded or, more strictly

the Etruscan rhinoceros, a species of elephant earlier than the mammoth, and with other animals long extinct.

Most recent of all discoveries, made in 1908, at La Chapelle aux Saints, is that of a number of bones, the imperfect skeleton of an old man, associated with primitive stone implements and bones of various species of living and extinct animals, including the woolly rhinoceros. So here we have at last combined evidences of the physical character of the man of an earlier period, the tools he used, and the animals with which he was surrounded and on which he preyed.

The pyramids of Egypt have long done duty as venerable monuments of antiquity, but the prehistoric period of Egypt reaches back into the past thousands of years before their date, while compared with the age of the Neanderthal and Heidelberg man they are creations of yesterday. Man was looked upon as old when it was shown that he was contemporary with the mammoth in the glacial period; but these recent discoveries prove him to be immeasurably older, and to have lived with the forerunners of the mammoth, *Elephas antiquus* and the Etruscan rhinoceros, *Rhinoceros etruscus*. He found his way into Great Britain while the British Islands were still a peninsula, and the Thames was a tributary of the Rhine, and in the ancient valley of the Thames pursued the deer or fled from the cave bear and the tiger. This we know from the bones and stone implements found in undisturbed ground far below the present surface of the soil. Until recently it was thought that the so-called "missing link," of which we once heard so much and now hear so little, was to be found in the Pliocene, but we now know that the hypothetical common ancestors of man and ape must be sought for not later than in the Miocene; for early in the Pleistocene man had so far progressed as to make use of rude stone weapons, and, as indicated by the care with which he buried his dead, to have very decided religious beliefs.

It has, too, been generally assumed that man made his appearance somewhere in southern Asia, and then spread in various directions to people the earth, and that the

New World is very new so far as man is concerned. Although this assumption still stands as a general proposition, accumulating evidence tends to show that while man is a comparatively recent arrival in the Western Hemisphere, yet he is positively old, and must have reached here very many thousand years ago.

Curiously enough, testimony of the existence of early races of man in America comes from the South and not from the North, where theoretically man should have come into the Western Continent by way of some convenient bridge of land or ice where Bering Strait now is. There have been, it is true, various discoveries that at first sight seemed to place a high antiquity on man in North America, but none of these has stood the searching light of scientific investigation, and not one is generally, not to say universally, accepted by the world of science. Probably the most striking discovery in South America was that made in 1896 by Nordenskjöld, showing that the extinct giant ground-sloth *Mylodon*, a predecessor of the mastodon, was kept in a state of domestication by early man. Since then various skulls and portions of skulls, some nearly complete, some fragmentary, have come to light,¹ and while most will consider that Dr. Ameghino overestimates the age of these crania, none can deny the great antiquity of all and the primitive character of some. Of doubtful age and origin are certain masses of baked clay, ascribed by Dr. Ameghino to fires made by man,² and by his opponents to the heat of volcanic eruptions. Be this as it may, the evidence available at present shows the existence of man at an earlier date in South America than in North America.

So far as we now know, the earliest traces of man are in Europe; but this by no means proves that they do not exist elsewhere, nor that this was the birthplace of man as such. The conditions of climate under which man lived in Europe, especially when crowded south by the ice and snow of the glacial period, led him to resort to places where his bones and other evidences of his former existence have been preserved, while the denser population and the more general labor of his descen-

¹ These have been described at length by Dr. Florentino Ameghino.

² As is well known among primitive peoples to this

day, cooking is done by means of a shallow bed dug in the ground in which a fire is built and stones are heated.

dants have led to their discovery. In Asia and its adjoining islands large areas are unexplored, while the climate is such that man may and did live anywhere he chose, and was not forced to reside more or less in certain fixed localities, where there was a chance of his bones and traces of his former existence being preserved and found.

Many of us would like to know just how this very-great-grandfather of ours looked, and there have been various attempts to gratify this quite natural curiosity. We have a good foundation to build on in the way of fairly complete skeletons, but many details are necessarily left, if not to the imagination, at least to the theories of the re-creators. We know

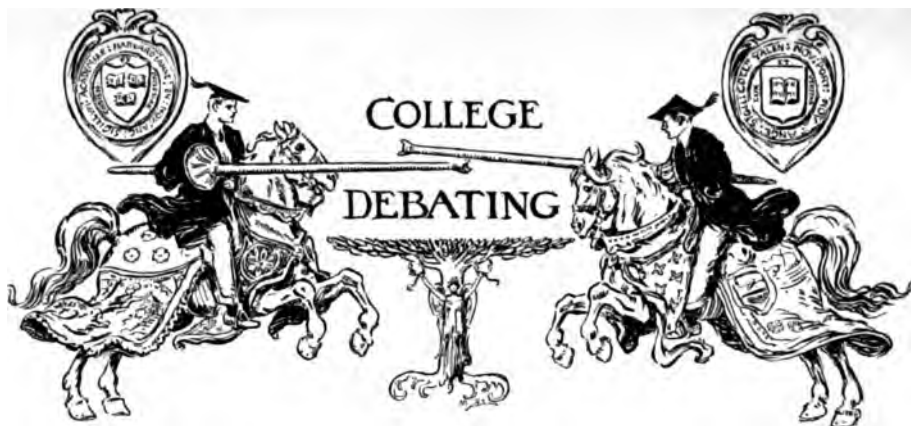
that this far-off ancestor of ours was a little under the average height, with slightly longer arms than man has nowadays, and that the thigh portion of the leg was proportionately longer than in any modern man; also we know that he had a low forehead and beetling brows, and that while the jaws as a whole were prominent, the chin was retreating. Owing to the straightness of the backbone and the bend in the knees, the body was probably carried with a slight forward stoop. Of this we are fairly certain; it is when we come to externals that we are forced to call upon the law of probabilities to give him a swarthy complexion and endow him with a considerable covering of hair, characters that exposure to the weather seem to call for.

MAMMALS CONTEMPORARY WITH MAN AT HIS SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF ADVANCEMENT	NAMES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AT THESE STAGES	NAMES AND GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE DEPOSITS, OR STRATA, FORMED AT THESE TIMES, IN WHICH IMPLEMENTS AND FOSSIL BONES HAVE BEEN FOUND.	NAMES OF THE CULTURE LEVELS WHICH INDICATE MAN'S CONDITION BY THE CHARACTER OF HIS STONE AND OTHER IMPLEMENTS.	NAMES OF THE PERIODS OR STAGES IN MAN'S ADVANCEMENT IN CULTURE AND SKILL	AGE OF THE LATEST, OR PLEISTOCENE PERIOD OF THE EARTH; ACCORDING TO PROF. A. PENCK.
MAMMOTH HORSE OF THE CAVE PERIOD REINDEER CAVE BEAR. SPOTTED HYENA. WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.	Upper Quaternary	Brick Earth Ergeron Eolian (wind) Deposits	NEOLITHIC, or Age of Polished Stone Implements LOWER MAGDALENIAN SOLUTREAN. AURIGNACIAN MOUSTERIAN.	UPPER PALÆOLITHIC, or Age of Rough Stone and Bone Implements, Cave Frescoes, Carvings on Bone etc. of the CAVE MAN. <i>Homo aurignacensis</i> NEANDERTHAL MAN and relatives, Krapi-na and Spy.	MODERN AND NEOLITHIC, 8,000 Years. 16,000 Years. 40,000 Years. 100,000 Years
MAMMOTH	Middle Quaternary	Gray Clay Laminated Clay Gray Clay Potters' Earth Fluvial Sands Fluvial Sands Flinty Layer	UPPER ACHEULIAN LOWER ACHEULIAN CHELLEAN. STRÉPYAN MESVINIAN	LOWER PALÆOLITHIC, or Age of Rude Stone Implements of the RIVER MAN. EOLITHIC PERIOD or Age of Primitive Stone Implements	400,000 Years.
EARLY MAMMOTH ETRUSCAN RHINOCEROS	Lower Quaternary	Sand and Potter's Earth Flinty Layer	MAFFLEAN	<i>Homo Heidelbergensis</i> <i>Pithecanthropus erectus</i>	750,000 Years.
PRIMITIVE ELEPHANT	Tertiary				

Drawn by C. B. Davis

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE CHARACTER AND RELATIVE AGE OF HUMAN REMAINS AND THE QUATERNARY DEPOSITS IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN FOUND. ADAPTED FROM McCURDY AND RULET

According to some anthropologists, implements fashioned by man occur in strata of a period known as Oligocene, but this conclusion is not accepted by paleontologists who base their opinion on the character of the mammals of that period, none yet discovered being sufficiently advanced to lead to man. Pithecanthropus, the most manlike ape comes from the Pliocene(?), which is more recent than the Oligocene by several hundred thousand years.



BY ROLLO L. LYMAN

Associate Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, University of Wisconsin

WHEN Harvard undergraduates, according to President Faunce of Brown, translate the motto on their seal "to heaven with Yale!" the day of perfect intercollegiate comity will have arrived. To hasten this time, the universities of the "Big Eight" in the Middle West established "purity banquets" preceding their foot-ball games. These banquets, found to be as perfunctory as the preliminary hand-shake of two pugilists, were speedily abandoned. The nervous strain of players waiting for a physical clash does not fit them for comradeship the night before, while the effects of the struggle leave them still less fitted for friendly banquetting the day after. Intercollegiate comity exists to-day despite athletics rather than because of them. "We are tired of losing like gentlemen," cried Harvard undergraduates after losing to Yale seventeen out of nineteen boat-races.

Intercollegiate debating, another form of college rivalry, lacks many of the attractive features of athletics, but possesses in high degree the power of fostering comity. Visiting teams are given a royal welcome. During the debate itself, no well-timed argument, no shrewd rebuff of a sharp attack, is allowed by the audience to go unrecognized whether made by the home team or by the visitors. The contestants strictly avoid ill-tempered irony and sarcasm, even though the play of wit be keen and the clash of argument bitter. After a recent debate, the judges remarked first upon the unflinching courtesy of the victors, then talked over the arguments pre-

sented. Moreover, it is the general custom for colleges to give a banquet in honor of their guests. Around this board the men who an hour earlier were engaged in strenuous combat now meet in the jolliest of good-fellowship. Intercollegiate friendship reigns supreme. In fact, the "Brown Daily Herald," liable to typographical errors, was entirely misleading when in bold head-lines it announced, "Another Debasing Victory over Dartmouth."

That this spirit does not lessen the ardor of battle is well illustrated by recent Harvard-Princeton-Yale debates. When Princeton chided Harvard's team, composed of three Southerners, for speaking against sectionalism, Potter of Texas, one of the Harvard debaters, made a neat retort. He regretted that the South should be the one to plead for a united nation. In 1903 the Harvard men were arguing that the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned. Said the leader of the Yale team, "Three Harvard fledglings undertake to overthrow a time-honored doctrine of state, established nearly one hundred years ago by John Quincy Adams, a most distinguished alumnus of their own university." Sanders Theater rang with the applause of the Harvard audience, enjoying the discomfiture of their own champions. Nevertheless, the judges awarded Harvard a third consecutive victory over her dearest rival. One of the Yale men said at the banquet after the debate: "Three years ago we met you in the Philippines on the retention of the islands, and you routed us there; two years ago we met

you in Alaska on the boundary dispute, and you whipped us there; to-night we met you in South America on the Monroe Doctrine, and you defeated us there. And yet, routed, whipped, defeated, we are not vanquished. Gentlemen of Harvard, we will keep on fighting in one part of the world after another, and in some of them, I give you my earnest promise and solemn warning, Yale will be the victor." This is another sample of the Yale "sand" of which Harvard has seen and heard so much that her undergraduates call New Haven the "American Sahara." That Yale's boast was not idle was shown by the debate of the following year, covering the effects of trade-unionism in the United States, which Yale won by a unanimous decision.

College debating is, then, an intellectual sport, possessing much of the absorbing interest of foot-ball and kindred contests. Months of preparation for a struggle that itself lasts only two short hours; speculation as to the attack and the defense of the enemy; marshaling of forces to get the best combination of speakers and of arguments for effective team-work; always the anticipation of the actual clash with opponents equally well prepared—all these elements debating has in common with athletic contests. Indeed, the successful athlete is not infrequently an ardent debater. It is not generally true that debating is restricted "to the socially ostracised and the physically unfit," as is said of some eastern universities. On one Bowdoin debating-squad, for instance, were the captain of the track team, the quarter-back of the foot-ball team, and the pitcher of the college nine. Another team of the same college included the best long-distance runner, the champion tennis-player, and the editor of the college daily. An authentic case is on record at Wisconsin of a man who resigned the captaincy of the varsity foot-ball team in order to participate in a college debate.

Men like these love to play the game. They are stimulated for the long, uninteresting, sometimes painful period of preparation by the big contest ahead. It is this element of strife, of rough and tumble, the desire to excel a rival, to bring honor to the college, that lifts debating above routine study. College men who care little about themes on "spring" and "flow-

ers" and "Alexander Hamilton" may become enthusiastically earnest in a contest with a rival institution on "reciprocity with Canada" or "the honor system." About big crises of thought or action cluster the experiences of student days. The humdrum grind of daily study frequently leaves few pleasant memories, but one never forgets the day he made the famous touch-down or the three-base hit. Neither does he lose the exuberant joy of victory at the moment when the judges proclaimed him and his colleagues winners of a forensic contest.

To see college forensics at its best, one must go to the small college, the home of virility and spirit. There debating bonfires blaze, and mass-meetings yell. In little colleges the professors are not all specialists, too busy for common interests; their subjects of research are almost solely the minds and hearts of their students. Faculty and students unite in support of their debating team. One college president in his morning prayer at chapel petitioned that his team might win the debate of the evening. Opponents did not consider this good sportsmanship; they thought the odds against them were too great. Such unanimity of interest is seldom found in a large university. Unity of support for anything but foot-ball is hard to obtain in a student body of three thousand. Expedients have to be used to rouse interest in debating, as in hockey and tennis. However, at many of our universities audiences of one thousand are not uncommon. When Yale omitted an admission-fee of fifty cents, two thousand, five hundred people greeted the Harvard team in New Haven. Nebraska and Minnesota get out the band, and Illinois subsidizes her best half-back as cheer-leader, always careful, however, to cheer the opponents a little louder than friends. The effect on the judges is good.

The extent of intercollegiate debating is limited only by the number of universities and colleges. Harvard and Yale began in 1892; the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin followed in 1893. To-day there is only one college of repute in the country that does not support some form of forensic contest. There are five hundred institutions of college rank having from one to four debates a year, which means approximately one thousand

debating teams of three men each. Possibly one out of a thousand of these debaters is a young woman. The universities of Washington and Oregon hold an annual debate in which only women take part, the sole league of the kind in the country. Moreover, the number participating in the sport is by no means restricted to those who constitute the teams. At the University of Michigan at least sixty men enter every competition, and one year the aspirants reached the total of one hundred and fifty-three. Every year twenty-five thousand men aspire to represent their colleges in forensics. Among the more important college leagues, which number over one hundred, are the following:

Harvard, Princeton, Yale; Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania; Brown, Dartmouth, Williams; Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams; Dickinson, Pennsylvania State, Swarthmore; Illinois, Indiana, Ohio; Chicago, Michigan, Northwestern; Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin; Colorado, Missouri, Oklahoma; Oregon, Washington, Stanford; California, Stanford; Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas; Georgia, North Carolina, Tulane, Vanderbilt, Virginia.

Most of these leagues, it will be noted, are three-cornered, this "round-robin" form having supplanted the dual form of the early nineties. The great advantage of the triangular league is that each university prepares two teams, one on the affirmative, the other on the negative of the question. The affirmative team remains at home, and the negative invades the enemy's country. In the practice contest frequently held at home these two teams assail each other most vigorously, usually with less comity than they show the rival college. It is clear also that under this system it is to the advantage of all parties to have an evenly balanced question.

The usual method of selecting a question is indicated by the agreement between Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Each submits two questions to the others, and all vote 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, in the order of their choice. The question receiving the low total is chosen. The questions debated in the Central Circuit, composed of five universities of the Middle West, public ownership of railroads, ship sub-

sidy, income tax, commission government, and the closed shop, are fairly representative of the type usually chosen. That there is, however, a desirable tendency toward contemporary college questions, like the honor system or the seven-game football schedule, is indicated by the fact that in 1907 Harvard submitted to Princeton a proposition favoring the free elective system, thinking the latter would choose the negative. Princeton, seeking to take her opponent unaware, chose to defend the elective system, thereby forcing Harvard to oppose her own pet institution. Such a situation, William Jennings Bryan, in a recent address at Harvard, sharply criticized. He condemned debating against one's convictions on the ground that it erodes moral fiber. "Conviction," said Mr. Bryan, "is an element we need more of in public life." The truth is that college men before a debate frequently have no settled convictions upon the subject of their study. Three months of preparation for a debate which has sound arguments on both sides frequently changes vague impressions into definite convictions for at least six college men.

Competition for places on debating teams is somewhat different from the preliminaries for athletic honors. Fifty candidates who for weeks have been digging out every source of material are allowed to speak on any phase of the subject they prefer. By means of one preliminary after another the judges cut the squad of candidates to twelve; the coaches then select from the survivors the men who are to make up the 'varsity debating teams. This process of elimination usually leaves six of the brightest and keenest men in college. One debating team of the University of Wisconsin contained five Phi Beta Kappa men, and the sixth had a scholastic average of eighty-seven. Often the squad is extremely cosmopolitan. Harvard's team against Princeton in 1910 was composed of three Southerners, two of whom had debated other colleges. The team Harvard sent against Yale the same year was made up of an Irishman from the West, a negro from the South, and a Jew from Kentucky. "Why," exclaimed a Back Bay girl of bluest blue, after reciting an astounding list of venerable Harvard names, "nowadays they elect as stadium orator a man by the name of Sullivan!"

The debate itself consists of twelve short addresses. Six so-called "main speeches," usually fifteen minutes in length, are first in order, the affirmative opening the debate and alternating with the negative until each debater has addressed the audience. Then follow six rebuttal speeches of five minutes each, the negative opening the rebuttal. This arrangement, which gives the affirmative the advantage of the opening and closing speeches, is justified on the ground that the negative team, supporting the *status quo*, has ordinarily the easier case. Each team, therefore, has sixty minutes in which to present constructive and refutatory arguments.

The shrewdness with which rival teams interpret the question is shown in the following incident. In 1906, Michigan met Wisconsin on the question, "Resolved that a Federal Commission be given power to fix rates." The debate turned on the meaning of "fix rates." Wisconsin presented the Esch-Townsend Bill, which proposed to give a commission power to fix a definite freight rate in place of a rate complained of. Michigan replied: "No; in 1906 the term 'fix rates' must be interpreted not by the Esch-Townsend Bill, but by the Dolliver Bill, which is at present before congress. This bill proposes to give a commission power to substitute for a rate complained of not a definite rate, but something very different, namely, a maximum rate. Your meaning of 'fix rates' is two years old." It was held by the judges that Michigan had rightly interpreted the vital term of the proposition. Thus debating tends to lead away from intellectual pecking at the question. Knowing all about a question, the debater must choose only the essentials. A broad background of knowledge must lie underneath, though it *may* not appear in the speeches.

Not alone in the field of constructive thinking, but also in the field of expression, debating has great value. It teaches young men both to think accurately and to press their thought clearly and readily. President Eliot has said that the superior effectiveness of some men lies not in their larger stock of ideas, but in their greater power of expression. Forgetting this, educators too often limit their efforts to cramming facts into the heads of their students -- facts, not ideas. The skilful debater,

like Franklin in the constitutional discussions, "lays his shoulder to the main points, knowing that the little points will take care of themselves." The power of narrowing a question to a few essentials is a great asset to a scholar in any field. College debating does much to develop the gift, special to superior minds, of "selecting the conclusive argument from a complex theme, and of presenting it unanswerably" — the gift said to belong to debaters like Spooner, Root, and Borah. It is not, however, skill in analysis and in the handling of evidence that is of the greatest value to a college man who later is to become a lawyer or a preacher. It is the habit of ordering the content of one's mind for the sake of other men and women. In their boyish way, college debaters endeavor by means of topic sentences, frequent summaries, and sharply marked transitions, to follow the motto which is said to hang above the editorial desk of Lyman Abbott: "I will make this so clear that my Aunt Rebecca could understand it."

Sometimes a debate is the stepping-stone to leadership. College communities are like the group of school-boys who elected as president their best pitcher, chose as secretary their best jumper, and then, with unconscious irony, selected as treasurer their best runner. "Dynamic" men are almost invariably college leaders; thus debaters are often recognized. A certain sophomore presents a typical case. During his first and second years he was continually on probation, always on the verge of expulsion. Early in his junior year he promised the debating coach in college slang "to lay himself out" in an attempt to make the team. Immediately his convivial pals missed him. For the first time in his college career he did his level best. The result was that he was chosen leader of the team, and largely by his own ability won a decision for his alma mater. Then college mates began to notice him. They elected him first a member of the student court, then president of his class, then editor of the college daily. The debate was the turning-point in his career, for he began to take pride in his accomplishment, and from a position of obscurity he rose in one year to effective leadership.

In like manner, with another college man it may be the responsibility of football captain, of glee-club leader, of college

editor, of fraternity president, or of some other extra classroom activity, that furnishes the opportunity for leadership. One distinguished jurist has affirmed that he would not exchange his joint debate for any one full year of his college course. This taste of the joys of leadership often reaches out into life. The president of a western university attended in Minneapolis a meeting of twelve of the most prominent alumni of his institution in the Twin Cities. Nine out of the thirteen, including the president, had been in their college-days members of 'varsity debating teams. These men had not become prominent citizens because they had been debaters as undergraduates; they had become leaders in active life because they made use of the same powers which in embryonic stage sustained them in their college debates. Forensics did not develop self-confidence, perseverance, courage. It merely furnished to the young men occasions to organize for successful behavior in emergencies the real power potential in them.

Debating has shortcomings, even dangers. It is easy, for example, to manufacture evidence with little likelihood of detection. However, the penalty of such dishonesty, when discovered, is most severe. In a debate in 1907, one of the speakers deliberately misquoted an authority. An unusually shrewd opponent walked over to the desk of his rival, picked up the book, and read the statement exactly as it had been quoted. Then he continued: "Honorable judges, the gentleman read the sentence as if it were punctuated with a period at this point. As a matter of fact, the punctuation is a comma." He then read the final clause, showing the real intent of the authority, which was exactly opposite to the interpretation given by his opponent. The result was disaster for the dishonest debater.

There are still more subtle forms of dishonesty. Dozens of requests pour in from colleges and high schools upon every prominent debating team, offering to buy, rent, or borrow, material. A typical letter read:

Dear Sir: We understand that your university debated the question of commission government last spring. We shall be glad

to procure a set of the speeches made, and will pay any reasonable price.

Unless such dishonesty can be prevented, it will soon bring deserved condemnation to an honorable sport. Reputable institutions are refusing either to sell or buy material.

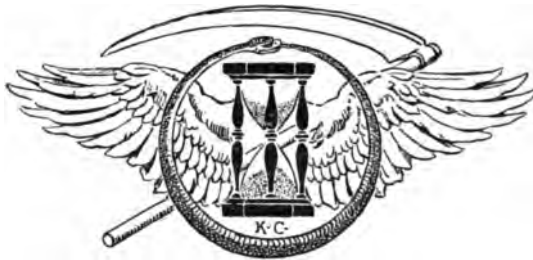
A third form of dishonesty sometimes arises. Coaches too frequently are far more responsible for the argument presented than are the debaters themselves. One debating coach had made a special study of "trade-unions" for ten years. He began in his high-school debates, followed it out in his college contests, and finally, taking charge of a college team, gave them three carefully prepared speeches to memorize. Thus his students received none of the value which comes of working up a case. They were parrots, nothing more. For this evil there are two possible remedies. Many colleges, among them Stanford, the University of California, and Swarthmore, rightly throw the burden of preparation entirely upon their debaters, doing away with all coaching, and trusting to the honor of their opponents to do likewise. Still better is reducing the time of preparation from three months to six weeks. Stanford and California pursue this method in their annual "Carnot" medal debates, which are models of the best debating in the country. The actual debating deteriorates under shorter preparation, but the exercise becomes far less academic, and more nearly like the occasions of every-day life. The debates under this system are contests not of voluminous research, but of individual constructive thinking. Above all, this plan places the men upon their own responsibility, and as far as is possible eliminates opportunities for dishonesty.

Measuring success in debating by the number of victories, several universities stand out above all others. Harvard has won seventeen debates from Yale and lost seven. She has won nine from Princeton and lost seven. Pennsylvania won both debates from Cornell and Columbia in 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1910, the best string of consecutive victories known. The University of Missouri has an enviable record. With Kansas she has won seven and lost four; with Texas, won four and lost one; with Illinois, won three and lost one; with Colorado, won two and lost none; with

Oklahoma, won one and lost three; with Washington, won one and lost one. The universities of Iowa, Illinois, Stanford, Tulane, and the following colleges, Beloit, Cornell (Iowa), Oberlin, Swarthmore, and Williams also have been remarkably successful. Notre Dame, with her eloquent Irishmen, is virtually invincible. Bowdoin College has won over fifty per cent. of her contests with Amherst, Wesleyan, Clark, Vermont, Syracuse, and Cornell. Her chief achievement was that within one month, and on totally different propositions, with a student body of three hundred, she defeated both Cornell and Syracuse, each with a student body of over three thousand. The University of Michigan has possibly a still more striking record. Since 1893 she has participated in thirty-eight debates, of which twenty-six have been victories, twelve defeats. She has won four out of five with Wisconsin, seven out of eleven with Northwestern, three out of four with Pennsylvania, three out of four with Minnesota, and nine out of fourteen with Chicago. She has received a unanimous decision in eighteen debates, and lost one by unanimous decision. Eleven out of her last fourteen contests have been victories.

Success, however, is not measured wholly in victories won. College debating is giving to thousands of college boys power to acquire information, to form sound judgments, to confine discussion to essential issues, to state arguments clearly and forcibly, to treat an opponent fairly,

and to respect the cause of the other fellow. It is teaching them grace, ease, confidence, and resourcefulness in public speech. In some academic circles it is customary to ridicule a good speaker. The students of a certain law school shuffle their feet when a classmate dares to recite in unusually good speaking form. The faculty lecture committee of another university declined to invite a distinguished publicist to address the student body, on the ground that he was such an excellent speaker that he could not have anything worth while to say. Such men, Henry Ward Beecher said, belong "to the school of the beetle." Their ideas of public address is "buzz, fight, and hit where you can." Happily, such ridiculous academism is rare, and colleges are coming to recognize that the effective oral expression of sound thinking is one of the primary requisites of a cultivated man. College debates, like many congressional discussions, are not masterpieces either of argument or of delivery, but they represent for many young men the maximum opus of college life. "Why," asked a professor of history who was inclined to scoff at debating—"why do these fellows present grade A work in their debates, and grade B work in my classes?" The answer is simple. His classroom probably lacks the stimulus of a good fight. The debate is for blood; it is a fair field, and no favors asked, and may the best man win; it makes generous winners and game losers. It makes manly men.





TOPICS OF THE TIME

DOES THE HARVEST MATCH THE TILLAGE?

By all the outward signs of Church worship, charitable effort, and the multiplication of lay societies, the American people may claim to enjoy the fruits of a vigorous Christian civilization. Church membership and church property, by voluntary agencies, have more than kept pace with the national expansion in population and wealth. It is hardly possible that such variety of creed and liturgy ever before existed under the protection of a single flag. None of the sects and denominations appear to have languished for lack of material support or fervent worshipers. And among the strongest of them the only signs of discordance have come from a spirit of rivalry in doing the same kinds of good. In the broadest sense their diverse activities amount to one Christian force working for the spiritual and political unity of the nation.

To refer only to the lay societies, their practical zeal and spiritual devotion leave little, if anything, to be desired. Protestant and Catholic, alike, labor unceasingly to enlarge the field of direct Christian influence and to instruct and protect the rising generations in the sustaining faith of the mothers and fathers. The only elements that seem to be new in the practice of Christian principles are a broader sympathy and a wider charity, combining for more efficient helpfulness among the increasing mass of breadwinners who find the modern pace difficult for their natural powers or accidental circumstances.

In very fact the tillage of the Christian field in the United States continues to be superb in every element of energy, resourcefulness, and conviction. Christian men and women are the body and soul of all the forces organized for education and moral progress, and the numbers enlisted for fellowship and practical work have increased by leaps and bounds. And yet the nation is brought face to face, almost every

day, with some concrete fact of national life which proves that, in the large, the harvest of Christian impulses is inadequate as compared with the weeds of human selfishness and mob recklessness. Grand and indispensable as it is, the harvest does not include to a satisfactory degree control of the basic springs of popular desire and conduct.

It is not difficult to perceive the points at which Christian influence loses touch, in actual stress, with the selfish instincts of human nature; but it is immensely difficult to discover how to organize a conscious, reliant curb on those instincts. A compact army of workers for private and public morality like the Society of Christian Endeavor, whose remarkable growth and influence is described in another part of this number of *THE CENTURY*, rendered efficient help to public opinion in limiting the degrading exhibition of pictures of the Reno prize-fight; yet neither its influence, nor that of all the Christian forces in the State of New York, have produced a sentiment active enough to prevent the enactment by the New York legislature of a law which makes pugilism a State-regulated amusement, at work every day to spread the seeds of brutality and gambling among the young men of the nation. The Reno fight was merely a sporadic incident, conceded to be lawless and shameless; while these club fights, dignified by a legal status, differ only in quantity, not in quality, from the "fights to a finish," and serve to feed the newspapers, and through them the homes of the country, with the noisome jargon and details of the prize-ring. The same legislature made it unlawful to maintain water-cups for public use, thereby proving its intense anxiety for the welfare of humanity.

Another great and zealous body of Christian workers is known as "The Men and Religion Forward Movement." It combines the moral force of thirteen large brotherhoods and associations. It makes of September 24, for this year, a "Rally

Day for Men and Boys," in every part of the country. A special feature of its work is "social service," including efforts to interest working-men of all classes, and to secure the coöperation of labor leaders in appealing to their followers. In that broad, and even paramount, field of national effort, where lurk the ills of industrial turmoil, usually accompanied by some of the horrors of war, there is no lack of knowledge of the spiritual and statutory laws of justice and order; but when the pinch of dissension comes are they ever heeded?

Our problems and trials in these days do not differ much in kind from those of the other great Christian nations, but they would appear to be augmented by certain powerful tendencies. Except for the emphasis placed on the importance of money as a means of attaining comfort and pleasure, the struggle would not be so fierce and reckless to achieve small or great monopoly in trade and labor; except for the use of money in elections and in legislatures, the number of officials who serve for the "spoils" would be fewer, and the hand of the law would be more uniform in its pressure; and except for the monstrous appetite for scandal and the details of crime which has been stimulated under the pretense of "disseminating intelligence," the whole country would not be a morning and evening school for the study of the ways and means of human depravity.

There was one day last August when two burnings at the stake by mobs were merely the most lurid spots in the inflated chronicles of our Christian civilization. Hardly a newspaper but felt obliged by its duty to the morbid curiosity of the public, to publish in extenso the pitiful ravings for fiendish vengeance of the half-crazed widow of the policeman whose murder was the motive for the Coatesville horror.

At a time when, to an "argus-eyed" and universal press, no depravity and no crime is too naked or too vile to be spread broadcast in the way of business, is it surprising that all the Christian precept of the land should be so largely negated by the facts of life?

The harvest may be disappointing when compared with the tillage, but the tillage is vastly important, and, sometime, it may cut nearer to the forces that work for evil.

A "JUDICIAL OLIGARCHY"

AN hysterical tone is frequent in the public discussions of this country. This characteristic has been displayed in the recent agitation about the recall of judges; and a good example of it was given in the speech of Senator Owen of Oklahoma, who declared to the Senate that the "condition which the country faces" is nothing less than a "judicial oligarchy."

The phrase is worth a little examination, not merely to see how it squares with the facts, but also as an illustration of the extravagance of thought and language, and of the setting up of imaginary monsters, into which ardent temperaments are betrayed when dealing with a question flung hot and new into politics. Senator Owen spoke with the appearance of great earnestness, yet the very citations and statistics which he himself gave were enough to show that his alleged "oligarchy" is purely fanciful. For by far the larger number of judges in the United States are elected and for short terms. The notion that they could, if they desired, erect themselves into a privileged class, far above the considerate judgment of their fellow-citizens, and entitled to treat the laws as if they were a nose of wax, is really ludicrous. "We know what judges can be made to do," said John Selden, but every man who has acquaintance with State judges knows that they cannot be made to think of themselves, much less to act, as oligarchs.

But the Oklahoma Senator's complaint is chiefly of Federal judges, who are appointed, not elected, who hold office during good behavior, and who occasionally decide that a law which Congress has attempted to enact is in violation of the Constitution. They make up our "judicial oligarchy," if we have any. But do they, in fact, ever conceive of themselves as such, or give color by their course to the charge that such in truth they are? The question must surely be answered in the negative by any one who will fairly and attentively study their bearing and their decisions. These haughty Olympian judges, removed from all humane sympathies, out of touch with their age, anxious only to twist and pervert the statutes to the profit of monopoly and oppression, are wholly creatures of the imagination. They exist in no actual Federal court.

Federal judges feel just as keenly as State judges the form and pressure of their time. They do not sit on a bench in a vacuum. No men are more alive to what is going on about them in this breathing and changing world. Even the Supreme Court is not to be thought of as a dim and far retreat where the beat of the waves of public opinion can never be heard. In many a doubtful judicial finding the balance has been made to turn by the court's knowledge of what the people expected and needed. The recent unanimous decision of the Supreme Court against the Standard Oil Company is admitted to have been powerfully influenced by what the court well knew that the entire country was looking to it to do. Some of the greatest judges have a way of regarding the law as a vast arsenal whence weapons may be drawn for public use as the need arises. Such men do not dwell apart on an ivory tower. They constantly rub elbows with their fellows, and are filled with the best spirit of their time. They are eager to serve their day and generation, and can be called an "oligarchy" with no more justice than physicians or clergymen could be.

The exaggeration and unreality of such descriptions of the courts stand out in clearest light, when one looks closely and impartially at the judicial decisions complained of. Take such an opinion as that of the Court of Appeals of New York in the case of the Employers' Liability Act, or that in the income-tax case before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1895, and you discover nothing of this alleged spirit of lofty indifference on the part of judges. On the contrary, they are most careful to express the greatest deference for Legislature or Congress, and to discover exactly what was the legislative intent. Moreover, whenever the judges, constrained by a high sense of duty, decide that a given statute is void, they take particular pains to show by what Constitutional amendment, or by what change in legislative form, the ends aimed at could be legally attained. If these be oligarchs, where should we look for courteous and faithful servants of the people?

One of the debts which the country owes President Taft is for the elevated and dispassionate tone in which he set forth, in his message vetoing the bill to admit Arizona with the recall of judges in her Con-

stitution, the true doctrine of the independent judiciary. Without ranting or bitterness, he showed how vital is the need in a democracy of high-minded and fearless judges to stand between the minority and oppression, or a breach of fundamental rights, at the hands of an ephemeral majority. The judicial recall would be a deadly blow at this bulwark of liberties. Even if there were any ground for speaking of judges as oligarchical, it would still be true that we need to preserve their functions and safeguard their independence as against the assaults of mobocrats.

FRENCH THRIFT

SINCE the days when the people of France went down into their stockings for the five-milliards of ransom exacted by Bismarck, the world has pondered, as over a mystery, the bee-like durability of French thrift. Not only has their car of progress been kept in full commission, along with a vast standing army and an enlarging naval force, but at the same time they have poured millions of treasure into the coffers of allies and friends.

Of French thrift, apparently, there is no end. It is founded on racial habits rooted in industry and intelligence, and on a sense of proportion as universal to the Gallic race as its feeling for beauty. After forty years the Republic stands firm in the strength of two generations of sons and daughters born under the banner of self-government. That fact has excited as much wonder among her neighbors as the irrepressible thrift. Probably the one is a complement of the other, political as well as industrial France being ruled by intelligence and moderation.

An American of searching powers of observation, Thomas A. Edison, the finder of useful things, has spent a vacation motoring through the quiet places of France, and out of a comforted appetite, a delighted eye, and a stimulated mind, he has drawn judgments in harmony with the keenest outside knowledge of the inherent virtues of the French people.

The formula of French thrift is as simple as sunlight: be industrious, be frugal, give and enjoy in proportion to your means, and *always* lay by a fifth of your income for capital. Result: a whole nation prosperous, contented, and happy.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE TRAINING OF SONS TO BE HUSBANDS

From a Happily Married Old Lady to a Discontented Young Wife

My dear Dorothy:

Your letter did not surprise me. Husbands as husbands per se, have become an absorbing topic with most wives. You cannot get a group of restless married women together without hearing the subject discussed. Somehow I am sorry for these husbands, classed as they are by themselves, their manhood forgotten, and regarded by the once-adoring fiancée as only so much impedimenta barring the way to a wider scope!

Your grandfather and I were once in a foreign city where expatriated American women abound, every one of whom was supported by some unobtrusive gentleman on our side of the water, in return for which bounty those ladies abused us all, especially our men, who being without the Frenchman's *culte de femme*, whatever that means, were said to lack charm! We felt very old-fashioned as we listened, though that is neither here nor there. Our eyes have been opened since.

Into the room of our hostess came a number of these beautifully dressed women for tea. One with artistically treated features seemed so perturbed that a friend hurried forward to ask her trouble. "It's my husband," answered the distressed lady.

"Oh! If it's *husbands*, I understand," replied the friend dismissing the whole subject as quickly as if it had been a question of cockroaches! "Husbands are such bores," she added, turning. Whereupon I slipped my hand into your grandfather's and begged to be taken home, but he suggested that we might as well stay and see something of the funny side of life.

I cannot always see the funny side. Here in my own city at luncheon, I heard a cheerful portly woman exclaim at the end of much discouraging talk: "Husbands ought not to be considered so upsetting. All a woman has to do is to learn how to *drive* them. Take hold of the reins and never



let go, is the secret. I've tried it successfully with both of my own."

Everybody laughed but me. I thought her taste shocking but I have pondered since. Wives do let the reins go, as possibly you have done. They let them go every time they give way to dis-

content before their husbands, especially in the presence of outsiders, or show discourtesy and unresponsiveness; every time they say horrid and ungrateful things, or ignore their own obligations concerning at least proper manners.

They forget that husbands are as sensitive as horses, and when not properly "driven" will sometimes run away!

A Frenchwoman who kept a sea-side hotel once said to me: "It is for the husbands of your country that I have much sympathy. They fetch and carry for their wives and are so devoted, but their wives are so unruly, wanting everything, and paying no attention to what is done. And they never say 'Thank you.' It is as if their husbands were little dogs." I tried to explain some differences, but I found myself blushing when I began to talk of your grandfather. I don't like the habit.

This is not the answer you expected! It is only another lecture to you, a wife, when, according to your way of thinking, it is the husbands who need lecturing. But then husbands have not yet revolted, my dear, certainly not as a class. They do not talk of wives, either, in a general way; it may be they talk some of "women," but they are careful about possessive pronouns when it comes to *the wife*!

The truth of it is, my dear Dorothy, your state of mind is not unique. Unrest among wives has become universal, and the American woman leads in the upheaval. She has reached that time when

Reset

By images, and haunted by herself,

she dwells in a constant state of turmoil and confusion. Not knowing in her disorder which way to turn, she assumes the attitude of questioning everything: the laws of marriage and the laws of society, the inner rights of women as opposed to those of man, and, always and forever, the husband's authority when it thwarts her in expressing what she calls her "own identity."

It is a very precious gift, direct from heaven itself, this of one's own identity. Express yours to the full, and you will become as one of the angels. But have you any idea of what your own identity means? Have you ever examined yourself rightly, to discover what it is, or tried to frame your needs at least as ideals? And do you suppose that the freedom which you crave, would give you your desired chance for expression? A wise writer, too little read, says that only those who live by the spirit are free, and hence above the law. If this be so, the spirit of love would mean emancipation from your troubles. I suppose though, that in these busy days you have no time to think of love. Yet that which you once gave Jack was very beautiful, "a revelation" I think you called it. Where is it now? Stored away, perhaps with your wedding-gown and slippers,—up in the garret, I was going to say, until I remembered you had a dry room in the cellar for trunks. Possibly the wedding garment with its memories is there. I would bring it out occasionally if I were you. It is good to air even a sweet sentiment now and then.

What is the trouble with marriage, you ask? A point of view, I think. That friend of yours, Nan, was very wise in the point of view she took when she dropped her old profession, to assume, as she said, a new one in marriage. She gave her time to studying how to be wife, housekeeper, and mother, quite as she had once tried to perfect herself in her bread-winning career. A wise woman, I repeat, is Nan. Few complaining wives want to better marriage, they want to get rid of husbands.

Without a point of view we never know how to make our readjustments as we grow, and the fundamental trouble with marriage is that both husbands and wives are growing and never seem to know it. They talk

often enough, heaven knows, of *outgrowing*,—a convenient term covering many excuses. Recognize your own growth, my child, and readjust yourself. Take a broader view of life as it is *now*, and strength will come to meet the changed conditions. Your ideals need refreshing. Don't shirk your present duties; peace and freedom are never found that way; and don't discuss your grievances, it only invites the intruder. Nothing counts like the dignity of silence in a time of woe. Set a watch, too, upon your thoughts, those restless wandering undercurrents of criticism and revolt, as alienating and disastrous as deeds.

I grant that a knowledge of men entails many disappointments, but your letter is about husbands, which brings me to the real point of my answer! Train your sons to be husbands; not the kind that fetch and carry and so excite compassion in the foreigner, but the kind that understand the ins and outs of a woman's nature; the kind that are willing to touch hands and grow, in separate directions if necessary, but always with hands touching. Train them to a comprehension of not only her physical but her moral needs, those of individuality of thought, of other affections perhaps than those of the home, and of some independence in the spending of money, without having to hear: "Why I gave you your car-fare last week." Train them how to *rest* with their wives, how to take their pleasures in common. Teach them reverence for women.

No one can do this better than you, for the sufferings to which you refer should have quickened and enlightened you. Dip into your own heart, therefore, and out of its wreckage build ideals to guide your sons to better action. Three other women at least will then find the happiness you have lacked.

You won't do it! That is because the eternal jealousy of the other woman comes in,—that inherent unbelief of mothers in their daughters-in-law. You want happiness for yourself. It would be more generous to give it. And yet what a magnificent work it would be for discontented wives, this training of sons to be husbands. The field certainly is a new one. How you laugh! But think it over and write again to
Granny.



ON "THE EDUCATION OF FRENCH CHILDREN"

IN the number of *THE CENTURY* for December, 1910, a very interesting article on "The Education of French Children" makes the following statement: "The laws forbid any religious teaching whatever. The very name of deity is forbidden." This statement is often made, but the actual text-books used in the French public schools show that it is a mistake. In Professor Bracq's "France under the Republic," he gives, in Chapter Twelve, extracts from text-books of moral instruction used in French schools. One of these is as follows:

"Our Duties Toward God."

"Man cannot doubt the existence of God; and since God exists, what must we conclude? We must conclude that we have duties to fulfil toward him, namely, to know, love, and serve him."

Then follows much in explanation of this general statement. In another text-book we find the following:

"Everything reveals the existence and the power of God: the universe by its beauty, its grandeur, and its laws; man by the wonderful combination of his organs, by his reason, his intelligence, his conscience, and by the moral law engraved in his heart."

And in another:

"There is a name which has sustained, comforted, and strengthened thousands of generations of men—a name before which all men of all times have bowed. That name is God. . . . He is the Supreme Being, the author of the world, and the father of all men."



There are many pages of these extracts from different text-books used in French schools, but these will suffice to show that a statement to the contrary is a mistake, and does injustice to the French government.

Everett P. Wheeler.

REJOINDER

MR. WHEELER'S contention that in certain of the text-books used in the public schools in France there are a few pages devoted to the so-called "moral instruction" of pupils, is correct. It is in the application of such teaching and the restrictions imposed on teachers that render such instruction not only useless, but almost dangerous.

Moral instruction, by the rules governing the teaching body, is left to the individual choice of the instructor; which usually means that it is suppressed. They are not permitted to mention the word God without giving a philosophic interpretation to the name of deity;—God, it must be explained most painstakingly, stands for "the Creative Principle," or a "First Cause," and is a term common to all men of all religions. No reference, except in an historical sense, must be made to the Christian faith or religion.

As in my article on "The Education of French Children," I naturally used the word God in the Christian sense, the extracts from Professor Bracq's book, as given by Mr. Wheeler, only serve, it appears to me, to prove my statement.

Anna Bowman Dodd.

Le Manoir de Vasouy, France.



IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by C. F. Peters

WHERE DANGER LURKS

FAIR VOYAGER: I suppose you have had a great many narrow escapes in your experience as a sailor.
FRANK CAPTAIN: Oh, not so many—I don't go ashore any oftener than I have to.

A LONG-FELT WANT

This country is in dire need of a more elastic currency. *Financial Item.*

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

'T WOULD make me glad
If we but had
A more elastic currency.
The kind we 've got
It stretches not—
At least it stretches not for me.

Give us a "bit"
So made that it
Will be so full of tensile oil
That when we slip
It as a tip
We 'll duly gain from the recoil.

A rubber dime
At luncheon-time,
If it would stretch to quarter size,
Would suit my whim
Beneath a grim
Head-waiter's avaricious eyes.

Give us a five
That 's so alive,
So springy and resilient,
That when we lend
It to a friend,
It will return whence it has went!

A silver ounce
So full of bounce
That it will make a dollar shy
Mount high enough
To pay for stuff
A silver dollar ought to buy

And so I say,
"Hip-hip-hurray
For him who 'll take our Treasury,
And give us soon
That needed boon,
A more elastic currency!"



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

AUNT MARY: Bobby, how do you like your new little brother?
BOBBY: That thing my little brother? Oh, Aunt Mary, he must be mistaken!

A PERSIAN FAIRY TALE

BY MADGE C. JENISON

(The writer obtained the substance of this tale from an American missionary to Persia.)

LONG, long ago, in those days when men were yet at times the victims of fraud and treachery, a man had a wife named Kadijah. The bonds of Hymen had not long been tied before Kadijah proved herself a frightful scold. Day and night her tongue ran as slick as a fiddle-stick, and always out of tune. Life with her became shortly so unbearable that the man took her by the hair of her head and cast her into a well-hole.

For a day he enjoyed sweet peace, and then there arose from the pit such a commotion as brought the man running to the edge.

"Alas! Alas!" cried a piteous voice from the darkness.

The man seated himself easily on the edge of the pit; the voice was not Kadijah's.

"What's up?" he inquired with interest.

The voice grew high, and shrill with excitement.

"It's me. It's a dragon. Have pity, I beseech you! Rescue me! I am alone with a dreadful creature who harangues me day and night."

"Oh, *that*!" interrupted the man. "That's only a scold. That's Kadijah," and he went on about his business.

The dragon did not cease for many days to implore help; but the man, from being deceived in a wife, had grown wary, and thought a well as good a place for a dragon as any.

At length the dragon promised that if it

were released it would make the man grand vizir of the kingdom.

"But how can you do that?" said the man, who believed himself adapted to high life.

"I will place myself at the gate of the king's palace," said the dragon, "and I will devour all those who go out and those who come in. Then will the king issue a proclamation which will promise the man who rids the land of its affliction the hand of his daughter, in marriage, and the staff of his grand vizir. When you hear the proclamation, you can come, and I will go away."

The man was much pleased with this plan, and he hastened to pull the dragon from the pit. Everything happened as the dragon prophesied; the man became grand vizir; he had the princess for his bride; and his fame as a magician went through the land.

It was not difficult to conduct a magician business; until the third moon his prosperity continued. Then he was summoned in hot haste to the court of a neighboring king.

"Oh, man, live forever!" said the courier from the neighboring kingdom. "A dragon has seated itself at the gate of my lord's palace, and devours without ceasing all those who go forth and those who enter in. What may be done? Thy great name, oh, most excellent, has no power, and at its sound the monster licks its lips as if it hungered for your bones."

The man was at his wit's end. If he went, he judged that the dragon would do no less than make an end of him, and his princess would be left a widow. If he refused to go, the magician business would be bankrupt, and some one else would become grand vizir. After much thought, he hit upon a plan. Seating himself upon a snow-white palfrey, he gathered about him enough retinue to make his appearance imposing, and rode away to the neighboring kingdom. The dragon saw the retinue from afar off and began to spit fire in a most disconcerting manner. And when it saw the man seated upon the snow-white palfrey, it bellowed until the earth shook as with palsy, and fell upon him with an air of the keenest relish.

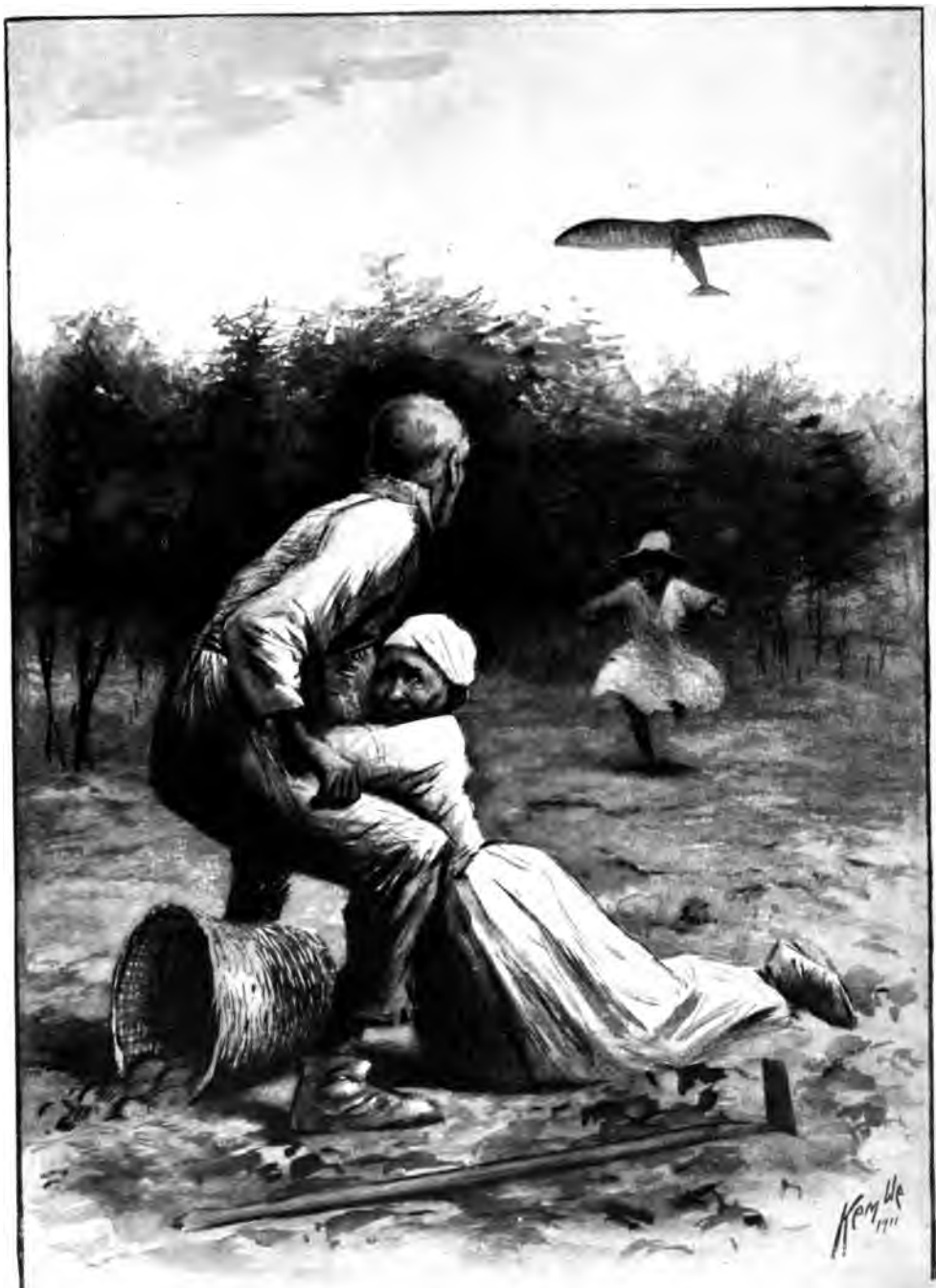
"Stop!" cried the man, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette at the dragon's breath. "I have let Kadijah out of the well-hole, and she is coming this way as fast as she can."

"Is she a good runner?" asked the dragon.

"She is," replied the man, whereupon the dragon fell back hastily.

After a moment, the man removed his cigarette, and used his hands for a speaking-trumpet. "If I hear where you are, I'll send her your way," he shouted.

MORAL: Some men have the ability to use their misfortunes as stepping-stones to success.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

A "SIGN" IN THE SKY

"Bow down, Melinda. It am de ang'l Gab'l fo' shuah!"



THE HONEST PREFERENCE TOURS

BY CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

We are unique! We save time! We save money! Our motto: Preference, not Pose!

OUR POST-CARD TOUR

- Dec. 25. Sail from Key West on steamer *Daquerre*. The purser will provide ship post-cards to send back by the pilot.
- Dec. 26. Meet a steamer off eastern coast of Florida for exchange of ship post-cards.
- Jan. 4. Naples. A carriage will be in waiting to take you to the Galleria X—, where packages of fifty post-cards may be bought for a lira. See that your purchase includes samples from Capri, Pompeii, Sorrento, and Amalfi. This foresight will spare you the tiresome little excursions to secure cards from these places.
- Jan. 5. Rome. Stop-over of twenty minutes. A stand within the station offers every variety of card. If you do not examine the collection (and there is no reason to do so), you will find twenty minutes quite sufficient for Rome.
- Jan. 6. Florence. Unnecessary to leave the train, as boys always offer cards at compartment windows.
- Jan. 7. Pisa. An automobile will take you at once to the tower. Buy cards at the foot, and climb, in order to date them, "On top of the leaning tower." Unless you are very short of breath, forty minutes should suffice for Pisa.
- Jan. 8. Milan. A trip to the cathedral is advised, as interesting post-cards are sold on the roof, left-hand side.
- Jan. 9. Venice. You will wish to write a few cards "from a gondola," and to be photographed with the St. Mark's doves (the picture, of course, is printed on a post-card). Allow at least an hour and a half for all this.
- Jan. 10. Lucerne. There is a good shop one block from the station. Secure a "Lion,"

and views of the Jungfrau and the Rigi. This covers Switzerland.

- Jan. 11. Cologne. Attractive pictures of the Rhine, the cathedral, and Queen Louise may all be secured without leaving the station.
- Jan. 12. Amsterdam. Give one hour to the selection, as the packages are not complete. You must have a house-boat, children in wooden shoes, the Princess Juliana, and a windmill.
- Jan. 13. Paris. Three hours. This delay is necessary because it is here that you must buy post-cards of all Belgium as well as of all France. The city views may of course be bought en masse.
- Jan. 14. London. One hour, forty-five minutes. Secure packages of town and country scenes, of Scotland, and of Ireland. Make a point of securing Stratford-on-Avon, Abbotsford, and Killarney. Should you wish to date a card from Westminster or the Tower, allow an hour more. In London, as in Paris, it will not be necessary to look out of the windows of any vehicle you may take to the card-shops, for the post-card views are entirely reliable.
- Jan. 15. Flamborough Head. Sail on steamer *Camera*. The purser will gladly furnish the ship post-cards for the last mail ashore.
- Jan. 23. Arrive at port selected by majority vote of the first-cabin passengers.
- (CONFIDENTIAL: To those financially or physically unable to take a European tour, the Honest Preference Tours Company will forward, on application, a large assortment of foreign post-cards. Select those which interest you, inscribe and address them, and return them, under cover, to our office. The proper stamps will be affixed, and the cards will be mailed at any time designated from the spot illustrated on the post-card. Ask for our private circular.)



Drawn by Charles Forbell

"MR. JOHN SMITH IS WANTED AT THE 'PHONE!"

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